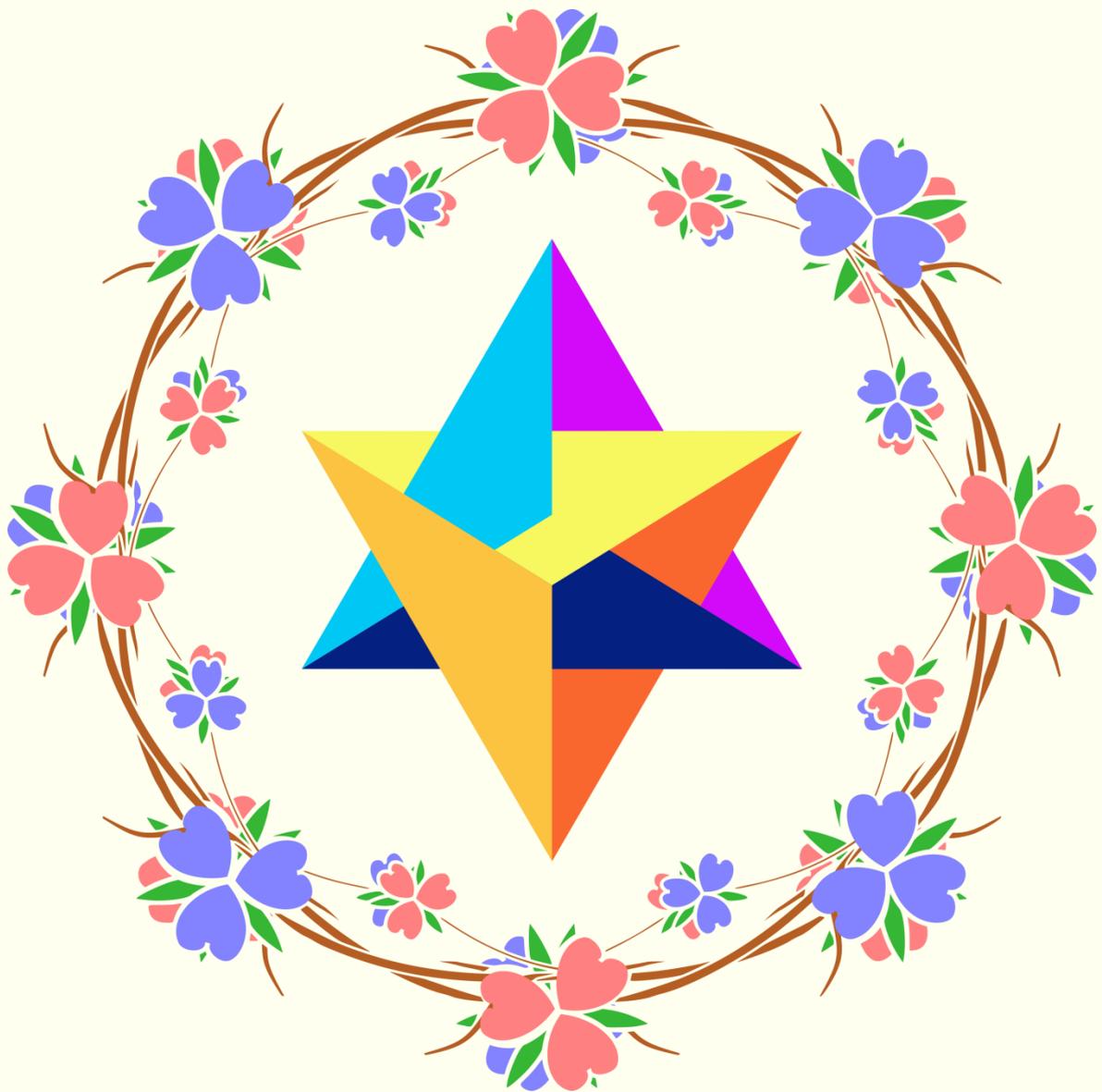


# *Blooms of Mystic Verse and Spiritual Insight*

**To enlighten the mind, touch the heart, and uplift the soul.**



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## 1. Akhenaten's hymn to Aten

**P**RAISE OF RE HAR-AKHTI, Rejoicing on the Horizon, in His Name as Shu Who Is in the Aton-disc, living forever and ever; the living great Aton who is in jubilee, lord of all that the Aton encircles, lord of heaven, lord of earth, lord of the House of Aton in Akhet-Aton; (and praise of) the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, who lives on truth, the Lord of the Two Lands: Nefer-kheperu-Re Wa-en-Re; the Son of Re, who lives on truth, the Lord of Diadems: Akh-en-Aton, long in his lifetime; (and praise of) the Chief Wife of the King, his beloved, the Lady of the Two Lands: Nefer-neferu-Aton Nefert-iti, living, healthy, and youthful forever and ever; (by) the Fan-Bearer on the Right Hand of the King . . . Eye.

He says:

Thou appearest beautifully on the horizon of heaven,  
 Thou living Aton, the beginning of life!  
 When thou art risen on the eastern horizon,  
 Thou hast filled every land with thy beauty.  
 Thou art gracious, great, glistening, and high over every land;  
 Thy rays encompass the lands to the limit of all that thou hast made:  
 As thou art Re, thou reachest to the end of them;  
 (Thou) subduest them (for) thy beloved son.  
 Though thou art far away, thy rays are on earth;  
 Though thou art in their faces, no one knows thy going.

When thou settest in the western horizon,  
 The land is in darkness, in the manner of death.  
 They sleep in a room, with heads wrapped up,  
 Nor sees one eye the other.  
 All their goods which are under their heads might be stolen,  
 (But) they would not perceive (it).  
 Every lion is come forth from his den;  
 All creeping things, they sting.  
 Darkness is a shroud, and the earth is in stillness,  
 For he who made them rests in his horizon.

At daybreak, when thou arisest on the horizon,  
 When thou shinest as the Aton by day,  
 Thou drivest away the darkness and givest thy rays.  
 The Two Lands are in festivity every day,  
 Awake and standing upon (their) feet,  
 For thou hast raised them up.  
 Washing their bodies, taking (their) clothing,  
 Their arms are (raised) in praise at thy appearance.  
 All the world, they do their work.

All beasts are content with their pasturage;  
 Trees and plants are flourishing.  
 The birds which fly from their nests,

Their wings are (stretched out) in praise to thy ka.  
 All beasts spring upon (their) feet.  
 Whatever flies and alights,  
 They live when thou hast risen (for) them.  
 The ships are sailing north and south as well,  
 For every way is open at thy appearance.  
 The fish in the river dart before thy face;  
 Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea.

Creator of seed in women,  
 Thou who makest fluid into man,  
 Who maintainest the son in the womb of his mother,  
 Who soothest him with that which stills his weeping,  
 Thou nurse (even) in the womb,  
 Who givest breath to sustain all that he has made!  
 When he descends from the womb to breathe  
 On the day when he is born,  
 Thou openest his mouth completely,  
 Thou suppliest his necessities.  
 When the chick in the egg speaks within the shell,  
 Thou givest him breath within it to maintain him.  
 When thou hast made him his fulfilment within the egg, to break it,  
 He comes forth from the egg to speak at his completed (time);  
 He walks upon his legs when he comes forth from it.

How manifold it is, what thou hast made!  
 They are hidden from the face (of man).  
 O sole god, like whom there is no other!  
 Thou didst create the world according to thy desire,  
 Whilst thou wert alone: All men, cattle, and wild beasts,  
 Whatever is on earth, going upon (its) feet,  
 And what is on high, flying with its wings.

The countries of Syria and Nubia, the land of Egypt,  
 Thou settest every man in his place,  
 Thou suppliest their necessities:  
 Everyone has his food, and his time of life is reckoned.  
 Their tongues are separate in speech,  
 And their natures as well;  
 Their skins are distinguished,  
 As thou distinguishest the foreign peoples.  
 Thou makest a Nile in the underworld,  
 Thou bringest forth as thou desirest  
 To maintain the people (of Egypt)  
 According as thou madest them for thyself,  
 The lord of all of them, wearying (himself) with them,  
 The lord of every land, rising for them,  
 The Aton of the day, great of majesty.

All distant foreign countries, thou makest their life (also),  
 For thou hast set a Nile in heaven,  
 That it may descend for them and make waves upon the mountains,  
 Like the great green sea,  
 To water their fields in their towns.  
 How effective they are, thy plans, O lord of eternity!  
 The Nile in heaven, it is for the foreign peoples  
 And for the beasts of every desert that go upon (their) feet;  
 (While the true) Nile comes from the underworld for Egypt.

Thy rays suckle every meadow.  
 When thou risest, they live, they grow for thee.  
 Thou makest the seasons in order to rear all that thou hast made,  
 The winter to cool them,  
 And the heat that they may taste thee.  
 Thou hast made the distant sky in order to rise therein,  
 In order to see all that thou dost make.  
 Whilst thou wert alone,  
 Rising in thy form as the living Aton,  
 Appearing, shining, withdrawing or approaching,  
 Thou madest millions of forms of thyself alone.  
 Cities, towns, fields, road, and river --  
 Every eye beholds thee over against them,  
 For thou art the Aton of the day over the earth. . . .

Thou are in my heart,  
 And there is no other that knows thee  
 Save thy son Nefer-kheperu-Re Wa-en-Re,  
 For thou hast made him well-versed in thy plans and in thy strength.

The world came into being by thy hand,  
 According as thou hast made them.  
 When thou hast risen they live,  
 When thou settest they die.  
 Thou art lifetime thy own self,  
 For one lives (only) through thee.  
 Eyes are (fixed) on beauty until thou settest.  
 All work is laid aside when thou settest in the west.  
 (But) when (thou) risest (again),  
 [Everything is] made to flourish for the king, . . .  
 Since thou didst found the earth  
 And raise them up for thy son,  
 Who came forth from thy body: the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, . . .  
 Ak-en-Aton, . . . and the Chief Wife of the King . . . Nefert-iti,  
 living and youthful forever and ever.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pritchard J.B. (Ed.), *The Ancient Near East - Volume 1: An Anthology of Texts and Pictures*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1958, pp. 227-30.

## 2. Alexander Pope's Universal Prayer

[This prayer was written in 1738 to correct the impression of fatalism which Warburton's ingenious exposition had failed to remove. Pope had really as little mind for dogma as most poets; but these verses represent what, in view of the instructions of Bolingbroke, corrected by Warburton, he now believed himself to believe.]

*Deo Opt. Max.*<sup>1</sup>

Father of all! in every age,  
 In every clime adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this — that thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill;  
 And binding Nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,  
 That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away;  
 For God is paid when man receives,  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
 Presume thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land,  
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay;  
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
 To find a better way.

---

<sup>1</sup> [*Deo optimo maximo*, often abbreviated D.O.M., is Latin for "To the greatest and best god," or "To God, most good, most great."]

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so  
Since quickened by thy breath;  
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all being raise!  
All Nature's incense rise!



### 3. All you vain delights, by John Fletcher

Hence, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
    Wherein you spend your folly!  
    There's nought in this life sweet,  
        If man were wise to see 't,  
        But only melancholy;  
        O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:  
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.<sup>1</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> A song from "The Nice Valour," act III, scene 3.

## 4. Apollonius Tyanaeus on Sacrifice

### **Sacrifice is the pastime of the atheist.**

The gods are in no need of sacrifices. What then can one do in order to win their favour? One can, in my opinion, acquire wisdom, and, so far as one can, do good to such men as deserve it. This pleases the gods; atheists however can offer sacrifice.<sup>1</sup>

### **No wonder our cities are visited by calamity when the priests defile the altar with blood.**

The priests defile the altar with blood, and then some people ask in amazement why our cities are visited with calamities, when they have courted displeasure on the largest scale. O what folly and dullness! Heraclitus was wise, but not even he could persuade the Ephesians not to purge away mud with mud.<sup>2, 3</sup>

### **It is best to make no sacrifice to God or gods at all.**

‘Tis best to make no sacrifice to God at all, no lighting of a fire, no calling Him by any name that men employ for things to sense.

For God is over all, the first; and only after Him do come the other Gods.

For He doth stand in need of naught e’en from the Gods, much less from us small men — naught that the earth brings forth, nor any life she nurseth, or even anything the stainless air contains.

The only fitting sacrifice to God is man’s best reason, and not the word [logos]<sup>4</sup> that comes from out his mouth.

We men should ask the best of beings through the best thing in us, for what is good. I mean by means of mind, for mind needs no material things to make its prayer.

So then, to God, the mighty One, who’s over all, no sacrifice should ever be lit up.<sup>5</sup>

### **The Cappadocian Adept never sacrificed to gods like the rest.**

*Following the example of Pythagoras, who sacrificed a bull made out of flour, Apollonius sacrificed a bull made out of frankincense.*

And when he had gone up into the temple, he was struck by the orderliness of its arrangements, and thought the reason given for everything thoroughly religious and wisely framed. But as for the blood of bulls and the sacrifices of geese and other animals, he disapproved of them nor would he bring them to repasts of the gods. And when a priest asked him what induced him not to sacrifice like the rest.

<sup>1</sup> Philostratus, *Apollonius of Tyana*, Vol. II, (Epistle 26 to the Priests in Olympia), p. 427; tr. Conybeare.

<sup>2</sup> [i.e., “When defiled, they purify themselves with blood, just as if any one who had fallen into the mud should wash himself with mud!” (tr. Patrick) Cf. Plotinus, *Ennead* I, 6; full text in our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>3</sup> Philostratus, *Apollonius of Tyana*, Vol. II, (Epistle 27 to the Priests in Delphi), p. 428; tr. Conybeare.

<sup>4</sup> [A play on the meanings of λόγος, which signifies both reason and word.]

<sup>5</sup> Fragment from an old treatise on sacrifices found “in several temples, and in several cities, and in the houses of several learned men” written in the Cappadocian tongue (Philostratus, *Apollonius of Tyana*, Bk. III, § 41, & IV, 19) and quoted by Eusebius in *Præparatio Evangelica*, Bk. IV, ch. 13; tr. Mead.

Replied Apollonius:

Nay, you should rather answer me what induces you to sacrifice in this way.

*Who is so clever that he can make corrections in the rites of the Egyptians?*

Anyone, with a little wisdom, if only he comes from India. And I will roast a bull to ashes this very day, and you shall hold communion with us in the smoke it makes; for you cannot complain, if you only get the same portion which is thought enough of a repast for the gods.

And as his image<sup>1</sup> was being melted in the fire he said:

Look at the sacrifice.

Said the Egyptian:

What sacrifice, for I do not see anything there.

Said Apollonius:

The Iamidæ and the Telliadæ and the Clytiadæ and the oracle of the black-footed ones, have they talked a lot of nonsense, most excellent priest, when they went on at such length about fire, and pretended to gather so many oracles from it? For as to the fire from pine wood and from the cedar, do you think it is really fraught with prophecy and capable of revealing anything, and yet not esteem a fire lit from the richest and purest gum to be much preferable? If then you had really any acquaintance with the lore of fire worship, you would see that many things are revealed in the disc of the sun at the moment of its rising.<sup>2</sup>

**Apollonius merely asked whatever was due to him.**

Telesinus,<sup>3</sup> one of the consuls, called Apollonius to him, and said:

*What is this dress which you wear?*

A pure garment made from no dead matter.

*And what is your wisdom?*

An inspiration, which teaches men how to pray and sacrifice to the gods.

*And is there anyone, my philosopher, who does not know that already?*

Many, and if there is here and there a man who understands these matters aright, he will be very much improved by hearing from a man who is wiser than himself that, what he knows, he knows for a certainty.

When Telesinus heard this, for he was a man fairly disposed to worship and religion, he recognized the sage from the rumours which he had long before heard about him; and though he did not think he need openly ask him his name, in case he wished to conceal his identity from anyone, he nevertheless led him on to talk afresh about religion, for he was himself an apt reasoner, and feeling that he was addressing a sage, he asked:

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<sup>1</sup> A frankincense model of a bull.

<sup>2</sup> Philostratus, *Apollonius of Tyana*, Vol. I, Bk. V, § 25, p. 519; tr. Conybeare.

<sup>3</sup> [Gaius Luccius Telesinus]

*What do you pray for when you approach the altars?*

I for my part pray that justice may prevail, that the laws may not be broken, that the wise may continue to be poor, but that others may be rich, as long as they are so without fraud.

*When you ask for so much, do you think you will get it?*

Yes, by Zeus, for I string together all my petitions in a single prayer, and when I reach the altars this is how I pray:

*O ye gods, bestow on me whatever is due.*

If therefore I am of the number of worthy men, I shall obtain more than I have said; but if the gods rank me among the wicked, then they will send to me the opposite of what I ask; and I shall not blame the gods, because for my demerit I am judged worthy of evil.<sup>1</sup>

The real "Father in Heaven" abhors any form of blood shedding. The only thing animal man ought to be killing is his arrogance, selfishness, and cruelty. Consult C.A. Bartzokas (*Comp. & Ed.*). *Compassion: The Spirit of Truth*, Gwernymynydd: Philaletheians UK, 2005; v. 05.88.2021. Ch. 8, § "Slay your Mind," pp. 278-92.



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<sup>1</sup> Philostratus, *Apollonius of Tyana*, Vol. I, Bk. IV, § 40, pp. 443-45; tr. Conybeare.

## 5. Armageddon is Sophia revealing herself to the Elect

First published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. II, No. 9, June 1881, pp. 193-96. This excerpt is from *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (LAMAS AND DRUSES) III pp. 188-89. Consult full text under the title “Lamas and Druses, descendants of the Elect Race” in our Atlantean Realities Series. — ED. PHIL.

It is true that the Druses believe in and expect their resurrection day in Armageddon, which, however, they pronounce otherwise. As the phrase occurs in the *Apocalypse* it may seem to some that they got the idea in St. John’s Revelation. It is nothing of the kind. That day which, according to the Druse teaching “will consummate the great spiritual plan — the bodies of the wise and faithful will be absorbed into the absolute essence, and transformed from the many, into the ONE.” This is pre-eminently the Buddhist idea of Nirvana, and that of the Vedāntin final absorption into Parabrahm. Their “Persian Magianism and Gnosticism” make them regard St. John as Ōannēs, the Chaldean Man-Fish, hence connect their belief at once with the Indian Vishnu and the Lamaic Symbology. Their “Armageddon” is simply “Ramdagon,”<sup>1</sup> and this is how it is explained.

The sentence in *Revelation* is no better interpreted than many other things by Christians, while even the non-Kabbalistic Jews know nothing of its real meaning. Armageddon is mistaken for a geographical locality, viz., the elevated tableland of Esdrælon or *Armageddon*, “the mountain of Megiddo,” where Gideon triumphed over the Medianites.<sup>2</sup> It is an erroneous notion, for the name in the *Revelation* refers to a mythical place mentioned in one of the most archaic traditions of the heathen East, especially among the Turanian and Semitic races. It is simply a kind of purgatorial Elysium, in which departed spirits are collected, to await the day of final judgment. That it is so is proved by the verse in *Revelation*.

And he gathered them together into a place called. . . . Armageddon. And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Rama*, of the Solar race, is an incarnation of Vishnu — a Sun-God. In “Matsya,” or the first Avatāra, in order to save humanity from final destruction (see *Vishnu-Purāna*), that God appears to King Satyavrata and the seven saints who accompany him on the vessel to escape Universal Deluge, as an enormous fish with one stupendous horn. To this horn the King is commanded by Hari to tie the ship with a serpent (the emblem of eternity) instead of a cable. The Taley-Lama, besides his name of “Ocean,” is also called *Sha-ru*, which in Tibetan means the “unicorn,” or one-horned. He wears on his headgear a prominent horn, set over a *Yung-dang*, or mystic cross; which is the Jaina and Hindu *Swastika*. The “fish” and the sea, or *water*, are the most archaic emblems of the Messiahs, or incarnations of divine wisdom, among all the ancient people. Fishes play prominently a figure on old Christian medals; and in the catacombs of Rome the “Mystic Cross” or “Anchor” stands between two fishes as supporters. “Daghdæ” — the name of Zarathushtra’s mother, means the “Divine Fish” or Holy Wisdom. The “Mover on the Waters,” whether we call him “Narayan” or Abathur (the Kabbalistic Superior Father and “Ancient of the World”), or “Holy Spirit,” is all one. According to the *Codex Nazaræus*, *Kabbalah* and *Genesis*, the Holy Spirit when moving on the waters mirrored himself — and “Adam Kadmon was born.” *Mare* in Latin is the sea. Water is associated with every creed. Mary and Venus are both patronesses of the sea and of sailors — and both mothers of Gods of Love, whether Divine or Earthly. The mother of Jesus is called Mary or Mariah — the word meaning in Hebrew *mirror*, that in which we find but the reflection instead of a reality, and 600 years before Christianity there was *Maya*, Buddha’s mother, whose name means *illusion* — identically the same. Another curious “coincidence” is found in the selections of new Taley-Lamas in Tibet. The new incarnation of Buddha is ascertained by a curious ichthyomancy with three goldfishes. Shutting themselves up in the Buddha-La (Temple), the Hubilgans place three goldfishes in an urn, and on one of these ancient emblems of Supreme Wisdom shortly appears the name of the child into whom the soul of the late Taley-Lama is supposed to have transmigrated.

<sup>2</sup> It is not the “Valley of Megiddo,” for there is no such valley known. Dr. Robinson’s topographical and Biblical notions being no better than hypotheses.

<sup>3</sup> xvi, 16-17

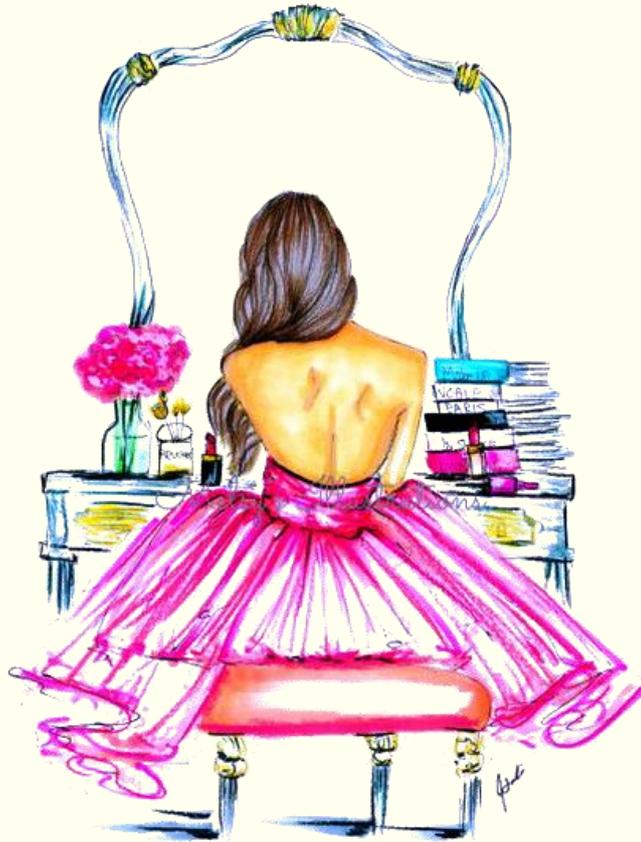
The Druses pronounce the name of that mystical locality “Ramdagon.” It is, then, highly probable that the word is an anagram, as shown by the author [E.V.H. Keene] of *An Introduction to the Apocalypse*. It means “Rama-Dagon,”<sup>1</sup> the first signifying [the] Sun-God of that name, and the second, “Dagon” or the Chaldean Holy Wisdom incarnated in their “Messenger,” Ōannēs — the Man-Fish, and descending on the “Sons of God” or the Initiates of whatever country; those, in short, through whom Deific Wisdom occasionally reveals itself to the world.



## 6. Art thou a vain breath?

Plutarch, the priest of Apollo, when speaking of the oracular vapours which were but a subterranean gas, imbued with intoxicating magnetic properties, shows its nature to be dual, when he addresses it in these words:

And who art thou? without a God who creates and ripens thee; without a dæmon [spirit] who, acting under the orders of God, directs and governs thee; thou canst do nothing, thou art nothing but a vain breath.<sup>2</sup>



<sup>1</sup> *Ram* is also womb, and valley; and in Tibetan “goat.” “Dag” is fish; from Dagon, the man-fish, or perfect wisdom.

<sup>2</sup> *Isis Unveiled*, I p. 200; [quoting des Mousseaux, *La Magie au XIX<sup>me</sup> siècle*, p. 224.]

## 7. Beauty of pure mathematics

First published in *La Revue Théosophique*, Paris, Vol. II, Nos. 8, 9, 10, October, November and December, 1889, pp. 49-57, 97-103, 145-149, respectively. Translation of the foregoing original French text re-published in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (ALCHEMY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY) XI pp. 529-30.

Everything changes as an effect of cyclic evolution. The perfect circle becomes One, a triangle, a quaternary and a quinary. The creative principle issued from the ROOT-LESS ROOT of absolute Existence, which has neither beginning nor end, or *perpetuum mobile* symbolized as swallowing its tail in order to reach its head, has become the *Azoth* of the Alchemists of the Middle Ages. The circle becomes a triangle, emanating the one from the other as Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The circle hypothecates the absolute; the right line represents a metaphysical synthesis and the left a physical one. When Mother Nature shall have made of her body the horizontal line joining these two, then will be the moment of the awakening of cosmic activity. Until then, *Purusha*, the Spirit, is separated from *Prakriti* — material nature still unevolved. Its legs exist only in a state of potentiality; it cannot move nor has it arms wherewith to work on the objective form of things sublunary. Lacking limbs, *Purusha* cannot begin to build until it has mounted onto the neck of *Prakriti* the blind,<sup>1</sup> when the triangle will become the pentagon, the microcosmic star. Before reaching this stage they must both pass through the quaternary state and that of the cross which conceives. This is the cross of earthly magi, who make a great display of their faded symbol, namely, the cross divided into four parts, which may read “Taro,” “Tora,” “Ator,” and “Rota.” The Virgin-Substance, or Adamic Earth, the Holy Spirit of the old Alchemists of the Rosy Cross, has now become with the Kabbalists, those flunkeys of modern science,  $\text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3$ , *Soda*, and  $\text{C}_2\text{H}_6\text{O}$  or *Alcohol*.



<sup>1</sup> *Sāṅkhya* philosophy of Kapila.

## 8. Beauty of truth unveiled from head to toe

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (COMMENTARY ON THE PISTIS SOPHIA) XIII pp. 76-78.

[PS 241-242] “ . . . And every one that shall receive the Mystery which is in the Space of the Universal Ineffable, and all the other sweet Mysteries in the Limbs of the Ineffable . . . which pertain to the Regulation of the One and the Same, the Deity of Truth, from the feet (upwards) (1) . . . each shall inherit up to his proper Region . . . “

(1) [*The Limbs of the Ineffable, the Deity of Truth.*] An exposition of this Gnostic tenet will be found in PS 125 (1). The information there given may be expanded with advantage by the following passage from Irenæus,<sup>1</sup> where speaking of the system of Marcus, he writes:

And the Quaternion [sc. the *higher* personal consciousness at one with the divine triad Ātma-Buddhi-Manas, forming the Supernal Tetractys], he [Marcus] said, having explained this to him, added,

Now then I am minded to manifest unto thee the very Truth herself. For I have brought her down from the mansions on high, that thou mayest look on her unclothed, and discover her beauty, yea, and hear her speak, and marvel at her wisdom [for Truth is the Bride of the Heavenly or Perfect Man, the Initiate]. Behold then her head above, the A and Ω; her neck B and Ψ; her shoulders with her hands, Γ and X; her bosom Δ and Φ; her chest<sup>2</sup> E and Y; her belly<sup>3</sup> Z and T; her lower parts<sup>4</sup> H and Σ; her thighs Θ and P, her knees I and Π; her legs<sup>5</sup> K and O; her ankles Λ and Ε; her feet M and N.<sup>6</sup>

This is the body of Truth ascending to the Magus: this is the figure of the element, this is the character of the letter: and he calls this element *Man*: and he says, it is the source of every Word (*Verbum*), and the beginning of the universal *Sound* (*Vox*) and the utterance of every unspeakable, and *the mouth of*

<sup>1</sup> *Adversus Hæreses*, Bk. I, ch. xiv, § 3 and 4; also found in Epiphanius, *Panarion* xxiv, § 4.

<sup>2</sup> [diaphragm]

<sup>3</sup> [back]

<sup>4</sup> [abdomen]

<sup>5</sup> [*i.e.*, knemis, from the knee to the ankle]

<sup>6</sup> [Alternative translation of this passage from *The Apostolic Fathers with Justin Martyr and Irenæus*, edited by Philip Schaff:

Moreover, the Tetrads, explaining these things to him more fully, said:

I wish to show you Aletheia (Truth) herself; for I have brought her down from the dwellings above, that you may see her without a veil, and understand her beauty — that you may also hear her speaking, and admire her wisdom. Behold, then, her head on high, *Alpha* and *Omega*; her neck, *Beta* and *Psi*; her shoulders with her hands, *Gamma* and *Chi*; her breast, *Delta* and *Phi*; her diaphragm, *Epsilon* and *Upsilon*; her back, *Zeta* and *Tau*; her belly, *Eta* and *Sigma*; her thighs, *Theta* and *Rho*; her knees, *Iota* and *Pi*; her legs, *Kappa* and *Omicron*; her ankles, *Lambda* and *Xi*; her feet, *Mu* and *Nu*.

Such is the body of Truth, according to this magician, such the figure of the element, such the character of the letter. And he calls this element *Anthropos* (Man), and says that is the fountain of all speech, and the beginning of all sound, and the expression of all that is unspeakable, and the mouth of the silent Sigē. This indeed is the body of Truth. But do you, elevating the thoughts of your mind on high, listen from the mouth of Truth to the self-begotten Word, who is also the dispenser of the bounty of the Father.]

*speechless Silence.* And this indeed is her body; but do thou, lifting on high the understanding of thy intelligence, hear from the mouth of Truth, the self-producing Word, which also conveys the Father.

And when she had said this, the Truth [Marcus says] looked upon him, and opened her mouth and spake a Word: and the Word became a Name, and the Name was what we know and speak, Christ Jesus; and immediately she had uttered the Name, she became silent. And when Marcus thought that she would speak further, the Quaternion came forward again and said:

Thou didst hold as contemptible the Word which thou hast heard from the mouth of Truth, but this is not the Name which thou knowest and thinkest thou has possessed for long; for thou has only its sound, as to its virtue, thou art ignorant thereof. For the Name Jesus is that of the Sign [the Stigma, the sign of the Greek numeral 6], for it contains six letters, known by all *who are called* (*lit.*, of the calling). But that which is with the Aiōns of the Plērōma, since it is in many places, is of another form and another type, and known by those of its kinship whose greatnesses are with him [them, the Aiōns, Epiph.], eternally: [that is to say, those *who are chosen*, the Initiated or Perfect].



## 9. Black birds are symbols of primeval wisdom

**For Darkness is concealed Deity. It becomes Light to those who can reach it.**

*From Blavatsky Collected Writings, (EASTERN AND WESTERN OCCULTISM) XIV pp. 241-42.*

**U**NIVERSAL “MYTHS,” PERSONIFICATIONS OF POWERS divine and cosmic, primary and secondary, and historical personages of all the now-existing as well as of extinct religions are to be found in the seven chief Deities and their 330,000,000 correlations of the *Rig-Veda*, and those Seven, with the odd millions, are the Rays of the one boundless Unity.

But to THIS can never be offered profane worship. It can only be the “object of the most abstract meditation, which Hindus practice in order to obtain absorption in it.” At the beginning of every “dawn” of “Creation,” eternal Light — which is darkness — assumes the aspect of so-called Chaos: chaos to the human intellect; the eternal Root to the superhuman or spiritual sense.

“Osiris is a black God.” These were the words pronounced at “low breath” at Initiation in Egypt, because Osiris Noumenon is darkness to the mortal. In this Chaos are formed the “Waters,” Mother Isis, Aditi, etc. They are the “Waters of Life,” in which primordial germs are created — or rather reawakened — by the primordial Light. It is Purushōttama, or the Divine Spirit, which in its capacity of Nārāyana, the Mover on the Waters of Space, fructifies and infuses the Breath of life into that germ which be-

comes the “Golden Mundane Egg,” in which the male Brahmā is created;<sup>1</sup> and from this the first Prajāpati, the Lord of Beings, emerges, and becomes the progenitor of mankind. And though it is not he, but the Absolute, that is said to contain the Universe in Itself, yet it is the duty of the male Brahmā to manifest it in a visible form. Hence he has to be connected with the procreation of species, and assumes, like Jehovah and other male Gods in subsequent anthropomorphism, a phallic symbol. At best every such male God, the “Father” of all, becomes the “Archetypal Man.” Between him and the Infinite Deity stretches an abyss. In the theistic religions of personal Gods the latter are degraded from abstract Forces into physical potencies. The Water of Life — the “Deep” of Mother Nature — is viewed in its terrestrial aspect in anthropomorphic religions. Behold, how holy it has become by theological magic! It is held sacred and is deified now as of old in almost every religion. But if Christians use it as a means of spiritual purification in baptism and prayer; if Hindus pay reverence to their sacred streams, tanks and rivers; if Parsī, Mohammedan and Christian alike believe in its efficacy, surely that element must have some great and Occult significance. In Occultism it stands for the Fifth Principle of Kosmos, in the lower septenary: for the whole visible Universe was built by Water, say the Kabbalists who know the difference between the two waters — the “Waters of Life” and those of Salvation — so confused together in dogmatic religions.

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**Black birds are symbols of higher Divinities and the enlightened human mind-soul.**

*From The Secret Doctrine, I p. 443.*

The Esoteric doctrine of the East having thus furnished and struck the keynote — which is as scientific as it is philosophical and poetical, as may be seen, under its allegorical garb — every nation has followed its lead. It is from the exoteric religions that we have to dig out the root-idea before we turn to esoteric truths, lest the latter should be rejected. Furthermore, every symbol — in *every* national religion — may be read esoterically, and the proof furnished for its being correctly read by transliterating it into its corresponding numerals and geometrical forms — by the extraordinary agreement of all — however much the glyphs and symbols may vary among themselves. For in the origin those symbols were all identical. Take, for instance, the opening sentences in various cosmogonies: in every case it is either a *circle*, an *egg*, or a *head*. DARKNESS is always associated with this first symbol and surrounds it — as shown in the Hindu, the Egyptian, the Chaldeo-Hebrew and even the Scandinavian systems — hence black ravens, black doves, black waters and even black flames; the *seventh* tongue of Agni, the *fire-god* being called “*Kālī*,” “the black,” as it was a black flickering flame.

- Two *black* doves flew from Egypt and settling on the oaks of Dōdōna, gave their names to the Grecian gods.

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<sup>1</sup> The Vaishnavas, who regard Vishnu as the Supreme God and the fashioner of the Universe, claim that Brahmā sprang from the navel of Vishnu, the “imperishable,” or rather from the lotus that grew from it. But the word “navel” here means the Central Point, the mathematical symbol of infinitude, or Parabrahman, the One and the Secondless.

- Noah lets out a *black* raven after the deluge, which is a symbol for the Cosmic pralaya, after which began the real creation or evolution of our earth and humanity.
- Odin’s black ravens fluttered around the Goddess Saga and “whispered to her of the past and of the future.”

What is the real meaning of all those black birds? They are all connected with the primeval wisdom, which flows out of the pre-cosmic Source of all, symbolised by the Head, the Circle, the Egg; and they all have an identical meaning and relate to the primordial Archetypal man (Adam Kadmon) the creative origin of all things, which is composed of the Host of Cosmic Powers — the Creative Dhyāni-Chohans, beyond which all is darkness.



## 10. Blavatsky on Divine Wisdom

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. V, No. 26, October 1889, pp. 85-91. Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHICULES) XI pp. 434-36. Full text under the title “Philosophers and Philosophicules,” in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

**T**HEOSOPHY IS “DIVINE” OR “GOD-WISDOM.” Therefore, it must be the life-blood of that system (philosophy) which is defined as “the science of things divine and human and the causes in which they are contained,”<sup>1</sup> Theosophy alone possessing the keys to those “causes.” Bearing in mind simply its most elementary division, we find that philosophy is the love of, and search after, wisdom, “the knowledge of phenomena as explained by, and resolved into, causes and reasons, powers and laws.”<sup>2</sup> When applied to god or gods, it became in every country *theology*; when to material nature, it was called *physics* and *natural history*; concerned with man, it appeared as *anthropology* and *psychology*; and when raised to the higher regions it becomes known as *metaphysics*. Such is philosophy — “the science of effects by their causes” — the very spirit of the doctrine of *Karma*, the most important teaching under various names of every religious philosophy, and a theosophical tenet that belongs to no one religion but explains them all. Philosophy is also called “the science of things possible, inasmuch as they are possible.” This applies directly to theosophical doctrines, inasmuch as they reject *miracle*; but it can hardly apply to theology or any dogmatic religion, every one of which *enforces belief in things impossible*; nor to the modern philosophical systems of the materialists who reject even the “possible,” whenever the latter contradicts their assertions.

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Hamilton

<sup>2</sup> Encyclopaedia

Theosophy claims to explain and to reconcile religion with science. We find G.H. Lewes stating that:

Philosophy, detaching its widest conceptions from both [Theology and Science], furnishes a doctrine which contains an *explanation of the world and human destiny*.<sup>1</sup>

The office of Philosophy is the systematisation of the conceptions furnished by Science . . . Science furnishes the knowledge, and Philosophy the doctrine.<sup>2</sup>

The latter can become complete only on condition of having that “knowledge” and that “doctrine” passed through the sieve of Divine Wisdom, or Theosophy.

Ueberweg<sup>3</sup> defines Philosophy as “the Science of Principles,” which, as all our members know, is the claim of Theosophy in its branch-sciences of Alchemy, Astrology, and the occult sciences generally.

Hegel regards it as “the contemplation of the self-development of the ABSOLUTE,” or in other words as “the representation of the Idea.”<sup>4</sup>

The whole of the Secret Doctrine — of which the work bearing that name is but an atom — is such a contemplation and record, as far as finite language and limited thought can record the processes of the Infinite.

Thus it becomes evident that Theosophy cannot be a “religion,” still less “a sect,” but it is indeed the quintessence of the highest *philosophy* in all and every one of its aspects. Having shown that it falls under, and answers fully, every description of philosophy, we may add to the above a few more of Sir W. Hamilton’s definitions, and prove our statement by showing the pursuit of the same in Theosophical literature. This is a task easy enough, indeed. For, does not “Theosophy” include “the science of things evidently deduced from first principles” as well as “the sciences of truths sensible and abstract”? Does it not preach “the application of reason to its legitimate objects,” and make it one of its “legitimate objects” — to inquire into “the science of the original form of the Ego, or mental self,” as also to teach the secret of “the absolute indifference of the ideal and real”? All of which proves that according to every definition — old or new — of philosophy, he who studies Theosophy, studies *the highest transcendental philosophy*.



<sup>1</sup> *The History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, Prolegomena, p. xviii

<sup>2</sup> *loc. cit.*

<sup>3</sup> *A History of Philosophy*

<sup>4</sup> *Darstellung der Idee*

## 11. Blavatsky on Occult Hygiene

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. III, No. 16, December 1888, pp. 288-90, 339-41.  
 Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MISCELLANEOUS NOTES) X p. 242.

[I own I should like to see phenomena . . . ]

**I**T IS NOT IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY that our correspondent can ever hope to evoke spooks or to see any *physical* phenomena.

[Is not the “Esoteric Section” of the T.S. likely to run counter to the views of your Editorial on “Lodges of Magic”? Who is to ensure that the Esoteric Members are not only willing to, but *will* “abide by its rules”?]

Our correspondent’s question is a natural one — coming from a European. No, it does not run counter, because it *is not* a lodge of *magic*, but of *training*. For however often the true nature of the occult training has been stated and explained, few Western students seem to realize how searching and inexorable are the tests which a candidate must pass before *power* is entrusted to his hands. Esoteric philosophy, the occult hygiene of mind and body, the unlearning of false beliefs and the acquisition of true habits of thought, are more than sufficient for a student during his period of probation, and those who rashly pledge themselves in the expectation of acquiring forthwith “magic powers” will meet only with disappointment and certain failure.



## 12. Blavatsky on Spirit and Matter

First published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. IV, No. 4, January 1883, pp. 89-90.  
 Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, IV pp. 297-98.

[Commenting on a correspondent's letter, H.P. Blavatsky wrote:]

**W**E FEAR OUR CORRESPONDENT IS LABOURING under various misconceptions. We will not touch upon his very original views of Karma — at its incipient stage — since his ideas are his own, and he is as much entitled to them as anyone else. But we will briefly answer his numbered questions at the close of the letter.

- 1 Spirit got itself entangled with gross matter for the same reason that *life* gets entangled with the *foetus* matter. It followed a law, and therefore could not help the entanglement occurring.
- 2 We know of no eastern philosophy that teaches that “matter originated out of Spirit.” Matter is as eternal and indestructible as Spirit and one cannot be made cognizant to our senses without the other — even to our, the highest, spiritual sense. Spirit *per se* is a *non-entity* and *non-existence*. It is the *negation* of every affirmation and of all that is.
- 3 No one ever held — as far as we know that *Spirit* could be *annihilated* under whatever circumstances. Spirit can get divorced of its manifested matter, its personality, in which case, it is the latter that is annihilated. Nor do we believe that “Spirit breathed out Matter”; but that, on the contrary, it is *Matter which manifests Spirit*. Otherwise, it would be a *puzzle* indeed.
- 4 Since we believe in neither “God” nor “Satan” as *personalities* or entities, hence there is neither “Heaven” nor “Hell” for us, in the vulgar generally accepted sense of the *terms*. Hence also — it would be a useless waste of time to discuss the question.



## 13. Blavatsky on the acquisition of knowledge

The light and spirit of the Divinity are the wings of the soul. They raise it to communion with the gods, above this earth, with which the spirit of man is too ready to soil itself . . . To become like the gods, is to become holy, just and wise. That is the end for which man was created, and that ought to be his aim in the acquisition of knowledge.

— PLATO<sup>1</sup>

### True knowledge comes in visions.

A fragment from the pen of H.P. Blavatsky; at least it is attributed to her in *The Theosophist*, Vol. XXXI, March 1910, p. 685.

**K**NOWLEDGE COMES IN VISIONS, first in dreams and then in pictures presented to the inner eye during meditation. Thus have I been taught the whole system of evolution, the laws of being and all else that I know — the mysteries of life and death, the workings of karma. Not a word was spoken to me of all this in the ordinary way, except, perhaps, by way of confirmation of what was thus given me — nothing taught me in writing. And knowledge so obtained is so clear, so convincing, so indelible in the impression it makes upon the mind, that all other sources of information, all other methods of teaching with which we are familiar dwindle into insignificance in comparison with this. One of the reasons why I hesitate to answer offhand some questions put to me is the difficulty of expressing in sufficiently accurate language things given to me in pictures, and comprehended by me by the pure Reason, as Kant would call it.

Theirs is a synthetic method of teaching: the most general outlines are given first, then an insight into the method of working, next the broad principles and notions are brought into view, and lastly begins the revelation of the minuter points.<sup>2</sup>



## 14. Blavatsky on the enemy of truth

### The outer world is the natural enemy of every new truth.

Fragment from H.P. Blavatsky's pen preserved in the Adyar Archives and originally published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. LXXV, September, 1954, p. 379.

**T**HAT, NOTWITHSTANDING THIS CLEAR CONFESSION OF FAITH, the average public will still sneer at the Theosophical Society; and will still go on misrepresenting it, as it did before, is as sure as the axiom which teaches us that this world of ours is the natural enemy of every new truth, that unsettles its previous ideas, however erroneous these may be proved. As long as Society exists, it will have its party spirit, hence — its scapegoats and martyrs. But the Theosophical Society

<sup>1</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE BEACON OF THE UNKNOWN – II) XI p. 254; [quoting *Phædrus*, 246d-e; *Theætetus*, 176b.]

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, XIII p. 285

can bide its time and wait. No laugh can hurt it, and truth must prevail at last. In the civilized city of Boston in 1835, Wm. Lloyd Garrison was dragged by the mob, with a rope around his neck, through the streets to the City Hall; and, less than thirty years after that event, he was proclaimed as one of the benefactors of his free country who had, at last, abolished slavery. As Lloyd Garrison fought against physical slavery, chiefly supported by the clergy, so the Theosophical Society fights against mental slavery, solely advocated by the same priestcraft of whatever religion. Themis in her guise of human justice may be represented blindfolded; and satire more blind and cruel even than Themis herself — kills sometimes. Yet even in its blindness it is discriminating and forced to do justice, however tardy. In Lucian's famous *Sale of the Philosophers*,<sup>1</sup> where all the Greek celebrities are sold at auction, the great and pure Pythagoras is made to elbow the cynical Diogenes with his rags and filth. Yet while the Samian Sage brings ten gold minæ, the Athenian Cynic is knocked down only for two oboloi.

The Theosophical Society can hardly be judged and appreciated during the present generation; it is but in the future that it may expect — fair bidders.<sup>2</sup>



## 15. Blavatsky on the legend of the Night Flower

### A Tradition of the Steppes.

**A**T 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. She 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 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. Its brilliant rays, quick and tender, pierced the waves of gloom. Suddenly the orphaned flower 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

<sup>1</sup> [Lucianus Samosatensis. This work may be found in many editions. See Lucian, *Selected Works*, tr. by Bryan Reardon, N.Y. Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1965. (In Loeb ed. of *Lucian*, V. II, tr. as "Philosophies for Sale"). — *Dara Eklund*. [Consult "Lucian's Philosophers for Sale - tr. Fowler & Fowler" in our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, XIII pp. 286-87

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 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. 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 one lone 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, nearby 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.<sup>1</sup>

**Only through her humble, evening star, can she be truly happy.**

[The] woman finds her happiness in the acquisition of supernatural powers — [carnal] love is a vile dream, a nightmare.<sup>2</sup>



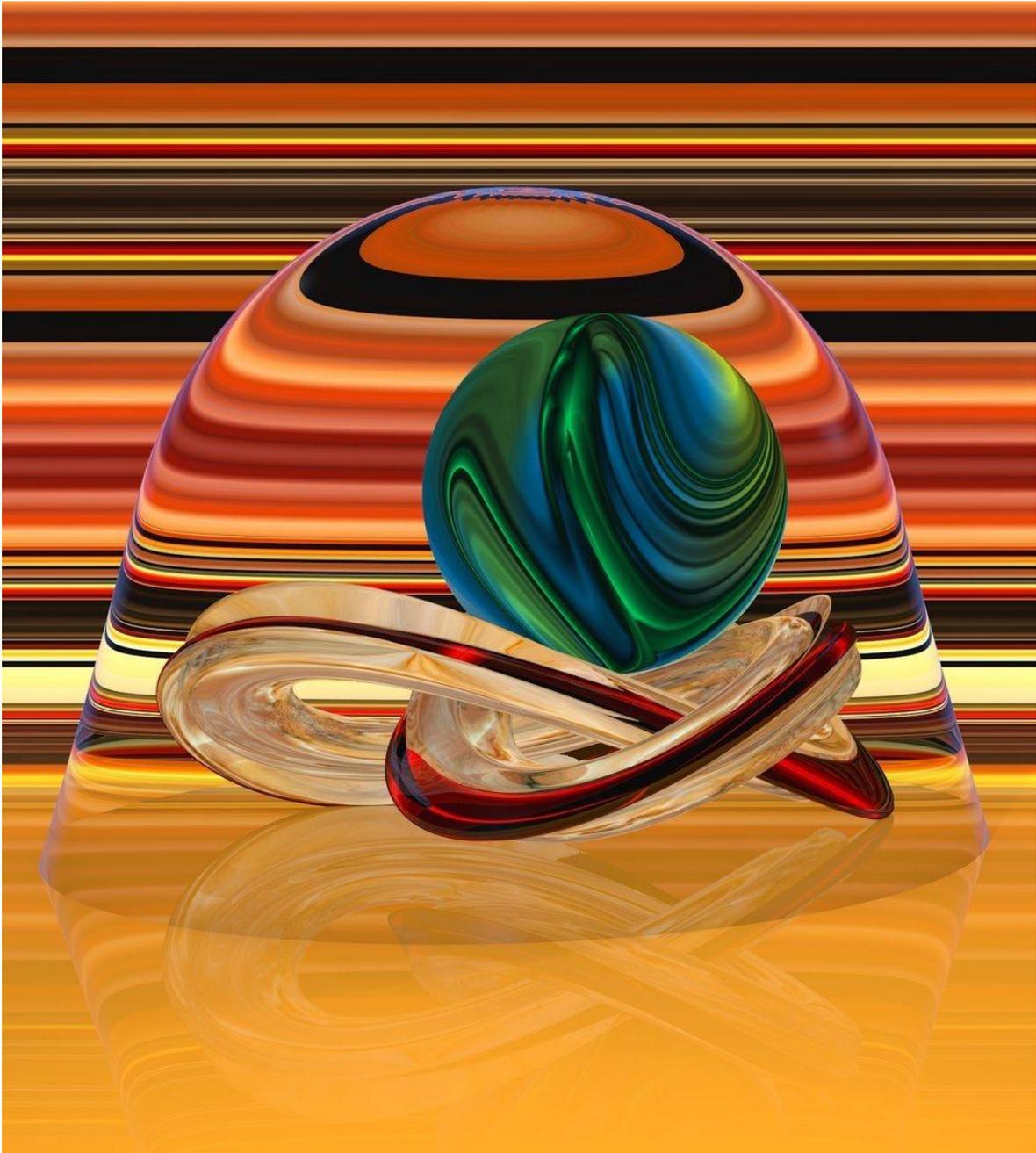
## 16. Blavatsky on the Silent Brotherhood

**T**HE ENORMOUS AND EVER-GROWING NUMBERS OF MYSTICS at the present time show better than anything else the undeniably occult working of the cycle. Thousands of men and women who belong to no church, sect, or society, who are neither Theosophists nor Spiritualists, are yet virtually members of that Silent Brotherhood the units of which often do not know each other, belonging as they

<sup>1</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (LÉGENDE SUR LA BELLE NUIT) I pp. 7-9; [English translation of the foregoing French text. <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*.]

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, (H.P.B.'s SKETCHBOOK – p. 3) I p. 5; [English translation of the foregoing French text: “La femme trouve son bonheur dans l’acquisition des pouvoirs surnaturels — l’amour c’est un vilain rêve, un cauchemar.”]

do to nations far and wide apart, yet each of whom carries on his brow the mark of the mysterious Karmic seal — the seal that makes of him or her a member of the Brotherhood of the Elect of Thought. Having failed to satisfy their aspirations in their respective *orthodox* faiths they have severed themselves from their Churches in soul when not in body, and are devoting the rest of their lives to the worship of loftier and purer ideals than any intellectual speculation can give them. How few, in comparison to their numbers, and how rarely one meets with such, and yet their name is legion, if they only chose to reveal themselves.<sup>1</sup>




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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE CYCLE MOVETH) XII pp. 125-26

## 17. Blavatsky on the Tears of the Angels

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver Moon is high,  
 And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky, —  
 While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,  
 And one fond voice alone is heard — oh! Night is lovely then!  
 But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,  
 But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain, —  
 When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,  
 Where all we love is fading fast — how terrible is Night!!  
 — *The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey: A Legend of Dover*

**H**OW GRAND, HOW MYSTERIOUS ARE THE SPRING NIGHTS on the seashore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth — the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But

When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,  
 When all we love is fading fast — how terrible is night. . . .<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. II, No. 10, June 1888, pp. 311-22 (in 11 Parts), signed Sañjñā, nom de plume of H.P. Blavatsky. Republished in her *Collected Writings*, (KARMIC VISIONS – VI) IX pp. 329-30 [& quoting from *The Ingoldsby Legends* by Thomas Ingoldsby (nom de plume of Rev. Richard H. Barham), *The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey: A Legend of Dover*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Series, Tappington Everard, 1842]

## 18. Blavatsky on the Theosophical Movement

First published in *The North American Review*, Vol. CLI, No. 405, August 1890, pp. 173-86. Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (RECENT PROGRESS IN THEOSOPHY) XII pp. 295-96. Full text under the title "Theosophical Society – Objects and early accomplishments" in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

**T**HE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT WAS A NECESSITY OF THE AGE, and it has spread under its own inherent impulsion, and owes nothing, to adventitious methods. From the first it has had neither money, endowment, nor social or governmental patronage to count upon. It appealed to certain human instincts and aspirations, and held up a certain lofty ideal of perfectibility, with which the vested extraneous interests of society conflicted, and against which these were foredoomed to battle. Its strongest allies were the human yearnings for light upon the problem of life, and for a nobler conception of the origin, destiny, and potentialities of the human being. While materialism and its congener, secularism, were bent upon destroying not only theology and sectarian dogmatism, but even the religious conception of a diviner Self, Theosophy has aimed at uniting all broad religious people for research into the actual basis of religion and scientific proofs of the existence and permanence of the higher Self. Accepting thankfully the results of scientific study and exposure of theological error, and adopting the methods and maxims of science, its advocates try to save from the wreck of cults the precious admixture of truth to be found in each. Discarding the theory of miracles and supernaturalism, they endeavour to trace out the kinship of the whole family of world-faiths to each other, and their common reconciliation with science.



## 19. Byron on man being in part divine<sup>1</sup>

### On Prometheus: A troubled stream from a pure source.

#### I

Titan! to whose immortal eyes  
 The sufferings of mortality  
 Seen in their sad reality,  
 Were not as things that gods despise;  
 What was thy pity's recompense?  
 A silent suffering, and intense;  
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
 All that the proud can feel of pain,  
 The agony they do not show,  
 The suffocating sense of woe, 10  
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
 And then is jealous lest the sky  
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
 Until its voice is echoless.

#### II

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
 Between the suffering and the will,  
 Which torture where they cannot kill;  
 And the inexorable Heaven,  
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
 The ruling principle of Hate. 20  
 Which for its pleasure doth create  
 The things it may annihilate,  
 Refused thee even the boon to die:  
 The wretched gift eternity  
 Was thine, — and thou hast borne it well.  
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
 Was but the menace which flung back  
 On him the torments of thy rack;  
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
 But would not to appease him tell; 30  
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
 And evil dread so ill dissembled  
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

#### III

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
 To render with thy precepts less

<sup>1</sup> By Lord George Gordon Byron.

The sum of human wretchedness,  
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
 But baffled as thou wert from high,  
 Still in thy patient energy, 40  
 In the endurance, and repulse  
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,  
 A mighty lesson we inherit:  
 Thou art a symbol and a sign  
 To Mortals of their fate and force;  
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
 A troubled stream from a pure source;  
 And Man in portions can foresee  
 His own funereal destiny; 50  
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
 And his sad unallied existence:  
 To which his Spirit may oppose  
 Itself — and equal to all woes,  
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
 Which even in torture can descry  
 Its own concenter'd recompense,  
 Triumphant where it dares defy,  
 And making Death a Victory.

Diodati  
 July 1816



## 20. Centre of the manifested world

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. III, No. 16, December 1888, pp. 288-90, 339-41.  
 Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MISCELLANEOUS NOTES) X pp. 241-42.

[A writer comments on the disputed word *Theos* in *1 Timothy* iii, 16 in connection with the various existing Codices. He ends by asking the question:

What is the occult meaning of the ☉; and in what sense did St. Paul and his copyists, a few centuries later, use the symbol as an equivalent to the Ineffable God?

To this, H.P. Blavatsky replies:]

In the Occult meaning it is the primordial Ideation, the plane for the double-sexed *logos*, the first differentiation of the ever-unknowable PRINCIPLE or abstract Nature, sexless and infinite. The *point* represents the first formation of the root of *all things* growing out of the *rootless* ROOT, or what the Vedāntins call “Parabrahm.” It is the periodical and ever-recurring primordial manifestation after every “Night of Brahmā,” or of potential space within abstract space: not Jehovah, assuredly not; but the “Unknown God” of the Athenians, the IT which St. Paul, the *master Mason* and the INITIATE, declared unto them. It is the *unmanifested* LOGOS.

## 21. Chaitanya' Devotional Prayer<sup>1</sup>

**C**HANT THE NAME OF THE LORD and His glory unceasingly  
 That the mirror of the heart may be wiped clean  
 And quench that mighty forest fire,  
 Worldly lust, raging furiously within.  
 Oh name, stream down in moonlight on the lotus heart,  
 Opening its cup to knowledge of thyself.  
 Oh self, drown deep in the waves of His bliss,  
 Chanting His name continually,  
 Tasting His nectar at every step,  
 Bathing in His name, that bath for weary souls.

Various are thy names, Oh Lord,  
 In each and every name Thy power resides.  
 No times are set, no rites are needful, for chanting of thy name,  
 So vast is Thy mercy.  
 How huge, then is my wretchedness,  
 Who find, in this empty life and heart,  
 No devotion to Thy name!

Oh, my mind,  
 Be humbler than a blade of grass,  
 Be patient and forbearing like the tree,  
 Take no honour to thyself,  
 Give honour to all,  
 Chant unceasingly the name of the Lord.

Oh, Lord and soul of the universe,  
 Mine is no prayer for wealth or retinue,  
 The playthings of lust or the toys of fame;  
 As many times as I may be reborn  
 Grant me, Oh Lord, a steadfast love for Thee.

A drowning man in this world's fearful ocean  
 Is Thy servant, Oh sweet One.  
 In Thy mercy  
 Consider him as dust beneath Thy feet.

Ah, how I long for the day  
 When an instant's separation from Thee, Oh Govinda,  
 Will be as a thousand years,  
 When my heart burns away with its desire  
 And the world, without Thee, is a heartless void.

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<sup>1</sup> Translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood.

Prostrate at Thy feet let me be, in unwavering devotion,  
 Neither imploring the embrace of Thine arms  
 Nor bewailing the withdrawal of Thy presence  
 Though it tears my soul asunder.  
 Oh Thou, who stealest the hearts of Thy devotees,  
 Do with me what Thou wilt —  
 For Thou art my heart's beloved, Thou and Thou alone.<sup>1</sup>



## 22. Cicero's Hymn to Philosophy

**PHILOSOPHY, THOU GUIDE OF LIFE!** thou discoverer of virtue and expeller of vices! what had not only I myself, but the whole life of man, been without you? To you it is that we owe the origin of cities; you it was who called together the dispersed race of men into social life; you united them together, first, by placing them near one another, then by marriages, and lastly, by the communication of speech and languages. You have been the inventress of laws; you have been our instructress in morals and discipline; to you we fly for refuge; from you we implore assistance; and as I formerly submitted to you in a great degree, so now I surrender up myself entirely to you. For one day spent well, and agreeably to your precepts, is preferable to an eternity of error. Whose assistance, then, can be of more service to me than yours, when you have bestowed on us tranquillity of life, and removed the fear of death? But Philosophy is so far from being praised as much as she has deserved by mankind, that she is wholly neglected by most men, and actually evil spoken of by many. Can any person speak ill of the parent of life, and dare to pollute himself thus with parricide, and be so impiously ungrateful as to accuse her whom he ought to reverence, even were he less able to appreciate the advantages which he might derive from her? But this error, I imagine, and this darkness has spread itself over the minds of ignorant men, from their not being able to look so far back, and from their not imagining that those men by whom human life was first improved were philosophers; for though we see philosophy to have been of long standing, yet the name must be acknowledged to be but modern.<sup>2</sup>



<sup>1</sup> [Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu (1486–1534) was a social reformer of Bengal and Orissa, and notable proponent for the Vaishnava School of Bhakti yoga. “A rather modern sage, believed to be an avatar of Krishna” (*Theosophical Glossary*). Because of his light skin complexion, he was sometimes referred to as Gaura or Golden; and Nimai, because he was born underneath a Neem tree (Cf. Wikipedia). In Sanskrit, chaitanya means consciousness (Cf. *Secret Doctrine*, I p. 6), or living spirit. — *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, IV p. 567]

<sup>2</sup> Cicero: *Tusculan Disputations*, V ii (tr. Yonge). Full text in our Down to Earth Series. — ED. PHIL.

## 23. Cleanthes' Hymn to Zeus

From Long A.A. & Sedley D.N. (*Comp., tr. & Annot.*). *The Hellenistic Philosophers*. Vol. 1: Translations of the Principal Sources with Philosophical Commentary. (1<sup>st</sup> ed. 1987). Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002; pp. 326-27.

**N**O DEED IS DONE ON EARTH, GOD, WITHOUT YOUR OFFICES, nor in the divine ethereal vault of heaven, nor at sea, save what bad men do in their folly. But you know how to make things crooked straight and to order things disorderly. You love things unloved. For you have so welded into one all things good and bad that they all share in a single everlasting reason [universal reason or logos]. It is shunned and neglected by the bad among mortal men, the wretched, whoever yearn for the possession of goods yet neither see nor hear god's universal law, by obeying which they could lead a good life in partnership with intelligence. Instead, devoid of intelligence, they rush into this evil or that, some in their belligerent quest for fame, others with an unbridled bent for acquisition, others for leisure and the pleasurable acts of the body . . . < But all that they achieve is evils, > despite traveling hither and thither in burning quest of the opposite. Bountiful Zeus of the dark clouds and gleaming thunderbolt, protect mankind from its pitiful incompetence. Scatter this from our soul, Father. Let us achieve the power of judgement by trusting in which you steer all things with justice, so that by winning honour we may repay you with honour, for ever singing of your works, as it befits mortals to do. For neither men nor gods have any greater privilege than this: to sing for ever in righteousness of the universal law.



## 24. Cortège of the Solar God

From *The Secret Doctrine*, I p. 363.

Nevertheless, even Christians have to this day their sacred birds; for instance, the dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost. Nor have they neglected the sacred animals. The *Evangelical* zoolatry — the Bull, the Eagle, the Lion, and the Angel (in reality the Cherub, or Sārāph, the fiery-winged Serpent) — is as much pagan as that of the Egyptians or the Chaldeans. These four animals are, in reality, the symbols of the four elements, and of the four *lower* principles in man. Nevertheless, they correspond physically and materially to the four constellations that form, so to speak, the *suite* or *cortège* of the Solar God, and occupy during the winter solstice the four cardinal points of the zodiacal circle. These four “animals” may be seen in many of the Roman Catholic New Testaments where the *portraits* of the evangelists are given. They are the animals of Ezekiel's Merkābāh.



## 25. Dante's Inferno

Dante and Shakespeare divide the modern world between them.  
There is no third.

— THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

H.P. Blavatsky closed her article on “Occultism versus the Occults Arts” with the first three lines of a terrifying message written on the gate of Hell that greeted Dante and Virgil at the start of their journey through the three reigns of the afterlife: *La Divina Commedia*, Canto III, 1-9 Inferno; Purgatorio; Paradiso. The same is also quoted in *The Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*, p. 404.

*Per me si va nella città dolente  
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente  
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore  
Fecemi la Divina Potestate,  
La somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.  
Innanzi a me non fuor cose create  
Se non etterne, et io eterna duro.  
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate.*

Through me the way into the suffering city,  
Through me the way to the eternal pain,  
Through me the way that runs among the lost.  
Justice urged on my high artificer;  
My maker was divine authority,  
The highest wisdom, and the primal love.  
Before me nothing but eternal things  
Were made, and I eternally endure.  
Abandon every hope, who enter here.

(tr. Mandelbaum)



## 26. Desatir on the Eye of the Heart

**Look not upon the self-existent with this eye: ask for another eye.**

The *Desatir*<sup>1</sup> or the *Sacred Writings of the Ancient Prophets; together with the Commentary of the Fifth Sasan*, translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, Bombay, 1818, 2-vols.; edited and republished by Dhunjibhoy Jamsetjee Medhora,<sup>2</sup> Bombay, 1888; Facsimile edition by Wizards Bookshelf, 1975, (*Secret Doctrine Reference Series*), and others.

The *Desatir* is a collection of the writings of the different Persian Prophets, one of whom was Zoroaster. The last was alive in the time of Khusro Parvez, who was contemporary with the Emperor Revaclius and died only nine years before the end of the ancient Persian monarchy. Sir William Jones was the first who drew the attention of European scholars to the *Desatir*. It is divided into books of the different prophets.<sup>3</sup> . . . neither the *Dabistān* nor the *Desatir* can, strictly speaking, be included in the number of orthodox Parsee books — the contents of both of these if not the works themselves anteceding *by several millenniums* the ordinances in the *Avesta* as we have now good reasons to know . . .<sup>4</sup>

### Selections from the Book of Prophet Jemshid.

58. I created the world an Individual.

COMMENTARY — For the whole world is an Individual: Its Body which is composed of all bodies, is called the Universe (Tehim); Its Soul consists of all Souls and is called the City-of-Souls (Rewāngird); And its Intelligence is composed of all Intelligences and is called the City-of-Understanding (Hoshgird). This is the Great Man. When you have contemplated this World so wonderful, still it is but a single one of His worshippers.<sup>5</sup> If you open the eye of your heart you will perceive that the heaven is the skin of this great Individual; Kywān (Saturn) the spleen, Barjish (Jupiter) the liver, Behrām (Mars) the gall, the Sun the heart, Nahid (Venus) the stomach, Tīr (Mercury) the brain, the Moon the lungs, the fixed Stars and the Mansions of the Planets the veins and nerves, the fire the warmth of his motion in the way of God, the air of his breath, the water his sweat, the earth the place on which he steps as he walks, the lightning his laugh, the thunder his voice, the rain his tears, and organized bodies the worms in his belly: while his Soul is composed of the Souls above and below, and his Intelligence of the Intelligences above and below. Man therefore should not rest satisfied with being a belly-worm; but ought to strive to become a Soul. The substance of what has been explained is contained in the Hānejtūr, which is a portion of the Desātīr written in the Limrāni tongue, and which I have followed in this exposition;

59. The world is an idea of the Self-existent.

<sup>1</sup> Or Dasatir-i-Asmani. Also plural of Dastur, Zoroastrian priest, law or ordinances.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. “The little work called *Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals*, compiled by Mr. Dhunjibhoy Jamsetjee Medhora, a Parsī Theosophist of Bombay, is an excellent treatise replete with the highest moral teachings, in English and Gujarati, and will acquaint the student better than many volumes with the ethics of the ancient Iranians.” *Theosophical Glossary: Iranian Morals*

<sup>3</sup> Judge W.Q. *Karma in the Desatir, The Path*, October 1891; [signed Bryan Kinnavan.]

<sup>4</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE EFFICACY OF FUNERAL CEREMONIES) IV pp. 507-8

<sup>5</sup> [i.e., Phenomena of a single planetary system, as opposed to the manvantaric manifestation in its entirety. — ED. PHIL.]

60. Non-existence is the mirror of existence.
61. Without the light of the Self-existent, Nothing is.
62. His light extendeth over All, and conferreth being on all existences.
63. The choicest of all effulgences is the shining of knowledge on men of understanding.
64. By a single flash of the Creator (Jinal), both worlds became visible.

COMMENTARY — The one of which is immaterial and not in time, the other the material world. Both derive their being from the splendour of the Sun of the Essence of the Most Just.

65. The multiplicity of worlds, invisible and visible, is unity in respect to the Unity of God (Hilād), for nothing else hath being.
66. The Perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity.

COMMENTARY — One Sect conceal the Really-Existent in the works of the Creation; do not perceive the Really-Existent, but observe the Creation; deem the created to be separate from the Really-Existent, and reckon the Really-Existent different from the creation: and this class are called *Ferjind-Shai* which means “of inferior place.” The second is the Sect that see the Really-Existent, but not the Creation; and this class is suicidal: they are called *Semrūd* which means United (Girdwend). The chief class see the Really-Existent, and observe the Creation through Him, and mark God in whatever exists: those who are of this class do not believe that to discover unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity is any obstruction to a knowledge of real unity: the name of this blessed class is *Semrūd Semrūd* which means United-in-Unity (Gerdwend-Gerdwend).

67. O Jermshār!<sup>1</sup> thou seest God (Ferkhād) in his servant, and the servant in God:
68. With thee unity does not obstruct multiplicity nor multiplicity unity.
69. Say unto mankind, Look not upon the Self-Existent with this eye: ask for another eye.

COMMENTARY — That is, the eye of the heart.

70. How should they not see Him who is God? (Ferkhād).
71. That person is born blind who saith that He cannot be seen.
72. He is blind from the womb who cannot perceive the Self-existent in this splendour which is His.
73. They have a cataract on their eye who cannot see Him.
74. The Perfect Man reacheth God (Hilabrām) as the line of the circle returneth to the point whence it began;
75. So has thou returned unto Me;
76. And bringest in whomsoever thou listest.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Jemshīd, Persian.

## 27. Devotion of the moth for the star<sup>2</sup>

One word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it;  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not, —  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?



## 28. Du Bellay on Beauty

Si nostre vie est moins qu'une journée  
 En l'éternel, si l'an qui fait le tour  
 Chasse nos jours sans espoir de retour,  
 Si périssable est toute chose née,

Que songes-tu, mon âme emprisonnée?  
 Pourquoi te plaist l'obscur de nostre jour,  
 Si pour voler en un plus cler sejour,  
 Tu as au dos l'aele bien empanée?

La, est le bien que tout esprit désire,  
 La, le repos où tout le monde aspire,  
 La, est l'amour, la, le plaisir encore.

La, ô mon âme au plus hault ciel guidée!  
 Tu y pouras recongnoistre l'Idée  
 De la beauté, qu'en ce monde j'adore.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Desatir or the Sacred Writings of the Ancient Prophets*, tr. by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, Bombay, 1818, 2-vols.; with additional notes by Dhunjeebhoy Jamsetjee Medhora, Bombay, 1888; "The Book of the Prophet Jemshid," pp. 71-74.

<sup>2</sup> By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

<sup>3</sup> *L'Olive augmentée* (1549), xiii. Here are two translations side-by-side, a "transparent" one by A.S. Kline, and a "looser" one by J. Robin: →

## 29. Each had lived in the other's mind and speech<sup>1</sup>

**a** S WHEN WITH DOWNCAST EYES we muse and brood,  
 And ebb into a former life, or seem  
 To lapse far back in some confused dream  
 To states of mystical similitude;  
 If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,  
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,  
 So that we say, "All this hath been before,  
 All this *hath* been, I know not when or where."  
 So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,  
 Our thought gave answer each to each, so true —  
 Opposed mirrors each reflecting each —  
 Altho' I knew not in what time or place,  
 Methought that I had often met with you,  
 And each had lived in the other's mind and speech.<sup>2</sup>



If our life is less than a single day  
 In eternity, and the year in its turn  
 Wastes our days, without hope of return,  
 If everything is born to decay,  
 Why my captive soul your dreams display?  
 Why for the shadow of our day so burn,  
 If for flight to a clearer one you yearn,  
 Graced with wings to help you on your way?  
 There, is the good, every soul's desire.  
 There, the rest to which all men aspire,  
 There, is the love, there the delight in store.  
 There, O my soul, in highest heaven clear,  
 There you may realise the Idea  
 Of the beauty, that in this world I adore.

If life is less than one day's passing sigh  
 Within eternity, and if the year  
 Too soon revolved, may never reappear,  
 If, helpless, all things here on earth soon die,  
 What do you dream about, caged soul?  
 And why this trouble take when darkness hovers near?  
 Although your dreams sing on to regions clear,  
 You seem a soul in pain whose wings can't fly.  
 Seek there the Good above, beyond the sky,  
 There the rest which to each man lends cheer,  
 There is Love, there pleasure, thither steer,  
 There, my soul, is heaven found, on high.  
 There you shall realize that rare rapport  
 with Beauty which in this world I adore.

<sup>1</sup> By Lord Tennyson.

<sup>2</sup> *Early Sonnets I*, first published in 1830.

### 30. Ehrmann's Desiderata

**G**O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND THE HASTE, and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be.

And whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.



## 31. Eliot's Four Quartets<sup>1</sup>

**On our Immortal Soul in her cyclic pilgrimage to the abyss of materiality before rising from the bowels of the underworld, onward and upward, to the summit of Unconscious Immateriality from whence she came.**

*Του λόγου δε εοντος ξυνου ζωουσιν οι πολλοι  
ως ιδιαν εχοντες φρονησιν.*<sup>2</sup>

— HERACLITUS, *fr.* 2

*Οδος ανω και κατω μια και ωαυτη.*<sup>3</sup>

— HERACLITUS, *fr.* 69<sup>4</sup>

### Burnt Norton<sup>5</sup>

#### I

Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
Down the passage which we did not take  
Towards the door we never opened  
Into the rose-garden. My words echo  
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose  
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves  
I do not know.

Other echoes  
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?  
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,

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<sup>1</sup> By Thomas Stearns Eliot.

<sup>2</sup> [*i.e.*, although the Law of Reason is common, the majority of people live as though they had an understanding of their own; *tr.* Patrick.]

<sup>3</sup> [*i.e.*, the way upward and downward are one and the same; *tr.* Patrick.]

<sup>4</sup> Full text in our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>5</sup> Written in 1935. Burnt Norton is a country house near Chipping Campden in North Gloucestershire that Eliot visited in the summer of 1934. It belongs to the Viscount Sandon, son of the Earl of Harrowby. The house's rose garden is the main spatial scenery of the poem.

"Burnt Norton" represents the element of air.

This and the annotations to the other three quartets are from  
[http://wikipedia.atpedia.com/en/articles/f/o/u/Four\\_Quartets\\_6b0b.html](http://wikipedia.atpedia.com/en/articles/f/o/u/Four_Quartets_6b0b.html)

Round the corner. Through the first gate,  
Into our first world, shall we follow  
The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.  
There they were, dignified, invisible,  
Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,  
In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,  
And the bird called, in response to  
The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,  
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses  
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.  
There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.  
So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,  
Along the empty alley, into the box circle,  
To look down into the drained pool.  
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,  
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,  
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,  
The surface glittered out of heart of light,  
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.  
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.  
Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,  
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.  
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind  
Cannot bear very much reality.  
Time past and time future  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.

II

Garlic and sapphires in the mud  
Clot the bedded axle-tree.  
The thrilling wire in the blood  
Sings below inveterate scars  
Appeasing long forgotten wars.  
The dance along the artery  
The circulation of the lymph  
Are figured in the drift of stars  
Ascend to summer in the tree  
We move above the moving tree  
In light upon the figured leaf  
And hear upon the sodden floor  
Below, the boarhound and the boar  
Pursue their pattern as before  
But reconciled among the stars.  
At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;  
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,  
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,

Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,  
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,  
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.  
I can only say, *there* we have been: but I cannot say where.  
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.  
The inner freedom from the practical desire,  
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner  
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded  
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,  
*Erhebung*<sup>1</sup> without motion, concentration  
Without elimination, both a new world  
And the old made explicit, understood  
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,  
The resolution of its partial horror.  
Yet the enchainment of past and future  
Woven in the weakness of the changing body,  
Protects mankind from heaven and damnation  
Which flesh cannot endure.

Time past and time future

Allow but a little consciousness.  
To be conscious is not to be in time  
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,  
The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,  
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall  
Be remembered; involved with past and future.  
Only through time time is conquered.

### III

Here is a place of disaffection  
Time before and time after  
In a dim light: neither daylight  
Investing form with lucid stillness  
Turning shadow into transient beauty  
With slow rotation suggesting permanence  
Nor darkness to purify the soul  
Emptying the sensual with deprivation  
Cleansing affection from the temporal.  
Neither plenitude nor vacancy. Only a flicker  
Over the strained time-ridden faces  
Distracted from distraction by distraction  
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning  
Tumid apathy with no concentration  
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind  
That blows before and after time,  
Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs

---

<sup>1</sup> [Exaltation]

Time before and time after.  
Eructation of unhealthy souls  
Into the faded air, the torpid  
Driven on the wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London,  
Hampstead and Clerkenwell, Campden and Putney,  
Highgate, Primrose and Ludgate. Not here  
Not here the darkness, in this twittering world.  
Descend lower, descend only  
Into the world of perpetual solitude,  
World not world, but that which is not world,  
Internal darkness, deprivation  
And destitution of all property,  
Desiccation of the world of sense,  
Evacuation of the world of fancy,  
Inoperancy of the world of spirit;  
This is the one way, and the other  
Is the same, not in movement  
But abstention from movement; while the world moves  
In appetency, on its metalled ways  
Of time past and time future.

IV

Time and the bell have buried the day,  
the black cloud carries the sun away.  
Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis  
Stray down, bend to us; tendril and spray  
Clutch and cling?  
Chill  
Fingers of yew be curled  
Down on us? After the kingfisher's wing  
Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still  
At the still point of the turning world.

V

Words move, music moves  
Only in time; but that which is only living  
Can only die. Words, after speech, reach  
Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern,  
Can words or music reach  
The stillness, as a Chinese jar still  
Moves perpetually in its stillness.  
Not the stillness of the violin, while the note lasts,  
Not that only, but the co-existence,  
Or say that the end precedes the beginning,  
And the end and the beginning were always there  
Before the beginning and after the end.  
And all is always now. Words strain,

Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,  
Will not stay still. Shrieking voices  
Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering,  
Always assail them. The Word in the desert  
Is most attacked by voices of temptation,  
The crying shadow in the funeral dance,  
The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.  
The detail of the pattern is movement,  
As in the figure of the ten stairs.  
Desire itself is movement  
Not in itself desirable;  
Love is itself unmoving,  
Only the cause and end of movement,  
Timeless, and undesiring  
Except in the aspect of time  
Caught in the form of limitation  
Between un-being and being.  
Sudden in a shaft of sunlight  
Even while the dust moves  
There rises the hidden laughter  
Of children in the foliage  
Quick now, here, now, always —  
Ridiculous the waste sad time  
Stretching before and after.

### East Coker<sup>1</sup>

#### I

In my beginning is my end. In succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,  
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place  
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.  
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,  
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth  
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,  
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.  
Houses live and die: there is a time for building  
And a time for living and for generation  
And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane  
And to shake the wainscot where the field-mouse trots  
And to shake the tattered arras woven with a silent motto.

---

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1940. East Coker is a village in Somerset, England from which Eliot's ancestors emigrated to Boston in 1660. T.S. Eliot visited the village in 1936-7 and his ashes are buried in the churchyard. Inside the church a plaque memorializing him was placed in 1965. It contains the words of his chosen epitaph, the opening and closing lines from East Coker: "in my beginning is my end" / "in my end is my beginning."  
"East Coker" represents earth.

In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls  
Across the open field, leaving the deep lane  
Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon,  
Where you lean against a bank while a van passes,  
And the deep lane insists on the direction  
Into the village, in the electric heat  
Hypnotised. In a warm haze the sultry light  
Is absorbed, not refracted, by grey stone.  
The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.  
Wait for the early owl.

In that open field

If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,  
On a summer midnight, you can hear the music  
Of the weak pipe and the little drum  
And see them dancing around the bonfire  
the association of man and woman  
In daunsinge,<sup>1</sup> signifying matrimonie —  
A dignified and commodious sacrament.  
Two and two, necessarye coniunction,  
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm  
Whiche betokeneth concorde.<sup>2</sup> Round and round the fire  
Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,  
Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter  
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,  
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth  
Mirth of those long since under earth  
Nourishing the corn. Keeping time,  
Keeping the rhythm in their dancing  
As in their living in the living seasons  
The time of the seasons and the constellations  
The time of milking and the time of harvest  
The time of the coupling of man and woman  
And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.  
Eating and drinking. Dung and death.  
Dawn points, and another day  
Prepares for heat and silence. Out at sea the dawn wind  
Wrinkles and slides. I am here  
Or there, or elsewhere. In my beginning.

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<sup>1</sup> [dancing]

<sup>2</sup> [Quoting Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Boke Named the Governour*, 1531, Bk. I, ch. xxi]

II

What is the late November doing  
With the disturbance of the spring  
And creatures of the summer heat,  
And snowdrops writhing under feet  
And hollyhocks that aim too high  
Red into grey and tumble down  
Late roses filled with early snow?  
Thunder rolled by the rolling stars  
Simulates triumphal cars  
Deployed in constellated wars  
Scorpion fights against the Sun  
Until the Sun and Moon go down  
Comets weep and Leonids fly  
Hunt the heavens and the plains  
Whirled in a vortex that shall bring  
The world to that destructive fire  
Which burns before the ice-cap reigns.  
That was a way of putting it — not very satisfactory:  
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,  
Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle  
With words and meanings. The poetry does not matter.  
It was not (to start again) what one had expected.  
What was to be the value of the long looked forward to,  
Long hoped for calm, the autumnal serenity  
And the wisdom of age? Had they deceived us,  
Or deceived themselves, the quiet-voiced elders,  
Bequeathing us merely a receipt for deceit?  
The serenity only a deliberate hebetude,  
The wisdom only the knowledge of dead secrets  
Useless in the darkness into which they peered  
Or from which they turned their eyes. There is, it seems to us,  
At best, only a limited value  
In the knowledge derived from experience.  
The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,  
For the pattern is new in every moment  
And every moment is a new and shocking  
Valuation of all we have been. We are only undeceived  
Of that which, deceiving, could no longer harm.  
In the middle, not only in the middle of the way  
but all the way, in a dark wood, in a bramble,  
On the edge of a grimpen,<sup>1</sup> where is no secure foothold,  
And menaced by monsters, fancy lights,  
Risking enchantment. Do not let me hear

---

<sup>1</sup> [marshland]



You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.  
In order to arrive at what you do not know  
You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.  
In order to possess what you do not possess  
You must go by the way of dispossession.  
In order to arrive at what you are not  
You must go through the way in which you are not.  
And what you do not know is the only thing you know  
And what you own is what you do not own  
And where you are is where you are not.

IV

The wounded surgeon plies the steel  
That questions the distempered part;  
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel  
The sharp compassion of the healer's art  
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.  
Our only health is the disease  
If we obey the dying nurse  
Whose constant care is not to please  
But to remind us of our, and Adam's curse,  
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.  
The whole earth is our hospital  
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,  
Wherein, if we do well, we shall  
Die of the absolute paternal care  
That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.  
The chill ascends from feet to knees,  
The fever sings in mental wires.  
If to be warmed, then I must freeze  
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires  
Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.  
The dripping blood our only drink,  
The bloody flesh our only food:  
In spite of which we like to think  
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood —  
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

V

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years —  
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*<sup>1</sup> —  
Trying to use words, and every attempt  
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure  
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words  
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which

---

<sup>1</sup> [Period between World Wars I and II, 1918–1939]

One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture  
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate,  
With shabby equipment always deteriorating  
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,  
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer  
By strength and submission, has already been discovered  
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope  
To emulate — but there is no competition —  
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost  
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions  
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.  
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.  
Home is where one starts from. As we grow older  
the world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated  
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment  
Isolated, with no before and after,  
But a lifetime burning in every moment  
And not the lifetime of one man only  
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.  
There is a time for the evening under starlight,  
A time for the evening under lamplight  
(The evening with the photograph album).  
Love is most nearly itself  
When here and now cease to matter.  
Old men ought to be explorers  
Here or there does not matter  
We must be still and still moving  
Into another intensity  
For a further union, a deeper communion  
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,  
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters  
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

## The Dry Salvages<sup>1</sup>

### I

I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river  
Is a strong brown god — sullen, untamed and intractable,  
Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;  
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;  
The only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.  
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten  
By the dwellers in cities — ever, however, implacable.  
Keeping his seasons, and rages, destroyer, reminder  
Of what men choose to forget. Unhonoured, unpropitiated  
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.  
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,  
In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,  
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,  
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.  
The river is within us, the sea is all about us;  
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite,  
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses  
Its hints of earlier and other creation:  
The starfish, the horseshoe crab, the whale's backbone;  
The pools where it offers to our curiosity  
The more delicate algae and the sea anemone.  
It tosses up our losses, the torn seine,  
The shattered lobsterpot, the broken oar  
And the gear of foreign dead men. The sea has many voices,  
Many gods and many voices.

The salt is on the briar rose,  
The fog is in the fir trees.

The sea howl  
And the sea yelp, are different voices  
Often together heard: the whine in the rigging,  
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on water,  
The distant rote in the granite teeth,  
And the wailing warning from the approaching headland  
Are all sea voices, and the heaving groaner  
Rounded homewards, and the seagull:  
And under the oppression of the silent fog  
The tolling bell  
Measures time not our time, rung by the unhurried  
Ground swell, a time  
Older than the time of chronometers, older

---

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1941. Eliot himself describes the place in a note at the beginning of the poem: "The Dry Salvages — presumably *les trois sauvages* — is a small group of rocks, with a beacon, off the N.E. coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts." (Rhymes with assuages)

"The Dry Salvages" represents water.

Than time counted by anxious worried women  
Lying awake, calculating the future,  
Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel  
And piece together the past and the future,  
Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,  
The future futureless, before the morning watch  
Wham time stops and time is never ending;  
And the ground swell, that is and was from the beginning,  
Clangs  
The bell.

II

Where is there an end of it, the soundless wailing,  
The silent withering of autumn flowers  
Dropping their petals and remaining motionless;  
Where is there an end to the drifting wreckage,  
The prayer of the bone on the beach, the unprayable  
Prayer at the calamitous annunciation?  
There is no end, but addition: the trailing  
Consequence of further days and hours,  
While emotion takes to itself the emotionless  
Years of living among the breakage  
Of what was believed in as the most reliable —  
And therefore the fittest for renunciation.  
There is the final addition, the failing  
Pride or resentment at failing powers,  
The unattached devotion which might pass for devotionless,  
In a drifting boat with a slow leakage,  
The silent listening to the undeniable  
Clamour of the bell of the last annunciation.  
Where is the end of them, the fishermen sailing  
Into the wind's tail, where the fog cowers?  
We cannot think of a time that is oceanless  
Or of an ocean not littered with wastage  
Or of a future that is not liable  
Like the past, to have no destination.  
We have to think of them as forever bailing,  
Setting and hauling, while the North East lowers  
Over shallow banks unchanging and erosionless  
Or drawing their money, drying sails at dockage;  
Not as making a trip that will be unpayable  
For a haul that will not bear examination.  
There is no end of it, the voiceless wailing,  
No end to the withering of withered flowers,  
To the movement of pain that is painless and motionless,  
To the drift of the sea and the drifting wreckage,  
The bone's prayer to Death its God. Only the hardly, barely prayable

Prayer of the one Annunciation.  
It seems, as one becomes older,  
That the past has another pattern, and ceases to be a mere sequence —  
Or even development: the latter a partial fallacy  
Encouraged by superficial notions of evolution,  
Which becomes, in the popular mind, a means of disowning the past.  
The moments of happiness — not the sense of well-being,  
Fruition, fulfilment, security or affection,  
Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination —  
We had the experience but missed the meaning,  
And approach to the meaning restores the experience  
In a different form, beyond any meaning  
We can assign to happiness. I have said before  
That the past experience revived in the meaning  
Is not the experience of one life only  
But of many generations — not forgetting  
Something that is probably quite ineffable:  
The backward look behind the assurance  
Of recorded history, the backward half-look  
Over the shoulder, towards the primitive terror.  
Now, we come to discover that the moments of agony  
(Whether, or not, due to misunderstanding,  
Having hoped for the wrong things or dreaded the wrong things,  
Is not in question) are likewise permanent  
With such permanence as time has. We appreciate this better  
In the agony of others, nearly experienced,  
Involving ourselves, than in our own.  
For our own past is covered by the currents of action,  
But the torment of others remains an experience  
Unqualified, unworn by subsequent attrition.  
People change, and smile: but the agony abides.  
Time the destroyer is time the preserver,  
Like the river with its cargo of dead negroes, cows and chicken coops,  
The bitter apple, and the bite in the apple.  
And the ragged rock in the restless waters,  
Waves wash over it, fogs conceal it;  
On a halcyon day it is merely a monument,  
In navigable weather it is always a seamark  
To lay a course by, but in the sombre season  
Or the sudden fury, is what it always was.

III

I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishna meant —  
Among other things — or one way of putting the same thing:  
That the future is a faded song, a Royal Rose or a lavender spray  
Of wistful regret for those who are not yet here to regret,  
Pressed between yellow leaves of a book that has never been opened.  
And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.  
You cannot face it steadily, but this thing is sure,  
That time is no healer: the patient is no longer here.  
When the train starts, and the passengers are settled  
To fruit, periodicals and business letters  
(And those who saw them off have left the platform)  
Their faces relax from grief into relief,  
To the sleepy rhythm of a hundred hours.  
Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past  
Into different lives, or into any future;  
You are not the same people who left that station  
Or who will arrive at any terminus,  
While the narrowing rails slide together behind you;  
Watching the furrow that widens behind you,  
You shall not think “the past is finished”  
Or “the future is before us.”  
At nightfall, in the rigging and the aerial,  
Is a voice descanting (though not to the ear,  
The murmuring shell of time, and not in any language)

“Fare forward, you who think that you are voyaging;  
You are not those who saw the harbour  
Receding, or those who will disembark.  
Here between the hither and the farther shore  
While time is withdrawn, consider the future  
And the past with an equal mind.  
At the moment which is not of action or inaction  
You can receive this: ‘on whatever sphere of being  
The mind of a man may be intent  
At the time of death’ — that is the one action  
(And the time of death is every moment)  
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:  
And do not think of the fruit of action.  
Fare forward.”

O voyagers, O seamen,  
You who came to port, and you whose bodies  
Will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea,  
Or whatever event, this is your real destination.”  
So Krishna, as when he admonished Arjuna  
On the field of battle.

Not fare well,  
But fare forward, voyagers.

IV

Lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory,  
Pray for all those who are in ships, those  
Whose business has to do with fish, and  
Those concerned with every lawful traffic  
And those who conduct them.  
Repeat a prayer also on behalf of  
Women who have seen their sons or husbands  
Setting forth, and not returning:  
Figlia del tuo figlio,<sup>1</sup>  
Queen of Heaven.  
Also pray for those who were in ships, and  
Ended their voyage on the sand, in the sea's lips  
Or in the dark throat which will not reject them  
Or wherever cannot reach them the sound of the sea bell's  
Perpetual angelus.

V

To communicate with Mars, converse with spirits,  
To report the behaviour of the sea monster,  
Describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry,<sup>2</sup>  
Observe disease in signatures, evoke  
Biography from the wrinkles of the palm  
And tragedy from fingers; release omens  
By sortilege, or tea leaves, riddle the inevitable  
With playing cards, fiddle with pentagrams  
Or barbituric acids, or dissect  
The recurrent image into pre-conscious terrors —  
To explore the womb, or tomb, or dreams; all these are usual  
Pastimes and drugs, and features of the press:  
And always will be, some of them especially  
Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the Edgware Road,  
Men's curiosity searches past and future  
And clings to that dimension. But to apprehend  
The point of intersection of the timeless  
With time, is an occupation for the saint —  
No occupation either, but something given  
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,  
Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender.  
For most of us, there is only the unattended  
Moment, the moment in and out of time,

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<sup>1</sup> [Daughter of your son, from Dante's *Paradiso*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Using the entrails of an animal for divination, or crystal ball gazing.]

The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,  
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning  
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply  
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music  
While the music lasts. These are only hints and guesses,  
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest  
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.  
The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.  
Here the impossible union  
Of spheres of evidence is actual,  
Here the past and future  
Are conquered, and reconciled,  
Where action were otherwise movement  
Of that which is only moved  
And has in it no source of movement —  
Driven by daemonic, chthonic  
Powers. And right action is freedom  
From past and future also.  
For most of us, this is the aim  
Never here to be realised;  
Who are only undefeated  
Because we have gone on trying;  
We, content at the last  
If our temporal reversion nourish  
(Not too far from the yew-tree)  
The life of significant soil.

### Little Gidding<sup>1</sup>

#### I

Midwinter spring is its own season  
Sempiternal though sodden towards sundown,  
Suspended in time, between pole and tropic.  
When the short day is brightest, with frost and fire,  
The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches,  
In windless cold that is the heart's heat,  
Reflecting in a watery mirror  
A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon.  
And glow more intense than blaze of branch, or brazier,  
Stirs the dumb spirit: no wind, but pentecostal fire  
In the dark time of the year. Between melting and freezing  
The soul's sap quivers. There is no earth smell  
Or smell of living thing. This is the spring time

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<sup>1</sup> Written in 1942. Little Gidding is a village in Huntingdonshire visited by Eliot in 1936. It was the home of a religious community established in 1626 by Nicholas Ferrar. In 1633 Charles I visited the community; in 1646 he returned, fleeing Parliamentary troops who broke up the community.  
“Little Gidding” represents fire.

But not in time's covenant. Now the hedgerow  
Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom  
Of snow, a bloom more sudden  
Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading,  
Not in the scheme of generation.  
Where is the summer, the unimaginable  
Zero summer?

                  If you came this way,  
Taking the route you would be likely to take  
From the place you would be likely to come from,  
If you came this way in May time, you would find the hedges  
White again, in May, with voluptuary sweetness.  
It would be the same at the end of the journey,  
If you came at night like a broken king,  
If you came by day not knowing what you came for,  
It would be the same, when you leave the rough road  
And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull facade  
And the tombstone. And what you thought you came for  
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning  
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled  
If at all. Either you had no purpose  
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured  
And is altered in fulfilment. There are other places  
Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,  
Or over a dark lake, in a desert or a city —  
But this is the nearest, in place and time,  
Now and in England.

                  If you came this way,  
Taking any route, starting from anywhere,  
At any time or at any season,  
It would always be the same: you would have to put off  
Sense and notion. You are not here to verify,  
Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity  
Or carry report. You are here to kneel  
Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more  
Than an order of words, the conscious occupation  
Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.  
And what the dead had no speech for, when living,  
They can tell you, being dead: the communication  
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.  
Here, the intersection of the timeless moment  
Is England and nowhere. Never and always.

## II

Ash on an old man's sleeve  
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.  
Dust in the air suspended

Marks the place where a story ended.  
Dust inbreathed was a house —  
The walls, the wainscot and the mouse,  
The death of hope and despair,  
    This is the death of air.  
There are flood and drouth  
Over the eyes and in the mouth,  
Dead water and dead sand  
Contending for the upper hand.  
The parched eviscerate soil  
Gapes at the vanity of toil,  
Laughs without mirth.  
    This is the death of earth.  
Water and fire succeed  
The town, the pasture and the weed.  
Water and fire deride  
The sacrifice that we denied.  
Water and fire shall rot  
The marred foundations we forgot,  
Of sanctuary and choir.  
    This is the death of water and fire.  
In the uncertain hour before the morning  
    Near the ending of interminable night  
    At the recurrent end of the unending  
After the dark dove with the flickering tongue  
    Had passed below the horizon of his homing  
    While the dead leaves still rattled on like tin  
Over the asphalt where no other sound was  
    Between three districts whence the smoke arose  
    I met one walking, loitering and hurried  
As if blown towards me like the metal leaves  
    Before the urban dawn wind unresisting.  
    And as I fixed upon the down-turned face  
That pointed scrutiny with which we challenge  
    The first-met stranger in the waning dusk  
    I caught the sudden look of some dead master  
Whom I had known, forgotten, half recalled  
    Both one and many; in the brown baked features  
    The eyes of a familiar compound ghost  
Both intimate and unidentifiable.  
    So I assumed a double part, and cried  
    And heard another's voice cry: "What! are *you* here?"  
Although we were not. I was still the same,  
    Knowing myself yet being someone other —  
    And he a face still forming; yet the words sufficed  
To compel the recognition they preceded.

And so, compliant to the common wind,  
Too strange to each other for misunderstanding,  
In concord at this intersection time  
Of meeting nowhere, no before and after,  
We trod the pavement in a dead patrol.  
I said: The wonder that I feel is easy,  
Yet ease is cause of wonder. Therefore speak:  
I may not comprehend, may not remember.”  
And he: I am not eager to rehearse  
My thoughts and theory which you have forgotten.  
These things have served their purpose: let them be.  
So with your own, and pray they be forgiven  
By others, as I pray you to forgive  
Both bad and good. Last season’s fruit is eaten  
And the fullfed beast shall kick the empty pail.  
For last year’s words belong to last year’s language  
And next year’s words await another voice.  
But, as the passage now presents no hindrance  
To the spirit unappeased and peregrine  
Between two worlds become much like each other,  
So I find words I never thought to speak  
In streets I never thought I should revisit  
When I left my body on a distant shore.  
Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us  
To purify the dialect of the tribe  
And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,  
Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age  
To set a crown upon your lifetime’s effort.  
First, the cold friction of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
As body and soul begin to fall asunder.  
Second, the conscious impotence of rage  
At human folly, and the laceration  
Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.  
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment  
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame  
Of things ill done and done to others’ harm  
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.  
Then fools’ approval stings, and honour stains.  
From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit  
Proceeds, unless restored by that refining fire  
Where you must move in measure, like a dancer.”  
The day was breaking. In the disfigured street  
He left me, with a kind of valediction,  
And faded on the blowing of the horn.

III

There are three conditions which often look alike  
Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow:  
Attachment to self and to things and to persons, detachment  
From self and from things and from persons; and,  
    growing between them, indifference  
Which resembles the others as death resembles life,  
Being between two lives — unflowering, between  
The live and the dead nettle. This is the use of memory:  
For liberation — not less of love but expanding  
Of love beyond desire, and so liberation  
From the future as well as the past. Thus, love of a country  
Begins as an attachment to our own field of action  
And comes to find that action of little importance  
Though never indifferent. History may be servitude,  
History may be freedom. See, now they vanish,  
The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them,  
To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.  
Sin is Behovely,<sup>1</sup> but  
All shall be well, and  
All manner of thing shall be well.<sup>2</sup>  
If I think, again, of this place,  
And of people, not wholly commendable,  
Of not immediate kin or kindness,  
But of some peculiar genius,  
All touched by a common genius,  
United in the strife which divided them;  
If I think of a king at nightfall,  
Of three men, and more, on the scaffold  
And a few who died forgotten  
In other places, here and abroad,  
And of one who died blind and quiet,  
Why should we celebrate  
These dead men more than the dying?  
It is not to ring the bell backward  
Nor is it an incantation  
To summon the spectre of a Rose.  
We cannot revive old factions  
We cannot restore old policies  
Or follow an antique drum.  
These men, and those who opposed them  
And those whom they opposed  
Accept the constitution of silence

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<sup>1</sup> [Useful, inevitable in this sense]

<sup>2</sup> [Quoting St Julian of Norwich, *Revelations of Divine Love*, xiii]

And are folded in a single party.  
Whatever we inherit from the fortunate  
We have taken from the defeated  
What they had to leave us — a symbol:  
A symbol perfected in death.  
And all shall be well and  
All manner of thing shall be well  
By the purification of the motive  
In the ground of our beseeching.

IV

The dove descending breaks the air  
With flame of incandescent terror  
Of which the tongues declare  
The one discharge from sin and error.  
The only hope, or else despair  
Lies in the choice of pyre of pyre —  
To be redeemed from fire by fire.  
Who then devised the torment? Love.  
Love is the unfamiliar Name  
Behind the hands that wove  
The intolerable shirt of flame  
Which human power cannot remove.  
We only live, only suspire  
Consumed by either fire or fire.

V

What we call the beginning is often the end  
And to make an end is to make a beginning.  
The end is where we start from. And every phrase  
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,  
Taking its place to support the others,  
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,  
An easy commerce of the old and the new,  
The common word exact without vulgarity,  
The formal word precise but not pedantic,  
The complete consort dancing together)  
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,  
Every poem an epitaph. And any action  
Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat  
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.  
We die with the dying:  
See, they depart, and we go with them.  
We are born with the dead:  
See, they return, and bring us with them.  
The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree  
Are of equal duration. A people without history

Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern  
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails  
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel  
History is now and England.  
With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling  
We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.  
Through the unknown, unremembered gate  
When the last of earth left to discover  
Is that which was the beginning;  
At the source of the longest river  
The voice of the hidden waterfall  
And the children in the apple-tree  
Not known, because not looked for  
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness  
Between two waves of the sea.  
Quick now, here, now, always —  
A condition of complete simplicity  
(Costing not less than everything)  
And all shall be well and  
All manner of thing shall be well  
When the tongues of flames are in-folded  
Into the crowned knot of fire  
And the fire and the rose are one.



## 32. Emblems of divine power

First published in: *The Theosophist*, Vol. II, No. 8, May 1881, p. 170.

Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (AN IMPORTANT BIBLICAL ERROR) III pp. 130-31.

An important Biblical error is alleged to have been discovered by Mr. Charles T. Beke,<sup>1</sup> the learned author of a well-known work called *Origines Biblicæ*, and exposed in a new pamphlet of his bearing the title of *The Idol in Horeb*. He proves therein that the “golden calf” made by Aaron and worshipped by the Israelites was, in fact, no calf at all but a globe. This would be a curious yet trifling error in a book which is now proved to be more full of errors and contradictions than any other work in the whole world; but in this instance, we are afraid, the mistake is rather that of the author himself. We have not yet seen the pamphlet, and therefore, judge but by the reviews of it. The mistaken use of the word “calf” for “globe” is due, he says, to the incorrect translation of the Hebrew word “agel” or “egel.” The Israelites despairing of the return of Moses from Mount Sinai, made and worshipped not a “molten calf”<sup>2</sup> but a globe or disc of molten gold which was in those days a universal symbol of power. Later on, the word “egel” was translated “calf,” because both terms “calf” and “globe” are synonymous and pronounced alike in the Hebrew language. We do not question the correctness of the author’s philological demonstration as to the word itself, but rather whether he is right in calling it a mistake in its symbological rendering. For if both “calf” and “globe” are synonymous words, so also the symbology of the *globe* and the ox was identical.

- The winged globe of the Egyptians, the Scarabæus, or “stellar disc”;
- The circle or globe of the Phœnician Astarte; the Crescent of Minerva;
- The disc or *globe* between the two cow’s horns, on the brow of Isis;
- The winged disc, with pendant-crowned Uræi, carrying the cross of life;
- The solar globe or disc, resting upon the outspread horns of the goddess Hathor; and the horns of the Egyptian Amon;
- The deifying of the ox,

— all have the same meaning. The globe and the horns of the ox speak the same story: they are the emblem of the eternal divine power. Was not Amon or “the hidden one,” the greatest and highest of the Egyptian gods, the “husband of his mother, his own father, and his own son,” the One in Three (*i.e.*, identical with the Christian trinity), according to the interpretation of the best Egyptologists, including the piously Christian George Ebers and Brugsch-Bey — represented with a ram’s head as Amon-Chnemu?<sup>3</sup> Before, therefore, the Biblical scholars lay such stress upon the dead letter meaning of the Biblical words, they should in all fairness turn their attention to more serious questions. They ought, for instance, to prove to the satisfaction of all — Christians and infidels alike — the reason why in ancient Hebrew coins and

<sup>1</sup> [Charles Tilstone Beke, 1800–1874, English traveller, geographer and Biblical critic.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Exodus* xxxii, 4, 8; *Nehemiah* ix, 18. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

<sup>3</sup> [Also Khnemu, Khnum, and Chnum. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

elsewhere, Moses is likewise represented with horns; and why such “horns” should be also found on the monotheistical Levitical altar. . . .



### 33. Enoch on those who are in heaven

All who are in the heavens know what is transacted<sup>1</sup> there.

They *know* that the heavenly luminaries change not their paths; that each rises and sets regularly, everyone at its proper period, without transgressing the commands *which they have received*. They behold the earth, and understand what is there transacted, from the beginning to the end of it.

*They see* that every work of God is invariable in the period of its appearance. They behold summer and winter: *perceiving* that the whole earth is full of water; and that the cloud, the dew, and the rain refresh it.<sup>2</sup>



### 34. Enoch warns those who feed on blood

**W**OE TO YOU, ye obdurate in heart, who commit crime, and feed on blood. Whence is it that you feed on good things, drink, and are satiated?

Is it not because our Lord, the Most High, has abundantly supplied every good thing upon earth?

To you there shall not be peace.<sup>3</sup>



### 35. Even numbers are terrestrial, devilish, and unlucky

From *The Secret Doctrine*, II pp. 574-75.

The *odd* numbers are divine, the *even* numbers are terrestrial, devilish, and unlucky. The Pythagoreans hated the binary. With them it was the origin of differentiation, hence of contrasts, discord, or matter, the beginning of evil. In the Valentinian theogony, Bythos and Sigē (Depth, Chaos, matter born in Silence) are the primordial binary. With the early Pythagoreans, however, the duad was that imperfect state into which the first manifested being fell when it got detached from the Monad. It was the point from which the two roads — the Good and the Evil — bifurcated. All that which

<sup>1</sup> [The work.]

<sup>2</sup> *The Book of Enoch*, Ch. III; tr. Laurence

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, Ch. XCVI, 20; tr. Laurence

was double-faced or false was called by them “binary.” ONE was alone Good, and Harmony, because no disharmony can proceed from one alone. Hence the Latin word *Solus* in relation to one and only God, the Unknown of Paul. *Solus*, however, very soon became *Sol* — the Sun.

### Pythagoras never used number 2 and altogether discarded it.

From *Mahatma Letter 59* (111), p. 341; 3<sup>rd</sup> Combined ed.

Pythagoras had a reason for never using the finite, useless figure — 2, and for altogether discarding it. The ONE, can when manifesting, become only 3. The unmanifested when a simple duality remains passive and concealed. The dual monad (the 7<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> principles) has, in order to manifest itself as a *Logos*, the “Kwan-shai-yin,”<sup>1</sup> to first become a *triad* (7<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and half of the 5<sup>th</sup>); then, on the bosom of the “Great Deep,” attracting within itself the *One Circle*, form out of it the perfect Square, thus “squaring the circle” — the greatest of all the mysteries, friend — and inscribing within the latter the WORD (the Ineffable Name) — otherwise the duality could never tarry as such, and would have to be reabsorbed into the ONE. The “Deep” is *Space* — both male and female. “*Purush* (as Brahma) breathes in the Eternity; when ‘he’ in-breathes, Prakriti (as manifested Substance) disappears in his bosom; when ‘he’ out-breathes she reappears as *Māyā*,” says the śloka. The One reality is *Mūlaprakriti* (undifferentiated Substance) — the “Rootless root,” the. . . . But we have to stop, lest there should remain but little to tell for your own intuitions.



<sup>1</sup> [Cf. This divine power was finally anthropomorphized by the Chinese Buddhist ritualists into a distinct double-sexed deity with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes, and called Kwan-shai-yin Bodhisattwa, the Voice-Deity, but in reality meaning the voice of the ever-present latent divine consciousness in man; the voice of his real Self, which can be fully evoked and heard only through great moral purity. Hence Kwan-yin is said to be the son of Amitābha Buddha, who generated that Saviour, the merciful Bodhisattwa, the “Voice” or the “Word” that is universally diffused, the “Sound” which is eternal. It has the same mystical meaning as the Vāch of the Brāhmans. While the Brāhmans maintain the eternity of the Vedas from the eternity of “sound,” the Buddhists claim by synthesis the eternity of Amitābha, since he was the first to prove the eternity of the Self-born, Kwan-yin. Kwan-yin is the Vāchīśvara or Voice-Deity of the Brāhmans. Both proceed from the same origin as the Logos of the neo-platonic Greeks; the “manifested deity” and its “voice” being found in man’s Self, his conscience; Self being the unseen Father, and the “voice of Self” the Son; each being the relative and the correlative of the other. Both Vāchīśvara and Kwan-yin had, and still have, a prominent part in the Initiation Rites and Mysteries in the Brāhmanical and Buddhist esoteric doctrines. — *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (TIBETAN TEACHINGS), VI pp. 103-4]

## 36. Everyone's life is in his hands and heart

**His fate is ordered and ordained by himself.**

**Who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to colour the day for those about him. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now will have added strength to fulfil them consistently.**

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. I, No. 5, January 1888, pp. 337-38.  
 Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (1888) IX pp. 3-5.

People usually wish that their friends shall have a happy new year, and sometimes “prosperous” is added to “happy.” It is not likely that much happiness or prosperity can come to those who are living for the truth under such a dark number as 1888; but still the year is heralded by the glorious star *Venus-Lucifer*, shining so resplendently that it has been mistaken for that still rarer visitor, the star of Bethlehem. This too, is at hand; and surely something of the Christos spirit must be born upon earth under such conditions. Even if happiness and prosperity are absent, it is possible to find something greater than either in this coming year. *Venus-Lucifer* is the sponsor of our magazine, and as we chose to come to light under its auspices, so do we desire to touch on its nobility. This is possible for us all personally, and instead of wishing our readers a happy or prosperous New Year, we feel more in the vein to pray them to make it one worthy of its brilliant herald. This can be effected by those who are courageous and resolute. Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the colour of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are adepts, masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to colour the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyse them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death; we see the black magician at work. And no one can be quite inactive. Although many bad books and pictures are produced, still not everyone who is incapable of writing or painting well insists on doing so badly. Imagine the result if they were to! Yet so it is in life. Everyone lives, and thinks, and speaks. If all our readers who have any sympathy with *Lucifer* endeavoured to learn the art of making life not only beautiful but divine, and vowed no longer to be hampered by disbelief in the possibility of this miracle, but to commence the Herculean task at once, then 1888, however unlucky a year, would have been fitly ushered in by the gleaming star. Neither happiness nor prosperity are always the best of bedfellows for such undeveloped mortals as most of us are; they seldom bring with them peace, which is the only permanent joy. The idea of peace is usually connected with the close of life and a religious state of mind. That kind of peace will however generally be found to contain the element of expectation. The pleasures of this world have been surrendered, and the soul waits contentedly in expectation of the pleasures of the next. The peace of the philosophic mind is very different from

this and can be attained too early in life when pleasure has scarcely been tasted, as well as when it has been fully drunk of. The American Transcendentalists discovered that life could be made a sublime thing without any assistance from circumstances or outside sources of pleasure and prosperity. Of course this had been discovered many times before, and Emerson only took up again the cry raised by Epictetus. But every man has to discover this fact freshly for himself, and when once he has realised it he knows that he would be a wretch if he did not endeavour to make the possibility a reality in his own life. The stoic became sublime because he recognized his own absolute responsibility and did not try to evade it; the Transcendentalist was even more, because he had faith in the unknown and untried possibilities which lay within himself. The occultist fully recognises the responsibility and claims his title by having both tried and acquired knowledge of his own possibilities. The Theosophist who is at all in earnest, sees his responsibility and endeavours to find knowledge, living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which he is aware. To all such *Lucifer* gives greeting! Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself. Why then should not 1888 be a year of greater spiritual development than any we have lived through? It depends on ourselves to make it so. This is an actual fact, not a religious sentiment. In a garden of sunflowers every flower turns towards the light. Why not so with us?

And let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its definite phases and man with it; and as a day can be coloured so can a year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now will have added strength to fulfil them consistently.



## 37. Faith is divine self-confidence<sup>1</sup>

### **True faith is inner knowledge and power.**

From Dr. Franz Hartmann (*Comp., tr. & Annot.*). *The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, Known by the Name of Paracelsus, and the Substance of His Teachings, concerning Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy*. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works, and from some unpublished manuscripts. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. (2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1932) Page numbers in this study correspond to the Philaletheians edition of "Paracelsus by Franz Hartmann," in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.

"The power of the true faith extends as far as the power of God in the universe. Man can accomplish nothing by his own power, but everything can be accomplished through man by the power of faith. If we did not have faith in our ability to walk, we would not be able to walk. If we accomplish anything whatever, faith accomplishes it in and through us."

"Faith does not come from man, and no man can create faith or make himself faithful without faith; but faith is a power coming from God. Its germ is laid within man,

<sup>1</sup> By Philippus Theophrastus Bombast.

and may be cultivated or neglected by him; it can be used by him for good or for evil, but it only acts effectively when it is strong and pure — not weakened by doubt, and not dispersed by secondary considerations. He who wants to employ it must have only *one* object in view. Diseases are caused and cured by faith, and if men knew the power of faith they would have more faith and less superstition. We have no right to call any disease incurable; we have only the right to say that we cannot cure it. A physician who trusts only in his own science will accomplish little, but he who has faith in the power of God acting through him, and who employs that power intelligently, will accomplish much.”

“If anyone thinks that he can cure a disease, or accomplish anything else, without the power derived from God, he believes in a superstition; but if he believes that he can perform such a thing because he is conscious of having obtained the power to do so, he will then be able to accomplish it by the power of the true faith. Such a faith is knowledge and power. True faith is spiritual consciousness, but a belief based upon mere opinions and creeds is the product of ignorance, and a superstition.”<sup>1, 2</sup>

### Protrepics for Pilgrim Souls<sup>3</sup>

- Rise above the Fog of Separateness.
- Seek Darkness with the Lamp of Faith.
- Confirm Faith by Reason and Experience.
- Validate Imagination by Faith and Will.
- Lose yourself in the Sea of Devotion.



## 38. Foley on the workings of Nemesis<sup>4</sup>

The man who invented the women’s waists that button down behind,  
 And the man who invented the cans with keys and the strips that will never wind,  
 Were put to sea in a leaky boat and with never a bite to eat  
 But a couple of dozen of patent cans in which was their only meat.

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<sup>1</sup> This is the curse of all dabblers in the divine mysteries, that when they begin to believe that there is something superior to the merely animal man, this belief opens the door for superstition and idolatry; for, having no knowledge of the power of the divine will within their own self, they are devoid of the true faith, which is divine self-confidence. They therefore put their trust, not in the one true God, but in the gods which they have created within their own imagination. They seek in outward things for that which they cannot find within their own empty shells. They neglect their duties as men and revel in dreams wherein there is nothing real. Some put their faith in doctors and priests, others in herbs and roots, still others in magic spells and incantations; but the wise know that the first step on the road to spiritual unfoldment is the fulfilment of one’s duties as a man; for no god can grow out of a man unless the man has become truly that which he ought to be. In this fulfilment of one’s duty and becoming true to one’s nature as man rests the germ of true happiness, and from this germ is evolved the regenerated man in whom heaven exists and who lives through eternity.

<sup>2</sup> Ch. 9, “Philosophy and Theosophy,” p. 177

<sup>3</sup> From C.A. Bartzokas (*Comp. & Ed.*). *Compassion: The Spirit of Truth*, Gwernymynydd: Philaletheians UK, 2005; v. 05.88.2021. Ch. 8, “Tips for Pilgrim Souls.” This is our first Major Work. — ED. PHIL

<sup>4</sup> By James William Foley.

And they sailed and sailed o’er the ocean wide and never they had a taste  
Of aught to eat, for the cans stayed shut, and a peak-a-boo shirtwaist  
Was all they had to bale the brine that came in the leaky boat;  
And their tongues were thick and their throats were dry, and they barely kept afloat.

They came at last to an island fair, and a man stood on the shore.  
So they flew a signal of distress and their hopes rose high once more,  
And they called to him to fetch a boat, for their craft was sinking fast,  
And a couple of hours at best they knew was all their boat would last.

So he called to them a cheery call and he said he would make haste,  
But first he must go back to his wife and button up her waist,  
Which would only take him an hour or so and then he would fetch a boat.  
And the man who invented the backstairs waist, he groaned in his swollen throat.

The hours passed by on leaden wings and they saw another man  
In the window of a bungalow, and he held a tin meat can  
In his bleeding hands, and they called to him, not once but twice and thrice,  
And he said: “Just wait till I open this and I’ll be there in a trice!”

And the man who invented the patent cans he knew what the promise meant,  
So he leaped in air with a horrid cry and into the sea he went,  
And the bubbles rose where he sank and sank and a groan choked in the throat  
Of the man who invented the backstairs waist and he sank with the leaky boat!



### 39. Hanuman’s deepening perception of the One

When I think of myself as an embodied being, I am your servant.  
When I think of myself as an individual soul, I am part of you.  
But when I realise “I am Ātman,” I am one with you.  
This is my firm conviction.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Thus Commander-in-chief Hanuman addressed Lord Rama, who had asked him who is he — *kastvam?* (*dehabuddhya tva dasah asmi | jivabuddhya tvat amshakah | atmabuddhya tvam eva aham | iti me nishcita matih.*) These celebrated lines capture “the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul” (*Secret Doctrine*, I p. 17), an insightful vision of Consciousness’ long and effortful progression from plurality to singularity. Students Note: “*Hanuman* was neither a human being nor a monkey: it is one of the powers of the 7<sup>th</sup> principle of man (Rama).” *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (DO THE RISHIS EXIST?) IV p. 367; also cf. *Caves & Jungles of Hindostan*, pp. 588-89 & *fns.* — ED. PHIL.

## 40. Hermes and John on the Father of things in the world

**God is the Father of the world. But the world, not God, is the Father of things in the world.**

There is nothing that it (the World) doth not beget or bring forth alive, and by its Motion, it makes all things alive.

And it is at once, both the Place and the Workman of Life.

But the Bodies are from the Matter, in a different manner, for some are of Earth, some of Water, some of Air, some of Fire, and all are compounded, but some are more compounded, and some are more simple.

They that are compounded, are the heavier, and they that are less, are the higher.

And the swiftness of the Motion of the World, makes the varieties of the qualities of Generation, for the Spiration of Influence being most frequent, extendeth unto the Bodies' qualities, with infulness, which is of Life.

Therefore, God is the Father of the World, but the World is Father of the things in the World.

And the World is the Son of God, but things in the World, are the Sons of the World.

And, therefore, it is well called *κόσμος*, the World, that is, an Ornament, because it adorneth and beautifieth all things with the Variety of Generation, and indeficiency of Life, which the unweariedness of Operation, and the swiftness of Necessity, with the mingling of Elements, and the order of things done.

Therefore, it is necessarily and proper called *κόσμος*, the World.<sup>1</sup>

**For everything in the world comes not from the Father in Heaven but from the world.**

“In the world but not of the world.” . . . happens to be a convenient para-scripture (we have quite a few of them today), invented by third-century Sophist Diognetos to the great satisfaction of the church members, who were rapidly becoming very worldly. The actual passage says quite the opposite:

*Οτι παν το εν τω κόσμω η επιθυμία της σαρκός και η επιθυμία των οφθαλμών και η αλαζονεία του βίου ουκ εστιν εκ του πατρός αλλ' εκ του κόσμου εστιν.*<sup>2</sup>

For everything in the world — the cravings of sinful man, the lust of his eyes and the boasting of what he has and does — comes not from the Father but from the world.<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Everard J. (tr.). *The Divine Pymander of Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus*. (1<sup>st</sup> ed. 1650); San Diego: Wizards Bookshelf, 1994. (*Secret Doctrine Reference Series*); bk. 13, ¶ 34-42, p. 90; [cf. “Hermes’ Divine Pymander,” in our *Secret Doctrine’s First Proposition Series*. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> Stephanus 1550

<sup>3</sup> *1 John* ii, 16, NIV

## 41. Hermetic Fire is the Spirit of the Flame

**Fire is the Invisible Spirit of the visible flame. The invisible part of the flame stands for the inextinguishable Divine Spirit (Atman), the omnipotent and omniscient God.**

From *Isis Unveiled*, I pp. 422-24.

Professor Balfour Stewart<sup>1</sup> pays a very high tribute to the philosophical intuition of Heraclitos, the Ephesian, who lived five centuries before our era; the “crying” philosopher who declared that “fire was the great cause, and that all things were in a perpetual flux.” Says the professor,

It seems clear that Heraclitos must have had a vivid conception of the innate restlessness and energy of the universe, a conception allied in character to, and *only less precise* than that of modern philosophers, who regard matter as essentially dynamical.<sup>2</sup>

He considers the expression *fire* as very vague: and quite naturally, for the evidence is wanting to show that either Prof. Balfour Stewart (who seems less inclined to materialism than some of his colleagues) or any of his contemporaries understand in what sense the word fire was used.

Heraclitos’ opinions about the origin of things were the same as those of Hippocrates. Both entertained the same views of a supreme power,<sup>3</sup> and, therefore, if their notions of primordial fire, regarded as a material force, in short, as one akin to Leibnitz’s *dynamism*, were “less precise” than those of modern philosophers, a question which remains to be settled yet, on the other hand, their metaphysical views of it were far more philosophical and rational than the one-sided theories of our present-day scholars. Their ideas of fire were precisely those of the later “fire-philosophers,” the Rosicrucians, and the earlier Zoroastrians. They affirmed that the world was created of fire, the *divine spirit*, of which was an omnipotent and omniscient GOD. Science has condescended to corroborate their claims as to the physical question.

**The Hermetic philosopher follows the extinguished flame through the world of the knowable, across and out on the other side into the unknowable, as he traces the spark of heavenly flame to its divine source.**

Fire, in the ancient philosophy of all times and countries, including our own, has been regarded as a triple principle. As water comprises a visible fluid with invisible gases lurking within, and behind all the spiritual principles of nature, which gives them their dynamic energy, so, in fire, they recognized:

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<sup>1</sup> [Balfour Stewart (1828–1887) was a Scottish physicist. His studies in the field of radiant heat led to him receiving the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1868. In 1859 he was appointed director of Kew Observatory. He was elected professor of physics at Owens College, Manchester, and retained that chair until his death. He was the author of several successful science textbooks, including *The Conservation of Energy*, quoted in *Isis Unveiled*, and also of the article on “Terrestrial Magnetism” in the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.]

<sup>2</sup> [*The Conservation of Energy*, 1875, p. 133]

<sup>3</sup> Diogenes Lærtius, *Lives*, “Heraclitos,” vi

- 1 Visible flame;
- 2 Invisible, or astral fire — invisible when inert — but when active producing heat, light, chemical force, and electricity, the molecular powers;
- 3 Spirit.

They applied the same rule to each of the elements; and everything evolved from their combinations and correlations, man included, was held by them to be triune. Fire, in the opinion of the Rosicrucians, who were but the successors of the theurgists, was the source, not only of the material atoms, but also of the forces which energize them. When a visible flame is extinguished it has disappeared, not only from the sight but also from the conception of the materialist, forever. But the Hermetic philosopher follows it through the “partition-world of the knowable, across and out on the other side into the unknowable,” as he traces the disembodied human spirit, a “vital spark of heavenly flame,” into the Æthereum, beyond the grave.<sup>1</sup>

This point is too important to be passed by without a few words of comment. The attitude of physical science toward the spiritual half of the cosmos is perfectly exemplified in her gross conception of fire. In this, as in every other branch of science, their philosophy does not contain one sound plank: everyone is honeycombed and weak. The works of their own authorities teeming with humiliating confessions, give us the right to say that the floor upon which they stand is so unstable, that at any moment some new discovery, by one of their own number, may knock away the props and let them all fall in a heap together. They are so anxious to drive spirit out of their conceptions that, as Balfour Stewart says:

There is a tendency to rush into the opposite extreme, and to work physical conceptions to an excess.

He utters a timely warning in adding:

Let us be cautious that, in avoiding Scylla, we do not rush into Charybdis. For the universe has more than one point of view, and there are possibly regions which will not yield their treasures to the most determined physicists, armed only with kilogrammes and meters and standard clocks.<sup>2</sup>

In another place he confesses:

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the ultimate structure and properties of matter, whether organic or inorganic.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See the works of Robertus de Fluctibus; and *The Rosicrucians*, by Hargrave Jennings.

<sup>2</sup> *The Conservation of Energy*, p. 136

<sup>3</sup> [*ibid.*, p. 2]

## Sun and Fire are the fittest emblems and quintessence of Life.<sup>1</sup>

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (FRAGMENT) XIII pp. 354-55.

Fragment in H.P. Blavatsky's handwriting from the Adyar Archives. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.

Paracelsus and others certainly did teach that "Fire was the last and only to be known God"; but, the subtle sense of their meaning generally escaped their critics. We need hardly say then that by "fire" they did *not* mean the material, visible fire, but that subtle invisible *Spirit* of the flame, the quintessence of all the attributes of fire which has, and ever will escape analysis and detection by "chemical processes"; though it may be sometimes experienced by the *superphysical* light of the spiritually trained mind. To the modern student of experimental sciences, in whose eyes even Reichenbach's *aura* of "Odyle Force" is a pure hallucination, and hence remains absent from the scientific nomenclature, the above words must appear void of all sense. But for the student of psychology who knows anything of the properties of animal magnetism and Mesmerism, the meaning will be clear. For such a student is acquainted with the theory of the "Soul of Things"; and for him, this Hermetic, *Divine* "Fire" is the quintessence of life, that Spiritual and intangible Spirit which starts from, and is immediately reabsorbed into matter; the ultimate essence of every atom whether pertaining to animate or inanimate, organic or inorganic substance; the Spirit invisible to all but the eyes of another immortal Spirit . . . And here, perhaps, an illustration from the physical sciences will not be amiss.

## Fire bears the same relation to Water, as Spirit to Matter.<sup>2</sup>

*Fire and Water are the elements in which the active and passive productive powers of the universe are respectively centred.*<sup>3</sup>

It is a well-known fact that as long as the real bearing of the mechanical theory of heat upon the phenomena of the "Voltaic" battery was imperfectly understood, the necessity for a two-celled battery for the developing of heat in the decomposition of water had not struck the physicists, and they could not produce with one cell that which they can now easily produce with two. May not the same perchance be required in biology? As the scientific man, according to their own confession stood perplexed, and unable for a long time to solve the enigma why a single cell should not decompose water, so the biologists and the psychologists (of exact science) stand helpless before certain phenomena of mind. They are unable to perceive the true bearing of that Hermetic Divine "Fire" already adverted to, upon the phenomena of the human Voltaic battery known as the brain; a "fire" which may sometimes be generated and developed on the same principle as one of its correlations — heat (as in the case of artificial mesmeric development of clairvoyance). And if increased to its utmost powers it can liberate the spirit from its fetters, and lifting high the *bodiless* over the earthy, allow man to see with his spiritual eyes that which he would never be able to perceive with the physical senses. Hence, the phraseology of the Hermetic philosophers and Alexandrian theurgists seems naturally obscure and meaningless to the uninitiated.

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<sup>1</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (ZOROASTRIANISM AND OCCULT PHILOSOPHY) IV p. 530

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, (TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE) X p. 377

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, (ZOROASTRIANISM AND OCCULT PHILOSOPHY) IV p. 530

## The Sun is the Father of Man; The Moon, his Mother; The Wind, his Nurse. But Spiritual Fire alone can make animal man divine.

From *The Secret Doctrine*, II p. 105; [Stanza IV.17].

THE BREATH (*human Monad*) NEEDED A FORM; THE FATHERS GAVE IT. THE BREATH NEEDED A GROSS BODY; THE EARTH MOULDED IT. THE BREATH NEEDED THE SPIRIT OF LIFE; THE SOLAR LHAS BREATHED IT INTO ITS FORM. THE BREATH NEEDED A MIRROR OF ITS BODY (*astral shadow*); “WE GAVE IT OUR OWN,” SAID THE DHYĀNIS. THE BREATH NEEDED A VEHICLE OF DESIRES (*Kāma-Rūpa*); “IT HAS IT,” SAID THE DRAINER OF WATERS (*Śuchi, the fire of passion and animal instinct*). BUT BREATH NEEDS A MIND TO EMBRACE THE UNIVERSE; “WE CANNOT GIVE THAT,” SAID THE FATHERS. “I NEVER HAD IT,” SAID THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH. “THE FORM WOULD BE CONSUMED WERE I TO GIVE IT MINE,” SAID THE GREAT (*solar*) FIRE . . . . (*nascent*) MAN REMAINED AN EMPTY, SENSELESS BHŪTA . . . . THUS HAVE THE BONELESS GIVEN LIFE TO THOSE WHO BECAME (*later*) MEN WITH BONES IN THE THIRD (*race*).<sup>1</sup>

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### The Zohar on the tripartite principle of Fire.

From Isaac Myer, LL. B., Member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, and La Société Royale de Numismatique de Belgique.

*Qabbalah. The Philosophical Writings of Solomon Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol or Avicbron, and their connection with the Hebrew Qabbalah and Sepher ha-Zohar, with remarks upon the antiquity and content of the latter, and translations of selected passages from the same. Also, “An ancient Lodge of Initiates,” translated from the Zohar, and an abstract of an essay upon the Chinese Qabbalah contained in the book called the Yih King, a translation of part of the mystic theology of Dionysios the Areopagite, and an account of the construction of the ancient Akkadian and Chaldean Universe, etc. Accompanied by diagrams and illustrations.*

Published by the Author in Philadelphia, 1888 (350 copies), and printed for the Author by MacCalla & Company, 237 and 239 Dock Street, Philadelphia. Reprinted in 1988 by Wizards Bookshelf, San Diego as part of their SECRET DOCTRINE REFERENCE SERIES, with an introductory review by H.P. Blavatsky, published in *Lucifer*, Vol. III (18), February 1889, pp. 505-12. Consult full text of the latter under the title “Blavatsky on the Qabbalah by Isaac Myer,” in our Blavatsky Speaks Series. — ED. PHIL.

This passage is from Ch. XIX, “Excerpts from the Zohar,” pp. 376-77; text typographically edited by the Series Editor.

Began R. Shim-on and said:

Two verses are written;

That YHVH thy Elohim is a devouring fire, a zealous Ail (El);<sup>2</sup>

Again it is written:

But you that cleave unto YHVH your Elohim, are alive, every one of you, this day.<sup>3</sup>

On this verse “That YHVH thy Elohim is a consuming fire,” this we said to the Companions:

That it is a fire which devours fire, and it is a fire which devours itself and consumes itself, because it is a fire which is more mighty than a fire, and it has been so confirmed.

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<sup>1</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, II p. 105; [Stanza IV.17]

<sup>2</sup> *Deuteronomy* iv, 24. See Herder’s *Geist der Hebräischen Poesie*, Vol. II.

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, iv, 4

But, Come, See! Whoever desires to know the wisdom of the Holy Unity should look in that flame arising from a burning coal or a lighted lamp. This flame comes out only when united with another thing.

Come, See! In the flame which goes up are two lights: one light is a bright white and one light is united with a dark or blue; the white light is that which is above and ascends in a straight path, and that below is that dark or blue light, and this light below, is the throne to the white light and that white light rests upon it; and they unite one to the other so that they are one. And this dark light or blue colour, which is below, is the precious throne to the white. And this is the mystery of the blue.<sup>1</sup> And this blue dark throne unites itself with another thing to light that from below, and this awakes it to unite with the upper white light, and this blue or dark, sometimes changes its colour but that white above never changes its colour, it is always white; but that blue changes to these different colours, sometimes to blue or black and sometimes to a red colour, and this unites itself to two sides. It unites to the above, to that upper white light, and unites itself below to the thing which is under it, which is the burning matter, and this burns and consumes always from the matter below. And this devours that matter below, which connects with it and upon which the blue light rests, therefore this eats up all which connects with it from below, because it is the nature of it that it devour and consume everything which depends on it and is dead matter, and therefore it eats up everything which connects with it below, and this white light which rests upon it never consumes itself and never changes its light, and therefore said Moses:

That YHVH thy Elohim is a consuming fire.<sup>2</sup>

Surely He consumes. It devours and consumes everything which rests under it; and on this he said: "YHVH is thy Elohim" not "our Elohim," because Moses has been in that white light, Above, which neither devours nor consumes.

Come, See! it is not His Will to light that blue light that should unite with that white light, only for Israël; because they cleave or connect under Him.

And, Come, See! Although the nature of that dark or blue light is that it shall consume everything which joins with it below, still Israël cleaves on Him, Below, \* \* \* and although you cleave in Him nevertheless you exist, because it is written:

You are all alive this day.

And on this white light rests above a Hidden Light which is stronger. Here is the above mystery of that flame which comes out from it, and in it is the Wisdom of the Above.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The blue colour of Heaven and the *th'keileth*, i.e., blue, of the Tallith.

<sup>2</sup> *Deuteronomy* iv, 24. Cf. *Zohar* ii, 226g; *Hebrews* xii, 29.

<sup>3</sup> *Zohar* i, 50b, Amsterdam and Brody Editions; Cremona Ed., i, 36a, col. 141. See *Exodus* iii, 2-3 ; *Acts* vii, 30. Dr. Christian D. Ginsburg in: *The Kabbalah*, etc., London, 1865, pp. 25-26, applies the above to the Triadic idea of the Deity. His translation of it and most of the other quotations from the *Zohar*, have been copied from Prof. Adolphe Franck, and cannot be depended upon. Franck has been severely criticised for his translations, by Dr. D.H. Joel in his *Religions-philosophie des Sohar*, etc. See, *Philo.*, Bohn's Ed., iv, p. 44.

## 42. Homer on Athena's return to Olympus

Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,  
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales;  
the seat of gods; the regions mild of peace,  
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.

There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,  
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;  
But on immortal thrones the blest repose;  
The firmament with living splendours glows.<sup>1</sup>



## 43. Judge on Humanity, the Great Orphan<sup>2</sup>

### What is the real meaning of that phrase so often seen in Theosophical papers, “the great orphan, Humanity”?

First published in *The Theosophical Forum*, April 1889 through April 1895, Questions 2 through 345, in Numbers 1 to 70 (First Series). Republished in: Dara Eklund (Comp.). *Echoes of the Orient: The Writings of William Quan Judge*. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. Pasadena: Theosophical University Press: Vol. II, 2009; QUESTION 290, pp. 349-50.<sup>3</sup>

This phrase has a deep significance for me. An orphan may also be one who had no parents, as the state of orphanage is that of being without father or mother. If we imagine a child appearing on the earth without a parent, we would have to call it an orphan. Humanity is the “great orphan” because it is without parents in the sense that it has produced itself and hence from itself has to procure the guidance it needs. And as it wanders in the dark valley of the shadow of death, it is more in need of help and counsel than the mere body of a child which is the ordinary orphan. The soul is parentless, existing of itself from all eternity, and considered as soul, mankind is hence an orphan. Plunged into matter, surrounded on every side by the vast number of intricate illusions and temptations that belong to earthly life, it stands every day and hour in need of protection as well as guidance.

If the idea of a loving parent be applied to the notion that a definite God has produced mankind, then we find that this supposed parent has at the same time invented the most diversified and ingenious series of bedevillments and torments to beguile, hurt, harass, and finally destroy the child. For if a certain one God is the maker or parent of man, then He also is the one who made nature. Nature is cruel, cold, and implacable. It stops for no man, it never relents, it destroys without mercy. When in-

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *The Odyssey*, VI (tr. Pope); [Pallas Athena returns to Olympus after appearing in a dream to Nausicaä.]

<sup>2</sup> By William Quan Judge.

<sup>3</sup> [This magazine was distributed free of charge to members-at-large of the Theosophical Society in America, who were invited to “send questions, answers to questions, opinions and notes upon Theosophical subjects.” Usually they were handled by the editor, Alexander Fullerton, with the assistance of Mr. Judge. Though some of the editor’s answers (signed Ans.) may have been by Judge, we include only those contributed under his own name, initials, or pen-names. — Dara Eklund.]

habitants of earth multiply, Nature manages to destroy millions of people in a night or two, as has now and then happened in China; the very elect of the earth are swept off the earth in a moment; slowly and painfully the infant races creep up the ladder of time, leaving as they go vast heaps of slain at the foot. The whole of life presents, indeed, to man more frowns than smiles. It is this fact that has made so many who are told of a loving father and at the same time of an illogical scheme of salvation revolt altogether from the idea of any meaning to life but despair.

I cannot see how the phrase “great orphan” carries with it the notion of being without guide or helper. The orphan is everywhere; but among the units composing it are some who have risen through trial to the state where they can help the lower ones. Orphans themselves, they live to benefit mankind of which they are a part. They are the head of the body of which the lower members are the less developed units or atoms. Enthusiasm for the “orphan” is that which will lead to devotion and sacrifice; and that enthusiasm must be developed not only in the Theosophist, but in all the men of earth. Having it they will help all on their own plane, and each stratum of men rising in development will help all below until all belonging to the globe have risen to the perfect height. Then they can proceed to other spots in cosmos where are also wandering vast masses of souls, also units in the “orphan,” who require and can then receive the same help that we had extended to us. If this is not the destiny of man during the time when all things are manifesting, then the remark of Spencer to the effect that altruism is useless because when universal there is no one to benefit, must be accepted. However, the phrase in the question is one of those rhetorical ones that must not be read in its strict letter and ordinary meaning.



## 44. Kalidasa and Keats to Autumn

The autumn comes, a maiden fair  
 In slenderness and grace,  
 With nodding rice-stems in her hair  
 And lilies in her face.  
 In flowers of grasses she is clad;  
 And as she moves along,  
 Birds greet her with their cooing glad  
 Like bracelets' tinkling song.  
 A diadem adorns the night  
 Of multitudinous stars;  
 Her silken robe is white moonlight,  
 Set free from cloudy bars;  
 And on her face (the radiant moon)  
 Bewitching smiles are shown:  
 She seems a slender maid, who soon  
 Will be a woman grown.  
 Over the rice-fields, laden plants  
 Are shivering to the breeze;  
 While in his brisk caresses dance  
 The blossomed-burdened trees;  
 He ruffles every lily-pond  
 Where blossoms kiss and part,  
 And stirs with lover's fancies fond  
 The young man's eager heart.<sup>1</sup>

KALIDASA

---

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease;  
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.  
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

<sup>1</sup> Translated by A.W. Ryder (1877–1938), Professor of Sanskrit at the University of California, Berkeley.

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.  
 Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, — thou hast thy music too,  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS



## 45. Katha Upanishad on the secret cave of the heart

In the secret cave of the heart,  
 Two are seated by life's fountain.  
 The separate ego drinks of the sweet and bitter stuff,  
 Liking the sweet, disliking the bitter,  
 While the supreme Self drinks sweet and bitter  
 Neither liking this nor disliking that.

The ego gropes in darkness,  
 While the Self lives in light.  
 So declare the illumined sages and the householders  
 Who worship the sacred fire in the name of the Lord.

May we light the fire of Nachiketas  
 That burns out the ego, and enables us  
 To pass from fearful fragmentation  
 To fearless fullness in the changeless Whole.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> *Katha Upanishad* I, iii, 1-2; [modified from Easwaran's translation.]

## 46. Kepler on the Soul of the Earth<sup>1</sup>

**I**N THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES [Kepler in *Harmonices Mundi*] confidently asserts that the earth has a soul. For he says,

That the globe of the earth is a body such as is that of some animal; and that what its own soul is to an animal, that the sublunary nature which he investigates will be to the earth.<sup>2</sup>

He adds,

That he sees for the most part every thing which proceeding from the body of an animal testifies that there is a soul in it, proceeds also from the body of the earth. For as the animated body produces in the superficies of the skin hairs, thus also the earth produces [on its surface] plants and trees; and as in the former lice are generated, so in the latter the worms called erucæ, grasshoppers, and various insects and marine monsters are produced. As the animated body likewise produces tears, mucus, and the recrement of the ears, and sometimes gum from the pustules of the face, thus also the earth produces amber and bitumen. As the bladder too produces urine, thus likewise mountains pour forth rivers. And as the body produces excrement of a sulphureous odour, and crepitus which may also be inflamed, so the earth produces sulphur, subterranean fires, thunder, and lightning. And as in the veins of an animal blood is generated, and together with it sweat which is ejected out of the body, so in the veins of the earth, metals, and fossils, and a rainy vapour are generated.<sup>3</sup>

And in cap. 7, p. 102, after having shown that there is in the earth the sense of touching, that it respire, and is subject in certain parts to languors, and internal vicissitudes of the viscera, and that subterranean heat proceeds from the soul of the earth, he adds,

That a certain image of the zodiac is resplendent in this soul, and therefore of the whole firmament, and is the bond of the sympathy of things celestial and terrestrial.<sup>4, 5</sup>



<sup>1</sup> By Johannes Kepler.

<sup>2</sup> “Denique terræ globus tale corpus erit, quale est alicujus animalis: quodque animali est sua anima, hoc erit telluri hæc, quam quærimus, natura sublunaris.”

<sup>3</sup> “Videbam pleraque omnia, quæ ex corpore animantis provenientia, testantur animam in illo inesse, provenire etiam ex telluris corpore. Ut enim corpus in cutis superficie pilos, sic terra plantas arboresque profert; inque iis ibi pediculi, hic erucæ, cicadæ, variaque insecta et monstra marina nascuntur; et ut corpus lachrymas, blemnam, auriumque recrementa, est ubi et gummi et faciei pustulis, sic tellus electrum, bitumen: utque vesica urinarum, sic montes flumina fundunt; et ut corpus excrementum sulphurei odoris, crepitusque, qui etiam inflammari possunt, sic terra sulphur, ignes subterraneos, tonitrua, fulgura: utque in venis animantis generatur sanguis, et eum eo sudor, extra corpus ejectus; sic in venis terræ, metalia et fossilia, vaporque pluvius.”

<sup>4</sup> “Relucet igitur in anima telluris imago quædam circuli zodiaci sensibilis, totinsque adce firmamenti, vinculum sympathiæ rerum cœlestium et terrestrium.”

<sup>5</sup> Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *Proclus' Theology of Plato*. (Vol. VIII of The Thomas Taylor Series) Frome: The Prometheus Trust, 1995; [Thos. Taylor's Introduction to *The Theology of Plato*, pp. 11-12]

## 47. Knight Street on Love

On 23<sup>rd</sup> November 2001, a wall poster at the bottom of Knight Street, off Berry Street, Liverpool, proclaimed:

**Love is the condition of being human.**



## 48. Lévi on how to repel the wicked<sup>1</sup>

**T**O PRESERVE OURSELVES AGAINST EVIL INFLUENCES, the first condition is therefore to forbid excitement to the imagination. All those who are prone to excitement are more or less mad, and a maniac is ever governed by his mania. Place yourself, then, above puerile fears and vague desires; believe in supreme wisdom, and be assured that this wisdom, having given you understanding as the means of knowledge, cannot seek to lay snares for your intelligence or reason. Everywhere about you, you behold effects proportioned to their causes; you find causes directed and modified in the domain of humanity by understanding; in a word, you find goodness stronger and more respected than evil; why should you assume an immense unreason in the infinite, seeing that there is reason in the finite? Truth is hidden from no one. God is visible in His works, and He requires nothing contrary to its nature from any being, for He is himself the author of that nature. Faith is confidence; have confidence, not in men who malign reason, for they are fools or impostors, but in the eternal reason which is the Divine Word, that true light which is offered like the sun to the intuition of every human creature coming into this world. If you believe in absolute reason, and if you desire truth and justice before all things, you will have no occasion to fear anyone, and you will love those only who are deserving of love. Your natural light will repel instinctively that of the wicked, because it will be ruled by your will. Thus, even poisonous substances, which it is possible may be administered to you, will not affect your intelligence; ill, indeed, they may make you, but never criminal.<sup>2</sup>



## 49. Lombroso's apotheosis of materialism

The brain produces thought as the liver secretes bile.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By Éliphas Lévi.

<sup>2</sup> *Transcendental Magic*, (PHILTRES AND MAGNETISM) pp. 333-34; tr. Arthur Edward Waite.

<sup>3</sup> Attributed to Cesare Lombroso (1836–1909) Italian physician and criminologist born in Verona. After acting as an army surgeon, he became professor of mental diseases at Pavia (1862), director of an asylum at Pesaro, and professor of forensic medicine (1876), psychiatry (1896), and criminal anthropology (1906) at Turin.

## 50. Man's first initiation comes in dreams

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Is it possible by a strong desire before sleep to receive from the Higher Self in dream an answer to questions respecting right thought and conduct?

This question is one of deep importance to those who are in earnest. My answer to it would be “yes.” Bulwer Lytton says in *A Strange Story*,<sup>2</sup> that man's first initiation comes in dreams. In the *Book of Job* it is written:

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when *deep sleep* falleth on men.<sup>3</sup>

And:

For God speaketh once, yea twice, *yet man* perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, *when deep sleep falleth upon men*, in slumberings upon the bed.<sup>4</sup>

The state spoken of in *Job* is the same as that called *Sushupti* by the Hindus. Man has three principal states or conditions — waking, dreaming, and dreamless or deep slumber. In the last it is held that communion is enjoyed with the Spirit, and that the inner man returning or changing from that condition goes into a dream, short or long, from which he changes into the waking state. The influences of *Sushupti* are highly spiritual. They are common to all men. The greatest villain on the earth, as well as the most virtuous man, goes into *Sushupti* and receives benefit from it. If it were not so, wickedness would triumph in the earth through the overpowering influence of the body and its constant downward tendency. Now, if this is believed and the reality of the Higher Self admitted, it follows from what is called *the mysterious power of meditation* that a sincerely devoted man who earnestly calls upon the Higher Self for aid in right conduct will receive in the dream state that succeeds the condition of *Sushupti* the aid asked for. In other words, one can make the dream impressions received out of the highest — or *Sushupti* — state more clear and valuable than is usual with those who think nothing about it. But the questions asked and impressions desired must be high and altruistic, because the Higher Self has no concern with material things nor with any temporal affairs. This power will of course vary with each man according to his nature and the various combinations between his physical, astral, and psychical planes.

<sup>1</sup> [This magazine was distributed free of charge to members-at-large of the Theosophical Society in America, who were invited to “send questions, answers to questions, opinions and notes upon Theosophical subjects.” Usually they were handled by the editor, Alexander Fullerton, with the assistance of Mr. Judge. Though some of the editor's answers (signed Ans.) may have been by Judge, we include only those contributed under his own name, initials, or pen-names. — *Dara Eklund*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Full text in our Black versus White Magic Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>3</sup> [iv, 12-13]

<sup>4</sup> [xxxiii, 14-15]

## 51. Matthew on the Kingdom of Heaven

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables?

He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.

For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.

Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

— *Matthew* xiii, 11-13; KJV

### **Philosophia is the Wisdom of Love, not the “love of wisdom.”**

“This truth you will find symbolically or allegorically represented in all the principal mythologies and religious systems of the world. It is the old story of the ‘Fall of Man.’ As long as man remained in a state of purity — that is to say, as long as his will and imagination were one and identical with the will and the imagination of the spiritual creative power in nature — he knew the truth and was all-powerful; but when he began to think and to imagine in a way different from that universal power, he lost sight of the truth and could see only his own fancies. If man wants to see the truth again, he must give up his own way of reasoning and let Reason act in him. But you may as well ask a miser to give up the treasure which he has collected and hoarded during a lifetime as to ask a modern scientist or philosopher to give up his own crooked ways. I see in your heart a desire to establish a secret society; but let me warn you that if you attempt to accomplish this by appealing to those who are clever and cunning, vainglorious and proud of their own attainments, full of ambition and anxious to come into possession of occult, or magical powers for the purpose of gratifying their scientific curiosity, or to employ them for the fulfilment of some selfish desire, you will certainly fail; for it is written:

Whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more in abundance, but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.”<sup>1</sup>

“I know that quotation,” I answered, “but its meaning is not quite clear to me.”

“It means,” replied Theodorus,<sup>2</sup> “that to him who has the love of wisdom in his heart, abundant light will be given; but from him who is filled with selfish desires, what little understanding he has will be taken away.”<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> [*Matthew* xiii, 12; KJV]

<sup>2</sup> [A “Great Adept and Rosicrucian” in an imaginary discourse with Dr. Hartmann.]

<sup>3</sup> Franz Hartmann, *With the Adepts, an adventure among the Rosicrucians*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., London: William Rider & Son, 1910; ch. 6, “The Alchemical Laboratory.” Please refer to p. 250 *et seq.* below, under Question 112.

## 52. May the solar ray within illumine our mind

**It will warm up the heart, and reach the ear.**

Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the Universe, from whom all proceed, to whom all return, that face of the true Sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat.

— *The Gāyatrī*<sup>1</sup>

### Commentary on the Gayatri.

First published in *The Path*, Vol. VII, January 1893, pp. 301-3. Republished in: Dara Eklund (Comp.), *Echoes of the Orient: The Writings of William Quan Judge*. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. Pasadena: Theosophical University Press: Vol. I, 2009; A COMMENTARY ON THE GAYATRĪ, pp. 311-13.

I have adopted a translation as above, which is excellent in its giving of the meaning of this verse. What is the Gāyatrī? It is the sacred verse of the Hindus and begins with Om, their sacred word and letter. Its first words are: *Om, Bhūr, Bhuvah, [Svah!]*

The first word contains in it a declaration of the three periods of a Manvantara and the three powers of that great Being who alone Is. Of a Manvantara it is the beginning, the middle, and the end, and the three powers are Creation (or manifesting), Preservation (or carrying on), and Destruction. The first three words, *Om, Bhūr, Bhuvah*, draw attention to and designate the three worlds. The whole verse is an aspiration in the highest sense. Every Brahman at his initiation is further instructed in this verse, but from giving that I am necessarily excused, as I cannot give it in a way in which I have not received it.

*Unveil* is the cry of the man who is determined to know the truth and who perceives that something hides it from him. It is hidden by his own Karmic effects, which have put him now where the brain and the desires are too strong for the higher self to pierce through so long as he remains careless and ignorant. The cry is not made to some man-made god with parts, passions, and attributes, but to the Self above who seeth in secret and bringeth out to light. It is directed to that on which the Universe is built and standeth — no other than the Self which is in every man and which sitteth like a bird in a tree watching while another eats the fruit.

From this the whole Universe proceeds out into manifestation. The ancients held that all things whatsoever existed in fact solely in the idea, and therefore the practitioner of Yoga was taught — and soon discovered — that sun, moon, and stars were in himself, and until he learned this he could not proceed. This doctrine is very old, but today is adopted by many modern reasoners. For they perceive on reflection that no object enters the eye, and that whether we perceive through sight or feeling or any other sense whatever, all objects are existing solely in idea. Of old this was demonstrated in two ways. First, by showing the disciple the actual interpenetration of one world by another. As that while we live here among those things called objective by us, other beings were likewise living in and among us and our objects and therein

<sup>1</sup> [These sacred verses, also called *Sāvitrī*, occur in the *Rig-Veda*, III, 62, 10. They are in Sanskrit: *Om bhūr bhuvah svah! Tat savitur vareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt*. A more literal translation, following the invocation to the three worlds of earth (*bhūr*), sky (*bhuvah*), and heaven (*svah*): “Let us meditate on that excellent splendour of the divine sun; may it illumine our minds.” — *Dara Eklund*.]

actually carrying on their avocations, perceiving the objects on their plane as objective, and wholly untouched by and insensible to us and the objects we think so material. This is no less true today than it was then. And if it were not true, modern hypnotism, clairvoyance, or clairaudience would be impossible. This was shown by a second method precisely similar to mesmeric and hypnotic experiments, only that to these was added the power to make the subject step aside from himself and with a dual consciousness note his own condition. For if a barrier of wood were erected in the sight of the subject which he clearly perceived and knew was wood, impervious to sight and an obstacle to movement, yet when hypnotized he saw it not, yet could perceive all objects behind it which were hidden in his normal state, and when he pressed against it thinking it to be empty air and feeling naught but force, he could not pass, but wondered why the empty air restrained his body. This is modern and ancient. Clearly it demonstrates the illusionary nature of objectivity. The objectivity is only real relatively, for the mind sees no objects whatever but only their idea, and at present is conditioned through its own evolution until it shall have developed other powers and qualities.

The request made in the verse to *unveil the face of the True Sun* is that the Higher Self may shine down into us and do its work of illumination. This also spreads forth a natural fact unknown to moderns, which is that the Sun we see is not the true sun, and signifies too that the light of intellect is not the true sun of our moral being. Our forefathers in the dim past knew how to draw forth through the visible Sun the forces from the True one. We have temporarily forgotten this because our evolution and descent into the hell of matter, in order to save the whole, have interposed a screen. They say in Christian lands that Jesus went into hell for three days. This is correct, but not peculiar to Jesus. Humanity is doing this for three days, which is merely the mystical way of saying that we must descend into matter for three periods so immense in time that the logarithm of one day is given to each period. Logarithms were not first known to Napier,<sup>1</sup> but were taught in the pure form of the mysteries, because alone by their use could certain vast calculations be made.

*Which is now hidden by a vase of Golden Light.* That is, the light of the True Sun — the Higher Self — is hidden by the blood contained in the vase of the mortal body. The blood has two aspects — not here detailed — in one of which it is a helper to perception, in the other a hindrance. But it signifies here the passions and desires, *Kāma*, the personal self, the thirst for life. It is this that veils from us the true light. So long as desire and the personality remain strong, just so long will the light be blurred, so long will we mistake words for knowledge and knowledge for the thing we wish to know and to realize.

*The object* of this prayer is that we may carry out our whole duty, after becoming acquainted with the truth, while we are on our *journey to thy Sacred Seat*. This is our pilgrimage, not of one, not selfishly, not alone, but the whole of humanity. For the sacred seat is not the Brāhmanical heaven of Indra, nor the Christian selfish heaven

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<sup>1</sup> [John Napier of Merchiston, 1550–1617, also signed as Neper, and Nepair (nicknamed Marvellous Merchiston), was a Scottish landowner, mathematician, physicist, and astronomer. Napier was the 8<sup>th</sup> Laird of Merchistoun. His Latinized name was Joanne Nepero or Joannis Neperi. Napier is best known as the discoverer of logarithms. He also invented the so-called “Napier’s bones” and made common the use of the decimal point in arithmetic and mathematics.]

acquired without merit while the meritorious suffer the pains of hell. It is that place where all meet, where alone all are one. It is when and where the three great sounds of the first word of the prayer merge into one soundless sound. This is the only proper prayer, the sole saving aspiration.



### 53. Moschus' Hymn to Europa<sup>1</sup>

Cypris, when all but shone the dawn's glad beam,  
 To fair Europa sent a pleasant dream;  
 When sleep, upon the close-shut eyelids sitting,  
 Sweeter than honey, is eye-fetters knitting,  
 The limb-dissolving sleep! When to and fro  
 True dreams, like sheep at pasture, come and go.  
 Europa, sleeping in her upper room,  
 The child of Phoenix, in her virgin bloom,  
 Thought that she saw a contest fierce arise  
 Betwix two continents, herself the prize;  
 They to the dreamer seemed like women quite,  
 Asia, and Asia's unknown opposite.  
 This was a stranger, that a native seemed,  
 And closer hugged her — so Europa dreamed;  
 And called herself Europa's nurse and mother,  
 Said that she bore and reared her; but that other  
 Spared not her hands, and still the sleeper drew,  
 With her good will, and claimed her as her due,  
 And said that Zeus Ægiochus gave her,  
 By Fate's appointment, that sweet prisoner.  
  
 Up-started from her couch the maiden waking,  
 And felt her heart within her bosom quaking;  
 She thought it true, and sat in hushed surprise —

<sup>1</sup> Translated by M.J. Chapman. *The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*. London: James Fraser, 1936; pp. 289-97.

*Note by the Series Editor:* Modern Greek has two words for rape: *αρπαγή* (arpagē) or ravishment, and *βιασμός* (viasmōs) or violation. Yet in Ancient Greece the semantics of rape were much different than today, complicated by the use of *ατιμία* (atimia) or dishonour, and *ὕβρις* (hubris) in its meanings of lust, lewdness (opp. *σωφροσύνη*), and outrage against the person, especially violation and rape. In occult terms, however, “violence” is untainted by phallic connotations. Dr. Robert W. Baldwin, in his scholarly paper “Mythological and Historical Rapes in Early Modern Europe,” narrows down rape to four major categories: Empire and Good Government, Genealogy and World History, Divine Love and Marriage, and Male Fantasy. It is an article worth reading.

The bestiality implied in the title of this and of other European paintings is an affront to the Law of Compassion that underpins, sustains, and inspires True Love, *i.e.*, harmonization of the two Opposing Forces, in this case, Spirituality and Animalism. (Consult *The Kingdom of Heaven is mastered by violence*, in: “From the stronghold of your Soul, chase all your foes away,” pp. 13-17, in our Constitution of Man Series.) A “marriage made in heaven” is neither myth, nor sentimentality. It is a promise that humanity's inner potential can, and will, be fulfilled in the fullness of time. The bridegroom is ONE or Christos-Consciousness, ever invisible; his brides-to-be are MANY, veiled as Sophia-Nature, though visible and “knowable” by the profane.

Still saw those women with her open eyes;  
Then to her timid voice at last gave vent;

“Which of the gods to me this vision sent?  
What kind of dream is this that startled me,  
And sudden made my pleasant slumber flee?  
Who was the stranger that I saw in sleep?  
What love for her did to my bosom creep!  
And how she hailed me, as her daughter even!  
But only turn to good my vision, Heaven!”

So said, and bounded up, and sought her train  
Of dear companions, all of noble strain,  
Of equal years and stature; gentle, kind,  
Sweet to the sight, and pleasant to the mind;  
With whom she sported, when she led the choir,  
Or in the river’s urn-like reservoir  
She bathed her limbs, or in the meadow stopt,  
And from its bosom odorous lilies cropt.  
Her flower-basket in each maiden’s hand;  
And to the meadows near the pleasant shore  
They sped, where they had often sped before,  
Pleased with the roses growing in their reach,  
And with the waves that murmured on the beach.

A basket by Hephæstus wrought of gold,  
Europa bore — a marvel to behold;  
He gave it Libya, when a blooming bride  
She went to grace the great Earth-shaker’s side;  
She gave it Telephassa fair and mild,  
Who now had given it to her virgin child.  
Therein were many sparkling wonders wrought —  
The hapless Iō to the sight was brought;  
A heifer’s for a virgin’s form she wore;  
The briny paths she frantic wandered o’er,  
And was a swimming heifer to the view,  
While the sea round her darkened into blue.

Two men upon a promontory stood,  
And watched the heifer traversing the flood.  
Again where seven-mouthed Nile divides his strand,  
Zeus stood and gently stroked her with his hand,  
And from her horned figure and imbruted  
To her original form again transmuted.  
In brass the heifer — Zeus was wrought in gold;  
Nile softly in a silver current rolled.  
And to the life was watchful Hermes shown  
Under the rounded basket’s golden crown;  
And Argus near him with unsleeping eyes

Lay stretched at length; then from his blood did rise  
 The bird, exulting in the brilliant pride  
 Of his rich plumes and hues diversified,  
 And like a swift ship with her out-spread sail,  
 Expanding proudly his resplendent tail,  
 The basket's golden rim he shadowed o'er.  
 Such was the basket fair Europa bore.

They reached the mead with vernal blossoms full,  
 And each begun her favourite flowers to pull.  
 Narcissus one; another thyme did get;  
 This hyacinth, and that the violet;  
 And of the spring-sweets in the meadow found  
 Much scented bloom was scattered on the ground.  
 Some of the troop in rivalry chose rather  
 The sweet and yellow crocuses to gather;  
 Shining, as mid the graces Cypris glows,  
 The Princess in the midst preferred the rose;  
 Nor long with flowers her gentle fancy charmed,  
 Nor long she kept her virgin flower unharmed.  
 With love for her was Saturn's son inflamed,  
 By unexpected darts of Cypris tamed,  
 Who only tames e'en Zeus. To shun the rage  
 Of Heré, and the virgin's mind engage,  
 To draw her eyes and her attention claim,  
 He hid his godhead and a bull became;  
 Not such as feeds at stall, or then or now,  
 The furrow cuts and draws the crooked plough;  
 Not such as feeds the lowing kine among,  
 Or trails in yoke the heavy wain along;  
 His body all a yellow hue did own,  
 But a white circle in his forehead shone;  
 His sparkling eyes with love's soft lustre gleamed;  
 His arched horns like Dian's crescent seemed.  
 He came into the meadow, nor the sight  
 Fluttered the virgins into sudden flight.  
 But they desired to touch and see him near;  
 His breath surpassed the meadow sweetness there.  
 Before Europa's feet he halted meek,  
 Licked her fair neck and eke her rosy cheek;  
 Threw round his neck her arms the Beautiful,  
 Wiped from his lips the foam and kissed the bull;  
 Softly he lowed; no lowing of a brute  
 It seemed, but murmur of Mygdonian flute;  
 Down on his knees he slunk; and first her eyed,  
 And then his back, as asking her to ride.  
 The long-haired maidens she began to call; —

“Come let us ride, his back will hold us all,  
 E’en as a ship; a bull unlike the rest,  
 As if a human heart were in his breast,  
 He gentle is and tractable and meek,  
 And wants but voice his gentleness to speak.”

She said and mounted smiling, but before  
 Another did, he bounded for the shore.  
 The royal virgin struck with instant fear,  
 Stretched out her hands and called her playmates dear;  
 But how could they the ravished Princess reach?  
 He, like a dolphin, pushed out from the beach.  
 From their sea-hollows swift the Nereids rose,  
 Seated on seals, and did his train compose;  
 Poseidon went before, and smooth did make  
 The path of waters for his brother’s sake;  
 Around their king in close array did keep  
 The loud-voiced Tritons, minstrels of the deep,  
 And with their conchs proclaimed the nuptial song.  
 But on Jove’s bull-back as she rode along,  
 The maid with one hand grasped his branching horn,  
 The flowing robe, that did her form adorn,  
 Raised with the other hand, and tried to save  
 From the salt moisture of the saucy wave;  
 Her robe, inflated by the wanton breeze,  
 Seemed like a ship’s sail hovering o’er the seas.  
 But when, her father-land no longer nigh,  
 Nor sea-dashed shore was seen, nor mountain high,  
 But only sky above, and sea below —  
 She said, and round her anxious glance did throw; —

“Whither with me, portentous bull? Discover  
 This and thyself; and how canst thou pass over  
 The path of waters, walking on the wave,  
 And dost not fear the dangerous path to brave?  
 Along this tract swift ships their courses keep,  
 But bulls are wont to fear the mighty deep.  
 What pasture here? What sweet drink in the brine?  
 Art thou a god? Thy doings seem divine.  
 Nor sea-born dolphins roam the flowery mead,  
 Nor earth-born bulls through Ocean’s realm proceed;  
 Fearless on land, and plunging from the shores  
 Thou roamest ocean, and thy hoofs are oars.  
 Perchance anon, up-borne into the sky,  
 Thou without wings like winged birds wilt fly!  
 Ah me unhappy! who my father’s home  
 Have left and with a bull o’er ocean roam,  
 A lonely voyager! My helper be,

Earth-shaking Regent of the hoary sea!  
I hope to see this voyage's cause and guide,  
For not without a god these things betide."

To her the horned bull with accent clear: —

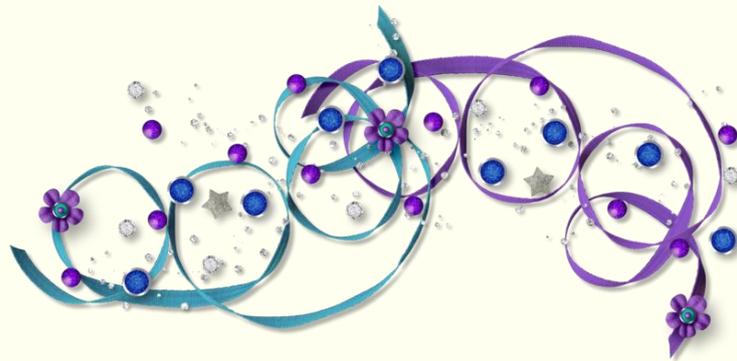
"Take courage, virgin! nor the billow fear;  
The seeming bull is Zeus; for I with ease  
Can take at will whatever form I please;  
My fond desire for thy sweet beauty gave  
To me this shape — my footstep to the wave.  
Dear Crete, that nursed me, now shall welcome thee;  
In Crete Europa's nuptial rites shall be;  
From our embrace illustrious sons shall spring,  
And every one of them a sceptred king." —

And instantly they were in Crete; his own  
Form Zeus put on — and off her virgin zone.  
Strowed the glad bed the Hours, of joy profuse;  
The whilom virgin was the bride of Zeus.

### **Plutarch directs love to the soul, not to beauty.**

Another love there is in mortals found;  
The love of just and chaste and virtuous souls.<sup>1</sup>

And yet I think it not improper here to mention withal that saying of Plato, spoken betwixt jest and earnest, that men of great eminence must be allowed to show affection to what beautiful objects they please.<sup>2</sup> I would decide then that parents are to keep off such as make beauty the object of their affection, and admit altogether such as direct the love to the soul; whence such loves are to be avoided as are in Thebes and Elis, and that sort which in Crete they call ravishment (*αρπαγμός*);<sup>3</sup> and such are to be imitated as are in Athens and Sparta.<sup>4</sup>



<sup>1</sup> From the *Dictys* of Euripides, Frag. 842

<sup>2</sup> See Plato, *Republic*, V, p. 468c

<sup>3</sup> See Strabo X, pp. 483, 484

<sup>4</sup> "A Discourse Touching the Training of Children," in: *Plutarch's Morals*. Translated from the Greek by S. Ford. Corrected and revised by William W. Goodwin with an Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. (1<sup>st</sup> ed. 1684-1694, London, 5-vols.) Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1878 (based on the 5<sup>th</sup> ed. of 1718); Vol. I, pp. 26-27.

## 54. Müller on the Self

From *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 317, fn. Quoting Friedrich Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, (1867–75, 5-vols.), Vol. I, pp. 69-70.

This “Self,” which the Greek philosophers called *Augoeides*, the “Shining One,” is impressively and beautifully described in Max Müller’s “Veda.” Showing the *Veda* to be the first book of the Āryan nations, the professor adds that:

. . . we have in it . . . a period of the intellectual life of man to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. In the hymns of the *Veda* we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. . . . He invokes [the gods around him], he praises them, he worships them. But still with all these gods . . . beneath him, and above him, the early poet seems ill at rest within himself. There, too, in his own breast, he has discovered a power . . . that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears and trembles. It seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them; it seems to live in him, and yet to support him and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is “Brāhman”; for *brāhman* meant originally force, will, wish, and the propulsive power of creation. But this impersonal Brāhman, too, as soon as it is named, grows into something strange and divine. It ends by being one of many gods, one of the great triad, worshipped to the present day. And still the thought within him has no real name; that power which is nothing but itself, which supports the gods, the heavens, and every living being, floats before his mind, conceived but not expressed. At last he calls it “Ātman,” for *ātman*, originally breath or spirit, comes to mean Self, and Self alone; *Self* whether Divine or human; Self whether creating or suffering; Self whether one or all; but always Self, independent and free. Says the poet:

Who has seen the first-born, when he who had no bones (*i.e.*, form) bore him that had bones? Where was the life, the blood, the Self of the world? Who went to ask this from any [one] that knew it?<sup>1</sup>

This idea of a divine Self, once expressed, everything else must acknowledge its supremacy:

*Self* is the Lord of all things, Self is the King of all things. As all the spokes of a wheel are contained in the nave and the circumference, all things are contained in this Self; all Selves are contained in this Self.<sup>2</sup>

Brāhman itself is but Self.<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> *Rig-Veda*, I, 164, 4

<sup>2</sup> *Bṛihadāranyaka*, IV, 5, 15; ed. Roar, p. 487.

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, p. 478; *Chhāndogya-Upanishad*, VIII, 3, 3-4

## 55. Myer on the Unknown and Unknowable<sup>1</sup>

### The Qabbalah is the philosophical writings of Solomon Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol.

Review by H.P. Blavatsky first published in *Lucifer*, Vol. III, No. 18, February 1889, pp. 505-12; republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (QABBALAH: THE PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS OF SOLOMON BEN YEHUDAH IBN GEBIROL) XI pp. 21, 24. Full text in our Blavatsky Speaks Series. — ED. PHIL.

Such is the title of an admirably thoughtful, learned, and very conscientious volume (for full title *vide infra* note), by Mr. Isaac Myer, LL.B., of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

The nearest approach that man can make to the unseen, is that inner communion which works silently in his soul but which cannot be expressed in absolute language nor by any words, which is beyond all formulations into word symbolism yet is on the confines of it and the unknown spiritual world. This is conceptualism. We experience these feelings only in our hearts and inner thoughts . . . Silence, meditation, intercommunion with self, this is the nearest approach to the invisible. They are sublimations. Many of our ideas are only negations, the Highest Deity is clothed, as to Its essence and appearance, in darkness to the finite thought. Yet even these negations are affirmations. . . . “There is a spiritual body and there is a natural body,” but this does not take us out of the material world, a spirit can only be conceived of as something vague, dim, in opposition to matter, yet the inner motor of us, is spirit. The Deity and Its attributes cannot be defined, they are to us an absolute negation of all our so-called absolute knowledge for all our absolute knowledge is based, raised upon, cantered and carried on, through our matter-world knowledge and symbolism, *e.g.*, Eternity is not the past, present, future, these are in Time, Eternity can be conceived of, only as an absolute negation of all thought of Time, so only can spirituality be the absolute negation of all matter-world thought and matter-world existence. The Non Ego is the nearest approach to the invisible, the Ego is a manifestation.<sup>2</sup>



## 56. Om is the bow, Self the arrow, Brahman the aim

### The last thought of a dying person influences his future.

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (COMMENTARY ON THE PISTIS SOPHIA) XIII pp. 74-75.

[PS 238] “AMĒN, I say unto you, when that man shall have departed out of the Body of Hylē, his Soul shall become a great Stream of Light, so that it may traverse all the Regions, until it shall come into the Kingdom of that Mystery. But when that man shall not have received the Mystery, and shall not have been a partaker in the Words of Truth, when accomplishing that Mystery, he

<sup>1</sup> By Isaac Myer.

<sup>2</sup> Introduction, pp. xii and xiii

shall have spoken it into the Head of a man departing from the Body, he who has not received the Mystery of Light (1) nor shared in the Words of Truth . . . “

(1) We have here the original of the rite of Extreme Unction as practised in the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. The commendatory prayer, recited at the moment of death to protect the soul of the deceased as it traverses the “middle passage,” also transmits the same hereditary germ. As usual, the older churches have preserved the occult tradition with greater fidelity than their iconoclastic and more ignorant younger sister. Occult science teaches that the frame of mind in which a man dies, is of the utmost importance owing to the abnormal and psychic state in which he then is. The last thought of a dying person does much to influence his immediate future. The arrow is ready to fly from the bow; the bow-string is abreast of the ear, and the aim will decide the *immediate* fate of the arrow. Happy is he for whom

Om is the bow, the Self is the arrow, the Brahman — its aim!<sup>1</sup>

At such a sacred moment, strong spiritual aspirations, whether natural or induced by the earnest exhortation of either one who has a true conviction, or better still, of one possessed of the divine Gnōsis, will protect the Soul of him who is leaving life. This is not meant, however, to endorse the superstition of a “death-bed repentance,” for the immutable justice and harmony of the Karmic Law can only return a fleeting effect for a fleeting cause; and the rest of the Karmic debt must be paid in future earth-lives.

Agree with thine *adversary* quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the *judge*, and the judge deliver thee to the *officer*, and thou be cast into *prison*. AMEN I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence *till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing*.<sup>2</sup>

That is to say, according to the Gnostic and esoteric interpretation, work while it is yet day, so that good Karmic action may balance the evil causes previously set in motion by the personality. Otherwise, at death we shall be judged by our own Higher Self, and under the conduct of the agents of the Karmic Law (the Demiourgos collectively), will have to reincarnate again into the *prison* of the body, until the past evil Karma has been exhausted. For until the last farthing of the Karmic debt is exhausted, we can never be untied from the wheel of “Samsāra.”



<sup>1</sup> *Mundaka-Upanishad* II, ii, 4

<sup>2</sup> *Matthew* v, 25-26

## 57. Oracular pagan and biblical stones

The stones walked, spoke, delivered oracles, and even sung. That finally, “Christ-stone,” or *Christ-Rock*, “the spiritual Rock” that followed “Israel”<sup>1</sup> “became a *Jupiter lapis*,” swallowed by his father Saturn, “under the shape of a stone.”<sup>2</sup> We will not stop to discuss the evident misuse and materialization of Biblical metaphors, simply for the sake of proving the *Satanism* of idols, though a good deal might be said<sup>3</sup> on this subject. But without claiming any such Peripateticism and innate psychic faculties for our stones, we may collect, in our turn, every available evidence on hand, to show that:

- 1 Had there been no giants to move about such colossal rocks, there could never have been a Stonehenge, a Carnac (Brittany) and other such Cyclopean structures;
- 2 And were there no such thing as MAGIC, there could never have been so many witnesses to *oracular* and *speaking* stones.<sup>4</sup>



## 58. Orpheus' Hymn to Earth<sup>5</sup>

**Fumigation from every kind of seed, except beans and aromatics.**<sup>6</sup>

O Goddess, Earth, of Gods and men the source,  
 Endu'd with fertile, all destroying force;  
 All-parent, bounding, whose prolific pow'rs,  
 Produce a store of beauteous fruits and flow'rs,  
 All-various maid, th'eternal world's strong base  
 Immortal, blessed, crown'd with ev'ry grace;  
 From whose wide womb, as from an endless root,  
 Fruits, many-form'd, mature and grateful shoot.  
 Deep bosom'd, blessed, pleas'd with grassy plains,  
 Sweet to the smell, and with prolific rains.  
 All flow'ry dæmon, centre of the world,  
 Around thy orb, the beauteous stars are hurl'd

<sup>1</sup> 1 Corinthians x, 4

<sup>2</sup> De Mirville, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 283

<sup>3</sup> Saturn is *Kronos* [Chronos] — “*Time*.” His swallowing *Jupiter-lapis* may turn out one day a prophecy. “Peter (*Kephas, lapis*), is the *stone* on which the Church of Rome is built” we are assured. But *Kronos* is as sure “to swallow” it one day, as he has swallowed *Jupiter-lapis* and still greater characters.

<sup>4</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, II p. 341

<sup>5</sup> Translated by Thomas Taylor.

According to Orpheus, as related by Proclus, in *Timæus*, p. 292, Earth is the mother of everything, of which Heaven is the father. And the reader will please to observe, that, in the Orphic theology, Rhea, the mother of the Gods, the Earth, and Vesta, are all one and the same divinity, considered according to her essential peculiarities.

<sup>6</sup> [θυμίαμα πᾶν σπέρμα πλὴν κυάμων καὶ ἀρωμάτων.]

With rapid whirl, eternal and divine,  
 Whose frames with matchless skill and wisdom shine.  
 Come, blessed Goddess, listen to my pray'r,  
 And make increase of fruits thy constant care;  
 With fertile Seasons in thy train, draw near,  
 And with propitious mind thy suppliant hear.<sup>1</sup>



## 59. Our existence is fashioned out of chaos

### Question to the Editor of “The Theosophist”

First published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. III (No. 3), December 1881, pp. 79-80.  
 Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (IS CREATION POSSIBLE FOR MAN?) III pp. 377-80.

Madame,

Talking the other day to a friend, who, like me, without being a Theosophist, takes a very great interest in the movements of your Society, I incidentally happened to remark that the “Brothers of the first section” were credited with such large powers, that even *creation* was not at times impossible to them. In support of my assertion, I instanced their own cup and saucer phenomenon, as narrated by Mr. Sinnett in his *Occult World*, which phenomenon appeared to me to be something more than the mere *reproduction*, *transference* or *unearthing* from its hiding-place of an article *lost* or *stolen*, like the brooch. My friend, however, warmly objected to my statement — remarking that creation was not possible to man, whatever else he may be able to accomplish.

Believing, as I then did, in Christianity as the most perfect heaven-descended code of ethics on earth, there was a time in the history of my chequered life (chequered, I mean, as regards the vast sea of doubt and unbelief on which I have been tossing for over twenty years), when I would have myself as warmly, even indignantly, repelled the idea of creation as a possibility to man; but the regular reading of your journal, and a careful perusal of Mr. Sinnett’s book and of that marvel of learning and industry, your own *Isis Unveiled*, have effected quite a revolution (whether for good or bad has yet to be seen) in my thoughts, and it is now sometime since I have begun to believe in the possibility of phenomena beyond the range of my own narrow vision.

Will you kindly tell me which of us is right, my friend or I? Not having the honour of being personally known to you, I close this letter only with my initial.

H.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus (or Initiations) being Invocations used in the Eleusinian Mysteries*, Hymn XXV, 1824; tr. Taylor.

### Reply by H.P. Blavatsky

The question to be dealt with is hardly whether our correspondent or his friend is right, for we understand him to take up the prudent attitude of a seeker after truth who shrinks from affirming dogmatically that creation is possible for man, even while unwilling to accept the dogmatic negative assertion of his friend that “it is impossible.” Before coming to the gist of the question raised, we have, therefore, to notice the illustrations which this letter affords of the ways in which such a question may be considered.

When our correspondent’s friend denies that creation is possible for man, we can hardly assume that he does so from any conviction that he has sounded all the mysteries of Nature, and knowing all about the universe — being able to account for all its phenomena — has ascertained that the process, whatever that may be, which he conceives of as creation does not go on anywhere in obedience to the will or influence of man, and has further ascertained that there is something in man which makes it impossible that such a process should be accomplished. And yet without having done all that, it is bold of him to say that creation is impossible. Assuming that he is not a student of occult science — and the tone of the letter before us conveys the impression that he is not — our friend’s friend, when he makes his dogmatic statement, seems to be proceeding on the method but too commonly adopted by people of merely ordinary culture and even by a few men of science — the method which takes a large group of preconceived ideas as a standard to which any new idea must be applied. If the new idea fits in with, and seems to support the old ones, well and good; they smile upon it. If it clashes with some of these they frown at it, and excommunicate it without further ceremony.

Now the attitude of mind exhibited by our correspondent, who finds many old beliefs shattered by new ideas, the force of which he is constrained by moral honesty to recognize, and who, therefore, feels that in the presence of the vast possibilities of Nature he must advance very cautiously and be ever on his guard against false lights held out by time-honoured prejudices and hasty conclusions — seems to us an attitude of mind which is very much better entitled to respect than that of his overconfident friend. And we are the more anxious to recognize its superiority in the most emphatic language, because when we approach the actual question to be discussed, the bearing of what we have to say will be rather in favour of the view which the “friend” takes of “creations,” if indeed we are all attaching the same significance to that somewhat over-driven word.

It is needless after what we have just said to point out that if we are now going to make some statements as to what is, and what is not the fact, as regards some of the conditions of the universe, we are not on that account infringing the rules of thought just laid down. We are simply giving an exposition of our little fragment of occult philosophy as taught by Masters who are in a position to make positive statements on the subject, and the credibility of which will never be in danger from any of these apparently inexplicable occurrences related in the books to which our correspondent refers, and likely enough, as he justly conceives, to disturb many of the orthodox beliefs which he has seen crumbling around him.

It would be a volume we should have to write and not a brief explanatory note, if we attempted to begin, by elucidating the conviction we entertain that the Masters of Occult Philosophy above referred to are entitled to say what is and what is not. Enough for the present to say what we believe would be said, in answer to the question before us, by *those who know*.

But we must have a clear understanding as to what is meant by creation. Probably the common idea on the subject is that when the world was “created,” the creator accorded himself or was somehow accorded a dispensation from the rule *ex nihilo nihil fit*<sup>1</sup> and actually made the world out of nothing — if that is the idea of creation to be dealt with now, the reply of the philosophers would be not merely that such creation is impossible to man but that it is impossible to gods, or God; in short absolutely impossible. But a step in the direction of a philosophical conception is accomplished when people say the world was “created” (we say fashioned) out of Chaos. Perhaps, they have no very clear idea of what they mean by CHAOS, but it is a better word to use in this case than “nothing.” For, suppose we endeavour to conceive chaos as the matter of the universe in an unmanifested state, it will be seen at once that though such matter is perfectly inappreciable to ordinary human senses, and to that extent equivalent to “nothing,” creation from such materials is not the production of something which did not exist before, but a change of state imposed upon a portion of universal matter which in its previous state was invisible, intangible and imponderable, but not on that account non-existent.<sup>2</sup> Theosophist-Occultists do not, however, use the word “creation,” at all, but replace it by that of EVOLUTION.

Here we approach a comprehension of what may have been the course of events as regards the production of the mysterious cup and saucer described in Mr. Sinnett’s book. It is in no way inconceivable that if the production of manifestation in matter is the act accomplished by what is ordinarily called creation, the power of the human will in some of its transcendent developments may be enabled to impose on unmanifested matter or chaos, the change which brings it within the cognisance of the ordinary human senses.




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<sup>1</sup> [Out of nothing comes nothing.]

<sup>2</sup> It is one of the many reasons why Buddhist philosophy refuses to admit the existence and interference in the production of the universe of a direct creator or god. For once admit, for argument’s sake, that the world *was* created by such a being, who, to have done so, must have been omnipotent, there remains the old difficulty to be dealt with — who then created that pre-existing matter, that eternal, invisible, intangible and imponderable something or chaos? If we are told that, being “eternal” and imperishable, it had no need of being “created,” then our answer will be that in such a case there are TWO “Eternals” and two “Omnipotents”; or if our opponents argue that it is the omnipotent No. 1 or God who created it, then we return from where we first started — to the creation of *something* out of *nothing*, which is such an absolute absurdity before science and logic that it does not even require the final unanswerable query resorted to by some precocious children “and who created God?”

## 60. Ovid on when nascent humanity was being watched by angels

**T**HIS WAS THE GOLDEN AGE that, without coercion, without laws, spontaneously nurtured the good and the true. There was no fear or punishment: there were no threatening words to be read, fixed in bronze, no crowd of suppliants fearing the judge's face: they lived safely without protection. No pine tree felled in the mountains had yet reached the flowing waves to travel to other lands: human beings only knew their own shores. There were no steep ditches surrounding towns, no straight war-trumpets, no coiled horns, no swords and helmets. Without the use of armies, people passed their lives in gentle peace and security. The earth herself also, freely, without the scars of ploughs, untouched by hoes, produced everything from herself. Contented with food that grew without cultivation, they collected mountain strawberries and the fruit of the strawberry tree, wild cherries, blackberries clinging to the tough brambles, and acorns fallen from Jupiter's spreading oak-tree. Spring was eternal, and gentle breezes caressed with warm air the flowers that grew without being seeded. Then the untilled earth gave of its produce and, without needing renewal, the fields whitened with heavy ears of corn. Sometimes rivers of milk flowed, sometimes streams of nectar, and golden honey trickled from the green holm oak.<sup>1</sup>



## 61. Ovid's story of Orpheus and Eurydice<sup>2</sup>

Book X. Eurydice, Hyacinth, Pygmalion, Adonis, Atalanta, Cyparissus.

Thence, in his saffron robe, for distant Thrace,  
 Hymen departs, thro' air's unmeasur'd space;  
 By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial Pow'r attends,  
 But with ill-omen'd augury descends;  
 Nor chearful look'd the God, nor prosp'rous spoke,  
 Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hissing smoke.  
 In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,  
 No rapid motion can its flames awake.  
 With dread these inauspicious signs were view'd,  
 And soon a more disastrous end ensu'd;  
 For as the bride, amid the Naiad train,  
 Ran joyful, sporting o'er the flow'ry plain,  
 A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd;  
 Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.  
  
 When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd,  
 Not by superior Pow'rs to be restor'd;

<sup>1</sup> *Metamorphoses*, Bk. I, 89-112; tr. Kline; [on humanity's early third primitive root-race.]

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Sir Samuel Garth, John Dryden, et al., in 1717.

Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair,  
 He leaves the realms of light, and upper air;  
 Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,  
 And tempt the shades in their obscure abode;  
 Thro' gliding spectres of th' interr'd to go,  
 And phantom people of the world below:  
 Persephone he seeks, and him who reigns  
 O'er ghosts, and Hell's uncomfortable plains.  
 Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings,  
 Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings.

Ye Pow'rs, who under Earth your realms extend,  
 To whom all mortals must one day descend;  
 If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell:  
 I come not curious to explore your Hell;  
 Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)  
 How Cerberus at my approach retir'd.  
 My wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake  
 These terrors I support, this journey take.  
 She, luckless wandring, or by fate mis-led,  
 Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread;  
 The vengeful beast, inflam'd with fury, starts,  
 And thro' her heel his deathful venom darts.  
 Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb;  
 Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom.  
 Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,  
 And strongly strove, but strove, alas, in vain:  
 At length I yielded, won by mighty love;  
 Well known is that omnipotence above!  
 But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails;  
 And yet a hope within my heart prevails.  
 That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;  
 At least if truth be by tradition told;  
 If fame of former rapes belief may find,  
 You both by love, and love alone, were join'd.  
 Now, by the horrors which these realms surround;  
 By the vast chaos of these depths profound;  
 By the sad silence which eternal reigns  
 O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains;  
 Let me again Eurydice receive,  
 Let Fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave.  
 All our possessions are but loans from you,  
 And soon, or late, you must be paid your due;  
 Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,  
 Your endless empire, and our sure retreat.  
 She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,  
 Must, of avoidless right, be yours again:

I but the transient use of that require,  
 Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.  
 But if the destinies refuse my vow,  
 And no remission of her doom allow;  
 Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;  
 So both retain, or both to life restore.

Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,  
 And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,  
 The very bloodless shades attention keep,  
 And silent, seem compassionate to weep;  
 Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,  
 Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues;  
 Ixion's wond'ring wheel its whirl suspends,  
 And the voracious vulture, charm'd, attends;  
 No more the Belides their toil bemoan,  
 And Sisyphus reclin'd, sits list'ning on his stone.

Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdu'd,  
 The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd:  
 Nor could the rigid king, or queen of Hell,  
 Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repell.

Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd,  
 Eurydice was call'd, and stood reviv'd:  
 Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem to feel  
 The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.  
 Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,  
 On strict observance of the terms requir'd:  
 For if, before he reach the realms of air,  
 He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,  
 The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,  
 And she for ever left a lifeless shade.

Now thro' the noiseless throng their way they bend,  
 And both with pain the rugged road ascend;  
 Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,  
 And thick with vapours from the smoaky deep.  
 They well-nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,  
 And just approach'd the margin of the light,  
 When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,  
 And gladsome of the glympse of dawning day,  
 His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast  
 To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last;  
 For, instant dying, she again descends,  
 While he to empty air his arms extends.  
 Again she dy'd, nor yet her lord reprov'd;  
 What could she say, but that too well he lov'd?

One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard;  
So soon she drop'd, so sudden disappear'd.

All stunn'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd  
By second Fate, and double death subdu'd:  
Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,  
Whom Cerberus beholding, turn'd to stone;  
Nor Olenus cou'd more astonish'd look,  
When on himself Lethæa's fault he took,  
His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd  
Her face to vye with Goddesses compar'd:  
Once join'd by love, they stand united still,  
Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hill.

Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries,  
Charon averse, his pressing suit denies.  
Sev'n days entire, along th' infernal shores,  
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydice deplores;  
Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears his cheeks,  
No sustenance but grief, and cares, he seeks:  
Of rigid Fate incessant he complains,  
And Hell's inexorable Gods arraigns.  
This ended, to high Rhodope he hastes,  
And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with northern blasts.

And now his yearly race the circling sun  
Had thrice compleat thro' wat'ry Pisces run,  
Since Orpheus fled the face of womankind,  
And all soft union with the sex declin'd.  
Whether his ill success this change had bred,  
Or binding vows made to his former bed;  
Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymphs contest,  
With rival eyes to warm his frozen breast:  
For ev'ry nymph with love his lays inspir'd,  
But ev'ry nymph repuls'd, with grief retir'd.

A hill there was, and on that hill a mead,  
With verdure thick, but destitute of shade.  
Where, now, the Muse's son no sooner sings,  
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding strings.  
But distant groves the flying sounds receive,  
And list'ning trees their rooted stations leave;  
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,  
And various shades their various kinds bestow.  
Here, tall Chaonian oaks their branches spread,  
While weeping poplars there erect their head.  
The foodful Esculus here shoots his leaves,  
That turf soft lime-tree, this, fat beach receives;  
Here, brittle hazels, lawrels here advance,

And there tough ash to form the heroe's lance;  
 Here silver firs with knotless trunks ascend,  
 There, scarlet oaks beneath their acorns bend.  
 That spot admits the hospitable plane,  
 On this, the maple grows with clouded grain;  
 Here, watry willows are with Lotus seen;  
 There, tamarisk, and box for ever green.  
 With double hue here mirtles grace the ground,  
 And laurestines, with purple berries crown'd.

With pliant feet, now, ivies this way wind,  
 Vines yonder rise, and elms with vines entwin'd.  
 Wild Ornus now, the pitch-tree next takes root,  
 And Arbutus adorn'd with blushing fruit.  
 Then easy-bending palms, the victor's prize,  
 And pines erect with bristly tops arise.  
 For Rhea grateful still the pine remains,  
 For Atys still some favour she retains;  
 He once in human shape her breast had warm'd,  
 And now is cherish'd, to a tree transform'd.



## 62. Paracelsus on Alchemy and Astrology

From Dr. Franz Hartmann (*Comp., tr. & Annot.*). *The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, Known by the Name of Paracelsus, and the Substance of His Teachings, concerning Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy*. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works, and from some unpublished manuscripts. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. (2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1932) Ch. 8, "Alchemy and Astrology." Full text in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.

**T**HE LOWEST ASPECT OF ALCHEMY IS THE PREPARATION, purification, and combination of physical substances, and from this science has grown the science of modern chemistry, which in its present state is a great advancement over the lower aspect of old chemistry, but which has lost sight entirely of the higher aspects of Nature. A higher advancement of the science of chemistry will bring it again into contact with alchemy. Chemistry decomposes and recombines material substances in certain proportions; it purifies simple substances of all foreign elements, and leaves the primitive elements unchanged; but alchemy changes the character of things, and raises them up into higher states of existence. To exercise this power, not mere mechanical labour, but artistic skill is required.

A person who composes a chemical preparation by manual labour and according to certain rules is a chemist; the weaver who manufactures a cloth, and the tailor who makes a coat, may be called alchemists, because neither clothes nor coats are grown by Nature. The chemist imitates Nature, the artist surpasses her; the labourer lends his hands to Nature, so that she may accomplish something through him. The artist makes use of the material with which Nature pro-

vides him, and develops something that exists germinally in Nature. The painter who daubs a wall is a chemist; his work requires skill, but no genius. The artist who composes a picture is an alchemist, because he embodies an idea, and puts his own character into his work.

To understand correctly the meaning of the words alchemy and astrology, it is necessary to understand the intimate relationship and the identity of the Microcosm and Macrocosm, and their mutual interaction. All the powers of the universe are potentially contained in man, and man's physical body and all his organs are nothing else but products and representatives of the powers of Nature. The Microcosm and Macrocosm may not only "be compared together," but they are really and actually essentially one in their power, and one in the constitution of their elements.<sup>1</sup>

If I have "manna" in my constitution, I can attract "manna" from heaven. "Melissa" is not only in the garden, but also in the air and in heaven. "Saturn" is not only in the sky, but also deep in the earth and in the ocean. What is "Venus" but the "Artemisia" that grows in your garden? What is "iron" but "Mars"? That is to say, Venus and Artemisia are both the products of the same essence, and Mars and iron are both the manifestations of the same cause. What is the human body but a constellation of the same powers that formed the stars in the sky? He who knows what iron is, knows the attributes of Mars. He who knows Mars, knows the qualities of iron. What would become of your heart if there were no sun in the universe? What would be the use of your *vasa spermatica*<sup>2</sup> if there were no Venus? To grasp the invisible elements; to attract them by their material correspondences; to control, purify, and transform them by the living power of the Spirit — this is true alchemy.

As the fowl produces a chicken with wings and legs out of the small microcosm contained in the shell of an egg, so the arcana of Nature are ripened by the processes of alchemy. Natural alchemy causes the pear to ripen, and produces grapes on a vine. Natural alchemy separates the useful elements from the food that is put into the stomach, transforms it into chyle and blood, into muscles and bones, and rejects that which is useless. A physician who knows nothing of alchemy can only be a servant of Nature, however well he may be versed in the science of external things; but the alchemist is her lord. If the physician cannot infuse vitality into decaying parts, he cannot effect a cure, but must wait until Nature accomplishes the task; but he who can guide the power of life can guide and command Nature.



<sup>1</sup> "Man, being the son of the Microcosm, has in him also all the mineral elements." (*De Peste*)

<sup>2</sup> [spermatic vessels, i.e., the instruments of generation]

## 63. Paracelsus on quacks and true physicians

Dr. Franz Hartmann (*Comp., tr. & Annot.*). *The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, Known by the Name of Paracelsus, and the Substance of His Teachings, concerning Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy.* Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works, and from some unpublished manuscripts. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. (2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1932) Selections from ch. 7, "The Four Pillars of Medicine," and ch. 9, "Philosophy and Theosophy." Full text in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.

**ONE OF THE MOST NECESSARY REQUIREMENTS** for a physician is perfect purity and singleness of purpose. He should be free of ambition, vanity, envy, unchastity, pomposity, and self-conceit, because these vices are the outcome of ignorance and incompatible with the light of divine wisdom which should illumine the mind of the true physician; but our practitioners of medicine will not believe me when I say that it is necessary that a physician to be successful should be virtuous; because they imagine that success is due only to learning, and they cannot realise that all true wisdom and power is derived from God.<sup>1</sup>

There is a knowledge which is derived from man, and another one which is derived from God through the light of Nature. There are artificially made physicians and there are born physicians. The latter possess their talent from birth, and it may be unfolded and grow like a tree if it is properly nursed. He who has no natural talent to be a physician will never succeed. He who is not a physician in the spring of his life will not be one in the fall.

A physician should be faithful and charitable; he should have full and perfect faith, a faith which is not divided. Faith and Charity are essentially identical; they both spring from God, and God is one and cannot be divided. The faith of a physician is not manifested by making many visits to his patient, but by his ability to recognise and treat the disease. He should give to his patient his utmost attention, he should identify himself heart and soul with him, and this cannot be done without charity and benevolence. He who loves only himself and his own profit will be of little benefit to the sick, for he will neglect the patient. To recognise the disease of the latter and to be able to benefit him, entire harmony should exist between the physician and the patient; a physician who loves his art for its own sake will also be charitable towards the sick.

There is a true and a false philosophy. As the froth in new-made wine swims upon the top and hides the true wine below, likewise there is a froth of sophistry and pseudo-philosophy swimming at the top of true philosophy; it looks like knowledge, but it is the outcome of ignorance, gilded and varnished to deceive the vulgar. It is like a parasite growing upon the tree of knowledge, drawing the sap out of the true tree and converting it into poison. The intellectual working of the brain alone is not sufficient to give birth to a physician; the true physician is not he who has merely heard of the truth, but he who feels the truth, who sees it before him as clearly as the light of the sun, who hears it as he would hear the noise of the cataract of the Rhine or the whistling of the storm upon the ocean, who smells it and tastes it, it being sweet to him as honey or bitter as gall. Nature produces diseases and effects

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, Inner Wisdom]

their cures, and where, then, could be found a better teacher than Nature herself? That alone which we see and feel and perceive constitutes true knowledge, not that of which we are merely informed in books and which is not confirmed by experience.”



## 64. Patmore on how has she cheapened Paradise<sup>1</sup>

### From Sponsa Dei

. . . what we shall be hath not yet appear'd.  
O, Heart, remember thee,  
That Man is none,  
Save One.

### From Life of the Life

. . . Might mortal breath  
Express the passion then inspired,  
Evil would die a natural death,  
And nothing transient be desired;  
An error from the soul would pass,  
And leave the senses pure and strong  
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,  
Has neither memory not tongue!

### Unthrift

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,  
How has she cheapen'd Paradise;  
How given for nought her priceless gift,  
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,  
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine!



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<sup>1</sup> By Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore.

## 65. Plotinus on the Dual Aphrodite-Venus<sup>1</sup>

### On the Love of Gods.

The existence of such a being is no demand of the ordinary man, merely; it is supported by Theologians and, over and over again, by Plato to whom Eros is child of Aphrodite, minister of beautiful children, inciter of human souls towards the super-nal beauty or quickener of an already existing impulse thither. All this requires philosophical examination. A cardinal passage is that in the *Symposium* where we are told Eros was not a child of Aphrodite but born on the day of Aphrodite's birth, *Penia*, Poverty, being the mother, and *Poros*, Possession, the father.

The matter seems to demand some discussion of Aphrodite, since in any case Eros is described as being either her son or in some association with her. Who then is Aphrodite, and in what sense is Love either her child or born with her or in some way both her child and her birth-fellow?

To us Aphrodite is twofold;

- There is the heavenly Aphrodite, daughter of Ouranos or Heaven: and
- There is the other the daughter of Zeus and Dione, this is the Aphrodite who presides over earthly unions;

the higher was not born of a mother and has no part in marriages for in Heaven there is no marrying.

The Heavenly Aphrodite, daughter of Kronos who is no other than the Intellectual Principle — must be the Soul at its divinest: unmingled as the immediate emanation of the unmingled; remaining ever Above, as neither desirous nor capable of descending to this sphere, never having developed the downward tendency, a divine Hypostasis essentially aloof, so unreservedly an Authentic Being as to have no part with Matter — and therefore mythically “the unmothered” justly called not Celestial Spirit but God, as knowing no admixture, gathered cleanly within itself.

Any Nature springing directly from the Intellectual Principle must be itself also a clean thing: it will derive a resistance of its own from its nearness to the Highest, for all its tendency, no less than its fixity, centres upon its author whose power is certainly sufficient to maintain it Above.

Soul then could never fall from its sphere; it is closer held to the divine Mind than the very sun could hold the light it gives forth to radiate about it, an outpouring from itself held firmly to it, still.

But following upon Kronos — or, if you will, upon Heaven, the father of Kronos — the Soul directs its Act towards him and holds closely to him and in that love brings forth the Eros through whom it continues to look towards him. This Act of the Soul has produced an Hypostasis, a Real-Being; and the mother and this Hypostasis — her offspring, noble Love gaze together upon Divine Mind. Love, thus, is ever intent upon that other loveliness, and exists to be the medium between desire and that object of desire. It is the eye of the desirer; by its power what loves is enabled to see the

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Stephen MacKenna and B.S. Page.

loved thing. But it is first; before it becomes the vehicle of vision, it is itself filled with the sight; it is first, therefore, and not even in the same order — for desire attains to vision only through the efficacy of Love, while Love, in its own Act, harvests the spectacle of beauty playing immediately above it.<sup>1</sup>

### Scholia by Thomas Taylor to the Orphic Hymns.

From sportive conceptions about the Gods, it is possible for those to energize enthusiastically, or according to a divinely inspired energy, who apply themselves to things in a more intellectual manner. Thus, for instance, according to the material conceptions of the multitude, Venus derives her origin from foam; and foam corresponds to seed. Hence, according to them, the pleasure arising from this in coition is Venus. Who, however, is so stupid as not to survey primary and eternal natures, prior to such as are last and corruptible? I will therefore unfold the divine conception respecting Venus.

They say then that the first Venus was produced from twofold causes, the one as that *through which*,<sup>2</sup> co-operating with her progression, as calling forth the prolific power of the father, and imparting it to the intellectual orders; but Heaven as the maker and cause unfolding the goddess into light, from his own generative abundance. For whence could that which congregates different genera, according to one desire of beauty, receive its subsistence except from the *synochical* power of Heaven? From the foam, therefore, of his own prolific parts thrown into the sea, Heaven produced this Goddess, as Orpheus says. But the second Venus Jupiter produces from his own generative powers, in conjunction with Dione; and this goddess likewise proceeds from foam, after the same manner with the more ancient Venus, as Orpheus evinces. These goddesses therefore differ from each other, according to the causes of their production, their orders and their powers. For she that proceeds from the genitals of Heaven is supermundane, leads upwards to intelligible beauty, is the supplier of an unpolluted life, and separates from generation. But the Venus that proceeds from Dione governs all the coordinations in the celestial world and the earth, binds them to each other, and perfects their generative progressions, through a kindred conjunction. These divinities too are united with each other through a similitude of subsistence: for they both proceed from generative powers; one from that of the connectedly containing power of Heaven, and the other from Jupiter the demiurgus. But the sea signifies an expanded and circumscribed life; its profundity, the universally extended progression of such a life; and its foam, the greatest purity of nature, that which is full of prolific light and power, and that which swims upon all life, and is as it were its highest flower.<sup>3</sup>

The series of our sovereign mistress Juno, beginning from on high, pervades to the last of *things*; and her allotment in the sublunary region is the air. For air is a symbol of soul, according to which also soul is called a *spirit* (*πνευμα*); just as *fire* is an im-

<sup>1</sup> Plotinus: *Ennead* III v, “On Love,” ¶ 2; tr. MacKenna & Page. Full text in our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers Series. — ED. PHIL

<sup>2</sup> This cause is Saturn [Kronos], who according to the fable cut off the genital parts of Heaven. See the *Theogony* of Hesiod.

<sup>3</sup> Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *Hymns and Initiations*. (Vol. V of “The Thomas Taylor Series”) Frome: The Prometheus Trust, 2003 (2<sup>nd</sup> ed.). Taylor’s Additional Notes to the Orphic Hymns, pp. 182-83

age of *intellect*, but *water* of *nature*, by which the world is nourished (*της κοσμοτροφου φυσεως*), through which all nutriment and increase are produced. But *earth* is the image of *body*, through its gross and material nature. Hence Homer, obscurely signifying this, represents Juno suspended with two anvils under her feet: for the air is allotted two heavy elements beneath itself.

For

ηλιον δ' ακαμαντα βοωπις ποτνια ηρη  
πεμψεν εν' ωκεανοιο ροας.

i.e.,

Fair-eyed venerable Juno  
Sent the sun to the streams of the ocean,

— is from the same conception.<sup>1</sup>



## 66. Praise him with timbrel and dance

Let the children of Zion . . . praise the Lord's name in the dance  
. . . with the timbrel and harp.

— *Psalms* cxlix, 2-3

**Mystical dancing is a practice hoary with age and pregnant with occult philosophy.**

First published in: *The Theosophist*, Vol. II, No. 9, June 1881, pp. 201-2. Republished in: *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, ("PRAISE HIM WITH THE TIMBREL AND DANCE")<sup>2</sup> III pp. 203-6.

The Brahma body (the Sadharan) publishes in its organ odds-and-ends called "Musings on the New Dispensation,"<sup>3</sup> which are witty but cruel hits against its venerable Parent, the Brahma Samaj that was, and the New Apostolic Church that is — of Babu K.C. Sen. There is a paragraph on a NEW INVENTION which speaks of the:

"Mode of chastising apostasy with love, persecution with prayer, and scoffing with solemn hymns." Weapon? "Artillery of forgiving love and prayer" as personified in the following lovely and dignified epithets: "deluded renegade," "wanton blasphemy," "irreverent scoffing," "weak-minded brother," "misguided brother," etc.

Our esteemed colleague of the *Brahmo Public Opinion*, is somewhat unjust. He should bear in mind that these "lovely and dignified epithets" are not at all original with the Āryan apostles of the *New Dispensation*. They are but mild echoes of those so profusely lavished upon each other, in days of old, by their Semitic predecessors, the Apostles Peter and Paul (with whom, we are told, Mr. Sen is on friendly terms

<sup>1</sup> Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *Hymns and Initiations*, op. cit., p. 186

<sup>2</sup> *Psalms* cl, 4

<sup>3</sup> [See [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brahmo\\_Conference\\_Organisation](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brahmo_Conference_Organisation)]

and even occasional communication),<sup>1</sup> and which have been of late years so strongly revived by our valued friends, the *Padri*-Editors of Dissenterism.

And there is another bit quite as liable to mislead the uninitiated reader and make him regard the venerable *New Dispensation* Church as a branch of the whirling and dancing dervishes of the Mussulmans of Turkey.

PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING — “The minister” asked the Lord’s help, “perpetually to dance and smile.” Believing that a response had been given, he shaved his head, took the vow of poverty, put on *dore kopin*,<sup>2</sup> tied a brass *ghoongoor*<sup>3</sup> round his ankles, and began to dance. This is the religion of the New Dispensation!

We are sorry to see our witty colleague cast a slur upon one of the oldest and most venerable rites of antiquity. Mystical dancing is a practice hoary with age and pregnant with occult philosophy, and the “Minister” of the New Dispensation has done wisely to adopt it. It can bring him but into closer affinity with, and make him resemble the more, the “man after God’s own heart.” The sweet psalm-singing King David, “danced before the Lord with all his might,” *uncovered* himself “in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants,” promised “to be more vile than this,” to be base even in his “own sight,” and apparently succeeded. It is at this moment, we love to think, that the clairvoyant eye of the Prophet of the *New Dispensation*, after the fashion of Professor Denton’s psychometers, caught sight of the King Psalmist in a retrospective image, performing the circle dance of the Amazons around a priapic image, and thus moved, gave birth to the sweet hymn of the “Mystic Dance.”

. . . Jesus dances, Moses dances. . . . Old King David dances, . . . And with him Janak and Yudhistir. . . .

And why not? The mystics and devotees of nearly every religion and sect have at some time adopted the salutary exercise. There was the “Dance of the Daughters of Shiloh” during the Jewish Mysteries<sup>4</sup> and the “Leaping of the prophets of Baal.”<sup>5</sup> From the Sabæan dance — denoting the motion of the planets round the sun — down to the American Shakers of Mother Lee, the truly religious bodies found themselves occasionally possessed with Bacchic frenzy. During their religious meetings the Shakers first sing a hymn, then form wide circle around a band of male and female singers, to the music of whom they dance in a solemn rhythm, until “moved by the spirit” they begin prophesying and speak with tongues. Dancing was established as a rite, together with the *kiss of charity*, by the Agapæists, the venerable members of that primitive Christian institution called the “Agapæ” which counted St. Augustine among its influential members. Of these, the too plain-spoken Tertullian, who had belonged to the sect and spoke from experience, said after he had joined the

<sup>1</sup> [Look up twin study notes, “Paul an Initiate and founder of Christianity” and “Peter not an Initiate and the enemy of Paul,” in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> [Undergarment a sadhu may wear upon renouncing the worldly life, with a broader piece of cloth rolled round the hips.]

<sup>3</sup> [A garland of bells tied around the ankle, played with rhythmic movements of feet, also known as ghungroos.]

<sup>4</sup> *Judges* xxi, 21, 23 *et passim*

<sup>5</sup> *1 Kings* xviii, 26

Montanists:<sup>1</sup> . . . “In the Agapai, the young men lay with their sisters, and wallowed in wantonness and luxury”<sup>2</sup> Prominent among the modern and highly philosophical dancing sects we may also place that of the Methodist Negro “jumpers” of the United States. The piety and zeal of these humble “descendants of Ham,” during religious service, baffles description and puts the infidel to shame. They have been even known to make frantic efforts to catch at the legs of Jesus, whom they affirm having seen above their heads in all His glory, and so to forcibly bring their Redeemer down to land in their midst; their fury of zeal endowing them with the agility of a *Hanuman* and making them jump in dancing higher than the benches. Then, again, we have the Russian dissenters called *Molokans*<sup>3</sup> and the *Dukhobors*,<sup>4</sup> two jumping sects, whose elders bring promiscuously together persons of both sexes to dance and pray — disrobed and in utter darkness; who choose their own “Mother Virgin” — the community representing collectively the “Spirit of God”; and who recognize her subsequent first male progeny as Christ, and set aside the female issue as material for future “virgins.” Verily dancing *with, before, and for* “the Lord” is an old institution, and must have been adopted by the Christian sect-founders to avoid the accusation contained in Matthew and Luke: “We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced.”<sup>5</sup> Babu Keshub’s *New Dispensation* containing, as we hear, “pipings” from every religion, especially from those of Mohammedanism, and Christianity, whose vow of poverty and sacrament it has adopted, did not, of course, wish to be outdone by Dervishes, Shakers and Negro-Methodists. Let the Grihastha-Bairagis of the Calcutta Church, by all means “go forth in the dances of them that make merry.” They have our Theosophical blessing.

Following is the text unabridged of the New Dispensation’s Hymn of the “Mystic Dance,” as we find it in the organ of that sect, and which we will venture to call — A COTILLION OF SAINTS.

[These verses have been omitted]

In short, the whole company of the apostles and martyrs in the various “heavenly mansions” seem to have been bitten by the tarantula. Our European and American members will perhaps sigh to think that in so promiscuous a quadrille of saints and sinners — there should have been no room for the “*atheistic* Theosophical Society.” Is it, we wonder, because the Bengal Psalmist thought it would be straining metaphor too far to picture such thoughtful and sedate persons as moving in “the mazy” and “tripping it on the light fantastic toe”?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Montanism was an early Christian movement of the late 2<sup>nd</sup> century, later referred to by the name of its founder, Montanus, but originally known by its adherents as the New Prophecy.]

<sup>2</sup> [*De jejuniō* (On Fasting), cap. xvii]

<sup>3</sup> [Russian *молокане*, sectarian Christians who evolved from “Spiritual Christian” Russian peasants that refused to obey the Russian Orthodox Church.]

<sup>4</sup> [Russian *Духоборы*, literally “Spirit-Wrestlers,” one of the sects — later defined as a religious philosophy, ethnic group, social movement, or simply a “way of life” — known generically as Spiritual Christianity.]

<sup>5</sup> [Matthew xi, 17; Luke vii, 32. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

<sup>6</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, III pp. 203-6

## 67. Prana is the driving force behind life

**The whole is a homogeneous Unity alone, the parts are all differentiations.**

Everything in Nature is composed of two descriptions of matter, the one essentially active and ethereal, the other passive and motionless.

Metcalfé based the hypothesis that the Sun-force, or caloric, is a Self-active principle. For its own particles, he holds, it has repulsion; for the particles of all ponderable matter it has affinity; it attracts the particles of ponderable matter with forces which vary inversely as the squares of the distance. It thus acts *through* ponderable matter.

And how can it be otherwise?

Gross *ponderable* matter is the body, the Shell of matter or Substance, the female passive principle; and this *Fohatic* force is the second principle, *prāna* — the male and the active.

- On our globe this Substance is the second principle of the septenary *Element* — Earth;
- In the atmosphere, it is that of *air*, which is the cosmic gross body;
- In the Sun it becomes the *Solar body* and that of the Seven rays;
- In sidereal space it corresponds with another principle, and so on.

The whole is a homogeneous Unity alone, the parts are all differentiations.<sup>1</sup>



## 68. Prana pervades the whole living body of man

**Prana is the action of Fohat upon a compound or even a simple body that produces life as we know it.**

But alone, without having an atom to act upon, it would be *quiescent* — dead; *i.e.*, would be in *laya*, or as Mr. Crookes has it, “locked in *protyle*.” It is the action of *Fohat* upon a compound or even a simple body that produces life. When a body dies it passes into the same polarity as its male energy and repels therefore the active agent, which, losing hold of the *whole*, fastens on the parts or molecules, this action being called chemical. Vishnu, the Preserver, transforms himself into Rudra-Śiva, the Destroyer — a correlation seemingly unknown to Science.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, I p. 525 & fn. [Madame Blavatsky on Dr. B.W. Richardson’s, F.R.S., article in *The Popular Science Review*, Vol. V, 1866, pp. 327-36.]

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, I p. 526 fn.

**The Prana or Jiva<sup>1</sup> in man is not Abstract Life but an aspect of the latter in the world of delusion.**

Prāna, on earth at any rate, is thus but a mode of life, a constant cyclic motion from within outwardly and back again, an out-breathing and in-breathing of the ONE LIFE, or Jīva, the synonym of the Absolute and Unknowable Deity. Prāna is not abstract life, or Jīva, but its aspect in a world of delusion. In *The Theosophist*,<sup>2</sup> Prāna is said to be “one stage finer than the gross matter of the earth.”<sup>3</sup>

**The Heart, being the organ of the Spiritual Consciousness, corresponds to Prana, but only because Prana and the Auric Envelope are essentially the same, and because Prana in its higher aspect as Jiva is the same as the Unknown and Unknowable Deity.**

The Consciousness which is merely the animal Consciousness is made up of the Consciousness of all the cells in the Body, except those of the Heart. For the Heart is the organ of the Spiritual Consciousness; it corresponds indeed to Prāna, but only because Prāna and the Auric Envelope are essentially the same, and because again as Jīva it is the same as the Universal Deity. The Heart represents the Higher Triad, while the Liver and Spleen represent the Quaternary, taken as a whole. The heart is the abode of the Spiritual Man, whereas the Psycho-Intellectual Man dwells in the Head with its seven gateways. It has its seven brains, the upādhis and symbols of the seven Hierarchies, and this is the exoterically four, but esoterically seven, leaved Lotus, the “Saptaparna,” the “Cave of Buddha” with its seven compartments.<sup>4</sup>

**The microbes are the first and lowest subdivision on the second plane, that of material Prana or Life. However, microbes differ from the Fiery Lives, who are the Creators and Destroyers of Life.**

*The Fiery Lives are the seventh and highest subdivision of matter and correspond, in the individual, with the One Universal Life.*

It might be supposed that these “fiery lives” and the microbes of science are identical. This is not true. The “fiery lives” are the seventh and highest subdivision of the plane of matter, and correspond in the individual with the One Life of the Universe, though only on that plane. The microbes of science are the first and lowest subdivision on the second plane — that of material *prāna* (or life). The physical body of man undergoes a complete change of structure every seven years, and its destruction and preservation are due to the alternate function of the fiery lives as “destroyers” and “builders.” They are “builders” by sacrificing themselves in the form of vitality to restrain the destructive influence of the microbes, and, by supplying the microbes with what is necessary, they compel them under that restraint to build up the material body and its cells. They are “destroyers” also when that restraint is removed and the microbes, unsupplied with vital constructive energy, are left to run riot as destructive *agents*. Thus, during the first half of a man’s life (the first *five* periods of seven years each) the “fiery lives” are indirectly engaged in the process of building up man’s ma-

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<sup>1</sup> [Jīva is manifested life or the second principle in man. Jīvātman or Ātman is unmanifested life or man’s seventh principle — a ray of Paramātman.]

<sup>2</sup> May 1988, p. 478

<sup>3</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (E.S. INSTRUCTION No. III) XII p. 607 *fn.*

<sup>4</sup> *ibid.*, (E.S. INSTRUCTION No. V) XII p. 694

terial body; life is on the ascending scale, and the force is used in construction and increase. After this period is passed the age of retrogression commences, and, the work of the “fiery lives” exhausting their strength, the work of destruction and decrease also commences.

An analogy between cosmic events in the descent of spirit into matter for the first half of a manvantara (planetary as human) and its ascent at the expense of matter in the second half, may here be traced. These considerations have to do solely with the plane of matter, but the restraining influence of the “fiery lives” on the lowest subdivision of the second plane — the microbes — is confirmed by the fact mentioned in the footnote on Pasteur<sup>1</sup> that the cells of the organs, when they do not find sufficient oxygen for themselves, adapt themselves to that condition and form *ferments*, which, by absorbing oxygen from substances coming in contact with them, ruin the latter. Thus the process is commenced by one cell robbing its neighbour of the source of its vitality when the supply is insufficient; and the ruin so commenced steadily progresses.<sup>2</sup>

**After death the Life principle of man (Jiva-Prana) returns to its source which is Fohat, the Light of Logos.**

After the death of a man, the energy of motion which vitalized his frame is said to be partly left in the particles of the dead body in a dormant state, while the main energy goes and unites itself with another set of atoms. Here a distinction is drawn between the dormant life left in the particles of the dead body and the remaining Kinetic energy, which passes off elsewhere to vivify another set of atoms. Is not the energy that becomes dormant<sup>3</sup> life in the particles of the dead body a lower form of energy than the Kinetic energy, which passes off elsewhere; and although during the life of a man they appear mixed up together, are they not two distinct forms of energy, united only for the time being?

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<sup>1</sup> [*Secret Doctrine*, I p. 249 fn. — Is Pasteur unconsciously taking the first step toward Occult Science in declaring that, if he dared express his full idea upon this subject, he would say that the Organic cells are endowed with a vital potency that does not cease its activity with the cessation of a current of Oxygen towards them, and does not, on that account, break off its relations with life itself, which is supported by the influence of that gas? “I would add,” goes on Pasteur, “that the evolution of the germ is accomplished by means of complicated phenomena, among which we must class processes of fermentation”; and life, according to Claude Bernard and Pasteur, is nothing else than a process of fermentation. That there exist in Nature Beings or Lives that can live and thrive without air, even on our globe, was demonstrated by the same men of science. Pasteur found that many of the lower lives, such as Vibriones, and some microbes and bacteria, could exist without air, which, on the contrary, killed them. They derived the oxygen necessary for their multiplication from the various substances that surround them. He calls them *Ærobes*, living on the tissues of our matter when the latter has ceased to form a part of an integral and living whole (then called very unscientifically by science “dead matter”), and *Anærobes*. The one kind binds oxygen, and contributes vastly to the destruction of animal life and vegetable tissues, furnishing to the atmosphere materials which enter later on into the constitution of other organisms; the other destroys, or rather annihilates finally, the so-called organic substance; ultimate decay being impossible without their participation. Certain germ-cells, such as those of yeast, develop and multiply in air, but when deprived of it, they will adapt themselves to life without air and become ferments, absorbing oxygen from substances coming in contact with them, and thereby ruining the latter. The cells in fruit, when lacking free oxygen, act as ferments and stimulate fermentation. “Therefore the vegetable cell manifests in this case its life as an anærobie being. Why, then, should an organic cell form in this case an exception?” asks Professor Bogoluboff. Pasteur shows that in the substance of our tissues and organs, the cell, not finding sufficient oxygen for itself, stimulates fermentation in the same way as the fruit-cell, and Claude Bernard thought that Pasteur’s idea of the formation of ferments found its application and corroboration in the fact that Urea increases in the blood during strangulation: LIFE therefore is everywhere in the Universe, and, Occultism teaches us, it is also in the atom.]

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, I p. 262 fn.

<sup>3</sup> [A dormant energy is *no* energy. — H.P. Blavatsky.]

A student of occultism writes as follows:

. . . *Jivātma* . . . is subtle supersensuous matter, permeating the entire physical structure of the living being, and when it is separated from such structure life is said to become extinct. . . . A particular set of conditions is necessary for its connection with an animal structure, and when those conditions are disturbed, it is attracted by other bodies, presenting suitable conditions.<sup>1, 2</sup>

**But one's Life-atoms are never lost, they are always recycled.**<sup>3</sup>

[Occultism] teaches that:

- 1 The life-atoms of our (*Prāna*) life-principle are never entirely lost when a man dies. That the atoms best impregnated with the life-principle (an independent, eternal, conscious factor) are partially transmitted from father to son by heredity, and partially are drawn once more together and become the animating principle of the new body in every new incarnation of the Monads.
- 2 Because, as the *individual* Soul is ever the same, so are the atoms of the lower principles (body, its astral, or *life double*, etc.), drawn as they are by affinity and Karmic law always to the same individuality in a series of various bodies, etc., etc.<sup>4, 5</sup>

**The Blessed Ones have nought to do with the purgations of matter.**

When the seed of the animal man is cast into the soil of the animal woman, that seed cannot germinate unless it has been fructified by the five virtues [the fluid of, or the emanation from the principles] of the six-fold Heavenly man. Wherefore the Microcosm is represented as a Pentagon, within the Hexagon Star, the "Macrocosm."<sup>6</sup>

Then:

The functions of *Jīva* on this Earth are of a five-fold character. In the mineral atom it is connected with the lowest principles of the Spirits of the Earth (the six-fold *Dhyānis*); in the vegetable particle, with their second — the *Prāna* (life); in the animal, with all these plus the third and the fourth; in man, the germ

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<sup>1</sup> *Five Years of Theosophy*, original ed., p. 512

[This excerpt is from an article by Dharanidar Kauthumi, entitled "Odorigen' and Jivātma," which was originally published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. IV, July 1883, p. 251. H.P. Blavatsky appended a brief footnote to this original article, stating that *Jivātma* applies in this case to the 2<sup>nd</sup> principle of man, and not the 7<sup>th</sup> principle of the Vedānta School, and ought to be properly called *Jīva* or *prāna*. — Boris de Zirkoff.]

Students to consult "Jiva and Jivatman," in our Confusing Words Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE LIFE PRINCIPLE) IX pp. 76-77. [<Article by> Navroji Dorabji Khandālawala, who was a highly respected Judge and staunch friend of the Founders. He was initiated into the Theosophical Society on March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1880, and later became President of the Poona Branch of the Theosophical Society. — Boris de Zirkoff.]

<sup>3</sup> [Consult "Transmigration, Reincarnation, Gilgulim," in our Confusing Words Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>4</sup> Consult "Transmigration of the Life Atoms," in *Five years of Theosophy*, pp. 533-39 [*Blavatsky Collected Writings*, V pp. 109-17] The collective aggregation of these atoms forms thus the *Anima Mundi* of our Solar system, the *soul* of our little universe, each atom of which is of course a *soul*, a monad, a little universe endowed with consciousness, hence with *memory*. (See Vol. I, Part III, Section XV, "Gods, Monads and Atoms.")

<sup>5</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, II pp. 671-72

<sup>6</sup> *Αυθρωπος*, a work on Occult Embryology, Book I

must receive the fruition of all the five. Otherwise he will be born no higher than an animal.

Namely, a congenital idiot. Thus in man alone the Jīva is complete. As to his seventh principle, it is but one of the Beams of the Universal Sun. Each rational creature receives only the temporary loan of that which has to return to its source; while his physical body is shaped by the lowest terrestrial lives, through physical, chemical, and physiological evolution. “The Blessed Ones have nought to do with the purgations of matter.”<sup>1, 2</sup>

**There now follows a moving account by a Master of Wisdom on how, upon death, Saptaparna or the seven-leaved man-plant withers, infolds, and its constituents return one after the other to their origin and source.**

The worlds of effects are not lokas or localities. They are the shadow of the world of causes, their *souls* — worlds having like men their seven principles which develop and grow simultaneously with the body.

- Thus the *body* of man is wedded to and remains for ever within the body of his planet;
- His individual *jivātman* life principle, that which is called in physiology *animal spirits* returns after death to its source — *Fohat*;
- His *linga śarīram* will be drawn into *Ākāśa*;
- His *Kāmarūpa* will recombine with the Universal *Shakti* — the Will-Force, or universal energy;
- His “animal soul” borrowed from the breath of *Universal Mind* will return to the Dhyāni Chohans;
- His sixth principle — whether drawn into or ejected from the matrix of the Great Passive Principle must remain in its own sphere — either as part of the crude material or as an individualized entity to be reborn in a higher world of causes.
- The seventh will carry it from the *Devachan* and follow the new *Ego* to its place of re-birth. . . .”<sup>3</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> Kabbala, Chaldean *Book of Numbers*

<sup>2</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, I p. 224

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Mahātma Letter* 13 (44), pp. 71-72; 3<sup>rd</sup> Combined ed.

## 69. Proclus' Hymn to Athena<sup>1</sup>

Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, divine,  
 Propitious to thy vot'ries prayer incline;  
 From thy great father's fount supremely bright,  
 Like fire resounding, leaping into light.  
 Shield-bearing goddess, hear, to whom belong  
 A manly mind, and power to tame the strong!  
 Oh, sprung from matchless might, with joyful mind  
 Accept this hymn; benevolent and kind!  
 The holy gates of wisdom by thy hand  
 Are wide unfolded; and the daring band  
 Of earth-born giants, that in impious fight  
 Strove with thy sire, were vanquish'd by thy might.  
 Once by thy care, as sacred poets sing,  
 The heart of Bacchus, swiftly-slaughter'd king,  
 Was sav'd in æther, when, with fury fir'd,  
 The Titans fell against his life conspir'd;  
 And with relentless rage and thirst for gore,  
 Their hands his members into fragments tore:  
 But ever watchful of thy father's will,  
 Thy pow'r preserv'd him from succeeding ill,  
 Till from the secret counsels of his sire,  
 And born from Semele through heav'nly fire,  
 Great Dionysius to the world at length  
 Again appear'd with renovated strength.  
 Once, too, thy warlike axe, with matchless sway,  
 Lopp'd from their savage necks the heads away  
 Of furious beasts, and thus the pests destroy'd  
 Which long all-seeing Hecate annoy'd.  
 By thee benevolent great Juno's might  
 Was rous'd, to furnish mortals with delight:  
 And through life's wide and various range 'tis thine  
 Each part to beautify with arts divine:  
  
 Invigorated hence by thee, we find  
 A demiurgic impulse in the mind.  
 Towers proudly rais'd, and for protection strong,  
 To thee, dread guardian, deity belong,  
 As proper symbols of th'exalted height  
 Thy series claims amidst the courts of light.  
 Lands are belov'd by thee to learning prone,  
 And Athens, O Athena, is thy own!  
 Great goddess, hear! and on my dark'ned mind  
 Pour thy pure light in measure unconfi'd;

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Thomas Taylor.

— That sacred light, O all-protecting queen,  
Which beams eternal from thy face serene:  
My soul, while wand'ring on the earth, inspire  
With thy own blessed and impulsive fire;  
And from thy fables, mystic and divine,  
Give all her powers with holy light to shine.  
Give love, give wisdom, and a power to love,  
Incessant tending to the realms above;  
Such as, unconscious of base earth's control,  
Gently attracts the vice-subduing soul;  
From night's dark region aids her to retire,  
And once more gain the palace of her sire:  
And if on me some just misfortune press,  
Remove th'affliction, and thy suppliant bless.  
All-Saving goddess, to my prayer incline!  
Nor let those horrid punishments be mine  
Which guilty souls in Tartarus confine,  
With fetters fast'ned to its brazen floors,  
And lock'd by hell's tremendous iron doors.  
Hear me, and save (for power is all thy own)  
A soul desirous to be thine alone.



## 70. Resist without Resistance

From *Æsop's Fables: A New Revised Version from Original Sources*, 1884; (translator not identified)

A very large Oak was uprooted by the wind, and thrown across a stream. It fell among some Reeds, which it thus addressed:

I wonder how you, who are so light and weak, are not entirely crushed by these strong winds.

They replied:

You fight and contend with the wind, and consequently you are destroyed; while we, on the contrary, bend before the least breath of air, and therefore remain unbroken.

Stoop to conquer.<sup>1</sup>

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From F. Hartmann, *With the Adepts, an adventure among the Rosicrucians*, 2nd ed., London: William Rider & Son, 1910; ch. 3, "Unexpected Revelations."

One element necessary for the development of strength is resistance.<sup>2</sup>

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The following excerpts are from W.Q. Judge's *Letters That Have Helped Me*, advising on how to cope with "bad" Karma. Consult more "Karma Nuggets" in our Secret Doctrine's Second Proposition Series. — ED. PHIL.

What despair and agony of doubt exist to-day in all places! In this time of upturning, the wise man *waits*. He bends himself, like the reed, to the blast, so that it may blow over his head.<sup>3</sup>

Do you know what it is to resist without resistance? That means, amongst other things, that too great an expenditure of strength, of "fortitude," is not wise. If one fights, one is drawn into the swirl of events and thoughts, instead of leaning back on the great ocean of the Self which is never moved.<sup>4</sup>

No one should be taking information to another, for it fans a flame . . . . Retire into your own silence and let all others be in the hands of Karma, as we all are. "Karma takes care of its own." It is better to have no side, for it is all for the Master and He will look out for all if each does just right, even if, to their view, another seems not to do so. By our not looking at their errors too closely, the Master will be able to clear it all off and make it work well. The plan of quiet passive resistance, or rather, laying under the wind, is good and ought to work in all attacks. Retreat within your own heart and there keep firmly still. Resist without resisting. It is possible and should be attained.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> [For an in-depth analysis of this statement consult "Humility is no virtue," in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> [See full text under No. 109, below, on page 201 *et seq.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Judge Letters*, I (XI) p. 37

<sup>4</sup> *ibid.*, (EXTRACT ON WISDOM IN ACTION) p. 126

<sup>5</sup> *ibid.*, p. 124

## 71. Rhoades' mystic verse<sup>1</sup>

We herewith present a selection of poems by James Rhoades, author of *Poems* (1870), *Timoleon* (1875), *Georgics of Virgil in English Verse* (1883), *Dux Redux* (1887), *Æneid of Virgil in English Verse* (1893), *Teresa and other Poems* (1893), *The Little Flowers of St. Francis in English Verse* (1904), *Out of the Silence* (1907), *The Training of the Imagination* (1908), *O Soul of Mine* (1912), *The City of Five Gates* (1913), *Words by the Wayside* (1915). James Rhoades' *Collected Poems* were first published by T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., London: Adelphi Terrace, 1925.

### To my Friend in America

In science, letters, art, and song —  
 Whate'er the coming ages can  
 By thought untrammelled, pure, and strong,  
 To lift the soul of man.

The future, like a vault divine,  
 To you for firmament is given:  
 How should so small a spark as mine  
 Glow in so vast a heaven?

### The Shrine of Truth

In science  
 If thou could'st see with thine eyes, O Man, if thou could'st hear  
 with thine ears  
 Truth as sheds in very truth, and not as to sense appears,  
 Could'st sever the substance from the sign, and learn to perceive and know  
 She is not throned in the heavens above, nor housed on the earth, below;  
 Could'st thou with thine own heart's key unlock the Kingdom that is within,  
 There face to face with thy Maker stand, and fear no shadow of sin,  
 But see thyself as indeed thou art — for all that He hath is thine —  
 Very breath of His very breath, body and soul divine;  
 Then every thought were a waft of wings uplifting from death to life,  
 With infinite beauty, endless rapture, uttermost glory rife,  
 And e'en on the barren crag thou'dst cry, or in hut with roof-tree riven,  
 "This is none other than the House of God and this is the Gate of Heaven."

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<sup>1</sup> By James Rhoades.

## 1 Corinthians xii, 26<sup>1</sup>

If e'er man's pride should stoop to understand  
 The law which at his being's base doth lie,  
 That, if one suffer, all are maimed thereby,  
 How Liberty would leap from land to land!  
 Fair earth with peace, as with a rainbow-band,  
 Would crown her, a new dawn illumine the sky:  
 Is it too fond to hope, too soon to cry,  
 "Now is the night far' spent, the day at hand"?

O sovereign soul, made mindful whence thou art,  
 How God-empowered to rule the earth and bless,  
 Now at the last assume thy destined part,  
 Bid lust and falsehood to the abyss be hurled,  
 Unseal the frozen fount of righteousness,  
 That purity and truth may wash the world!

## "The Hidden Vision and the Inner Voice"

Men call it blindness to be reft  
 Of sunlight and the dædal weft  
 Of Nature seen through human eyes —  
 Meadow and mountain, lake or lawn —  
 And dream not that, from sense withdrawn,  
 The gates of a diviner dawn  
     Open on Paradise.

There are to whom the world is dumb,  
 Who cannot catch the sounds that come  
 From voice or viol, beast or bird,  
 Loud winds, or billows on the beach,  
 Nor know that in the heart of each  
 There is a silence fraught with speech,  
     The sweeter as un-heard.

For oft in the hushed gloom of night  
 Such radiant visions haunt my sight,  
 Such spirit voices speak to me,  
 That I could cry, "O, Thou most dear  
 Creator of both eye and ear,  
 Make Thou me deaf that I may hear,  
     And blind that I may see."

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<sup>1</sup> [i.e., "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." KJV]

### “For the Healing of the Nations”<sup>1</sup>

Though earth be now from her true orbit driven,  
    Though lust and rapine desecrate her sod,  
Though hell defiantly seem threatening heaven;  
    And Mammon in man’s soul outfacing God;

Though with despair life’s very dome be darkened,  
    No rift to rend it, and no star to shine,  
Yet — for e’en now the world’s great heart hath harkened  
    To that which breathes within it of divine —

Come, quenchless Hope, come, Faith that moveth mountains,  
    Come, Love long-suffering, eager to forgive,  
Let flow your threefold everlasting fountains,  
    And bid the dying nations drink and live!

### Easter 1917

Spirit of Love, in this triumphant hour  
    That hails Thee victor over time and space,  
While the long silent earth breaks forth in flower,  
    We pray Thee grant thy suffering children grace.

Not to put off this mortal and go free  
    Like caged birds escaping to the skies,  
But through the veiling flesh to radiate Thee,  
    Whom so to radiate is from death to rise.

### The Shortest Day

“Though this be the dead of the year,  
The shortest day,  
And the sun scarce flaunt his ray  
Ere darkness closes,  
We know there is naught to fear,  
For that spring will again be born,  
And the sap that sleeps in the thorn  
Awake in roses.  
Not a flower of them all shall be missed;  
The aconite first will come, and the snowdrop follow,  
And hyacinth keep her tryst  
In the woodland hollow,  
When river and stream are kissed  
By the skimming swallow.  
But what of the sap that teems

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<sup>1</sup> [Cf. “. . . and the leaves of the tree (of life were) for the healing of the nations.” *Revelation* xxii, 2, KJV]

In the stem of the race? O pray  
That the pulse of love at its root,  
So warm and tender,  
May quicken from shoot to shoot  
As the life-blood streams,  
And blossom, and break from dreams  
Into deeds of splendour!”

**“Pax Vobiscum”<sup>1</sup>**

There is a realm of soul that silent lies,  
    Silent but for one voice which speaketh peace —  
    That voice which bade the heart’s wild tumult cease  
Breathed by His lips, or uttered from His eyes,  
Who walked the world as God in human guise,  
    Teaching time’s loss eternity’s increase.  
    So to the earth-bound captive came release,  
And still to self-imprisoned souls it cries  
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, and ye,  
    Albeit ye know not, of immortal strain:  
    Die, then, to live; lose all, that ye may gain!  
This is the truth, O man, that maketh free,  
And this the way whereby God’s warriors win  
Peace — peace of soul — amidst the battle din.



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<sup>1</sup> [Peace be with you]

## 72. Ruskin on he who stands at the gate of the Garden of Eden<sup>1</sup>

**WHO IS IT, THINK YOU**, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener?<sup>2</sup> Have you not sought Him often; — sought Him in vain, all through the night; — sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set?<sup>3</sup> He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always — waiting to take your hand — ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding — there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;<sup>4</sup> — more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.”<sup>5</sup> Oh — you queens — you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?<sup>6</sup>



## 73. Ruskin on Home

**THE MAN’S POWER IS ACTIVE, PROGRESSIVE, DEFENSIVE.** He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever was is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman’s power is for rule, not for battle, — and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offense, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled; and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This

<sup>1</sup> By John Ruskin.

<sup>2</sup> [Quoting *John* xx, 15]

<sup>3</sup> [Quoting *Genesis* iii, 24]

<sup>4</sup> [Quoting *Song of Solomon* vii, 12]

<sup>5</sup> [*ibid.*, ii, 15]

<sup>6</sup> *Sesame and Lilies*. (3<sup>rd</sup> ed. of 1871) Lecture II, Lilies – Of Queens’ Gardens, ¶ 95; [& quoting *Matthew* viii, 20.]

is the true nature of home — it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as thee anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love, — so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, — shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea, — so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> John Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*. (3<sup>rd</sup> ed. of 1871) Lecture II. Lilies — Of Queens' Gardens, ¶ 68; [full text in our Down to Earth Series. — ED. PHIL.]

## 74. Schiller's Ideal Life

### Preface by the Translator<sup>1</sup>

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine  
But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine!

— JOVE TO HERCULES

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller's "Das Ideal und das Leben." From *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller*. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1844. Translated by Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton, BART.

In Schiller's Poem of "The Ideal," a translation of which has already been presented to the reader, but which was composed subsequently to "The Ideal and the Actual," the prevailing sentiment is of that simple pathos which can come home to every man who has mourned for Youth, and the illusions which belong to it —

. . . for the hour

Of glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower.

But "The Ideal and the Actual" is purely philosophical; a poem "in which," says Hoffmeister, "every object and every epithet has a metaphysical background." Schiller himself was aware of its obscurity to the general reader: he desires that even the refining Humboldt "should read it in a kind of holy stillness — and banish, during the meditation it required, all that was profane." Humboldt proved himself worthy of these instructions, by the enthusiastic admiration with which the poem inspired him. Previous to its composition, Schiller had been employed upon philosophical inquiries, especially his *Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man*; and of these *Letters* it is truly observed, that the Poem is the crowning Flower. To those acquainted with Schiller's philosophical works and views, the poem is therefore less obscure; in its severe compression such readers behold but the poetical epitome of thoughts the depth of which they have already sounded, and the coherence of which they have already ascertained — they recognise a familiar symbol, where the general reader only perplexes himself in a riddle.

Without entering into disquisitions, out of place in this translation, and fatiguing to those who desire in a collection of poems to enjoy the Poetical — not to be bewildered by the Abstract — I shall merely preface the poem, with the help of Schiller's commentators, by a short analysis of the general design and meaning, so at least as to facilitate the reader's *study* of this remarkable poem — study it will still require, and well repay.

The Poem begins (**Stanza 1<sup>st</sup>**) with the doctrine which Schiller has often inculcated, that to Man there rests but the choice between the pleasures of sense, and the peace of the soul; but both are united in the life of the Immortals, viz., the higher orders of being. (**Stanza 2<sup>nd</sup>**) — Still it may be ours to attain, even on earth, to this loftier and holier life — provided we can raise ourselves beyond material objects. (**Stanza 3<sup>rd</sup>**) — The Fates can only influence the body, and the things of time and matter. But, safe from the changes of matter and of life, the Platonic Archetype, *Form*, hovers in the realm of the Ideal. If we can ascend to this realm — in other words, to the domain of

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton

Beauty — we attain (**Stanza 4<sup>th</sup>**) to the perfection of Humanity — a perfection only found in the immaterial forms and shadows of that realm — yet in which, as in the Gods, the sensual and the intellectual powers are united. In the Actual Life we strive for a goal we cannot reach; in the Ideal, the goal is attainable, and there effort is victory. With **Stanza 5<sup>th</sup>** begins the antithesis, which is a key to the remainder — an antithesis constantly balancing before us the conditions of the Actual and the privileges of the Ideal. The Ideal is not meant to relax, but to brace us for the Actual Life. From the latter we cannot escape; but when we begin to flag beneath the sense of our narrow limits, and the difficulties of the path, the eye, steadfastly fixed upon the Ideal Beauty aloft, beholds there the goal. **Stanza 6<sup>th</sup>** — In Actual Life, Strength and Courage are the requisites for success, and are doomed to eternal struggle; but (**Stanza 7<sup>th</sup>**) in the Ideal Life, struggle exists not; the stream, gliding far from its rocky sources, is smoothed to repose. **Stanza 8<sup>th</sup>** — In the Actual Life, as long as the Artist still has to contend with matter, he must strive and labour. Truth is only elicited by toil — the statue only wakens from the block by the stroke of the chisel; but when (**Stanza 9<sup>th</sup>**) he has once achieved the idea of Beauty — when once he has elevated the material marble into form — all trace of his human neediness and frailty is lost, and his work seems the child of the soul. **Stanza 10<sup>th</sup>** — Again, in the Actual world, the man who *strives* for Virtue, finds every sentiment and every action poor compared to the rigid standard of the abstract moral law. But if (**Stanza 11<sup>th</sup>**), instead of *striving* for Virtue, merely from the cold sense of duty, we live that life beyond the senses, in which Virtue becomes, as it were, natural to us — in which its behests are served, not through duty, but inclination — then the gulf between man and the moral law is filled up; we take the Godhead, so to speak, into our will; and Heaven ceases its terrors, when man ceases to resist it. **Stanza 12<sup>th</sup>** — Finally, in Actual Life, sorrows, whether our own, or those with which we sympathise, are terrible and powerful; but (**Stanza 13<sup>th</sup>**) in the Ideal World even Sorrow has its pleasures. We contemplate the writhings of the Laocoön in marble, with delight in the greatness of Art — not with anguish for the suffering, but with veneration for the grandeur with which the suffering is idealised by the Artist or expressed by the subject. Over the pain of Art smiles the Heaven of the Moral world. **Stanzas 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup>** — Man thus aspiring to the Ideal, is compared to the Mythical Hercules. In the Actual world he must suffer and must toil; but when once he can cast aside the garb of clay, and through the Ethereal flame separate the Mortal from the Immortal, the material dross sinks downward, the spirit soars aloft, and Hebe (or Eternal Youth) pours out nectar as to the Gods. If the reader will have the patience to compare the above analysis with the subjoined version,<sup>1</sup> he will probably find little difficulty in clearing up the Author's meaning.

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<sup>1</sup> In which the Translator has also sought to render the general sense as intelligible as possible.

## The ideal and the actual life

### 1

For ever fair, for ever calm and bright,  
Life flies on plumage zephyr-light,  
For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice —  
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,  
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom  
The rosy days of Gods —  
With Man, the choice,  
Timid and anxious, hesitates between  
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;  
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,  
The beams of both are blent.

### 2

Seek'st thou on earth the life of Gods to share,  
Safe in the Realm of Death? — beware  
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;  
Content thyself with gazing on their glow —  
Short are the joys Possession can bestow,  
And in Possession sweet Desire will die.  
'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound  
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river —  
She pluck'd the fruit of the unholy ground,  
And so — was Hell's for ever.

### 3

The Weavers of the Web — the Fates — but sway  
The matter and the things of clay;  
Safe from each change that Time to Matter gives,  
Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray  
With Gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,  
The FORM, the ARCHETYPE,<sup>1</sup> serenely lives.  
Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?  
Cast off the earthly burthen of the Real;  
High from this cramp'd and dungeon'd being spring  
Into the Realm of the Ideal.

### 4

Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,  
Free from the clogs and taints of clay,  
Hovers divine the Archetypal Man!  
Dim as those phantom shapes of life that gleam  
And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream, —

---

<sup>1</sup> "Die Gestalt" — Form, the Platonic Archetype.

Fair as it stands in fields Elysian,  
Ere down to Flesh the Immortal doth descend: —  
If doubtful ever in the Actual life  
Each contest, — *here* a victory crowns the end  
Of every nobler strife.

5

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,  
But more to nerve — doth Victory  
Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.  
Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose —  
Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,  
Whirling thee down the dancing surge of Time.  
But when the courage sinks beneath the dull  
Sense of its narrow limits — on the soul,  
Bright from the hill-tops of the Beautiful,  
Bursts the attained goal.

6

If worth thy while the glory and the strife  
Which fire the lists of Actual Life —  
The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,  
In the hot field where Strength and Valour are,  
And rolls the whirling thunder of the car,  
And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game —  
Then dare and strive! — the prize can but belong  
To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;  
In life the victory only crowns the strong —  
He who is feeble fails.

7

But Life, whose source, by crags around it piled,  
Chafed while confin'd, foams fierce and wild,  
Glides soft and smooth when once its streams expand,  
When its waves, (glassing, in their silver play,  
Aurora blent with Hesper's milder ray),  
Gain the still BEAUTIFUL — that Shadow-Land!  
Here, contest grows but interchange of Love,  
All curb is but the bondage of the Grace;  
Gone is each foe, — Peace folds her wings above  
Her native dwelling-place.

8

When, through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,  
With the dull matter to unite  
The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;  
Behold him straining every nerve intent —  
Behold how, o'er the subject element,  
The stately THOUGHT its march laborious goes!  
For never, save to Toil untiring, spoke  
The unwilling Truth from her mysterious well —  
The statue only to the chisel's stroke  
Wakes from its marble cell.

9

But onward to the Sphere of Beauty — go  
Onward, Child of Art! and, lo,  
Out of the matter which thy pains control  
The Statue springs! — not as with labour wrung  
From the hard block, but as from Nothing sprung —  
Airy and light — the offspring of the soul!  
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost  
Leave not a trace when once the work is done —  
The Artist's human frailty merged and lost  
In Art's great victory won!<sup>1</sup>

10

When human Sin confronts the rigid law  
Of perfect Truth and Virtue,<sup>2</sup> awe  
Seizes and saddens thee to see how far  
Beyond thy reach, Perfection; — if we test  
By the Ideal of the Good, the best,  
How mean our efforts and our actions are!  
This space between the Ideal of man's soul  
And man's achievement, who hath ever past?  
An ocean spreads between us and that goal,  
Where anchor ne'er was cast!

11

But fly the boundary of the Senses — live  
The Ideal life free Thought can give;  
And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill  
Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!

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<sup>1</sup> More literally translated thus by the Author of the Article on Schiller in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July 1843:

“Thence all witnesses for ever banished  
Of poor Human Nakedness.”

<sup>2</sup> The LAW — *i.e.*, the Kantian Ideal of Truth and Virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.

And with divinity thou sharest the throne,  
Let but divinity become thy will!  
Scorn not the Law — permit its iron band  
The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.  
Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,<sup>1</sup>  
And Jove the bolt lets fall!

12

If, in the woes of Actual Human Life —  
If thou could'st see the serpent strife  
Which the Greek Art has made divine in stone —  
Could'st see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,  
Note every pang, and hearken every shriek  
Of some despairing lost Laocoön,  
The human nature would thyself subdue  
To share the human woe before thine eye —  
Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true  
To Man's great Sympathy.

13

But in the Ideal Realm, aloof and far,  
Where the calm Art's pure dwellers are,  
Lo, the Laocoön writhes, but does not groan.  
Here no sharp grief the high emotion knows —  
Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows  
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:  
Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew  
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,  
Gleaming through Griefs dark veil, the peaceful blue  
Of the sweet Moral Heaven.

14

So, in the glorious Parable, behold  
How, bow'd to mortal bonds, of old  
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trod:  
The hydra and the lion were his prey,  
And to restore the friend he loved to day,  
He went undaunted to the black-browed God;  
And all the torments and the labours sore  
Wroth Juno sent — the meek majestic One,  
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,  
Until the course was run —

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<sup>1</sup> "But in God's sight submission is command."

*Jonah*, by the Rev. F. Hodgson. Quoted in *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July 1843 — Art. "Schiller," p. 21

15

Until the God cast down his garb of clay,  
And rent in hallowing flame away  
The mortal part from the divine — to soar  
To the empyreal air! Behold him spring  
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,  
And the dull matter, that confined before,  
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!  
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,  
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,  
Fills for a God the bowl!

**Translation of Stanza 13 by Paul Carus**

Aber in den heitern Regionen,  
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen,  
Rauscht des Jammers trüber Sturm nicht melir.  
Hier darf Schmerz die Seele nicht durchschneiden,  
Keine Träne fließt hier mehr dem Leiden,  
Nur des Geistes tapferer Gegenwehr.  
Lieblich, wie der Iris Farbenfeuer  
Auf der Donnerwolke duftgem Tau,  
Schimmert durch der Wehmut düstern Schleier  
Hier der Rube heitres Blau.

In yon region of pure forms,  
Sunny land e'er free from storms,  
Misery and sorrow cease to rave.  
There our sufferings no more pierce the soul,  
Tears of anguish there no longer roll,  
Nought remains but mind's resistance brave.  
Beauteous as the rainbow's coloured hue  
Painted on the canvas of the cloud,  
E'en on melancholy's mournful shroud  
Rest reigns in empyrean blue.

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## 75. Selected thoughts of Apollonius Tyanaeus

### His travels are allegorically described after the Zodiacal signs

Excerpted from Philostratus' *The Life of Apollonius of Tyana*. Translated by F.C. Conybeare. First published in 1912 in two volumes as part of the Loeb Classical Library Series.

#### 1. On how to seduce goats with cinnamon.

They say that from this point<sup>1</sup> they crossed the part of the Caucasus which stretches down to the Red Sea; and this range is thickly overgrown with aromatic shrubs. The spurs then of the mountain bear the cinnamon tree, which resembles the young tendrils of the vine, and the goat gives sure indication of this aromatic shrub; for if you hold out a bit of cinnamon to a goat, she will whine and whimper after your hand like a dog, and will follow you when you go away, pressing her nose against it; and if the goat herd drags her away, she will moan as if she were being torn away from the lotus. But on the steeps of this mountain there grow very lofty frankincense trees, as well as many other species, for example the pepper trees which are cultivated by the apes.

Nor did they neglect to record the look and appearance of this tree, and I will repeat exactly their account of it. The pepper tree resembles in general the willow of the Greeks, and particularly in regard to the berry of the fruit; and it grows in steep ravines where it cannot be got at by men, and where a community of apes is said to live in the recesses of the mountain and in any of its glens; and these apes are held in great esteem by the Indians, because they harvest the pepper for them, and they drive the lions off them with dogs and weapons. For the lion, when he is sick, attacks the ape in order to get a remedy, for the flesh of the ape stays the course of his disease; and he attacks it when he is grown old to get a meal, for the lions when they are past hunting stags and wild boars gobble up the apes, and husband for their pursuit whatever strength they have left. The inhabitants of the country, however, are not disposed to allow this, because they regard these animals as their benefactors, and so make war against the lions in behalf of them. For this is the way they go to work in collecting the pepper; the Indians go up to the lower trees and pluck off the fruit, and they make little round shallow pits around the trees, into which they collect the pepper, carelessly tossing it in, as if it had no value and was of no serious use to mankind. Then the monkeys mark their actions from above out of their fastnesses, and when the night comes on they imitate the action of the Indians, and twisting off the twigs of the trees, they bring and throw them into the pits in question; then the Indians at daybreak carry away the heaps of the spice which they have thus got without any trouble, and indeed during the repose of slumber.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> [The banks of river Hyphasis]

<sup>2</sup> Vol. I, Bk. III, § 4, pp. 237-41

## 2. On the duty of ordinary men, and of noble men.

[Apollonius sent to the Lacedæmonian Ephors] an epistle from Olympia, briefer than any cipher dispatch of ancient Sparta; and it ran as follows:

*Apollonius to the Ephors sends salutation.*

It is the duty of men not to fall into sin, but of noble men, to recognize that they are doing so.<sup>1</sup>

## 3. On those who have been in revolt not only against the Romans, but against humanity.

As for the count of ill luck, I may dismiss it; but as for that of cowardice, how can you avoid it? How escape the reproach of having been afraid of Nero, the most cowardly and supine of rulers? Look at the revolt against him planned by Vindex,<sup>2</sup> you surely were the man of the hour, its natural leader, not he! For you had an army at your back, and the forces you were leading against the Jews, would they not have been more suitably employed in chastising Nero? For the Jews have long been in revolt not only against the Romans, but against humanity; and a race that has made its own a life apart and irreconcilable, that cannot share with the rest of mankind in the pleasures of the table nor join in their libations or prayers or sacrifices, are separated from ourselves by a greater gulf than divides us from Susa or Bactra or the more distant Indies. What sense then or reason was there in chastising them for revolting from us, whom we had better have never annexed? As for Nero, who would not have prayed with his own hand to slay a man well-nigh drunk with human blood, singing as he sat amidst the hecatombs of his victims?<sup>3</sup>

## 4. On Justice.

For anyone who considers the fate of Palamedes in Troy or Socrates in Athens, will discover that even justice is not sure of success among men, for assuredly these men suffered most unjustly being themselves most just. Still they at least were put to death on the score of acts of injustice imputed on them, and the verdict was a distortion of the truth; whereas in the case of Aristides the son of Lysimachus, it was very justice that was the undoing of him, for he in spite of his integrity was banished merely because of his reputation for this very virtue.<sup>4</sup> And I am sure that justice will appear in a very ridiculous light; for having been appointed by Zeus and by the Fates to prevent men being unjust to one another, she has never been able to defend herself against injustice.

And the history of Aristides is sufficient to me to show the difference between one who is nor unjust and one who is really just. For, tell me, is not this the same Aristi-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, Bk. IV, § 27, p. 411

<sup>2</sup> [Gaius Julius Vindex, 37-69 CE, Roman senator and governor of Gallia Lugdunensis. Vindex was the first to revolt against emperor Nero.]

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I, Bk. V, § 33, pp. 539-41

<sup>4</sup> [Aristides, surnamed "the just," was an Athenian politician. According to a famous anecdote, which Philostratus repeats in § 7.21, a voting took place to ostracise Aristides, and an illiterate man, not recognizing Aristides, asked him to write "Aristides" on his sherd [or shard, a piece of a broken pot, also known as ostrakon]. The politician asked him what Aristides had done wrong, and got the following reply: "I don't even know him, but I'm tired of hearing everyone call him 'the just.'" Aristides did as he was asked.]

des of whom your Hellenic compatriots when they come here tell us that he undertook a voyage to the islands to fix the tribute of the allies [of Athens in the Delian League], and after settling it on a fair basis, returned again to his country still wearing the same cloak in which he left it?

“It is he,” answered Apollonius, “who made the love of poverty once to flourish.”

“Now,” said the other, “let us suppose that there were at Athens two public orators passing an encomium upon Aristides, just after he had returned from the allies; one of the proposes that he shall be crowned, because he has come back again without enriching himself or amassing any fortune, but the poorest of the Athenians, poorer than he was before; and the other orator, we will suppose, drafts his motion somewhat as follows:

Whereas Aristides has fixed the tribute of the allies according to their ability to pay, and not in excess of the resources of their respective countries; and whereas he has endeavoured to keep them loyal to the Athenians, and to see that they shall feel it no grievance to pay upon this scale, it is hereby resolved to crown him for justice.

Do you not suppose that Aristides himself would have opposed the first of these resolutions, as an indignity to his entire life, seeing that it only honoured him for not doing injustice; whereas, he might perhaps have supported the other resolution as a fair attempt to express his intentions and policy?”<sup>1</sup>

### **5. On the merits of individual instruction.**

Some people ask the reason why I have left off giving lectures to large audiences. Let all know then, who may be interested to understand such matters: No discourse can be really useful, unless, if it be single, it be also delivered to a single individual. Anyone then who discourses in any other manner is motivated by vain glory to discourse.<sup>2</sup>

### **6. On the true magician.**

The Persians give the name of magi to divine beings. A magus then is either a worshipper of the gods or one who is by nature divine. Well, you are no magus, but a man without god.<sup>3</sup>

### **7. On the health of the body depending upon the purity of the soul.**

Pythagoras has declared that the divinest thing we have is the healing art. But if the divinest thing is the healing art, then we must take care of the soul as well as of the body; for surely a living creature cannot be in sound health, if in respect of its highest element it be diseased.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. II, Bk. VI, § 21, pp. 93-97

<sup>2</sup> Vol. II, (Epistle 10 to Dion), p. 417

<sup>3</sup> Vol. II, (Epistle 17 to Euphrates), p. 423

<sup>4</sup> Vol. II, (Epistle 23 to Crito), p. 427

## 8. On the futility of envy.

You must not feel envious of anyone; for while good men deserve what they have, the bad live badly even if they are prosperous.<sup>1</sup>



## 76. Selected thoughts of Thomas à Kempis

Excerpted from Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ*. Translated from the Latin by F.B. (nom de plume of Anthony Hoskins); at least ten editions between 1613 and 1686.

### How to find Inner Peace and true liberty.

My son, now will I teach you the way of peace and true liberty. . . .

Be desirous, my son, to do the will of another rather than your own.<sup>2</sup>

Choose always to have less rather than more.<sup>3</sup>

Seek always the lowest place, and to be inferior to everyone.<sup>4</sup>

Wish always, and pray, that the will of God may be wholly fulfilled in thee.<sup>5, 6</sup>

### How to serve God.

How many perish by reason of vain learning<sup>7</sup> in this world, who take little care of the serving of God:

And because they rather choose to be great than humble, therefore they become vain in their imaginations.<sup>8</sup>

He is truly great, that is great in charity.

He is truly great, that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honour.<sup>9</sup>

He is truly wise, that accounteth all earthly things as dung, that he may gain Christ.<sup>10</sup>

And he is truly learned, that doeth the will of God, and forsaketh his own will.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II, (Epistle 91 to his Brothers), p. 479

<sup>2</sup> [Matthew xxvi, 39; John v, 30; vi, 38]

<sup>3</sup> [1 Corinthians x, 24]

<sup>4</sup> [Luke xiv, 10]

<sup>5</sup> [Matthew vi, 10]

<sup>6</sup> *The Imitation of Christ* 3, xxiii.1; "Of Four Things that bring much Inward Peace."

<sup>7</sup> [Titus i, 10]

<sup>8</sup> [Romans i, 21]

<sup>9</sup> [Matthew xviii, 4; xxiii, 11]

<sup>10</sup> [Philippians iii, 8]

<sup>11</sup> *The Imitation of Christ* 1, iii.6

### How to follow the behests of the Inner Voice.

Blessed is the soul which hears the Lord speaking within her,<sup>1</sup> and receives from His mouth the word of consolation.

Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the Divine whisper,<sup>2</sup> and give no heed to the many whisperings of this world.

Blessed indeed are those ears which listen not after the voice which is sounding without, but for the Truth teaching inwardly.

Blessed are the eyes which are shut to outward things, but intent on things eternal.

Blessed are they that enter far into inward things, and endeavour to prepare themselves more and more, by daily exercises, for the receiving of Heavenly secrets.

Blessed are they who are glad to have time to spare for God, and shake off all worldly impediments.<sup>3, 4</sup>



The Love of Gods, an offering to the Master within.

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<sup>1</sup> [Psalm lxxxv, 8]

<sup>2</sup> [Matthew xiii, 16-17]

<sup>3</sup> [However, without neglecting their duty to Nature and failing to embrace all living creatures, whether human or animal, with love, kindness, and helpfulness. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>4</sup> *The Imitation of Christ* 3, i.1

## 77. Shelley's Ode to the West Wind<sup>1</sup>

1 O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
2 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
3 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
4 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
5 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
6 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
7 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
8 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
9 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
10 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
11 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
12 With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
13 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
14 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

15 Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
16 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
17 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
18 Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
19 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,  
20 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
21 Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
22 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
23 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
24 Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
25 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
26 Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
27 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
28 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

29 Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
30 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
31 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
32 Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,  
33 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
34 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
35 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
36 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
37 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
38 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
39 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

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<sup>1</sup> By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

40 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
41 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
42 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

43 If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
44 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
45 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
46 The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
47 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
48 I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
49 The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
50 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
51 Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven  
52 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
53 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
54 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
55 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
56 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

57 Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
58 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
59 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
60 Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
61 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
62 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
63 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
64 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!  
65 And, by the incantation of this verse,  
66 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
67 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
68 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
69 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
70 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

### **The West Wind captured by Æolian harps.**

An awesome recording of the West Wind is available from the *Saydisc Records* label, England, under the title "Windsongs." This unparalleled album was recorded and produced by Roger Winfield near La Manga and Sierra Nevada, Spain, and Bristol, England, in 1989, using an orchestra of eight Æolian Harps.

### **Red notes**

1. According to Shelley's note, "this poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculi-

ar to the Cisalpine regions.” (188) Florence was the home of Dante Alighieri, creator of *terza rima*, the form of his *Divine Comedy*. Zephyrus was the west wind, son of Astrœus and Aurora.

**4.** The four colours of man. *hectic red*: the complexion of those suffering from consumption, tuberculosis.

**9.** *Thine azure sister of the spring*: Latin *ver*, but not a formal mythological figure.

**10.** *clarion*: piercing, war-like trumpet.

**14.** *Destroyer and preserver*: Perhaps like the Hindu gods Siva the destroyer and Vishnu the preserver, known to Shelley from Edward Moor's *Hindu Pantheon*, introduction by Burton Feldman (London: J. Johnson by T. Bensley, 1810; reprinted New York: Garland, 1984) and the works of Sir William Jones (1746–1794).

**21.** *Mænad*: a participant in the rites of Bacchus or Dionysus, Greek god of wine and fertility; a Bacchante.

**23.** *locks*: cirrus clouds take their name from their likeness to curls of hair.

**31.** *coil*: encircling cables, or perhaps confused murmuring or noise.

**32-36.** Having taken a boat trip from Naples west to the Bay of Baiæ on December 8, 1818, Shelley wrote to T.L. Peacock about sailing over a sea “so translucent that you could see the hollow caverns clothed with glaucous sea-moss, and the leaves and branches of those delicate weeds that pave the unequal bottom of the water,” and about “passing the Bay of Baiæ, and observing the ruins of its antique grandeur standing like rocks in the transparent sea under our boat” (*Letters*, II, 61). Baiæ is the site of ruined underwater Roman villas. *pumice*: lava cooled into a porous, foam-like stone.

**39-42.** “The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.” (188; Shelley's note)

**57.** *lyre*: Æolian or wind harp.

**69.** *trumpet of a prophecy*: Shelley alludes to the opening of the Book of Revelation of St. John the Divine in the Bible, 1.3-18:

3 Blessed is hee that readeth, and they that heare *the words of this prophesie*, and keepe those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand.

4 Iohn to the seuen Churches in Asia, Grace be vnto you, & peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come, and from the seuen spirits which are before his throne:

5 And from Iesus Christ, who is the faithful witsesse, and the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth: vnto him that loued vs, and washed vs from our sinnes in his owne blood,

6 And hath made vs Kings and Priests vnto God and his Father: to him be glory and dominion for euer and euer, Amen.

7 Behold he commeth with clouds, and euery eye shal see him, and they also which pearced him: and all kinreds of the earth shall waile because of him: euen so. Amen.

8 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

9 I Iohn, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdome and patience of Iesus Christ, was in the Isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimonie of Iesus Christ.

10 I was in the spirit on the Lords day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet,

11 Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and *what thou seest, write in a booke*, and send it vnto the seuen Churches which are in Asia, vnto Ephesus, and vnto Smyrna, and vnto Pergamos, and vnto Thyatira, and vnto Sardis, and Philadelphia, and vnto Laodicea.

12 And I turned to see *the voice that spake with mee*. And being turned, I saw seuen golden Candlesticks,

13 And in the midst of the seuen candlestickes, *one like vnto the Sonne of man*, clothed with a garment downe to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

14 His head, and his haire were white like wooll as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire,

15 And his feet like vnto fine brasse, as if they burned in a furnace: and his voice as the sound of many waters.

16 And hee had in his right hand seuen starres: and out of his mouth went a sharpe two edged sword: and his countenance was as the Sunne shineth in his strength.

17 And when I sawe him, I fell at his feete as dead: and hee laid his right hand vpon me, saying vnto mee, Feare not, I am the first, and the last.

18 I am hee that liueth, and was dead: and behold, I am alieue for euermore, Amen, and haue the keyes of hell and of death.

### Commentary by Ian Lancashire<sup>1</sup>

In "Ode to the West Wind," Shelley invokes Zephyrus, the west wind, to free his "dead thoughts" and words, "as from an unextinguished hearth / Ashes and sparks" (63, 66-67), in order to prophesy a renaissance among humanity, "to quicken a new birth." (64) This ode, one of a few personal lyrics published with his great verse drama, "Prometheus Unbound," identifies Shelley with his heroic, tormented Titan. By stealing fire from heaven, Prometheus enabled humanity to found civilization. In punishment, according to Hesiod's account, Zeus chained Prometheus on a mountain and gave him unending torment, as an eagle fed from his constantly restored liver. Shelley

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<sup>1</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> September 2002

completed both his dramatic poem and “Ode to the West Wind” in autumn 1819 in Florence, home of the great Italian medieval poet, Dante. The autumn wind Shelley celebrates in this ode came on him, standing in the Arno forest near Florence, just as he was finishing “Prometheus Unbound.” Dante’s *Divine Comedy* had told an epic story of his ascent from Hell into Heaven to find his lost love Beatrice. Shelley’s ode invokes a like ascent from death to life for his own spark-like, potentially fiery thoughts and words. Like Prometheus, Shelley hopes that his fire, a free-thinking, reformist philosophy, will enlighten humanity and liberate it from intellectual and moral imprisonment. He writes about his hopes for the future.

A revolutionary, Shelley believed that poets exercise the same creative mental powers that make civilization itself. The close of his “Defence of Poetry” underlies the thought of “Ode to the West Wind”:

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present, the words which express what they understand not, the *trumpets* which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire: the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the World.

The trumpeting poetic imagination, inspired by sources — spirits — unknown to the poet himself, actually reverses time. Poets prophesy, not by consciously extrapolating from past to present, and from present to future, with instrumental reason, but by capitulating to the mind’s intuition, by freeing the imagination. Poets influence what the future will bring by unknowingly reflecting or “mirroring” future’s “shadows” on the present. For Shelley, a living entity or spirit, not a mechanism, drives the world. By surrendering to the creative powers of the mind, the poet unites his spirit with the world’s spirit across time. The west wind, Zephyrus, represents that animate universe in Shelley’s ode.

Shelley implores the West Wind to make him its “lyre” (57), that is, its wind-harp. “The Defence of Poetry” begins with this same metaphor: Shelley writes that “Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Æolian lyre; which move it, by their motion, to ever-changing melody.” (§ 7) This is not just a pretty figure of speech from nature. We now recognize that poetic inspiration itself arises from a “wild,” “uncontrollable,” and “tameless” source like the wind, buffeting the mind’s unconscious. Long before cognitive psychology taught us this fact, Shelley clearly saw that no one could watch her or his own language process as it worked. Like all procedural memories, it is recalled only in the doing. We are unconscious of its workings, what contributes both content and form, semantics and syntax, to our utterances. He writes that “the mind in creation is as a fading coal which some invisible influence, *like an inconstant wind*, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the colour of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the *conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic* either of its approach or its departure.” (§ 285) This epic metaphor goes beyond the action of the wind on the lyre, the world on the mind. The wind’s tumultuous “mighty harmonies” (59) imprint their power and patterns on the “leaves” they drive, both ones that fall from trees, and ones we call ‘pages,’ the leaves on which poems are written. Inspiration gives the poet a melody, a se-

quence of simple notes, resembling the wind's "stream" (15), but his creative mind imposes a new harmony of this melody, by adding chords and by repeating and varying the main motifs. The human imagination actively works with this "wind" to impose "harmony" on its melody. The lyre "accommodate[s] its chords to the motions of that which strikes them, in a determined proportion of sound; even as the musician can accommodate his voice to the sound of the lyre." (§ 8) In this way, the poet's mind and the inspiration it receives co-create the poem.

In "Ode on the West Wind," the 'melody' delivered to Shelley is unconsciously expressed in the poem's epic metaphor, and the chords that his mind generates in response are, first, the repetitions and variations of that melody — for example, the variation of the "leaves" metaphor — and secondly, the formal order: the sonnet sequence imposed on terza rima, as if the tradition of Western sonnetting were imposed on Dante's transcendental vision. That Shelley echoes the metaphor-melody's points of comparison throughout "The Defence of Poetry" shows how deeply ingrained it was in his mind. To Shelley, metaphors like this, comparing a human being and the universe, characterize the prophetic powers of all poets. Their conscious, rational mind, in routine deliberation, observes and describes, taking care not to impose on the things under scrutiny anything from the observer, but comparisons, fusing different things, depart from observation. They impose on experience something that the mind supplies or that is in turn supplied to it by inspiration. In "The Defence of Poetry," Shelley explains that poets' "language is vitally metaphorical; that is it marks the before unapprehended relations of things." (§ 22) Shelley builds "Ode to the West Wind" on "unapprehended relations" between the poetic mind and the west wind. The experience in the Arno forest, presumably (why else would he have foot-noted the incident?), awoke his mind to these relations.

If we believe that the unselfconscious mind is susceptible to the same chaotic forces as the weather, and if we trust those forces as fundamentally good, then Shelley's ode will ring true. Trusting instead in man-made categories like honour, fame, and friendship, Thomas Gray would have been bewildered by Shelley's faith. The country graveyard has spirits, to be sure, but they are ghosts of dead friends. No natural power inspires elegies or epitaphs. These writings reflect the traditional order by which melancholy, sentimental minds put order to nature. Gray quotes from many poets, as if asserting humanity's strength in numbers. Like Wordsworth's solitary reaper, Shelley stands alone, singing in a strange voice that inspires but perplexes traditional listeners. He cries out to a wind-storm, "Be thou, Spirit fierce/ My spirit!" Eighteenth-century poets like Pope would have laughed this audaciousness to scorn, but then they would never have had the courage to go out into the storm and, like Shakespeare's Lear in the mad scene, shout down the elements.

Even should we not empathize with Shelley, his ode has a good claim to being one of the very greatest works of art in the Romantic period. Its heroic grandeur attains a crescendo in the fifth and last part with a hope that English speakers everywhere for nearly two centuries have committed to memory and still utter, often unaware of its source: "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" Annotating editors have looked in vain for signs that Shelley resuscitated old phrases and other men's flowers in this ode. What he writes is his own. It emerges, not in Gray's often quoted end-stopped

phrases, lines, and couplets, but in passionate, flowing sentences. The first part, all 14 lines, invokes the West Wind's attention in one magnificent sentence. Five lines in the first part, two of which come at the end of a stanza, enjamb with the following lines. Few poets have fused such diverging poetic forms as *terza rima*, built on triplets with interwoven rhymes, and the sonnet, contrived with couplets, quatrains, sestets, and octaves. Yet even this compelling utterance, unifying so much complexity in an onward rush, can be summarized and analyzed.

The opening three stanzas invoke the West Wind (in order) as a driving force over land, in the sky, and under the ocean, and beg it to "hear" the poet. (14, 28, 42) In the first stanza, the wind as "Destroyer and preserver" (14) drives "dead leaves" and "winged seeds" to the former's burial and the latter's spring rebirth. The second and third stanzas extend the leaf image. The sky's clouds in the second stanza are like "earth's decaying leaves" (17) and "Angels of rain and lightning" (18), a phrase that fuses the guardian and the killer. In the third stanza, the wind penetrates to the Atlantic's depths and causes the sea flowers and "oozy woods" to "despoil themselves" (40, 42), that is, to shed the "sapless foliage of the ocean," sea-leaves. The forests implicit in the opening stanza, in this way, become "the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean" in the second, and "oozy woods" in the third. The last two stanzas shift from nature's forests to Shelley's. In the fourth stanza, he identifies himself with the leaves of the first three stanzas: "dead leaf," "swift cloud," and "wave." If the wind can lift these things into flight, why can it not also lift Shelley "as a wave, a leaf, a cloud"? (43-45, 53) The fifth stanza completes the metaphor by identifying Shelley's "falling" and "withered" leaves (58, 64) as his "dead thoughts" and "words." (63, 67) At last Shelley — in longing to be the West Wind's lyre — becomes one with "the forest." (57) The last two stanzas also bring Shelley's commands to the invoked West Wind to a climax. The fourth, transitional stanza converts the threefold command "hear" to "lift" (53), and the last multiplies the commands six fold: "Make me thy lyre" (57), "Be thou, Spirit fierce,/My Spirit" and "Be thou me" (61-62), "Drive my dead thoughts" (63), "Scatter . . . / Ashes and sparks" (66), and "Be . . . / The trumpet of a prophecy." (68)

Reading fine poems and listening attentively to classical music both give pleasure, but it comes for several reasons. We carry away a piece of music's theme or "melody," rehearse it silently, and recognize the piece from that brief tune. One or more lines from a poem give a like pleasure. Some are first lines: young lovers recall Elizabeth Barrett's "How do I love thee. Let me count the ways"; and older married couples her husband Robert Browning's "Grow old with me./The best is yet to be" (from "Rabbi Ben Ezra"). Some are last lines: John Milton's "They also serve who only stand and wait," Dorothy Parker's "You might as well live," and Shelley's "If Winter comes . . ." As often, lines from the middle of poems persist, detached: where do

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

"Home is the sailor, home from sea," and "Under the bludgeonings of chance / My head is bloody, but unbowed" come from? (Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine," Stevenson's "Requiem," and Henley's "Invictus.") Yet a pleasure just as keen

comes from appreciating how a piece of music or a poem harmonizes its melodies. The longer we read a poem, the more perfected become its variations of those lines that live in our memory. "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?," in this way, perfects what came before.

The West Wind is the breath of personified Autumn. When Shelley invokes this breath, "dirge" (21), and "voice" (41), he has in mind a fellow traveller, a "comrade" (49) like himself, no less a human being for being a season of the year, no less an individual than the "close bosom-friend" in Keats' "To Autumn." Two other figures recur to Shelley in the Arno forest that day. The stormy cirrus clouds driven by the wind remind him of the "bright hair" and "locks" of "some fierce Mænad." (20-23) He imagines the wind waking a male and dreaming "blue Mediterranean." (29-30) Like Shelley the boy, these minor fellow travellers help humanize Autumn and his speaking power. In the first section, Shelley characterizes him as "an enchanter" (3) and a chariot-eer (6) to make that personification vivid. Then, by repeatedly addressing the West Wind in the second person as "thou" and "thee," Shelley works towards achieving his purpose, his "sore need." (52) That would identify himself, not just with the leaves of the forest, the wind's victims, but as "One too like thee" (56), like Autumn, music maker, composer of "mighty harmonies." Shelley imagines himself first as Autumn's lyre but, made bolder by the moment, claims the composer's own voice with "Be thou me, impetuous one!" (62) He associates himself with Autumn, the "enchanter," in the phrase, "by the incantation of this verse." (65) "Ode to the West Wind," in Shelley's mind, possesses the wind's own driving power at its close.

Shelley's overreaching is not quite done. The Autumn wind does not create, but only destroys and preserves. It drives ghosts and "Pestilence-stricken multitudes" (5), causes "Angels of rain and lightning" (18) to fall from heaven, releases "Black rain, and fire, and hail" (28), and brings fear to the oceans. It is not enough to be "a wave, a leaf, a cloud," at the mercy of Autumn's means in the "dying year." (24) The last stanza disregards Autumn and its successor season, Winter, for the last of the poem's characters, Autumn's "azure sister of the spring." (9) Shelley anticipates that spring will "blow / Her clarion" (8-10) for a good reason. At the most poignant moment of recognition of the poem, in the last two lines we all remember and do not know why, Spring's life-giving clarion becomes "The trumpet of a prophecy" Shelley determines to blow. Though "dead" and "withered," though reduced to scattered "Ashes," he will return, his "lips" blowing the trumpet, *like the voice of the Spring*. In shifting from clarion to trumpet, he brings the poem's harmonies to a climax. "Ode to the West Wind" ends with faith in a poet's resurrection, not with a weather forecast.

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Form: terza rima in sonnet units

Rhyme: aba bcb cdc ded ee

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## When the wind blows from the west a new world comes into being.

*Primavera* is a painting announcing the arrival of spring (*Primavera* in Italian) by Italian Renaissance painter Sandro Botticelli, c. 1482. It is housed in the Uffizi Gallery of Florence.

*Primavera* is significantly illustrative of Renaissance classicistic iconography and form, depicting classical gods almost naked and life-size and a complex philosophical symbolism requiring deep knowledge of Renaissance literature and syncretism to interpret. While some of the figures were inspired by ancient sculptures, these were not direct copies but translated into Botticelli's own, idiosyncratic formal language: slender, highly-idealized figures whose bodies at times seem slightly too attenuated and presage the elegant, courtly style of 16<sup>th</sup> century Mannerism.

Venus is standing in the centre of the picture, set slightly back from the other figures. Above her, Cupid is aiming one of his arrows of love at the Charites (Three Graces), who are elegantly dancing a rondel. The Grace on the right side has the face of Caterina Sforza, also painted by Botticelli in a famous portrait in the Lindenau Museum as Catherine of Alexandria. The garden of Venus, the goddess of love, is guarded on the left by Mercury, who stretches out his hand to touch the clouds.

Mercury, who is lightly clad in a red cloak covered with flames, is wearing a helmet and carrying a sword, clearly characterizing him as the guardian of the garden. The messenger of the gods is also identified by means of his winged shoes and the caduceus staff which he used to drive two snakes apart and make peace; Botticelli has depicted the snakes as winged dragons. From the right, Zephyrus, the god of the winds, is forcefully pushing his way in, in pursuit of the nymph Chloris. Next to her walks Flora, the goddess of spring, who is scattering flowers.

One source for this scene is Ovid's *Fasti*, a poetic calendar describing Roman festivals. For the month of May, Flora tells how she was once the nymph Chloris, and breathes out flowers as she does so. Aroused to a fiery passion by her beauty, Zephyr, the god of the wind, follows her and forcefully takes her as his wife. Regretting his violence, he transforms her into Flora, his gift gives her a beautiful garden in which eternal spring reigns. Botticelli is depicting two separate moments in Ovid's narrative, the erotic pursuit of Chloris by Zephyr and her subsequent transformation into Flora. This is why the clothes of the two women, who also do not appear to notice each other, are being blown in different directions. Flora is standing next to Venus and scattering roses, the flowers of the goddess of love. In his philosophical didactic poem *De Rerum Natura* the classical writer Lucretius celebrated both goddesses in a single spring scene. As the passage also contains other figures in Botticelli's group, it is probably one of the main sources for the painting:

Spring-time and Venus come,  
And Venus' boy, the winged harbinger, steps on before,  
And hard on Zephyr's foot-prints Mother Flora,  
Sprinkling the ways before them, filleth all  
With colours and with odours excellent.

Ernst Gombrich disputed the relevance of the Lucretius passage on the basis that it is part of a philosophical work otherwise of little interest to visual artists as source material, and in favour of a passage from *The Golden Ass* by Apuleius, which is much closer in style to classical *Ecphrasis*, texts describing lost paintings in detail, that were a popular source of inspiration for renaissance artists. Apuleius' passage represents the choice of Venus as the most beautiful goddess by Paris, a choice leading to *The Trojan War* described in Homer's *Iliad*. To the young Lorenzo's tutor, Ficino, Venus represented *Humanitas*, so that the painting becomes an invitation to choose the values of Renaissance Humanism.

Kathryn Lindskoog, in an introduction to her English retelling of Dante's *Purgatorio*, maintains that *Primavera* is an illustration of the Garden of Eden as described in *Purgatorio* Cantos 28-31, with the Venus figure representing Beatrice.<sup>1</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Wikipedia*

## 78. Shelley's simple dwelling, which shall be our own<sup>1</sup>

### Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts, Scene III, Caucasus

Prometheus, Hercules, Ione, the Earth, Spirits, Asia, and Panthea, borne in the car with the Spirit of the Hour. Hercules unbinds Prometheus, who descends and responds to Hercules as follows:

Thy gentle words  
Are sweeter even than freedom long desired  
And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,  
Shadow of beauty unbeheld; and ye,  
Fair sister nymphs, who made long years of pain  
Sweet to remember, through your love and care;  
Henceforth we will not part. There is a cave, 10  
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,  
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,  
And paved with veined emerald; and a fountain  
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.  
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,  
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,  
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light;  
And there is heard the ever-moving air  
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds, 20  
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,  
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;  
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;  
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,  
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.  
What can hide man from mutability?  
And if ye sigh, then I will smile; and thou,  
Ione, shalt chant fragments of sea-music,  
Until I weep, when ye shall smile away  
The tears she brought, which yet were sweet to shed.  
We will entangle buds and flowers and beams 30  
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things,  
Like human babes in their brief innocence;  
And we will search, with looks and words of love,  
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,  
Our unexhausted spirits; and, like lutes  
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind,  
Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,  
From difference sweet where discord cannot be;

<sup>1</sup> By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

And hither come, sped on the charmed winds, 40  
 Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees  
 From every flower aërial Enna feeds  
 At their known island-homes in Himera,  
 The echoes of the human world, which tell  
 Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,  
 And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,  
 Itself the echo of the heart, and all  
 That tempers or improves man's life, now free;  
 And lovely apparitions, dim at first,  
 Then radiant, as the mind arising bright 50  
 From the embrace of beauty (whence the forms  
 Of which these are the phantoms) casts on them  
 The gathered rays which are reality,  
 Shall visit us the progeny immortal  
 Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,  
 And arts, though unimagined, yet to be;  
 The wandering voices and the shadows these  
 Of all that man becomes, the mediators  
 Of that best worship, love, by him and us  
 Given and returned; swift shapes and sounds, which grow  
 More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,  
 And, veil by veil, evil and error fall.  
 Such virtue has the cave and place around.



## 79. Socrates' supercelestial triad

Commentary by Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist.

**I**N THE NEXT PLACE, let us consider the triad which is celebrated by Socrates as presubstisting in the supercelestial place, *viz. the plain of truth, the meadow, and the aliment of the Gods*. The *plain of truth*, therefore, is intellectually expanded to intelligible light, and is illuminated with the splendours which thence proceed. But *the meadow* is the prolific power of life, and of all-various reasons, and is the comprehension of the primary causes of life, and the cause of the variety and the procreation of forms. For meadows in this sensible region are fertile with forms and productive powers, and contain water, which is a symbol of vivific energy. But the nourishing cause of the gods is a certain intelligible union, comprehending in itself the whole perfection of the Gods, and filling them with vigour and power, that they may provide for secondary natures, and possess an immutable intelligence of such as are first. The Gods, however, participate of these uniformly on high, but with separation in their progressions. Of the aliment, also, one kind is called by Plato ambrosia, and the other nectar. Here, too, we may observe, that the charioteer who is nourished with intelligibles participates of the perfection illuminated from the Gods unically, but the horses divisibly; first of ambrosia, and afterwards of nectar. For it is necessary that they should remain firmly and immovably in more excellent natures, from ambrosia; but that they should immutably provide for secondary natures, through nectar; since they say that ambrosia is a solid, but nectar a liquid nutriment. Hence, the nutriment of nectar signifies that in providence which is unrestrained, indissoluble, and which proceeds to all things with perfect purity. But the nutriment of ambrosia signifies that which is permanent, and which is firmly established in more excellent natures. But from both it is implied, that the Gods are permanent, and at the same time proceed unconverted to subordinate natures, is unprolific, nor their prolific power and progression, without stability: but, being permanent, they proceed, and, being established in prior natures, provide for things secondary with consummate purity.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *The Works of Plato*. (Vol. III of a set of five volumes & Vol. XI of "The Thomas Taylor Series") From: The Prometheus Trust, 1996. Excerpt from endnote 14, pp. 412-13, being Taylor's Additional Notes on Plato's *Phædrus*. [Westerink line 246e, p. 358: "Likewise Jupiter the mighty leader, etc."]

## 80. Spirit orders, matter obeys<sup>1</sup>

### Imagination directs, body executes.

From Dr. Franz Hartmann (*Comp., tr. & Annot.*). *The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, Known by the Name of Paracelsus, and the Substance of His Teachings, concerning Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy*. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works, and from some unpublished manuscripts. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. (2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1932) Page numbers in this study correspond to the Philaletheians edition of "Paracelsus by Franz Hartmann." Consult full text in our Buddhas and Initiates Series. — ED. PHIL.

"The whole world is like a man and a woman, and has also its *anima* and its *spiritus imaginations*; only much stronger and more powerfully than man."

The spirit orders, the will (matter) obeys; thought (imagination) directs, the soul (the body) executes and produces, be it intellectually or without intelligence.<sup>2</sup>

**The mind is a field into which imagination throws the seeds of desire. The mind of man modifies the universal mind, which in turn brings about changes in the atmosphere, winds, rains, storms, hail, and lightning.**

The astral currents created by the imagination of the Macrocosmos act upon the Microcosmos, and produce certain states in the latter, and thus also the astral currents produced by the imagination and will of man produce certain states in external Nature, and these currents reach very far, because the power of the imagination reaches as far as thought can go. The physiological processes taking place in the body of living beings are caused by their life currents, and the physiological and meteorological processes taking place in the great organism of Nature are caused by the life currents of Nature as a whole. The astral currents of either act upon the other, either consciously or unconsciously, and if this fact is properly understood it will cease to appear incredible that the mind of man can produce changes in the universal mind, which will cause changes in the atmosphere, winds and rains, storms, hail, and lightning, or that evil may be changed into good by the power of faith. "Heaven [the mind] is a field into which the imagination of man throws the seeds. Nature is an artist that develops the seeds, and what is caused by Nature may be imitated by Art." (*De Sagis et eorum Operibus*)<sup>3</sup>

**Character shapes form. And form is revealed by physiognomy.**

Form is nothing but an appearance representing a character, and the character shapes the form. If the character of a person is thoroughly evil, it will cause the astral form to assume a hideous form. Therefore the souls of the depraved appear in animal shapes.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By Philippus Theophrastus Bombast.

<sup>2</sup> Ch. 6, "Magic and Sorcery," p. 105 *fn.*

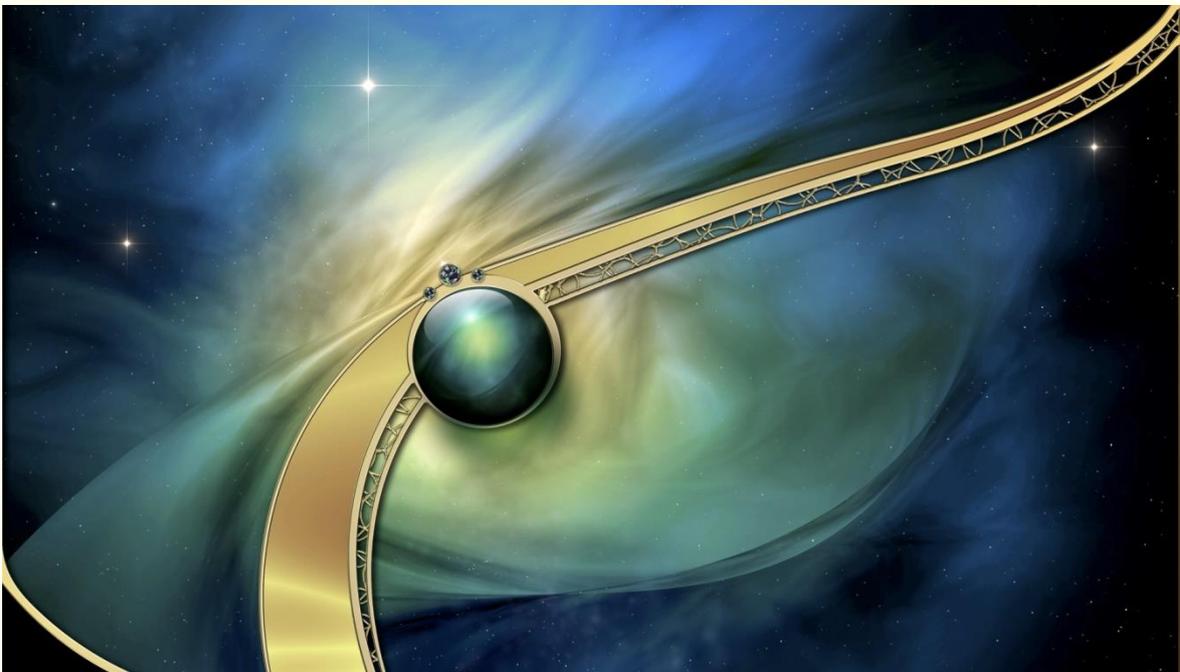
<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, p. 105

<sup>4</sup> Ch. 5, "Pneumatology," p. 85

**Forms and objects are manifestations of certain vibrations of will.  
The whole universe is Divine Will in perpetual motion.**

“*Pneuma*” or “soul,” means a semi-material spirit, an essence or form which is neither “material,” in the common acceptation of this term, nor pure spirit. It is (like everything else in the universe) a form of will, and may be with or without any intelligence. Usually it means the connecting link between spirit and body; but there are beings who belong entirely to the realm of the soul and have no such bodies as are commonly called “material.”

It may be said that the soul is a certain state of activity of the will, and the same may be said of the physical body; for if we look at the universe as being a manifestation of will in motion, then all forms and objects that we know of, or which we can imagine, are certain vibrations of will. Thus we may look upon physical nature as being constituted of a low order of vibrations; upon the soul as a higher octave of the same, and of spirit as one higher still. If the physical body dies, the lower octave ceases to sound; but the higher one continues and will continue to vibrate as long as it is in contact with the highest; but if the spirit has become separated from it, it will sooner or later cease its activity. Thus if man dies the soul remains, and its higher essences go to form the substance of the body of the paradisiacal man, “the man of the new Olymp,” and the lower essences of the soul, from which the spirit has departed, dissolve in the astral elements to which they belong, as the earthly body dissolves in the elements of the earth.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Ch. 5, “Pneumatology,” p. 78

## 81. Synesius' Third Hymn to the Father and Son

### Two translations side-by-side

#### By Alan Stevenson (1865)

Come, my soul, to sacred songs  
Give thy strength; and calm to rest

Earth-born passions, and each power  
Be to heav'nly thoughts address'd.  
Stir up, my soul, the heavenly love  
That burns within to God our King.

Offer th' unbloody Host with song  
And full drink-offerings, as we sing.  
O'er the wide sea, in distant isles,  
Over the great and wide-spread land,  
In cities and in rugged hills,  
Where'er our feet securely stand, —  
Maker of all, Thy name we'll sound  
In praise, through every land renown'd.

Upwards to Thee, O King, by night,  
My soul oft soars, in tuneful flight;  
At the pale dawn, at burning noon,  
And at sweet eve, my hymns I tune.

Bear witness, for you know it well,  
Ye glittering stars, for you can tell,  
And thou soft moon, whose gentle ray,  
Yields to the brighter power of day,  
Which rules o'er every lesser light,  
And pious souls doth judge aright.

Lifting my weary wings, away  
From the deep chaos to God's rest,  
O! may I go, in cheerful day  
To His fair courts and to His breast,  
And, bending at His holy shrine,  
Join in heaven's rites pure and divine.

Now to the sacred hills I go,  
Upon those holy heights to pray,  
And to bare Libya's deep defile  
And southern verge I've wound my way.  
Land! not polluted by the godless soul,  
And where no worldly dreamers ever stray,

'Tis there the soul, from evil thoughts made whole,  
From fowl desires, from toils and woes set free,  
And wrath and strife,  
which in the heart's core spring,  
With holy tongue, O God, sings hymns to Thee.

O heaven, O earth, a reverent silence keep;  
Stand still, O sea! breathe not, thou silent air,  
And all ye winds be hush'd; ye curling waves,  
Your angry tumults calm; and never dare,  
Ye streams, to flow, nor fountains to well forth;  
Let a deep silence rest o'er Nature's fields,

#### By Augustine Fitzgerald (1930)

Awake my soul; give thyself unto sacred songs,  
lay to rest the stings that are born of matter.

Arm thou the mighty impulses of mind.  
For the King of gods we are weaving a crown,  
a bloodless offering, libations of poesy.

Thee I invoke in song, Thee in the ocean,  
Thee over islands, on mainlands,  
in cities and on the craggy mountains,  
Thee when'er I rest the twain feet of my limbs  
on the far-famed plains,  
Thee blessed Creator of a universe.

Night brings me, Thy minstrel, to Thee, O King,  
and I lift up to Thee hymns of the day-time,  
of the morning, of the evening.

Thy witnesses are the beams of glittering stars,  
the courses of the moon, and the mighty witness,  
the sun, who presideth over the pure stars,  
the holy guardian of pure spirits.

Lifting up my wing that turns away from far-reaching matter,  
I have advanced and come to Thy dwelling-place,  
Thy bosom, rejoicing.

And now even unto the sacred enclosure  
of the Holy Sacrifice am I come, a suppliant.  
Now a suppliant I come to the crests of famous mountains,  
and the great ravine of desert Libya,  
the southern border, which no godless blast of wind sullieth,  
nor is the foot-print graven thereon of men whose cares are of the town.

There, purified of passions, released from desires,  
ceasing to grieve, to rage or to covert,  
may my soul casting off all these things that cause death,  
render the hymn that is due unto Thee  
with a pure tongue and a sanctified mind.

Let earth and upper air be at peace.  
Let the sea be still, let air be still.  
Be still, ye gusts of swift winds;  
be stilled, onslaughts of curling waves,  
mouths of rivers, outwellings of springs.  
Let silence hold the caverns of the universe,

MYSTIC VERSE AND INSIGHTS SERIES  
SYNESIUS' HYMN TO THE FATHER AND SON

While pious tongues to the Lord's praise give birth.

Ye curling snakes! which earth polluted yields,  
Be hid in earth. Go, idol-loving fiend,  
Thou winged dragon, to the desert bare,  
Nor cheer thou on the brood of hell-hounds dire,  
To drown, with yells, each heaven-directed prayer.

O Father blest, drive far away the host  
Of soul-deceiving fiends that fiercely tear  
My trembling soul, corrupting all my deeds,  
And scare my humble soul from earnest prayer.

O let our hearts be soothed by gentle care  
Of holy messengers, who heavenward bear  
To Thee our fervent hymns.

I upward rise  
Already to the goal of hallow'd rest,  
Where sacred songs abide. The echo dread  
Of God's voice thrills within my panting breast!  
Forgive me, Father blessed, if too much  
Of Thee I speak, or with unguarded touch  
Thy throne approach. What eye can wisely gaze,  
Or boldly try the holy Lord to see,  
And yet not close, in guilty dread amaze,  
Awed by the holiness they find in Thee?  
Thy fires the shuddering gods of men dispel;

Their eyes from Thee cast down behold the earth;  
Their quaking spirits dare not rise to dwell  
Before Thee; but in awe they are cast forth  
On what they cannot gain, and thus away

They, from Thy watch-tower,  
turn their darken'd eyes  
To pierce the depths of light  
that boundless lies Beneath.

There is the seat of winds that play,  
And bear the flowers of light that to Thee pay,  
Offering back gifts which from  
Thee first came forth, —  
For to all things, O King, Thou gavest birth.  
Father of fathers, all things, of Thyself,  
Before Time, came, the Father ever One;  
The One before all Unities, Thou art,  
Having no father, of Thyself the Son,

The Seed of beings, Centre of all things,  
Eternal, unsubstantial Mind, whence springs  
The Universe, — the Light that, e'er the day  
Of things created came, eternal shone;  
The Fount of Wisdom true, the Mind deep hid  
In its own brightness, e'er unchanged and One;

Parent and Life of ages, who dost rule  
All minds and powers, the Maker of the whole,  
Spirits and angels, nourishing all souls;  
Eye of Thyself, Thou thunder dost control;

while these sacred hymns are offered up.

Let the sinuous trend of serpents sink beneath the earth,  
and that winged serpent also, the demon of matter,  
he who clouds the soul, rejoicing in images  
and urging in his brood of whelps against my supplications.

Do Thou, O Father, O Blessed One, keep away from my soul these  
soul-devouring hounds, from my prayer, from my life, from my works.

May our heart's libations be a care to Thy august messengers,  
wise bearers to Thee of holy hymns.

Now am I borne back to the starting point of sacred poesy.  
Already does the oracle echo in my mind.  
Be full of goodness unto me, Blessed One,  
be full of goodness to me, Father,  
if beyond what is ordered,  
if beyond what is destined,  
I touch upon that which is Thine.

Whose eye is so wise, whose so availing,  
that it blinketh not when checked by Thy shafts of light?

Not even for gods it is lawful to gaze steadfastly on Thy flaming torches,  
but Mind, falling from Thy pinnacle,  
is fain to caress whatsoever is near to Thee,  
seeking thus to attain the unattainable, to look upon the light that glitters  
in Thy untiring profundity; and so relinquishing unapproachable ways,  
it fixes the strength of its eye upon the image that first showed itself.

Thence plucking flowers of light to be hymns unto Thee,  
may it stay the blast of fitful winds and give thee back Thine own.  
For what is there, O King, that is not Thine,  
Father of all fathers, Father of Thyself,  
Fatherless Ancestor, Son of Thyself,  
One prior to the One, Seed of existing things,  
Centre of all things,  
Mind that were without substance at the beginning?

Roof of the world, Thou the Light,  
everywhere visible, of primal things,  
wise Certainty and wisdom's Fountain,  
Mind hidden by Thine own bright rays,  
Eye of Thyself, Master of the thunderbolt,  
Father of the ages, Immortal higher than the gods,  
higher than intellects which thou turnest to one side of the other.

Thou the mind's source of intelligence,  
the Creator of divine beings,  
Shaper of the spirit, Nourisher of the soul,  
Fountain of fountains, Origin of origins, Root of roots.

MYSTIC VERSE AND INSIGHTS SERIES  
SYNESIUS' HYMN TO THE FATHER AND SON

Fount of all founts, of all beginnings first,  
O Root, whence every living root hath burst;  
Unit of Unities, of Numbers all  
The Source, the Mind that hast all ever known,  
Both what has been, and what is yet to be;  
One before all ; of all the Sum alone;  
Seed of all things; the Root and highest Branch:

The Mind mysterious that canst all declare,  
And leade'st round the depths unspeakable  
Thy circling orbits, through the boundless air:

Thou bringest forth,  
and Thou too forth art brought;  
Th' eternal Father, to all eyes unknown.  
Thy power appears, and Thou art often hid  
In Thine own splendour; in Thyself alone

Thou wert in wonder seen,  
that Thou might'st bring  
Thy Son, true Wisdom, Maker of each thing.

Thee Trinity, Thee Unity, I praise,  
One and yet Three alike in all Thy ways;  
That severance our minds admit is still  
The one and only Person of God's will.

Upon Thee, Son, by counsel wise shed forth,  
(The Natural mind unspeakable), none durst

Of Thee, first of all Natures, dare to say,  
'From Thee a *Second* came, or *Third* from *First*.'  
O Child unspeakable! O sacred Birth!

Comprising what does bear,  
and what's brought forth!  
A middle thing (not from *without* pour'd in)  
Within the hidden plan which I revere  
Deeply abides. Th' unspeakable Father's will,  
By wondrous birth, caused Thee to appear  
In light and glory; with Thy Father still  
Thou ever art, — His will and Thine the same.

Nor can time boundless the Son's birth proclaim,  
The Father saw His Son, and He alone,  
Nor oldest time can tell His birth unknown;  
The pre-existent Son, to be reveal'd  
With God the Father came.

O! who will dare  
In things unspoken and from man conceal'd,  
Boldly and wickedly his thoughts declare?  
The blind man's words are blasphemous and bold.  
O! Thou who givest light to souls, withhold  
From craft and crookedness the hearts of all  
Thy saints, lest into hell's deep gloom they fall.

Thou art the Unity of unities, Number of numbers,  
at once Monad and Number, Mind and Intellect,  
both the knowable and what precedes it,  
One and All, and the One of All, and the One before All,  
that is the seed of all things, the root and the branch,  
and nature in whatsoever is endowed with intelligence  
the female element and the male.

The mind initiated in the mysteries  
says such and such things,  
moving in harmony  
the while around Thy awful abyss.

Thou art the Generator, Thou the Generated;  
Thou the Light that shineth, Thou the Illumined;  
Thou what is revealed, Thou that which is hidden in Thine own beams;  
The One and All, the One Self-contained and  
dispersed through all things.

For Thou wert poured out, ineffable Parent,  
that Thou might'st beget a child,  
to wit, far-famed Wisdom,  
Creator of the world, but so outwelling,  
Thou dost remain once delivered in the divisions undivided.

I sing to Thee, Unity, I sing to Thee, Trinity;  
Thou art One being Three, art Three being One;  
and the intelligible segment holds what has been divided still indivisible.

Thou wert poured out on the Son in Thy wisdom's Will,  
and that Will Itself was then born,  
a nature unutterable, the being pre-existent to matter.

It is against divine law to say that a second one has come from Thee,  
it is against it to say that a third has come from the first.  
O holy Birth, O unspeakable generation;

Thou art the boundary of natural forces,  
of the generating and the generated.  
O venerate the hidden ordering of intellectual things,  
but there is some medial element that may not be distributed.  
Ineffable Offspring of a Father Ineffable,  
the birth-pang was through Thee,  
and through the birth-pang Thou didst Thyself appear,  
showing Thyself together with the Father by the Father's Will.

By the Will of the Father Thou, His Will,  
art ever of Thyself beside the Father.  
Even deep-eddying Time knoweth not the inevitable procreations,  
nor did long ages comprehend the tedious birth.  
With the Father He was revealed,  
He that had been for all eternity One  
that was to come into being.

Who has controlled rashness in regard to unspeakable things?  
Godless are the audacities of blind mortals  
with cunningly devised language,

but Thou art Giver of light, the light of intellect,  
and dost bear aloft the minds of holy men away from crooked deceit,  
that they sink not in the dark shades of matter.

Father of Ages, and of those worlds bright,  
Maker of gods, to praise Thy name is right;  
Thee souls intelligent e'er laud, O King!  
Rulers of worlds, with sparkling eyes, e'er sing  
Thy praise; and souls in stars with joyful voice  
In Thy bright glory, blessed Lord, rejoice;  
Round them, Thy person's glory ceaseless flows.

The whole assembly of the bless'd which rose  
Throughout the universe, from pole to pole,  
In boundless zones, and governing the whole,  
Wise servants, faithful steersmen, who came forth  
From the angelic host, by mystic birth, —

The noble race of heroes that, in ways  
Conceal'd, wrought works of men now dead,  
Thee praise,  
The soul upright, and what is apt to fall  
Into the earth's dark mass adore Thy name;

Thee, happy Nature and her offspring all,  
Which Thou dost feed with genial winds, proclaim  
Thy praise, O bless'd, who,  
from Thine endless store,  
By Thy streams downwards,  
dost Thy bounty pour.  
For Thou the Guide of worlds yet undefiled,  
Nature of natures! Thou wilt foster all  
The race of man (of the eternal Type),  
That thus the lowest mortal yet may fall  
To share his portion of eternal life;

Nor wrought God this, in justice but in love;  
Man's dregs to greatest hope he will exalt,

Nor what has lived to hell, will He remove;  
It shall not die;

but each shall have in time  
His coming share of heavenly life sublime.

Of things that perish, the eternal band  
To speak Thy praises ever do command —  
To dance and sing. Maternal mother fair,  
In various works adorn'd and colours rare,

And all that live with different voices sing  
With heartfelt joy, and common praises bring  
To Thee sweet anthems that shall never end;  
Both day and night, lightnings that earth oft rend;  
The sky and ether and the deeps of earth,  
Snow, water, air, all bodies and all souls,

Thee, Father of the Universe,  
Father of the ages,  
Creator of the gods,  
it is an act of purity to praise.  
They who have knowledge praise Thee, O King,  
and they who govern the world,  
they of the glittering eyes,  
the starry intelligences sing Thy praises, Blessed One,  
as the glorious mass moves rhythmically around them.

The whole race of the blessed sing to Thee,  
they who about the world, who in the world,  
within and without the zones  
guide in their wisdom the fates of the cosmos,  
protectors they, side by side with the famous pilots  
whom the chain angelic keeps pouring forth.

And the illustrious race of heroes  
that goeth through the works of men,  
works of mortal mold, hidden pathways, (sing praises).  
And the soul at once steadfast  
and bent down to the dark-gleaming  
corners of the earth (sing praises).

Thee blessed Nature hymns aloud,  
and the offspring of Nature  
which Thou, Blessed One,  
urgest on with favouring breezes,  
drawn from Thy channels and rolling onwards;  
for Thou, Leader of immaculate universes,  
art the Nature of natures;  
Thou cherishest Nature, birth of mortals,  
the image of the eternal monad,  
that even the lowest portion of the universe  
may be allotted an alternative lot.

For it was not the divine law  
that the less of the universe  
should contend with the summits.  
That which has been wholly ordained  
to the assemblage of real existences  
shall never perish,  
but all find their happiness,  
one from another and each through each.

Of perishable things an eternal circle,  
cherished by Thy breath,  
places choirs to Thee  
throughout all things:  
so doth maternal Nature  
in her proper colours,  
in her proper works,  
embellish them.

And out of living things of varied voices  
she creates one harmony in likeness of sound.  
All things bring to Thee ageless praise,  
even the dawn and the night,  
the lightnings, the snows, the firmament,  
the ether, and the roots of the soil, water

Seeds, fruits, plants, grasses,  
all things that spring forth.  
Flocks, and all birds that fly between the poles,  
Or crowds of fish that swim where ocean rolls.

Regard this soul, so pow'rless, weak, and spent,  
In thine own Libya, in Thy sacred shrines,  
On holy earnest prayers sincerely bent.  
From me, in whom the clouds of flesh do dwell,  
Thine eye, O God, can them at once dispel.  
Then will my heart by hymns well nourish'd be,  
Sharpen'd its thoughts by powers of fire divine;  
Grant that from flesh and sin I may be free,  
Look down, O King, that light may ever shine.

But, while of forest life I bear the chains,  
Blest God! may gentle dealings soothe my pains,  
And may no angry blast with baneful care,  
Devouring life, from love of God make bare  
My soul, and give woes that shall never rest;  
But by Thy gift, set free nor more opprest,  
From holy meads, to Thee a crown I frame;  
Thy praises, Ruler of pure worlds, proclaim.

And to Thy Son,  
whose wisdom Thou brought'st forth  
From Thy deep bosom vast by wondrous birth;  
Though born of Thee, with Thee He dwelleth still,  
That so His Spirit orders at His will  
The depths of ancient ages, and the shores  
Of the vast universe, even to the base  
Of lowest beings; and in boundless stores  
Of glory, pious souls He will encase.

To all the cares and toils of wretched man  
He looks, gives good, and sorrows all dispels,  
Nor should we marvel that the God who made  
The universe, black evils all expels.

King of the whole, I come a vow to pay  
From Thrace;  
for three years there compell'd to stay.  
I dwelt beside the kingly palace hall,  
Suffering sad toil and pains,  
that did appal My heart;  
and on my back my mother-land I bore;

the earth, with daily sweat of toil  
Of wrestling limbs, and from my mourning eyes,  
Through the long night, with tears my couch did  
soil!

air, all bodies, all spirits, seeds, fruits,  
the plants and the grasses, roots, herbs,  
beasts and birds, and shoals of the swimming finny creatures.

Behold now in Thy Libya, in Thy august priesthood,  
a soul feeble and exhausted, one given up to holy prayers to Thee,  
but whom a cloud of matter besets.  
But Thine Eye, O Father, pierces matter,  
and now my heart, made fruitful with hymns to Thee,  
has exited my mind with fiery impulses.  
Do Thou, O King, kindle the uplifting beams,  
and grant, Father, that, fleeing the body,  
(the soul) may ne'er again descend to an earthly doom.

But as long as I remain in the chains of a life  
that has commerce with matter,  
may a gentle destiny, O Blessed One, nourish me.  
May it not blow adversely,  
consuming my life with grim cares of the mind,  
so that I may have no time for the things of God,  
nor be involved in such cares;  
but rather fleeing from these, by Thy gifts,  
may I weave for thee this garland  
from the sacred meadows.

I bring to Thee this praise, Leader of unsullied worlds,  
and to Thy wise Son, whom Thou has sent forth from Thy sacred bosom  
together with wisdom itself.  
Springing forth from Thee,  
He remains within Thee,  
that He may explore  
all things with subtle breathings,  
that He may rule the profundities of hoary ages,  
and direct the feet of a rugged world,  
even unto the last depth of what belongeth to earthly destiny;  
his light shining in pious hearts  
that He may release living mortals from their labours, from their cares,  
He the Accomplisher of good deeds,

the Chaser away of distress.  
And why should it be a thing to wonder at,  
that the Maker of the universe keeps  
evil destinies from His own works?

I come, O Ruler of the great universe,  
to acquit myself of a vow I made to Thee,  
even from Thrace,  
where for three years I dwelt  
in a way near to the king's palace in that land.  
And labours I endured,  
griefs I endured meet for many tears,  
bearing on my shoulders my mother-city.

The earth was watered with the sweat of my limbs  
that toiled in the contest day by day,  
and my couch was moistened  
with the dropping of tears  
from my eyelids weeping  
from night to night.

But to all Temples, King, my steps me led,  
That in Thy holy service I might toil;  
So bending, with wet eyelids there I lay,  
So that my journey might not useless be.

Praying the angel ministers, whose sway  
Was o'er Thrace's gold land, and where the sea  
Divides Chalcedon's fields, which they too rule —  
Ministers holy, whom Thou, King, hast crown'd  
And with angelic glory dost surround.

Help to my toils and prayers  
these bless'd ones gave;  
But in my life I had no thought of joy,  
For Thou my Fatherland had sorely grieved,  
Thyself, O Ruler, free from all alloy  
Of age.

While my soul faints and my limbs fail,  
Thou grantest strength and cheer'st me,  
O my Lord,  
From all my toils, and sweet rest dost me give,  
And to all Africans Thou dost afford,  
That for long times our hearts may ever know  
The memory of Thy goodness and our woe.

To him who seeks, O give a holy life;  
Of labours, pains, and cares, O calm the strife  
That gnaws the heart; and to Thy servant grant  
A thoughtful soul; may worldly wealth not dare  
To keep from God; nor poverty that clings  
Round our abodes, cast down my heart with care.  
Whate'er to earth our soul draws down, whate'er  
Forgetful makes of Thee, my Saviour dear,

O Father, wisdom's Fount, dispel with light,  
From Thy breast make my intellect full bright;  
Comfort my heart by wisdom's beam from Thee,  
And give Thy sign and token, for the way  
That leads to Thee; and from my life and prayers  
The spirits of darkness ever drive away.

And as many temples as were built  
for Thy holy ceremonies, O King,  
to all these I repaired.

There prostrate, a suppliant,  
I prayed, watering the ground  
with the dew of my eyelids,  
that I might not find my journey vain.

I supplicated gods that labour,  
even as many as hold the fruitful plain of Thrace,  
and those who on the other side  
rule the Chalcedonian pastures,  
whom Thou, O King,  
has crowned with Thy annunciating beams,  
to be Thy sacred ministers.

The blessed ones have indeed  
taken to them my supplications,  
they have engaged in many labours with me.  
My life was not at that time dear to me  
because my fatherland was so tormented;  
but Thou, O King, has lifted it from out its sorrows.

O Ruler of the universe,  
Thou, the Ageless,  
sustainedst the force of my limbs,  
when my soul was already failing  
and my members already breaking up.  
Thou didst breathe strength into my wretched soul;  
a sweet ending to my labours didst Thou find me,  
O King, and one according to my desire,  
granting to my works a repose from long labours.  
Do Thou, I Blessed One,  
preserve all these gains for the Libyans  
for a long roll of time,  
for the sake of the memory of Thy great goodness,  
and for the soul that has suffered grievous things.

Give moreover to Thy suppliant a life free from harm,  
deliver me from sufferings, deliver me from diseases,  
deliver me from cares that bring death;  
grant Thy servant a life of the intellect.  
Adjudge me not earthly showers of gold,  
O King, that may render me without leisure for the things divine,  
nor let grim poverty attack my house  
and draw down to earth the meditations of my heart,  
for both these weigh down the soul to the earth,  
and both bring forgetfulness of mind, whensoever,  
O Blessed One, Thou offerest not Thy help.

O Father, Fountain of pure wisdom,  
kindle in my mind a flame of intellect  
out of Thy bosom, illumine our heart  
out of Thy strength with a gleam of wisdom.  
Give this as a symbol of the sacred way to Thee,  
even Thine own seal.  
Chase from my life and from my prayer  
the deadly demons of matter,

MYSTIC VERSE AND INSIGHTS SERIES  
SYNESIUS' HYMN TO THE FATHER AND SON

My body safe from all disease, O bring;  
My spirit unpolluted keep, O King!  
Now indeed Nature's murky stain I wear;  
And shameful lusts, earth's hated chains, I bear.

From disease, ills, and chains, O set me free,  
My Saviour and Redeemer, for from Thee  
Thy seed, a spark of heaven-born soul I bear,  
Deep hid in man's corruption and in fear;  
For on the world my soul Thou placedst low;  
But in my soul Thou, King, my mind didst sow.

Thy child, O Blessed, pity; I from Thee  
Came down to earth, a servant but to be;  
But for a serf, a slave, now do I lie;  
Nature, with magic arts, my heart does tie;

Still in me dwell some hidden seeds and small  
Of strength; nor has it quenched my vigour all;

But many an upward billow o'er me bounds,  
And when to God I look, my sight confounds.  
O Father! Thy child pity, who oft tries  
In upward thought, for Heaven; but sad the sighs  
That fleshly lusts oft bring to quench the light.

O King, send forth of heaven a cheering sight,  
Send flame and fire that may sow the seed small  
Within my brain. O Father, place me all  
In the power of the good life-giving Light,  
Where Nature cannot thrust her hands, nor sight  
Of earth shall be, nor the Fate's cords of woe  
Backwards shall draw our souls  
that heavenwards go.

May treacherous men Thy servant leave and flee;  
Father, 'twixt me and earthly fights Fire be!  
O Father, to Thy servant grant to spread  
His wings of thought —  
may his soul suppliant dwell  
Firm on the Father's seal, that mark of dread  
For evil demons, who from earth's deep cell  
Spring upwards,  
godless schemes in man 't expand;  
But a sure watchword to those servants true  
Who in the depths of the great world do stand,  
Key-keepers of high flights to ether blue,  
That they to him may open gates of light.

While on vain earth I creep, may I not cling  
To earth; but here give me the cheering sight  
Of testing fruits,  
true words from heaven that spring,  
And nourish in all souls the hope divine.  
Over this earthly life I do repine.

preserve my body safe and sound  
from the approach of spiteful violence,  
and guard in my safety my spirit unpolluted, O King.

In sooth I carry on me already the darkling stain of Matter,  
and I am held fast by desires, by earthly chains.  
But Thou art my liberator, Thou my purifier.  
Release me from evils, from illness, from fetters.  
I carry in me Thy seed, the spark of high-born Mind,  
but a spark falling down to the depths of matter.

But Thou hast deposited soul in the cosmos,  
and through soul hast down mind in the body, O King.  
Take pity on thine handmaiden, O Blessed One.  
I descended from Thee to be a servant of earth,  
instead of living as a hireling, I became a bonds slave.  
Matter fettered me with magic arts.

For all that, there is still some strength  
in the ball of the eye hidden within me,  
it has not yet extinguished all its might.

But a great wave has broken over me from above,  
blinding the soul that seeth God.  
Pity, O Father, Thy suppliant handmaiden,  
whom longing for devouring matter strangles,  
when oftentimes she strives to ascend  
by the paths of mind to thee.

But do Thou, O King, kindle the lights that lead upwards,  
do Thou light the gleam and the beacon  
by augmenting the scanty seed  
in the noblest part of my mind.  
Enthroned me, O Father, in the strength of the life-bringing life,  
where nature advanceth not her hand, whence nor earth,  
nor the fated spinning of Necessity yet makes me recoil.

May false generation leave Thy servant in flight!  
Let fire be between me, O Father,  
and the tumult of the earth Grant,  
O Creator, grant unto Thy minister  
now to spread his wings of Mind.  
Now at last let the suppliant soul  
bear the seal of the Father,  
a terror to hostile demons,  
who dart aloft from deep lurking places of the earth  
to breathe godless impulses upon mortals;  
and let this be a sign to Thy pure ministers,  
who throughout the depths of the august universe  
are keybearers to the fiery ascents,  
that they should open wide to me the gates of light,  
and that while still creeping upon the vain earth,  
I may not be of its soil.

And of the works written in fire give me,  
even here, fruit as a witness, sure utterances,  
and as many tokens as cherish the hope immortal of souls.  
I repent me of this life of clay.  
Hence, eyesores of godless mortals,  
dominations of cities!

Perish ye plagues of godless men, and might  
Of towns, ye soothing snares that graceless smile,  
Whereby the earth the soul deceived holds tight,  
Its own goods it forgets, being so vile,  
Until it fall into an envious share,  
For cozening nature has two portions bare.

He who at table shows his hand to sue  
The honey'd feast, his bitter share will rue;

For weights oppose, and him will downwards pull,  
And from two cups by earth's tyrannic rule  
Pours out his life. Full pure and unalloy'd  
Is God and all He gives. But if I'm cloy'd  
With the sweet tempting bowl, I reach the shore  
Of woe, and fall in snares, and feel the sore  
That Epimetheus felt, and deep deplore.

But the uncertain laws I do abhor,  
And to my Father's meadows free of care  
Stretching my feet in flight I will aspire,  
And shun the double gifts of nature's snare.  
Giver of intellectual life and fire!

Behold me, and regard my soul that cries,  
Which from the earth does upward flights desire,  
Light up, O King, my heaven-seeking eyes.

Cut off all ties; and nimble make my wing;  
Chains of two lusts, by which false nature binds  
Our souls to earth, unloose. May I swift spring  
Up to Thy halls and breast, where my soul finds  
Its Fount.

To earth a heavenly drop I fell;  
Restore me, flying wanderer, to that well  
Whence I was pour'd.

Grant me in first-born light  
To be full mixed; and that my Father's might  
May keep me midst the holy choir, until  
My share in heavenly hymns I may fulfil.

O Father! grant that, in the light array'd,  
No more into earth's vileness I may sink;  
But, while in forest life I am delay'd,  
Let me, O Bless'd, of gentle fortune drink.

Hence all-sweetened destinies of perdition,  
and grace that is no grace,  
wherewith the beguiled soul is held fast in bondage to earth,  
the soul which drank, in its great cowardice,  
oblivion of its own good,  
until it fell upon envy as its portion.

For debauched matter has twain parts,  
and whoso stretches out his hand to the table,  
to touch the sweet viands,  
will in sooth greatly lament his bitter lot,  
when the hostile elements  
drag him down with them.

Verily this law of earthly necessity pours out a life  
to mortals from two sources,  
and the one is unmixed and is pure good, a god or things divine.  
I have been inebriated with the sweet cup,  
I have touched the lands of evil things,  
I have fallen into the snare,  
I have known the fate of Epimetheus.

So I hate inconstant laws;  
and I hasten to my Father's carefree meadow.  
Thither I spread my wings  
in flight from the twin gifts of matter.

Behold me, Thou who dost order the mind's life.  
Behold Thy suppliant, a soul upon the earth,  
striving towards the ascents by mind,  
and do Thou kindle, O King,  
the lights that lead aloft, giving unto me light wings.

Cut Thou the knot, loose Thou the grip of the twin desires  
by which artful Nature bends down souls to the earth.  
Grant to me to escape the destiny of the body  
and to spring swiftly even to Thy courts,  
to Thy bosom, whence floweth forth the fountain of the soul.

A heavenly drop I am shed upon the earth.  
Do thou restore me to that fountain  
whence I was poured forth,  
a wanderer who comes and goes.

Grant me to mingle with ancestral light.  
And grant that, cared for by Thee,  
the Father, I may with the kingly choir  
bear aloft in sanctity the songs of mind.

Grant, O Father, that mingled with the light  
I sink not again into an earthly destiny,  
but as long as I remain in the chains  
of a material life, may a kindly fortune,  
O Blessed One, nurture me!



## 82. Tale of a Starry Night by Alphonse Daudet

### Les Étoiles: Récit d'un Berger Provençal

#### *Tale of a Provençal Shepherd*

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**I**N THE DAYS WHEN I WAS SHEPHERD on the Luberon I used to pass whole weeks without seeing a living soul, alone among the pastures with my dog, Labri, and my flocks. From time to time the hermit of Mont de l'Ure went by, on his search after simples, or, may be, I spied the black face of some charcoal-burner from Piedmont; but these were simple folk, whom silence had rendered taciturn. They had lost the taste for talk, and knew nothing of the gossip of the villages and towns down in the lowlands. And so, every second week, when I heard the bells of our farm mule tinkling up the road, with my provisions for another fortnight, and when I saw the brisk head of our little *miarro*<sup>1</sup> coming up the mountain-side, and growing little by little more distinct, or the russet head-dress of old "Aunt" Norade, I was very happy, I can tell you. I made them tell me the news of the country-side below, the baptisms and the marriages; but what interested me most was to hear about my employer's daughter, our little mistress Stéphanette, the prettiest maiden for ten leagues round. Without seeming to take too much interest, I used to make them tell me if she went about much to fairs or parties, and if fresh lovers were always flocking about her. If you ask how these matters concerned me — me a poor upland shepherd — I must answer that I was twenty years old, and in all my life had seen nothing so beautiful as Stéphanette.

Now one Sunday, when I was expecting my fortnight's victuals, it happened that they did not arrive till very late. During the morning I said to myself, "It's because of the High Mass today"; then, towards noon, a heavy storm broke, and I thought that the mule could not have started, because of the bad state of the roads. At last, about three o'clock, the sky being cleansed by that time, and the mountain glittering with rain and sunshine, I heard, amid the dripping of the leaves and the rushing of the swollen streams, the bells of the mule ringing as brisk and gay as the church chimes on an Easter morning. But 'twas neither our little *miarro* that drove her; no, nor old Aunt Norade. It was — guess who it was — our little lady, my friends! our little lady herself, seated there between the wicker panniers, all aglow with the mountain air and the freshening breath of the storm.

The little farm-boy was sick: Aunt Norade off on a holiday to visit her children.

Pretty Stéphanette told me all this as she alighted from her mule; and also that she was late because she had lost her way: but to see her in that Sunday attire, with her flowered ribbons, her gleaming white skirt and her lace, you would have thought she had lingered at some dance instead of seeking her way among the thickets. The charming maid she! I could not take my eyes off her. It is true I had never seen her

<sup>1</sup> [Farm-boy]

so near. Sometimes in winter, when the flocks were led down to the plain, and I used to go, in the evenings, and eat my supper in the farm-house, she would trip through the kitchen, with hardly a word for the farm-hands, always daintily dressed and the least bit disdainful. Now I had her there before me, all to myself. Wasn't it enough to make one lose his head?

When she pulled the provisions out of the pannier, Stéphanette began to look about her with curiosity. Lifting her pretty Sunday skirt a little, lest the mud should spoil it, she entered the sheepfold, asked to see the corner where I slept, the straw bed with the sheepskin coverlet, my cape hitched on the wall, my crucifix, my flint-gun. All of these amused her.

“So this is where you live, poor shepherd? How tiresome you must find it here, always alone. How do you manage? What do you think about?”

I longed to answer, “About you, mistress.” It would have been no lie; but the trouble was so great within me that I could not find so much as a word. I thought she saw it, too, and — little mischief-maker! — took pleasure in doubling my awkwardness by teasing me.

“And your sweetheart, shepherd? Does she climb up, sometimes, to see you? She must be the Lady of the Golden Fleece, no doubt, or the fairy Estérelle — she who only inhabits the mountain-tops.”

And she herself might have been that fairy Estérelle as she spoke, looking back with that pretty smile as she turned to go — to go so soon that her visit seemed a vision only.

“God keep you, shepherd!”

“Farewell, mistress!”

And with that she was gone, carrying back the empty baskets.

As she disappeared in the thicket down the hill, it seemed that the loose stones trickling under her mule's hoofs were dropping one by one upon my heart. I heard them far away, and farther yet; and until sunset I stood as a man in a dream, not daring to stir for fear of awakening. Towards evening, as the hollow of the valleys became blue, and the sheep crowded together, bleating to enter the fold again, I heard my name called up the slope, and saw our little lady reappear, no longer laughing, as before, but shivering with cold and terror and wet.

It seemed that at the foot of the mountain she had found the Sorgue swollen by the rain of the late storm, and that, wishing to cross it at all hazard, she had come near to drowning herself. The terrible part was that, at this hour of the night, she could no longer dream of returning to the farm; for the little lady could never have found the cross-cut road by herself, and, as for me, I could not leave the flock. The prospect of spending the night on the mountain greatly disturbed her, above all because the folk at home would be so anxious. I did my very best to hearten her.

“In July the nights are short, mistress. Your worry 'll soon be over.”

And quickly I lit a big fire to dry her feet and her frock soaked in the waters of the Sorgue. Next I set milk before her, and cheese biscuits; but the poor little maid could

neither think of warming herself nor of eating; and when I saw the big tears rising in her eyes, I, too, wanted to weep.

Meanwhile night was come, indeed. On the mountain-tops there lingered but a powdery glow and a bright haze along their western slopes. I desired our little lady to enter within the sheep-fold and lie down to sleep. Having spread a fine new sheepskin on fresh straw, I wished her good-night, and went to sit and keep watch before the gate. God is my witness that, for all the love that scorched my blood, no evil thought occurred to me — nothing but a great pride that, in a corner of the fold, close to the curious sheep, who gazed at her closed eyes — a lamb whiter and purer than them all — slept my master's daughter under my protection. Never had the heaven seemed so deep to me, the stars so lustrous.

Suddenly the hatch of the sheepfold opened, and Stéphanette appeared. She could not sleep. The sheep rustled the straw as they stirred, or bleated in their sleep. She would rather be out by the fire. Seeing this, I wrapped my goatskin over her shoulders, and made the fire brisker; and we stayed there, seated side by side, without speaking. If you have ever passed the night under the stars, you know that, at the hour when men are sleeping, a mysterious world awakes in the solitude and the silence. Then the springs sing far clearer, and the meres are lit up with little tongues of flame. All the spirits of the mountain fare abroad, going and coming as they list; and in the air there are whisperings, imperceptible noises, as if one were listening to the growth of the trees, the pushing of the green herb. Day is the lifetime of the breathing world, but night of the inanimate. When one is not used to it, this frightens; and so our little lady was all a-tremble, and drew closer to me at the slightest sound. Once a long, melancholy cry broke out from the mere that glimmered far below, and was borne up the hill to us, swelling and sinking. At the same moment a lovely shooting star glided over our heads in the same direction, as if the cry we had just heard carried the light along with it.

“What is that?” Stéphanette whispered.

“That, mistress, is a soul entering Paradise”; and I made the sign of the cross.

She, too, crossed herself, and remained a moment gazing upward, very thoughtfully. Then she said, “It is true, then, shepherd, that you people are sorcerers?”

“By no means, little lady. Only here we live nearer the stars, and know what is happening up yonder better than the folk in the plain.”

She was still staring upward, her chin rested on her hand, wrapped in her woolly skin like a small shepherdess straight from heaven.

“What numbers! And how lovely it is ! Never have I seen so many. Do you know their names, shepherd?”

“Why, yes, mistress. Look straight above our heads. That is *St. James's Road*.<sup>1</sup> It runs from France straight over Spain. It was St. James of Galicia who traced it there to show the brave Charlemagne his way when he was making war upon the Sara-

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<sup>1</sup> [Milky Way]

cens. Further on you have the *Chariot of Souls*,<sup>1</sup> with its four flashing wheels. The three stars which go before it are the *Team*; and that quite little one, close to the third, is the *Charioteer*. Do you see that shower of stars falling all around? Those are the souls which the good God will not accept, to dwell with Him. . . . A little lower — that is the *Rake* or the *Three Kings*.<sup>2</sup> It's those we people tell the clock by. Only by glancing at them I know, this minute, that midnight is past. A little lower, still towards the south, blazes *John of Milan*, the torch of the stars.<sup>3</sup> Listen to what the shepherds tell about that star. It seems that, one night, *John of Milan*, with the *Three Kings* and *La Poucinière*,<sup>4</sup> being most hurried, set out first, they say, and took the upper road. Look at her up there, deep in the heaven. The *Three Kings* took a short cut, lower down, and caught her up; but that lazybones, *John of Milan*, who had overslept himself, was left behind, and, in a fury, hurled his walking-stick after them, to stop them. This is why the *Three Kings* are likewise called *John of Milan's Walking-stick*. . . . But the loveliest of all the stars, mistress, is our own, the *Shepherd's Star*, which gives us light as we lead forth our flocks in the dawn, and in the evening also when we bring them to the fold Again. We call her *Maguelonne* too, lovely *Maguelonne*, who runs after *Pierre of Provence*<sup>5</sup> and is his bride every seven years.”<sup>6</sup>

“What, shepherd? Are there, then, marriages among the stars?”

“Why, of course, mistress . . . “

And while I was trying to explain to her what these marriages were, I felt something light and delicate drop softly on my shoulder. It was her head, drooping with slumber, that rested against me, with a delicious rustling of ribbons, of lace, and of waving curls. She remained thus, nor stirred till the stars paled in heaven, their light made faint by the climbing day. As for me, I sat and watched her sleep; a little troubled, deep down in my soul, but kept holy by the clear night which has never given me other than beautiful thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent march, obedient as a mighty army; and once or twice I fancied that one of these stars, the most delicate, the most lustrous, had missed her way and had come to lean upon my shoulder, and to sleep.




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<sup>1</sup> [Great Bear]

<sup>2</sup> [Orion]

<sup>3</sup> [Sirius]

<sup>4</sup> [Pleiades]

<sup>5</sup> [Saturn]

<sup>6</sup> [These details of popular astronomy are from the *Provençal Almanach*, published at Avignon.]

## 83. Taylor on the Five Divine Dances<sup>1</sup>

**D**ANCING HERE MUST NOT BE UNDERSTOOD LITERALLY, as if Terpsichore was propitious to those who engage in that kind of dancing which is the object of sense; for this would be ridiculous. We must say, therefore, as Hermeas beautifully observes, that there are divine dances:

- 1 In the first place, that of the Gods;
- 2 In the second place, that of divine souls:
- 3 In the third place, the revolution of the celestial divinities, *viz.* of the seven planets, and the inerratic sphere, is called a dance:
- 4 In the fourth place, those who are initiated in the mysteries<sup>2</sup> perform a certain dance: and,
- 5 In the last place, the whole life of a philosopher is a dance.

Terpsichore, therefore, is the inspective guardian of all dancing. Who then are those that honour the goddess in the dance? Not those who dance well, but those who live well through the whole of the present existence, elegantly arranging their life, and dancing in symphony with the universe. Erato, says Hermeas, is denominated from Love, and from making the works of Love, lovely: for she cooperates with Love. Calliope is denominated from the eye (*παρα την οπα*); and Urania presides over astronomy. Through these two goddesses we preserve our rational part from being in subjection to the irrational nature. For, through sight surveying the order of the celestial Gods, we properly arrange our irrational part. And further still, through rhythms, philosophy, and hearing, we elegantly dispose that which we contain of the disorderly and void of rhythm.<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> By Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist.

<sup>2</sup> *Ἐπειτα και ενιαυτα οι τελουμενοι τοις θεοις χορειαν τινα αποτελουσιν εν τοις μυστηριοις.*

<sup>3</sup> Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *The Works of Plato*. (Vol. III of a set of five volumes & Vol. XI of “The Thomas Taylor Series”) From: The Prometheus Trust, 1996. Endnote 30, p. 420, being Taylor’s Additional Notes on Plato’s *Phædrus*. [Westerink line 259d, p. 374; text typographically enhanced by Philaletheians UK.]

## 84. Taylor on “The Good” of Plotinus

**On how the multiplicity of ideal-forms came into being, and on “The Good.”**

Commentary on *Ennead* VI vii.<sup>1</sup>

**Plotinus seems to have left the orb of light solely for the benefit of mankind . . .**

. . . that he might teach them how to repair the ruin contracted by their exile from good, and how to return to their true country, and legitimate kindred and allies. I do not mean that he descended into mortality, for the purpose of unfolding this sublimest truths to the vulgar part of mankind; for this would have been a vain and ridiculous attempt; since the eyes of the multitude, as Plato justly observes, are not strong enough to look to truth. But he came as a guide to the few who are born with a divine destiny (θεία μοίρα); and are struggling to gain the lost region of light, but know not how to break the fetters by which they are detained; who are impatient to leave the obscure cavern of sense, where all is delusion and shadow, and to ascend to the realms of intellect, where all is substance and reality.<sup>2</sup>

**But let no one deceive himself by fancying that he can understand his writings by barely reading them.**

If therefore a man of such great sagacity and penetration as Porphyry, and who from the period in which he lived possessed advantages with respect to the attainment of philosophy which are denied to every modern, found so much difficulty in fathoming the profundity of Plotinus, there must necessarily be very few at present by whom this can be accomplished. Let no one therefore deceive himself by fancying that he can understand the writings of Plotinus by barely reading them, For as the subjects which he discusses are for the most part the objects of intellect alone, to understand them is to see them, and to see them is to come in contact with them. But his is only to be accomplished by long familiarity with, and a life conformable to the things themselves. For then, as Plato says, “a light as if leaping from a fire, will on a sudden be enkindled in the soul, and will then itself nourish itself.” See Plato’s 7<sup>th</sup> Epistle. [341d, TTS vol. XIII, and in our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers.]<sup>3</sup>

**Self-consciousness derives the splendour of its intellectual energy from Unconsciousness, with which it illuminates Nature.**

All things, therefore, are invested with beauty and possess light through that which is prior to all things. And intellect, indeed, derives from thence the splendour of intellectual energy, with which it illuminates nature. But soul receives from thence a vital power, and an abundance of life proceeding into it. Intellect, indeed, is elevated thither [*i.e.* to *The Good*], and there abides, rejoicing in subsisting near it. But soul being converted to it as far as she is able, as soon as she knows and perceives it, is delighted with the spectacle, and from as much of it as her power of vision permits

<sup>1</sup> Excerpted from Taylor T. (tr. & Annot.). *Collected Writings of Plotinus*. (Vol. III of The Thomas Taylor Series) From: The Prometheus Trust, 2000.

<sup>2</sup> *Collected Writings of Plotinus*; [Introduction to *Select Works of Plotinus*, pp. 166-67]

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*, p. 161 fn.

her to see, she is astonished, feels as if she had been struck, and is conscious of containing in herself some portion [of the splendour] of *The Good*. Being, also, thus disposed, she becomes desirous, like those who from the image of a beloved object, are excited to wish for a perception of the object of their love. But, as here, lovers fashion themselves to a similitude of the beloved object, and, in consequence of this, cause both their bodies and their souls to be more decorous and elegant, wishing as much as possible that they may not be deficient in the temperance and other virtues of the object of their love, lest they should be despised by this object; and these are able to become amatory associates; — after the same manner soul, also, loves *The Good*, being excited by it to this love from the beginning, and the love which it promptly possesses does not wait, from the beauty in sensible objects, to be recalled to the recollection of *The Good*. Possessing, however, love, yet being ignorant of what it possesses, it perpetually seeks for it.<sup>1</sup>

**Evil exists only on earth, in the shadows of sentient life, and in personal mind.**

He, therefore, who beholds this abundant life, which comprehends in itself in one all, and the first life, will he not gladly embrace this, and despise every other life? For other inferior lives are darkness, small and obscure shadows, vile, impure, and defiling uncontaminated lives. Hence, if you look at them, you will no longer either perceive pure lives, or live simultaneously according to all those lives, in which there is nothing that is not vital, and nothing that does not live with purity, and without the possession of any evil. For evils exist in these terrene abodes, because they contain only a vestige of life and a vestige of intellect. But there the archetype subsists, which Plato denominates boniform, because it possesses goodness in forms.<sup>2</sup>

**“The Good” cannot measure anything. “Man is the measure of all things.”**

*The Good* exists eternally, and is in all things, does not ascribe to him either measure<sup>3</sup> or unbounded extension. For how, if this were the case, could it measure [all] other things? Again, therefore, neither has it any figure. Hence, that object of desire which is wholly without figure and form will be the most desirable, and the most lovely of all things. The love of it, also, will be immeasurable: for here the love is not definite, because the object of love is infinite.<sup>4</sup>

Hence, that which is solitary and alone is not participant of good, but possesses good after another, and a more excellent manner. It is necessary, therefore, that *The Good* should be desirable yet not from being desirable that it should be good, but that because it is good it should be desirable.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Collected Writings of Plotinus*; [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 31, comment by Taylor, p. 467]

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.* [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 15, comment by Taylor, p. 461]

<sup>3</sup> For if *The Good* possessed measure, it could not be the measure of all things, since it could not measure incommensurable natures.

<sup>4</sup> *Collected Writings of Plotinus*; [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 32, comment by Taylor, p. 469]

<sup>5</sup> *ibid.*, [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 25, comment by Taylor, p. 466]

**Absence makes the heart grow fonder.**

Hence, when we speak of beauty itself, we must far remove from ourselves such a form as this, nor must we place it before our eyes, lest we should fall from the perception of the beautiful into an obscure participation of it, which is also, said to be [though erroneously] beautiful. Form, however, which is without *morphe*, is beautiful,<sup>1</sup> if it is form of this kind. — But reason asserts, that whatever has *morphe*, and *morphe* itself, and everything that has form, is measured. This, however, is neither that which comprehends all things in itself, nor is sufficient to itself. Nor is it beautiful from itself, but is a thing of a mingled nature. It is necessary, therefore, that these things should be beautiful [yet measured], but that the nature which is truly beautiful, or rather, which is above beauty, should be without measure. But if this be the case, it is necessary that it should neither be formed, nor be form. Hence, that which is primarily lovely, and which is the first of things, and the beauty of the intelligible which is there, is the nature of *The Good*. *This, also is testified by the passion of lovers. For as long as someone is conversant with that figure only which is manifest to the eyes, he does not yet love the object which he sees; but when departing from it, he generates in himself, in his impartible soul, a form which is not an object of sense, then love springs forth.* Nevertheless, he desires to see the beloved object, in order that he may irrigate his love, which from absence becomes marcid and dry.<sup>2</sup> If however, he should conceive that it is necessary to pass beyond this to something more formless, after this superior nature, he will more vehemently aspire. *For the passion which he experienced from the beginning was the love of an immense light, excited by an obscure splendour.* For *morphe* is the vestige of that which is formless. This, therefore, generates *morphe*, but *morphe* does not generate the formless nature. But that which is without form, when it accedes to matter, generates *morphe*. Matter, however, is necessarily most remote from form, because it has not in itself even the last vestige of form: If, therefore, a sensible object is lovely, it is not through matter, but through that which is invested with form. But the form which is in matter is derived from soul; and soul is in a much greater degree form, and is much more lovely. Intellect, also, is in a still greater degree form than soul, and is still more lovely. And this being the case, it is [obviously] necessary that the first nature [or primary source] of beauty should be formless.<sup>3</sup>

**Adorned with every virtue, we ascend to the intelligible world and banquet on ambrosia, “the supplier of firm and undeviating intellection.”**

For with respect to *The Good*, either the knowledge of, or the contact with it, is the greatest of things. And Plato says, that this is the greatest discipline,<sup>4</sup> not calling the intuitive perception of it a discipline; but he thus denominates the learning something previously about it. Analogies, therefore, ablations, the knowledge derived from

<sup>1</sup> In the original, *το δε αμορφον ειδος καλον*. But *μορφη*, as we learn from Simplicius, pertains to the figure, colour and magnitude of superficies.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Phædrus* of Plato, from which was Plotinus here says is derived.

<sup>3</sup> Because it is that from which form proceeds; and every cause is better than its effect. *Collected Writings of Plotinus*; [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 33, comment by Taylor, pp. 469-70]

<sup>4</sup> Plato in the sixth book of his *Republic* [505a] says, “that the idea of The Good is the greatest discipline.” [TTS vol. IX]

things produced by it, and certain gradual ascents, teach us something pertaining to it. We proceed, however, to it through purifications, prayer, a soul adorned with every virtue, an ascent to the intelligible world, an establishment in it, and banqueting on the divine food which is there. But whoever is a spectator of this [divine] world, becomes at one and the same time both the spectator and the spectacle. For he both surveys himself and other things; and becoming essence, intellect, and an all-perfect animal, he no longer beholds this intelligible world externally, but now being the same with it, he approaches to *The Good*, which is proximate to this divine world, and illuminates the whole of it. Here, however, dismissing every discipline, and arriving at the utmost extent of erudition, he becomes established in beauty, as far as to which it is possible to energise intellectually. But being lifted from this, as from a wave of intellect,<sup>1</sup> and elevated, as it were, by its tumefaction, he will suddenly perceive [*The Good*]. He will, however, be ignorant of manner in which he sees it; but the vision filling the eyes with light, will prevent him from seeing anything else, since the light itself will be the object of his vision.<sup>2</sup>



## 85. The Aletheia of Occult Science is the Theogony of Wisdom-Religion

### Deity is Unity and vice versa.

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (E.S. INSTRUCTION No. II) XII pp. 569-70.

Esotericism, pure and simple, speaks of no personal God; therefore are we considered as Atheists. But, in reality, Occult Philosophy, as a whole, is based absolutely on the ubiquitous presence of God, the Absolute Deity; and if It itself is not speculated upon, as being too sacred and yet incomprehensible as a Unit to the finite intellect, yet the entire philosophy is based upon Its divine Powers as being the source of all that breathes and lives and has its existence. In every ancient religion the One was demonstrated by the many. In Egypt and India, in Chaldea and Phœnicia, and finally in Greece, the ideas about Deity were expressed by multiples of three, five, and seven; and also of eight, nine and twelve great Gods which symbolized the powers and properties of the One and Only Deity. This was related to that infinite subdi-

<sup>1</sup> Plotinus in what he here says, alludes to the following passage in the fifth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, where Ulysses is represented swimming in order to reach the Phæacian coast, after

The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely cur'd,  
And a dead silence still'd the wat'ry world.

. . . . . ο δ' ἀρα σχεδὸν εἰσίδε γαίαν  
Ὀχὺ μάλᾳ προῖ δῶν, μεγάλου ὑπο κυματὸς ἀρθεῖς. [v. 393, etc.]

i.e., When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies  
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes. — Alexander Pope

But in this translation of Pope, for "at distance" in the second line, it will be more conformable to the original to substitute *not now remote*, omitting *and*. And for *ridgy* in the first line, to read *mighty*. With this alteration the lines will be,

When lifted on a mighty wave he spies  
The land, not now remote, with sharpen'd eyes.

<sup>2</sup> *Collected Writings of Plotinus*; [Ennead VI, vii ¶ 36, comment by Taylor, pp. 474-75]

vision by irregular and odd numbers to which the metaphysics of these nations subjected their ONE DIVINITY. Thus constituted, the cycle of the Gods had all the qualities and attributes of the ONE SUPREME AND UNKNOWABLE; for in this collection of divine personalities, or rather of symbols personified, dwells the ONE GOD, the GOD ONE, that God which, in India, is said to have no Second:

Oh God Ani [the Spiritual Sun], thou residest in the agglomeration of thy divine personages.<sup>1</sup>

These words show the belief of the ancients that all manifestation proceeds from one and the same source, all emanating from the one identical principle which can never be completely developed except in and through the collective and entire aggregate of its emanations.

The Plērōma of Valentinus is absolutely the Space of Occult Philosophy; for Plērōma means the “Fullness,” the superior regions. It is the *sum total* of all the divine manifestations and emanations expressing the *plenum* or totality of the rays proceeding from the ONE, differentiating on all the planes, and transforming themselves into divine Powers, called Angels and Planetary Spirits in the philosophy of every nation. The Gnostic Æons and Powers of the Plērōma are made to speak as the Devas and Sāddhus of the *Purānas*. The Epinoia, the first female manifestation of God, the “Principle” of Simon Magus and Saturninus, holds the same language as the Logos of Basilides; and each of these is traced to the purely esoteric Aletheia, the TRUTH of the Mysteries. All of them, we are taught, repeat at different times and in different languages the magnificent hymn of the Egyptian papyrus, thousands of years old:

The Gods adore thee, they greet thee, O the One Dark Truth;

and addressing Rā, they add:

The Gods bow before thy Majesty, by exalting the Souls of that which produces them . . . and say to thee, Peace to all emanations from the Unconscious Father of the Conscious Fathers of the Gods. . . . Thou producer of beings, we adore the Souls which emanate from thee. Thou begettest us, O thou Unknown, and we greet thee in worshipping each God-Soul which descendeth from thee and liveth in us.<sup>2</sup>

This is the source of the assertion,

Know ye not that ye are Gods and the temple of God.

This is shown in the “Roots of Ritualism in Church and Masonry.”<sup>3</sup> Truly then, as said seventeen centuries ago,

Man cannot possess Truth (Aletheia) except he participate in the Gnōsis.

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<sup>1</sup> *Apud Grébaud Papyrus Orbiney, p. 101*

<sup>2</sup> Hymn to Amon-Rā.

<sup>3</sup> *Lucifer* for March 1889; [see “Blavatsky on Ritualism in Church and Masonry” in our Blavatsky Speaks Series. — ED. PHIL.]

So we may say now:

No man can know the Truth unless he studies the secrets of the Plērōma of Occultism; and these secrets are all in the Theogony of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which is the Aletheia of Occult Science.



## 86. The Ancient Sage by Lord Tennyson

**Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,  
And make thy gold thy vassal not thy king,  
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,  
And send the day into the darken'd heart.**

**a** THOUSAND SUMMERS ere the time of Christ  
From out his ancient city came a Seer  
Whom one that loved, and honour'd him, and yet  
Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn  
From wasteful living, follow'd — in his hand  
A scroll of verse — till that old man before  
A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd  
From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.

This wealth of waters might but seem to draw  
From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,  
Yon summit half-a-league in air — and higher,  
The cloud that hides it — higher still, the heavens  
Whereby the cloud was moulded, and whereout  
The cloud descended. Force is from the heights.  
I am wearied of our city, son, and go  
To spend my one last year among the hills.  
What hast thou there? Some deathsong for the Ghouls  
To make their banquet relish? let me read.

“How far thro' all the bloom and brake  
That nightingale is heard!  
What power but the bird's could make  
This music in the bird?  
How summer-bright are yonder skies,  
And earth as fair in lute!  
And yet what sign of aught that lies  
Behind the green and blue?  
But man to-day is fancy's fool  
As man hath ever been.  
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule  
Were never heard or seen.”

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive  
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,  
There, brooding by the central altar, thou  
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,  
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,  
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know;  
For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake  
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there  
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,  
The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within  
The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,  
And in the million-millionth of a grain  
Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,  
And ever vanishing, never vanishes,  
To me, my son, more mystic than myself,  
Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,  
Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,  
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.

And if the Nameless should withdraw from all  
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world  
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

“And since — from when this earth began —  
The Nameless never came  
Among us, never spake with man,  
And never named the Name” —

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,  
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,  
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:  
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no  
Nor yet that thou art mortal — nay my son,  
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,  
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of “Yes” and “No,”  
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,  
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,

She finds the fountain where they wail'd "Mirage"!

"What Power? aught akin to Mind,  
The mind in me and you?  
Or power as of the Gods gone blind  
Who see not what they do?"

But some in yonder city hold, my son,  
That none but Gods could build this house of ours,  
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond  
All work of man, yet, like all work of man,  
A beauty with defect — — till That which knows,  
And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel  
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend  
On this half-deed, and shape it at the last  
According to the Highest in the Highest.

"What Power but the Years that make  
And break the vase of clay,  
And stir the sleeping earth, and wake  
The bloom that fades away?  
What rulers but the Days and Hours  
That cancel weal with woe,  
And wind the front of youth with flowers,  
And cap our age with snow?"

The days and hours are ever glancing by,  
And seem to flicker past thro' sun and shade,  
Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads, or Pain;  
But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour;  
Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,  
Break into "Thens" and "Whens" the Eternal Now  
This double seeming of the single world! —  
My words are like the babblings in a dream  
Of nightmare, when the babblings break the dream.  
But thou be wise in this dream-world of ours,  
Nor take thy dial for thy deity,  
But make the passing shadow serve thy will.

"The years that made the stripling wise  
Undo their work again,  
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,  
The last and least of men;  
Who clings to earth, and once would dare  
Hell-heat or Arctic cold,  
And now one breath of cooler air  
Would loose him from his hold;  
His winter chills him to the root,  
He withers marrow and mind;

The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit  
Is jutting thro' the rind;  
The tiger spasms tear his chest,  
The palsy wags his head;  
The wife, the sons, who love him best  
Would fain that he were dead;  
The griefs by which he once was wrung  
Were never worth the while" —

Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow life  
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell?

"The shaft of scorn that once had stung  
But wakes a dotard smile."

The placid gleams of sunset after storm!

"The statesman's brain that sway'd the past  
Is feebler than his knees;  
The passive sailor wrecks at last  
In ever-silent seas;  
The warrior hath forgot his arms,  
The Learned all his lore;  
The changing market frets or charms  
The merchant's hope no more;  
The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,  
And now is lost in cloud;  
The plowman passes, bent with pain,  
To mix with what he plow'd;  
The poet whom his Age would quote  
As heir of endless fame —  
He knows not ev'n the book he wrote,  
Not even his own name.  
For man has overlived his day,  
And, darkening in the light,  
Scarce feels the senses break away  
To mix with ancient Night."

The shell must break before the bird can fly.

"The years that when my Youth began  
Had set the lily and rose  
By all my ways where'er they ran,  
Have ended mortal foes;  
My rose of love for ever gone,  
My lily of truth and trust —  
They made her lily and rose in one,  
And changed her into dust.  
O rosetree planted in my grief,  
And growing, on her tomb,

Her dust is greening in your leaf,  
Her blood is in your bloom.  
O slender lily waving there,  
And laughing back the light,  
In vain you tell me 'Earth is fair'  
When all is dark as night."

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,  
So dark that men cry out against the Heavens.  
Who knows but that the darkness is in man?  
The doors of Night may be the gates of Light;  
For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and then  
Suddenly heal'd, how would'st thou glory in all  
The splendours and the voices of the world!  
And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet  
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore  
Await the last and largest sense to make  
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,  
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

"But vain the tears for darken'd years  
As laughter over wine,  
And vain the laughter as the tears,  
O brother, mine or thine,  
For all that laugh, and all that weep  
And all that breathe are one  
Slight ripple on the boundless deep  
That moves, and all is gone."

But that one ripple on the boundless deep  
Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself  
For ever changing form, but evermore  
One with the boundless motion of the deep.

"Yet wine and laughter friends! and set  
The lamps alight, and call  
For golden music, and forget  
The darkness of the pall."

If utter darkness closed the day, my son —  
But earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens  
Her shadow crown'd with stars — and yonder — out  
To northward — some that never set, but pass  
From sight and night to lose themselves in day.  
I hate the black negation of the bier,  
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves  
And higher, having climb'd one step beyond  
Our village miseries, might be borne in white  
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence

With songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!

“O worms and maggots of to-day  
Without their hope of wings!”

But louder than thy rhyme the silent Word  
Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

“Tho' some have gleams or so they say  
Of more than mortal things.”

To-day? but what of yesterday? for oft  
On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,  
Who knew no books and no philosophies,  
In my boy-phrase “The Passion of the Past.”  
The first grey streak of earliest summer-dawn,  
The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,  
As if the late and early were but one —  
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower  
Had murmurs “Lost and gone and lost and gone!”  
A breath, a whisper — some divine farewell —  
Desolate sweetness — far and far away —  
What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?  
I know not and I speak of what has been.  
And more, my son! for more than once when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,  
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs  
Were strange not mine — and yet no shade of doubt,  
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self  
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours  
Were Sun to spark — unshadowable in words,  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

“And idle gleams will come and go,  
But still the clouds remain”;

The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.

“And Night and Shadow rule below  
When only Day should reign.”

And Day and Night are children of the Sun,  
And idle gleams to thee are light to me.  
Some say, the Light was father of the Night,  
And some, the Night was father of the Light,  
No night no day! — I touch thy world again —  
No ill no good! such counter-terms, my son,  
Are border-races, holding, each its own

By endless war: but night enough is there  
In yon dark city: get thee back: and since  
The key to that weird casket, which for thee  
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,  
But in the hand of what is more than man,  
Or in man's hand when man is more than man,  
Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,  
And make thy gold thy vassal not thy king,  
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,  
And send the day into the darken'd heart;  
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,  
A dying echo from a falling wall;  
Nor care — for Hunger hath the Evil eye —  
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold  
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;  
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,  
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied wine;  
Nor thou he rageful, like a handled bee,  
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;  
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,  
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;  
And more — think well! Do-well will follow thought,  
And in the fatal sequence of this world  
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;  
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,  
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness  
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,  
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou  
Look higher, then — perchance — thou mayest — beyond  
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,  
And past the range of Night and Shadow — see  
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day  
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.<sup>1</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> First published in 1885.

## 87. The Cross in the Circle and the Tree

From *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, § xxiv, pp. 588-89.

**T**O THE FOLLOWER OF THE TRUE EASTERN ARCHAIC WISDOM, to him who worships in spirit nought outside the Absolute Unity, that ever-pulsating great *Heart* that beats throughout, as in every atom of nature, each such atom contains the germ from which he may raise the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruits give life eternal and not physical life alone. For him the Cross and Circle, the Tree or the Tau, are, after every symbol relating to these has been applied to, and read one after another, still a profound mystery in their Past, and it is to that Past alone that he directs his eager gaze. He cares little whether it be the seed from which grows the genealogical *Tree of Being*, called the Universe. Nor is it the Three in One, the triple aspect of the seed — its form, colour, and substance — that interest him, but rather the FORCE which directs its growth, the ever mysterious, as the ever unknown, For this vital Force, that makes the seed germinate, burst open and throw out shoots, then form the trunk and branches, which, in their turn, bend down like the boughs of the *Aśvattha*, the holy Tree of Bodhi, throw their seed out, take root and procreate other trees — this is the only FORCE that has reality for him, as it is the never-dying breath of life. The pagan philosopher sought for the Cause, the modern is content with only the effects and seeks the former in the latter. What is beyond, he does not know, nor does the modern *A-gnostic* care: thus rejecting the only knowledge upon which he can with full security base his Science. Yet this manifested Force has an answer for him who seeks to fathom it.



## 88. The hare stands for Androgyne Logos

Sakshi is the name of the hare, who in the legend of the “moon and the hare” threw himself into the fire to save some starving pilgrims who would not kill him. For this sacrifice Indra is said to have transferred him to the centre of the moon.<sup>1</sup>

The hare was sacred in many lands and especially among the Egyptians and Jews. Though the latter consider it an unclean, hoofed animal, unfit to eat, yet it was held sacred by some tribes. The reason for this was that in a certain species of hare the male suckled the little ones. It was thus considered to be androgynous or hermaphrodite, and so typified an attribute of the Demiurge, or creative Logos. The hare was a symbol of the moon, wherein the face of the prophet Moses is to be seen to this day, say the Jews. Moreover the moon is connected with the worship of Jehovah, a deity pre-eminently the god of generation, perhaps also for the same reason that Eros, the god of sexual love, is represented as carrying a hare. The hare was also sacred to Osiris. Lenormant<sup>2</sup> writes that the hare →

<sup>1</sup> H.P. Blavatsky, *Theosophical Glossary*: Sakshi

<sup>2</sup> [François Lenormant, 1837–1883, French Assyriologist and Archaeologist]

. . . has to be considered as the symbol of the Logos . . . the Logos ought to be hermaphrodite and we know that the hare is an androgynous type.<sup>1</sup>



## 89. The labours of Hercules are degrees of Initiation

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (COMMENTARY ON THE PISTIS-SOPHIA – 1) XIII pp. 7-8.

[PS 1] It came to pass when Jesus had risen from the dead and passed eleven years (1) speaking with his Disciples, and teaching them only up to the Regions (2) of the First Precepts (3) and of the First Mystery, the Mystery within the Veil, within the First Precept, to wit, the Four-and-Twentieth Mystery, and below these (Precepts) which are in *the Second Space* of the *First Mystery*, which is before all Mysteries, the *Father in the likeness of a Dove* (4), that Jesus said to his Disciples: “I am come from that First Mystery, *which also is the Last* (5), the Four-and-Twentieth Mystery.” Now the Disciples knew not this Mystery, nor did they understand it, because (as they supposed) there was not anything within that Mystery . . .

(1) The number eleven gives the key to the situation. The eleventh trial or degree of initiation has been safely passed through and the twelfth and last which, if the candidate was successful would crown the whole *work*, was now being entered upon. Hercules was to enter upon his twelfth labour, and the sun of the twelfth sign of the Zodiac. Even the popular adage “at the eleventh hour,” is an echo of this mystery. In the second volume of the *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*,<sup>2</sup> Éliphas Lévi gives the *Nychthēmeron* of Apollonius of Tyana. *Nychthēmeron* means the space of a day and a night or twenty-four hours. Each grade of initiation had two degrees, in all twenty-four. This explains “the First Mystery, which is the Four-and-Twentieth” of the text. Readers of the Abbé Constant’s work, who are ignorant of Greek, should be warned that the French below the Greek is not even the vaguest possible paraphrase, but simply Lévi’s idea about the text. He is, however, right in saying that “these twelve symbolical hours, which may be compared with the signs of the Zodiac and the labours of Hercules, represent the cycle of degrees of Initiation.”<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> H.P. Blavatsky, *Theosophical Glossary: Hare-Worship*; [and quoting from F. Lenormant’s *Monographie de la Voie Sacrée Éleusinienne*, etc., Paris 1864, pp. 387-88.]

<sup>2</sup> pp. 386 et seq. [English translation by A.E. Waite as: *Transcendental Magic*, N.Y.C., Samuel Weiser, 1972]

<sup>3</sup> See *The Secret Doctrine*, I p. 450.

## 90. The last shall be first, and the first last

### Not a breathing of the common wind will forget thee.

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MODERN APOSTLES AND PSEUDO-MESSIAHS) XII pp. 261-62; [& quoting William Wordsworth's sonnet *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*, published in "The Morning Post" 3<sup>rd</sup> February 1803, in honour of François-Dominique Toussaint Louverture (1743–1803), the brave and noble leader of the Haitian Revolution against slavery and Napoleon Bonaparte. The omitted lines are shown in pale grey.]

**O**F ONE THING, RATIONALLY-MINDED PEOPLE, apart from Theosophists, may be sure. And that is, service for humanity is its all-sufficient reward; and that empty jars are the most resonant of sound. To know a very little of the philosophy of life, of man's power to redeem wrongs and to teach others, to perceive how to thread the tangled maze of existence on this globe, and to accomplish aught of lasting and *spiritual* benefit, is to annihilate all desire or thought of posing as a heaven-sent saviour of the people. For a very little self-knowledge is a leveller indeed, and more democratic than the most ultra-radical can desire. The best practical reformers of the outside abuses we have known, such as slavery, deprivation of the rights of woman, legal tyrannies, oppressions of the poor, have never dreamed of posing as Messiahs. Honour, worthless as it is, followed them unsought, for a tree is known by its fruits, and to this day "their works do follow them." To the soul spending itself for others those grand words of the poet may be addressed evermore:

[TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!  
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den; —  
O miserable Chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and] take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

With the advent of Theosophy, the Messiah-craze surely has had its day, and sees its doom. For if it teaches, or has taught, one thing more plainly than another, it is that the "first shall be last, and the last first."<sup>1</sup> And in the face of genuine spiritual growth, and true illumination, the Theosophist grows in power to most truly befriend and help his fellows, while he becomes the most humble, the most silent, the most guarded of men.

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<sup>1</sup> [Quoting *Matthew* xx, 16, "So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many are called, but few chosen."]

From *The Secret Doctrine*, II pp. 80-81.

For it is said in the Sacred Ślokas:

*The thread of radiance which is imperishable and dissolves only in Nirvana, re-emerges from it in its integrity on the day when the Great Law calls all things back into action. . . .*

Hence, as the higher “Pitris or Dhyānis” had no hand in his physical creation, we find primeval man, issued from the bodies of his *spiritually fireless* progenitors, described as aëriform, devoid of compactness, and MINDLESS. He had no middle principle to serve him as a medium between the *highest* and the *lowest*, the spiritual man and the physical brain, for he lacked *Manas*. The Monads which incarnated in those *empty* SHELLS, remained as unconscious as when separated from their previous incomplete forms and vehicles. There is no potentiality for creation, or self-Consciousness, in a *pure* Spirit on this our plane, unless its too homogeneous, perfect, because divine, nature is, so to say, mixed with, and strengthened by, an essence already differentiated. It is only the lower line of the Triangle — representing the first triad that emanates from the Universal MONAD — that can furnish this needed consciousness on the plane of differentiated Nature. But how could these pure Emanations, which, on this principle, must have originally been themselves *unconscious* (in our sense), be of any use in supplying the required principle, as they could hardly have possessed it themselves? The answer is difficult to comprehend, unless one is well acquainted with the philosophical metaphysics of a beginningless and endless series of Cosmic Re-births; and becomes well impressed and familiarised with that immutable law of Nature which is ETERNAL MOTION, cyclic and spiral, therefore progressive even in its seeming retrogression. The one divine Principle, the nameless THAT of the Vedas, is the universal Total, which, neither in its spiritual aspects and emanations, nor in its physical atoms, can ever be at “*absolute rest*” except during the “Nights” of Brahmā. Hence, also, the “first-born” are those who are first set in motion at the beginning of a Manvantara, and thus the first to fall into the lower spheres of materiality. They who are called in Theology “the Thrones,” and are the “Seat of God,” must be the first incarnated men on Earth; and it becomes comprehensible, if we think of the endless series of past Manvantaras, to find that the last had to come first, and the first last. We find, in short, that the higher Angels had broken, countless æons before, through the “Seven Circles,” and thus *robbed* them of the Sacred fire; which means in plain words, that they had assimilated during their past incarnations, in lower as well as in higher worlds, all the wisdom therefrom — the reflection of MAHAT in its various degrees of intensity. No Entity, whether angelic or human, can reach the state of Nirvāna, or of absolute purity, except through æons of suffering and the *knowledge* of EVIL as well as of good, as otherwise the latter remains incomprehensible.



## 91. The natural depravity of number Nine

**Number 9 represents the earth under the influence of an evil principle.**

Edited from H.P. Blavatsky's article "1890! On the New Year's Morrow," first published in: *Lucifer*, Vol. V, No 29, January 1890, pp. 357-64. Republished in: *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, XII pp. 67-78. Full text in our Blavatsky Speaks Series. — ED. PHIL.

**Number 8 indicates the perpetual and regular motion of the universe.**

But if perfect as a cosmic number it is likewise the symbol of the lower *Self*, the animal nature of man.<sup>1</sup>

**Nine is a digit terribly dreaded by the ancients.**

With them it was a symbol of great changes, cosmic and social, and of versatility, in general; the sad emblem of the fragility of human things.

- Figure 9 represents the earth under the influence of an *evil principle*;
- the Kabbalists holding, moreover, that it also symbolizes the act of reproduction and generation.<sup>2</sup>
- *Three times three* is the great symbol of *corporisation*, or the materialisation of spirit according to Pythagoras — hence of gross matter.<sup>3</sup>

Every material extension, every circular line was represented by number 9, for the ancient philosophers had observed that, which the philosophicules of our age either fail to see, or else attribute to it no importance whatever. Nevertheless, the natural depravity of this digit and number is awful.

- Being sacred to the spheres it stands as the sign of circumference, since its value in degrees is equal to 9 — *i.e.*, to 3 + 6 + 0.
- Hence it is also the symbol of the human head — especially of the modern average head, ever ready to be parading as 9 when it is hardly a 3.
- Moreover, this blessed 9 is possessed of the curious power of reproducing itself in its entirety in every multiplication and whether wanted or not; that is to say, when multiplied by itself or any other number this cheeky and pernicious figure will always result in a sum of 9 — a vicious trick of material nature, also, which reproduces itself on the slightest provocation.

Therefore it becomes comprehensible why the ancients made of 9 the symbol of Matter, and we, the modern Occultists, make of it that of the *materialism* of our age — the fatal *nine*-teenth century, now happily on its decline.

<sup>1</sup> Thus, we augur ill for the *unselfish* portion of humanity from the present combination of the year-numbers. For the central figures 89 in the year 1890, are but a repetition of the two figures in the tail-end of 1889.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say that the year 1890 is preparing to reproduce all the evils of its parent 1889, and to generate plenty of its own.

<sup>3</sup> The reason for this is because according to the Pythagoreans each of the three elements that constitute our bodies is a *ternary*: water containing earth and fire; earth containing aqueous and igneous particles; and fire being tempered by aqueous globules and terrestrial corpuscles serving it as food. Hence the name given to matter, the "nonagous envelope."

### Food for thought.

What shalt thou endow the world with, O fatal Year 1890, with thy figures between a unit and a cipher, or symbolically between living man *erect*, the embodiment of wicked mischief-making, and the universe of matter.

It is only when the cipher or nought stands by itself and without being preceded by any digit that it becomes the symbol of the infinite Kosmos and of Absoluteness or Deity.<sup>1</sup>



## 92. The pith and marrow of Occultism

From *The Secret Doctrine*, I pp. 272-73.

**T**HE SECRET DOCTRINE IS THE ACCUMULATED WISDOM OF THE AGES, and its cosmogony alone is the most stupendous and elaborate system: *e.g.*, even in the exotericism of the *Purānas*. But such is the mysterious power of Occult symbolism, that the facts which have actually occupied countless generations of initiated seers and prophets to marshal, to set down and explain, in the bewildering series of evolutionary progress, are all recorded on a few pages of geometrical signs and glyphs. The flashing gaze of those seers has penetrated into the very kernel of matter, and recorded the soul of things there, where an ordinary profane, however learned, would have perceived but the external work of form. But modern science believes not in the “soul of things,” and hence will reject the whole system of ancient cosmogony. It is useless to say that the system in question is no fancy of one or several isolated individuals. That it is the uninterrupted record covering thousands of generations of Seers whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions passed orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted beings, who watched over the childhood of Humanity. That for long ages, the “Wise Men” of the Fifth Race, of the stock saved and rescued from the last cataclysm and shifting of continents, had passed their lives *in learning, not teaching*. How did they do so? It is answered: by checking, testing, and verifying in every department of nature the traditions of old by the independent visions of great adepts; *i.e.*, men who have developed and perfected their physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual organisations to the utmost possible degree. No vision of one adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions — so obtained as to stand as independent evidence — of other adepts, and by centuries of experiences.



<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (1890! ON THE NEW YEAR'S MORROW) XII p. 77 & *fn.*

## 93. The Rainbow of Hope<sup>1</sup>

**The beacon-light of Occult Truth is Nature, without the illusory veil of the senses. She is the Rainbow of Hope and our only hope.**

First published in *La Revue Théosophique*, Paris, Vol. I, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6: May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1889, pp. 1-9; June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1889; pp. 1-7; July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1889, pp. 1-6; August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1889, pp. 1-9. Translation of the foregoing original French text republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE BEACON OF THE UNKNOWN) XI pp. 248-49.

It is written in an old book of occult studies:

*Gupta-Vidyā* (Secret Science) is an attractive sea, but stormy and full of rocks. The navigator who risks himself thereon, if he be not wise and full of experience,<sup>2</sup> will be swallowed up, wrecked upon one of the thousand submerged reefs. Great billows, the colour of sapphires, rubies and emeralds, billows full of beauty and mystery will overtake him, ready to bear the voyager away towards other and numberless beacon-lights that burn in all directions. But these are false lights, will-o'-the-wisps,<sup>3</sup> lighted by the sons of *Kāliya*<sup>4</sup> for the destruction of those who thirst for life. Happy are they who remain blind to these deceiving lights, more happy still those who never turn their eyes from the only true Beacon-light whose eternal flame burns in solitude in the depths of the waters of the Sacred Science. Numerous are the pilgrims who desire to enter those waters; very few are the strong swimmers who reach the Beacon. He who would get there must cease to be a number, and become *all numbers*. He must have forgotten the illusion of separateness, and accept only the truth of collective individuality.<sup>5</sup> He must see with the ears, hear with the eyes,<sup>6</sup> understand the language of the rainbow, and have concentrated his six senses in his seventh sense.<sup>7</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Look up one of our theosophical bejewelled garlands, on the last page of this study. — ED. PHIL.

<sup>2</sup> Acquired under the guidance of a *guru* or Master.

<sup>3</sup> [Or *ignis fatuus*, “foolish fire,” ghost lights seen by travellers at night, especially over bogs, swamps, or marshes. It resembles a flickering lamp and is said to recede if approached, drawing travellers from the safe paths. — Metaphorically, will-o'-the-wisps are delusive or misleading hopes.]

<sup>4</sup> The great serpent conquered by Krishna and driven from the river Yamunā into the sea, where the serpent *Kāliya* took for wife a kind of Siren, by whom he had a numerous family.

<sup>5</sup> The illusion of the *personality*, of a separate ego, placed by our egotism in the forefront. In one word, it is necessary to assimilate all humanity, live by it, for it; and in it; in other terms, cease to be “one,” and become “all” or the *total*.

<sup>6</sup> A Vedic expression. The senses, including the two mystic senses, are seven in Occultism; but an Initiate does not separate these senses one from the other, any more than he separates his unity from Humanity. Each one of the senses contains all the others.

<sup>7</sup> Symbology of colours. The language of the prism, of which “the seven mother-colours have each seven sons,” *i.e.*, 49 shades or “sons” between the seven, are so many letters or alphabetical characters. The language of colours has, therefore, fifty-six letters for the *Initiate* (not to be confused with an *adept*; see my article “A Danger Signal”). Of these letters each septenary is absorbed by the mother-colours, as each of the seven mother-colours is finally absorbed in the white ray, Divine Unity symbolized by these colours.

[For an in-depth analysis of the subject, consult Hieronymus von Mansfeld (*Comp. & Ed.*). *The True Colours of Man*, Gwernymnydd: Philaletheians UK, 2015; v. 17.15.2022. This is our fifth Major Work. The meaning of the two interlaced pyramids on the frontispiece has been his unravelled on page 92 of this title. — ED. PHIL.]

## 94. The Spirit of Truth

First published in *La Revue Théosophique*, Paris, Vol. I, No. 1, March 21<sup>st</sup>, 1889, pp. 3-13. Translation of the foregoing French original republished in *H.P. Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE NEW CYCLE) XI pp. 131-32. Consult C.A. Bartzokas (Comp. & Ed.). *Compassion: The Spirit of Truth*, Gwernymynydd: Philaletheians UK, 2005; v. 05.88.2021. This is our first Major Work. — ED. PHIL.

**T**HE SPIRIT OF TRUTH IS PASSING NOW OVER THE FACE OF THE DARK WATERS, and in parting them, is compelling them to disgorge their spiritual treasures. This spirit is a force that can neither be hindered nor stopped. Those who recognize it and feel that this is the supreme moment of their salvation will be uplifted by it and carried beyond the illusions of the great astral serpent. The joy they will experience will be so poignant and intense, that if they were not mentally isolated from their bodies of flesh, the beatitude would pierce them like sharp steel. It is not pleasure that they will experience, but a bliss which is a foretaste of the knowledge of the gods, the knowledge of good and evil, and of the fruits of the tree of life.



## 95. The wax of prejudice

First published in *The Theosophical Forum*, April 1889 through April 1895, Questions 2 through 345, in Numbers 1 to 70 (First Series). Republished in: Dara Eklund (Comp.). *Echoes of the Orient: The Writings of William Quan Judge*. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. Pasadena: Theosophical University Press: Vol. II, 2009; QUESTION 102, pp. 285-86.<sup>1</sup>

Is it honest for a sincere Theosophist to celebrate in any way, whether by present-giving or by entertainments, the festivals of Christendom, such as Christmas and Easter? What is the practice of Occultists and the leaders of the Theosophical Society in this regard?

Theosophical sincerity is not a strange moral product of a new reform, but is exactly sincerity as always defined by philosophers and moralists in every age. The word *sincere* is derived from a Latin word which is in its turn supposed to be from *sine* “without” and *cera* “wax,” that is, *pure honey*. The wax is prejudice, and he who harbours that, be he an F.T.S.<sup>2</sup> or not, may consider his practice right in preventing him from viewing broadly all customs of all men, but one who accumulates the pure honey of sincerity may just as well join in Christmas festivities in Christendom as he would in those of Buddha’s birthday in Ceylon.



<sup>1</sup> [This magazine was distributed free of charge to members-at-large of the Theosophical Society in America, who were invited to “send questions, answers to questions, opinions and notes upon Theosophical subjects.” Usually they were handled by the editor, Alexander Fullerton, with the assistance of Mr. Judge. Though some of the editor’s answers (signed Ans.) may have been by Judge, we include only those contributed under his own name, initials, or pen-names. — DARA EKLUND, *Compiler*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Fellow of the Theosophical Society]

## 96. Theosophy's Holy Mission is Universal Brotherly Love

**Real Theosophy is unswerving devotion to Truth manifested from within outwardly as brotherly love and sympathy with every living creature, whether human or animal.**

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar:  
for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,  
how can he love God whom he hath not seen?  
And this commandment have we from him,  
That he who loveth God love his brother also.

Greater love hath no man than this,  
that a man lay down his life for his friends.<sup>1</sup>

Thy regard for thy friend ought to be grounded in Me;  
and for My sake is he to be beloved . . .

Without Me friendship hath no strength, no continuance;  
neither is that love true and pure, which is not knit by Me.<sup>2</sup>



## 97. There is a road, steep and thorny

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. IX, No. 49, September 1891, p. 4.  
Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, XIII p. 219.

[After the passing of H.P. Blavatsky, the magazine *Lucifer* was edited mainly by Annie Besant. In her Editorial opening up the Ninth Volume, she speaks of the position of *Lucifer* in the intellectual world, of its opposition to Materialism, the philosophy it offers from hoary antiquity, of the religion it brings which outrages neither the intellect nor the conscience, etc. She winds up by saying that it “bends low to whisper in the ear of the patient, aspiring seeker after the Hidden Wisdom.” She then publishes within quotation marks the passage which appears below. It has been thought by many students that this passage is from Annie Besant’s own pen. William Kingsland, however, who was with Madame Blavatsky. for a long time, and whose opinion is of great value in such matters, ascribes this passage to Blavatsky, and uses it as such in his fine work entitled *The Real H.P. Blavatsky* (London: John M. Watkins, 1928). It is quite possible that Annie Besant used in her Editorial, and placed in the mouth of *Lucifer*, some passage from an unpublished manuscript of H.P. Blavatsky. — *Boris se Zirkoff*.]

There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the very heart of the Universe: I can tell you how to find those who will show you the secret gateway that opens inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onwards there is reward past all telling — the power to bless and save humanity; for those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come.

<sup>1</sup> 1 *John* iv, 20-21, and *John* xv, 13 (KJV); “*Qui diligit Deum, diligit et fratrem suum.*” (iv, 21)

<sup>2</sup> Thomas à Kempis, *The Imitation of Christ*, Bk. III, ch. xlii; (THAT OUR PEACE IS NOT TO BE SET ON MEN) — *tr.* Hoskins

## 98. Three Great Truths

**But the three fundamental propositions of the Secret Doctrine are even greater!**

- The soul of man is immortal,<sup>1</sup> and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit.
- The principle which gives life dwells in us,<sup>2</sup> and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.
- Each man is his own absolute lawgiver,<sup>3</sup> the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.<sup>4</sup>

These truths, which are as great as is life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them.<sup>5</sup>



## 99. Tiresias, the Blind Seer of Thebes<sup>6</sup>

**The tolling of his funeral bell broke on my pagan paradise.**

**I** WISH I WERE AS IN THE YEARS OF OLD  
 While yet the blessed daylight made itself  
 Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sight, and woke  
 These eyes, now dull, but then so keen to seek  
 The meanings ambush'd under all they saw,  
 The flight of birds, the flame of sacrifice,  
 What omens may foreshadow fate to man  
 And woman, and the secret of the Gods.

My son, the Gods, despite of human prayer,  
 Are slower to forgive than human kings.

<sup>1</sup> [The higher or spiritual soul of man is meant here. Man's lower soul or psyche, vessel of the divine spirit or mind is mortal. Consult "Constitution of Man – Overview," in our Constitution of Man Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> Cf. ". . . this immortal Principle which exists in our minds but cannot be perceived by the senses, is born Purusha, the Divine male and female, who became *Nārāyana*, or the Divine Spirit moving on the water." *Isis Unveiled*, II p. 214; [defining *Ego sum qui sum*, "Him who is, and yet is not" (*Exodus* iii, 14), according to the Hindu Esoteric Cosmogony, and quoting *The Works of Wm. Jones*, Vol. II, pp. 66-67; London, 1799.]

Also cf. "[A] . . . psychical principle which it is *impossible to regard* as a mere outcome of material causes." *Secret Doctrine*, II p. 650 *fn*; [quoting Du Bois-Reymond.]

<sup>3</sup> Cf. ". . . because he is *his own priest and sacrificer* . . ." *Secret Doctrine*, II p. 609; [on Yima, the first mortal who converses with Ahura-Mazdā but refuses to become his priest. Esoterically, however, Yima stands for the first three Root-Races. Consult study notes in our Secret Doctrine's Third Proposition Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>4</sup> Cf. ". . . we are taught from the first that each man is personally responsible to the Law of Compensation for every word [and deed] of his voluntary production." *Mahatma Letter* 43 (42), p. 258; 3<sup>rd</sup> Combined ed.

<sup>5</sup> Excerpted from *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, Bk. II, ch. 8; [full text in our Black versus White Magic Series. Not to be confused with "The Legend of the Blue Lotus," in our Higher Ethics and Devotion Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>6</sup> By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The great God, Arēs, burns in anger still  
Against the guiltless heirs of him from Tyre  
Our Cadmus, out of whom thou art, who found  
Beside the springs of Dircē, smote, and still'd  
Thro' all its folds the multitudinous beast  
The dragon, which our trembling fathers call'd  
The God's own son.

A tale, that told to me,  
When but thine age, by age as winter-white  
As mine is now, amazed, but made me yearn  
For larger glimpses of that more than man  
Which rolls the heavens, and lifts and lays the deep,  
Yet loves and hates with mortal hates and loves,  
And moves unseen among the ways of men.

Then, in my wanderings all the lands that lie  
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge  
Have heard this footstep fall, altho' my wont  
Was more to scale the highest of the heights  
With some strange hope to see the nearer God.

One naked peak — the sister of the Sun  
Would climb from out the dark, and linger there  
To silver all the valleys with her shafts —  
There once, but long ago, five-fold thy term  
Of years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;  
The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick  
For shadow — not one bush was near — I rose  
Following a torrent till its myriad falls  
Found silence in the hollows underneath.

There in a secret olive-glade I saw  
Pallas Athēnē climbing from the bath  
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd  
The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest  
Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light  
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm  
And all her golden armour on the grass,  
And from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes  
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark  
For ever, and I heard a voice that said  
“Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,  
And speak the truth that no man may believe.”

Son, in the hidden world of sight that lives  
Behind this darkness, I behold her still  
Beyond all work of those who carve the stone  
Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,  
Ineffable beauty, out of whom, at a glance  
And as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd

The power of prophesying — but to me  
No power — so chain'd and coupled with the curse  
Of blindness and their unbelief who heard  
And heard not, when I spake of famine, plague  
Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt,  
And angers of the Gods for evil done  
And expiation lack'd — no power on Fate  
Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar  
For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,  
To cast wise words among the multitude  
Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in hours  
Of civil outbreak, when I knew the twain  
Would each waste each, and bring on both the yoke  
Of stronger states, was mine the voice to curb  
The madness of our cities and their kings.

Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear  
My warning that the tyranny of one  
Was prelude to the tyranny of all?  
My counsel that the tyranny of all  
Led backward to the tyranny of one?

This power hath work'd no good to aught that lives  
And these blind hands were useless in their wars.  
O therefore, that the unfulfill'd desire,  
The grief for ever born from griefs to be  
The boundless yearning of the prophet's heart —  
Could that stand forth, and like a statue, rear'd  
To some great citizen, win all praise from all  
Who past it, saying, "That was he!"

In vain!

Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those  
Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd  
Within themselves, immersing, each, his urn  
In his own well, draws solace as he may.

Menœceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear  
Too plainly what full tides of onset sap  
Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war  
Rides on those ringing axles! jingle of bits,  
Shouts, arrows, tramp of the horn-footed horse  
That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers  
Of that ear-stunning hail of Arēs crash  
Along the sounding walls. Above, below  
Shock after shock, the song-built towers and gates  
Reel, bruised and butted with the shuddering  
War-thunder of iron rams; and from within  
The city comes a murmur void of joy,  
Lest she be taken captive — maidens, wives,

And mothers with their babblers of the dawn,  
And oldest age in shadow from the night,  
Falling about their shrines before their Gods,  
And wailing, "Save us."

And they wail to thee!  
These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own,  
See this, that only in thy virtue lies  
The saving of our Thebes; for, yesternight,  
To me, the great God Arēs, whose one bliss  
Is war and human sacrifice — himself  
Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt  
With stormy light as on a mast at sea,  
Stood out before a darkness, crying, "Thebes,  
Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for I loathe  
The seed of Cadmus — yet if one of these  
By his own hand — if one of these — "

My son,  
No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,  
And to conciliate, as their names who dare  
For that sweet mother land which gave them birth  
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,  
Graven on memorial columns, are a song  
Heard in the future; few, but more than wall  
And rampart, their examples reach a hand  
Far thro' all years, and everywhere they meet  
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength  
To mould it into action pure as theirs.

Fairer thy fate than mine, if life's best end  
Be to end well! and thou refusing this,  
Unvenerable will thy memory be  
While men shall move the lips; but if thou dare —  
Thou, one of these, the race of Cadmus — then  
No stone is fitted in yon marble girth  
Whose echo shall not tongue thy glorious doom,  
Nor in this pavement but shall ring thy name  
To every hoof that clangs it, and the springs  
Of Dircē laving yonder battle-plain,  
Heard from the roofs by night, will murmur thee  
To thine own Thebes, while Thebes thro' thee shall stand  
Firm-based with all her Gods.

The Dragon's cave  
Half hid, they tell me, now in flowing vines —  
Where once he dwelt and whence he roll'd himself  
At dead of night — thou knowest, and that smooth rock  
Before it, altar-fashion'd, where of late  
The woman-breasted Sphinx, with wings drawn back

Folded her lion paws, and look'd to Thebes.  
There blanch the bones of whom she slew, and these  
Mixt with her own, because the fierce beast found  
A wiser than herself, and dash'd herself  
Dead in her rage; but thou art wise enough  
Tho' young, to love thy wiser, blunt the curse  
Of Pallas, bear, and tho' I speak the truth  
Believe I speak it, let thine own hand strike  
Thy youthful pulses into rest and quench  
The red God's anger, fearing not to plunge  
Thy torch of life in darkness, rather — thou  
Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the stars  
Send no such light upon the ways of men  
As one great deed.

Thither, my son, and there  
Thou, that hast never known the embrace of love  
Offer thy maiden life.

This useless hand!  
I felt one warm tear fall upon it. Gone!  
He will achieve his greatness.

But for me,  
I would that I were gather'd to my rest,  
And mingled with the famous kings of old  
On whom about their ocean-islets flash  
The faces of the Gods — the wise man's word  
Here trampled by the populace underfoot  
There crown'd with worship — and these eyes will find  
The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl  
About the goal again, and hunters race  
The shadowy lion, and the warrior-kings  
In height and prowess more than human, strive  
Again for glory, while the golden lyre  
Is ever sounding in heroic ears  
Heroic hymns, and every way the vales  
Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume  
Of those who mix all odour to the Gods  
On one far height in one far-shining fire.

“One height and one far-shining fire!”

And while I fancied that my friend  
For this brief idyll would require

A less diffuse and opulent end,  
And would defend his judgment well,

If I should deem it over nice —  
The tolling of his funeral bell

Broke on my Pagan Paradise,  
And mixt the dream of classic times,

And all the phantoms of the dream,  
With present grief, and made the rhymes,  
That miss'd his living welcome, seem  
Like would-be guests an hour too late,  
Who down the highway moving on  
With easy laughter find the gate  
Is bolted, and the master gone.  
Gone onto darkness, that full light  
Of friendship! past, in sleep, away  
By night, into the deeper night!  
The deeper night? A clearer day  
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth —  
If night, what barren toil to be!  
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth  
Our living out? Not mine to me  
Remembering all the golden hours  
Now silent, and so many dead,  
And him the last; and laying flowers,  
This wreath, above his honour'd head,  
And praying that, when I from hence  
Shall fade with him into the unknown,  
My close of earth's experience  
May prove as peaceful as his own.<sup>1</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> First published in 1885.

## 100. Tolstoy on how to make a poor man happy

First published in *Le Lotus*, Paris, Vol. I, No. 6, September 1887, pp. 321-38.<sup>1</sup> Translation of the foregoing original French text republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MISCONCEPTIONS) VIII pp. 77-78. Full text in “Misconceptions about Theosophy” in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

There is but one way of ever ameliorating human life and it is by the love of one’s fellow man for his own sake and not for personal gratification. The greatest Theosophist — he who loves divine truth under all its forms — is the one who works for and with the poor. There is a man known to the entire intellectual Europe-America who possibly may never have heard the name of The Theosophical Society; I mean Count Leo N. Tolstoy, author of *War and Peace*. This great writer is a perfect model for all aspirants to true Theosophy. He is the first in European aristocracy to have solved this problem: “What can I do to make happy any poor man whom I may meet?”

This is what he says:

I think that it is the duty of everyone to work for all who may need help; *to work with the hands*, remember, a certain portion of your day. It is more practical to work with and for the poor man than to give him a portion of your intellectual labour. In the first case you help not only him who needs to be helped, but you preach by means of example to the lazy one and the beggar; you show them that you do not consider their prosaic work as being below your dignity, and thus you inculcate in him the feeling of respect and esteem for himself and of satisfaction with his destiny. If, however, you persist in working solely in your own high intellectual region and give to the poor the product of your labour, as one gives alms to the beggar, you will succeed only in encouraging his laziness and his feeling of inferiority. In doing so you establish a difference of social caste between yourself and him who accepts your alms. You take away from him his self-esteem and his confidence in you and you suggest to him aspirations to shake off the hard conditions of his existence, spent in daily physical labour, to associate himself with your life which appears to him easier than his own, to wear your garb which seems to him more beautiful than his own, and to obtain access to your social position which he considers superior to his own. It is not in this manner, owing to *scientific and intellectual progress*, that we can ever hope to assist the poor, or to inculcate into humanity the idea of a true fraternity.

In India the Theosophical “missionaries” labour towards the eradication of the caste idea and with a view to uniting all the castes in their fraternity. We have already seen

<sup>1</sup> [This essay from H.P. Blavatsky’s pen was also issued in pamphlet form under the title: *Fausse Conceptions, Réponse à diverses critiques* (Tours: Imp. de E. Arrault, 1887. 8°. 20pp. 2 fr.). According to the Bibliographer Albert L. Caillet, “Aleph” was Charles Limousin, Editor of the Journal *Acacia*. This pamphlet is very difficult to obtain, but can be consulted in the holdings of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris (8° R. Pièce 3782). Blavatsky’s text is preceded therein by the following editorial notice:

“In order to reply to various criticisms which we receive from time to time, and which are due to the ignorance, rather excusable, of our critics, and to the secret slander of our enemies — former Fellows expelled from the Society or priests of idolatry in science as well as religion — we think it useful to publish separately the following essay of Madame Blavatsky, which appeared in No. 6 of *Le Lotus*. One could think of ALEPH as representing the public in general, and of Madame Blavatsky as representing The Theosophical Society, at least as far as the general tendency and the goal are concerned.”

— Boris de Zirkoff.]

— a thing incredible and impossible before their arrival in the country of the Sacred Cows and the Bull-Gods — Brāhmana and Pariah, Hindu and Buddhist, Parsi and Mohammedan, seated at the same table. When we see in republican France aristocrats and financiers keep company with their laundrymen, or a lady of society, proud of her democratic sentiments, help a poor farmer’s wife plant her cabbage, as is done by the daughter of Count Tolstoy and by the real European Theosophists at Madras and elsewhere — then we may say that there is hope for the poor in Europe.



## 101. Touch any man and you touch Heaven

**The outer man is the symbol of the inner man.**

Every man’s form and body is not the real man; it is merely a symbol and personification of the character and attributes of the real man, a form of matter in which the thoughts of the real man have found their external expression.<sup>1</sup>

**His body is the temple of the universe.**

There is but one Temple in the universe, and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form . . . We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!<sup>2</sup>

Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions, by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.<sup>3</sup>



## 102. Vex not thou the poet’s mind with thy shallow wit<sup>4</sup>

**Dark-brow’d sophist, come not anear.  
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.**

A companion poem to “The Poet” (1830), entitled “The Poet’s Mind.” After line 7, in 1830, appears this stanza, afterwards omitted:

Clear as summer mountain streams,  
Bright as the inwoven beams,  
Which beneath their crisping sapphire  
In the midday, floating o’er

<sup>1</sup> F. Hartmann, *With the Adepts, an adventure among the Rosicrucians*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., London: William Rider & Son, 1910; ch. 6, “The Alchemical Laboratory.” Full text in the same Series. — ED. PHIL.

<sup>2</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, I p. 212; [quoting Carlyle.]

<sup>3</sup> Emerson, *Essays (First Series)*, *Self-Reliance*, ¶ 28 (1841)

<sup>4</sup> By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The golden sands, make evermore  
To a blossom-starred shore.  
Hence away, unhallowed laughter!

1

Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit:  
Vex not thou the poet's mind;  
For thou canst not fathom it.  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river;  
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

2

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;  
All the place is holy ground;  
Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
Come not here.  
Holy water will I pour  
Into every spicy flower  
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around.  
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.  
In your eye there is death,  
There is frost in your breath  
Which would blight the plants.  
Where you stand you cannot hear  
From the groves within  
The wild-bird's din.  
In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants,  
It would fall to the ground if you came in.  
  
In the middle leaps a fountain  
Like sheet lightning,  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder;  
All day and all night it is ever drawn  
From the brain of the purple mountain  
Which stands in the distance yonder:  
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,  
And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,  
And it sings a song of undying love;  
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and full,  
You never would hear it; your ears are so dull;  
So keep where you are: you are foul with sin;  
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.



## 103. Virgil's "mens agitat molem"

**Anchises reveals the single order.**

**Nous enters into matter and agitates it.**

Virgil's celebrated *mens agitat molem* is part of the opening lines 724 *et seq.* of Virgil's *Aeneid*, VI (THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS), where Aeneas finally meets his father in the underworld. Regrettably, the higher meaning implicit in this statement has been dulled by the spiritual aridity of our age. Amplifications of its philosophical significance can be found in our Secret Doctrine Study Notes, "Proposition 2 – Unknown & Unknowable," and "Proposition 3 – The Nous of the Greeks." J.D. Casten's translations are presented herein with permission of the copyright owner.

### John Dryden's translation

Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,  
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,  
And both the radiant lights, one common soul  
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.  
This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,  
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.  
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.  
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,  
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;  
As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy  
Of mortal members, subject to decay,  
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.  
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,  
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,  
And grief, and joy; nor can the grovelling mind,  
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,  
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind.

### Virgil's original lines

Principio cælum ac terram camposque liquentis  
lucentumque globum lunæ titaniaque astra  
spiritus intus alit totamque infusa per artus  
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet  
inde hominum pecudumque genus vitæque volantum  
et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus  
igneus est ollis vigor et cælestis origo  
seminibus quantum non corpora noxia tardant  
terrenque hebetant artus moribundaque membra  
hinc metuunt cupiuntque dolent gaudentque neque auras  
dispiciunt clausæ tenebris et carcere cæco  
quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit.

### **J.D. Castens' "transparent" translation**

Principally are the celestial and terrestrial, and the liquid camps,  
and the lucent lunar globe, and Titan stars,  
Which an inner spirit nourishes; and infused through the totality of artefacts,  
the mental agitates the molecular and mixes itself with the magnificent  
corporeal.  
Thence are the birth of humans and animals, and the vitality of the flying,  
and the monsters which the ocean ferries under marbled waves.  
In these is an ignited vigour and origin from celestial  
seeds — as much as they are not retarded by noxious bodies,  
heavy in terrestrial limbs, and moribund members.  
Hence they fear and desire, suffer and rejoice; yet, not the heavenly breezes  
do they perceive when in closed darkness and blind incarceration,  
but rather when, with a supreme illumination, life releases.

### **J.D. Casten's "looser" translation**

In the beginning, an innate spiritual nature, mind,  
initiated, substantiated, and pervaded,  
heaven, earth, vast oceans, the glowing orb moon and divine stars,  
intermingling with the entirety of all being.  
Mind ignites life, creating humans, animals, birds  
and the sea creatures carried under marbled waves,  
as much as these life forces are not slowed by bodies and  
weighted down in earthly, death bound joints and limbs.  
Thus, they mentally fear and desire, suffer and rejoice,  
and do not breath the heavenly air  
from their darkly blind and closed bodily prisons,  
until life is given up with a final enlightenment.

### **J.D. Castens' paraphrase**

Mind's natural innate spirit, interpenetrating all being,  
established the heaven of divine stars, planets, and luminous lunar orb,  
which circle round the vast oceans and lands of Gaia where  
consciousness ignites the vital breath: We humans, the beasts of land  
and flight, even creatures swept under the maritime marbled waves;  
all bearing the slowing gravity of mortal joints and limbs; with  
psychological phobias afflicting and affections affirming, while we fail  
to scale the sky's summit, trapped blindly in dark carnal dungeons,  
until life's release in supreme enlightenment.

### **A.S. Kline's translation**

Firstly, a spirit within them nourishes the sky and earth,  
the watery plains, the shining orb of the moon,  
and Titan's star, and Mind, flowing through matter,  
vivifies the whole mass, and mingles with its vast frame.  
From it come the species of man and beast, and winged lives,

and the monsters the sea contains beneath its marbled waves.  
The power of those seeds is fiery, and their origin divine,  
so long as harmful matter doesn't impede them  
and terrestrial bodies and mortal limbs don't dull them.  
Through those they fear and desire, and grieve and joy,  
and enclosed in night and a dark dungeon, can't see the light.



## 104. What did the Lily Queen say to Sensa?

**T**HE WATERS THOU LIEST IN NOW, come from that place where my flowers,  
the lotus blossoms, dwell in their glory.

Thou wouldst die wert thou to lie thus in the water where they dwell. But this  
that drops from them has but little of their life in it, and has given up its own to  
them. When thou must plunge into the water of the lotus tank,<sup>1</sup> then thou wilt be  
strong as the eagle and eager as the young life of the newborn.

My child, be thou strong; listen not to the flattery which confuses thee; listen only to  
the truth I keep in the sunlight, dear child, and let not the phantoms delude thee; for  
there is the life of lives awaiting thee, the pure flower of knowledge and love is ready  
for thee to pluck.

Wouldst thou be a tool, a mere instrument in the hands of those who desire only for  
themselves? No! acquire knowledge and grow strong; then shalt thou be a giver of  
sunshine to the world.

Come, my child, give me thine hand; rise in confidence, for this water will support  
thee; rise and kneel upon it and drink of the sunshine; rise and kneel upon it, and  
address thyself to the light of all life, that it may illumine thee.<sup>2</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> [Look up *Isis Unveiled*, II p. 349, and then study "The Ineffable Name," the Great Mystery of creation and sal-  
vation, in our Secret Doctrine's First Proposition Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> From *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, Bk. I, ch. 11; [full text in our Black versus White Magic Series. Not to be  
confused with "The Legend of the Blue Lotus," in our Higher Ethics and Devotion Series. — ED. PHIL.]

## 105. What should be the measure of our conduct?

First published in *The North American Review*, Vol. CLI, No. 405, August 1890, pp. 173-86. This excerpt from *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (RECENT PROGRESS IN THEOSOPHY) XII pp. 295-97. Consult full text under the title “Theosophical Society – Objects and early accomplishments,” in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

The Theosophical Movement was a necessity of the age, and it has spread under its own inherent impulsion, and owes nothing, to adventitious methods. From the first it has had neither money, endowment, nor social or governmental patronage to count upon. It appealed to certain human instincts and aspirations, and held up a certain lofty ideal of perfectibility, with which the vested extraneous interests of society conflicted, and against which these were foredoomed to battle. Its strongest allies were the human yearnings for light upon the problem of life, and for a nobler conception of the origin, destiny, and potentialities of the human being. While materialism and its congener, secularism, were bent upon destroying not only theology and sectarian dogmatism, but even the religious conception of a diviner Self, Theosophy has aimed at uniting all broad religious people for research into the actual basis of religion and scientific proofs of the existence and permanence of the higher Self. Accepting thankfully the results of scientific study and exposure of theological error, and adopting the methods and maxims of science, its advocates try to save from the wreck of cults the precious admixture of truth to be found in each. Discarding the theory of miracles and supernaturalism, they endeavour to trace out the kinship of the whole family of world-faiths to each other, and their common reconciliation with science.

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Alone the organs of disembodied “angels” poured as unsuccessfully as ever their vials of wrath, mockery, and brutal slander, upon us. But we heeded them not. Why should we? The utmost malignity and basest treachery have not been able either to controvert our ideas, belittle our objects, disprove the reasonableness of our methods, or fasten upon us a selfish or dishonest motive. And as our declared principles are not merely unobjectionable, but admirably calculated to do good to mankind, these conspirators and calumniators have simply kept a multitude of religiously-inclined persons from enjoying the happiness they would have had by understanding Theosophy as it really is, and making it the guiding rule of their conduct.



## 106. When mother becomes immaculate

From *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE) X pp. 396-97.

Stanza IV, śloka 2. LEARN WHAT WE, WHO DESCEND FROM THE PRIMORDIAL SEVEN, WE, WHO ARE BORN FROM THE PRIMORDIAL FLAME, HAVE LEARNED FROM OUR FATHERS.

“The first ‘Primordial’ are the highest Beings on the Scale of Existence. . . . The ‘Primordial’ proceed from ‘Father-Mother.’”<sup>1</sup>

*Is Father-Mother here synonymous with the Third Logos?*

The first primordial seven are born from the Third Logos. This is before it is differentiated into the Mother, when it becomes pure primordial matter in its first primitive essence, Father-Mother potentially. Mother becomes the immaculate mother only when the differentiation of spirit and matter is complete. Otherwise there would exist no such qualification. No one would speak of pure spirit as immaculate, for it cannot be otherwise. The mother is, therefore, the immaculate matter before it is differentiated under the breath of the pre-cosmic Fohat, when it becomes the “immaculate mother” of the “Son” or the manifested Universe, in form. It is the latter which begins the hierarchy that will end with Humanity or man.



## 107. When the mind wills, matter obeys

**The mysterious effects of attraction and repulsion are the unconscious agents of Will;<sup>2</sup> fascination, such as we see exercised by some animals, by serpents over birds, for instance, is a conscious action of it, and the result of thought.**

From *Isis Unveiled*, I p. 144.

What is the WILL? Can “exact science” tell? What is the nature of that intelligent, intangible, and powerful something which reigns supreme over all inert matter? The great Universal Idea willed, and the cosmos sprang into existence. I *will*, and my limbs obey. I *will*, and, my thought traversing space, which does not exist for it, envelops the body of another individual who is not a part of myself, penetrates through his pores, and, superseding his own faculties, if they are weaker, forces him to a pre-determined action. It acts like the fluid of a galvanic battery on the limbs of a corpse. The mysterious effects of attraction and repulsion are the *unconscious* agents of that will; fascination, such as we see exercised by some animals, by serpents over birds, for instance, is a *conscious* action of it, and the result of thought. Sealing-wax, glass, and amber, when rubbed, *i.e.*, when the latent heat which exists in every substance is awakened, attract light bodies; they exercise unconsciously, *will*; for inorganic as well as organic matter possesses a particle of the *divine* essence in itself, however in-

<sup>1</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, I p. 88

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. “Virgil’s mens agitat molem,” page 201 *et seq.*, above. For an in-depth analysis of Will and Desire see “Desire proper is being,” in our Secret Doctrine’s First Proposition Series, and “Prayer is mental utterance in secret” in Down to Earth Series. — ED. PHIL.]

finitesimally small it may be. And how could it be otherwise? Notwithstanding that in the progress of its evolution it may from beginning to end have passed through millions of various forms, it must ever retain its germ-point of that *pre-existent matter*, which is the first manifestation and emanation of the Deity itself. What is then this inexplicable power of attraction but an atomical portion of that essence that scientists and Kabbalists equally recognize as the “principle of life” — the *Ākāśa*? Granted that the attraction exercised by such bodies may be blind; but as we ascend higher the scale of the organic beings in nature, we find this principle of life developing attributes and faculties which become more determined and marked with every rung of the endless ladder. Man, the most perfect of organized beings on earth, in whom matter and spirit — *i.e.*, *will* — are the most developed and powerful, is alone allowed to give a conscious impulse to that principle which emanates from him; and only he can impart to the magnetic fluid opposite and various impulses without limit as to the direction. “He wills,” says Du Potet, “and *organized* matter obeys. It has *no poles*.”



## 108. When the neuter becomes positive

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. V, No. 30, February 1890, p. 477.  
Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MISCELLANEOUS NOTES) XII p. 119.

[In the course of a scholarly article on the subject of the Ego and the Unmanifested Being, Vicomte de Figuanière states that

“ . . . the indestructibility of Force resides in the fact that the action of the Unmanifested is *ceaseless*, and that Force being limited by its primordial modes . . . no perfect or *absolute* equilibrium is verified . . . “

To this, H.P. Blavatsky remarks:]

*Harmony* in motion, *Inertia* in motion, and *Activity* in motion — not to be mistaken for unmanifested “action”<sup>1</sup> — three in one and one in three.<sup>2</sup> Or two *positives* and a *neuter*, through which the dominion of one passes to the other, the latter meanwhile acting as the *negative* — a mere *aspect*, for the negative, as such, is non-extant; till the “neuter,” as *radically* untrue as the negative — becomes in its turn a positive, namely the phase of attraction called *gravitation* — for it is only *one* phase of a *triple* fact, that is, *latent will*; the other two modes of attraction being *manifested will*, one now prevailing in *organic* states, whilst the third, as a dominant, is the compatibility of *super-organic* states.<sup>3</sup> With the latter objection we concur heartily.

EDITOR, *Lucifer*



## 109. When the outer is mistaken for the inner<sup>4</sup>

Shakespeare says:

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.<sup>5</sup>

— but such characters are at the present time very rare, for the world now lives only in dreams.

- There are “divines” knowing nothing of any divinity;
- Medical practitioners knowing nothing about medicine;
- “Anthropologists” knowing nothing about the nature of man;
- Lawyers knowing nothing of justice;
- “Humanitarians” beggaring their employees;
- “Christians” to whom Christ is unknown.

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Diagram and Notes in our Secret Doctrine’s Second Proposition Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. “AUM: definitions, derivatives, parallels,” in *Compassion: The Spirit of Truth*, op. cit., p. 367. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>3</sup> [Cf. Diagram in our Secret Doctrine’s Second Proposition Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>4</sup> By Franz Hartmann.

<sup>5</sup> *The Merchant of Venice*, act I, scene 2

In every sphere of life the external is mistaken for the internal, the illusion for the reality, while the reality remains unrealized and therefore unknown.

A superficial science can concern itself only with superficial causes and effects, however deeply it may enter into the details of such superficialities. The mysterious powers in nature, the intelligent forces in man, are at present almost entirely unknown, and there is no other way of penetrating into the deeper secrets of nature except by the development of the higher nature of man.<sup>1</sup>



## 110. Who furnished man with his immortal Monad?

### The Seven Breaths.

The reader may now be able to obtain a clearer comprehension of the whole thing. He will also see what is meant by the “Watchers,” there being one placed as the Guardian or Regent over each of the seven divisions or regions of the earth, according to old traditions, as there is one to watch over and guide every one of the fourteen worlds or Lokas.<sup>2</sup> But it is not with any of these that we are at present concerned, but with the “Seven Breaths,” so-called, that furnish man with his immortal Monad in his cyclic pilgrimage.

The Commentary on the *Book of Dzyan* says:

*Descending on his region first as Lord of Glory, the Flame (or Breath), having called into conscious being the highest of the Emanations of that special region, ascends from it again to Its primeval seat, whence It watches over and guides Its countless Beams (Monads). It chooses as Its Avatāras only those who had the Seven Virtues in them<sup>3</sup> in their previous incarnation. As for the rest, It overshadows each with one of Its countless beams. . . . Yet even the “beam” is a part of the Lord of Lords.<sup>4, 5</sup>*



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<sup>1</sup> F. Hartmann. *Occult Science in Medicine*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1893; p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> This is the secret meaning of the statements about the Hierarchy of Prajāpatis or Rishis. First seven are mentioned, then ten, then twenty-one, and so on. They are “Gods” and creators of men — many of them the “Lords of Beings”; they are the “Mind-born Sons” of Brahmā, and then they become mortal heroes, and are often shown as of a very sinful character. The Occult meaning of the Biblical Patriarchs, their genealogy, and their descendants dividing among themselves the earth, is the same. Again, Jacob’s dream has the same significance.

<sup>3</sup> He “of the Seven Virtues” is one who, without the benefit of Initiation, becomes as pure as any Adept by the simple exertion of his own merit. Being so holy, his body at his next incarnation becomes the Avatāra of his “Watcher” or Guardian Angel, as the Christian would put it.

<sup>4</sup> The title of the highest Dhyāni-Chohans.

<sup>5</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE DOCTRINE OF AVATĀRAS) XIV p. 380

## 111. Who shall deliver me?

God strengthen me to bear myself;  
That heaviest weight of all to bear,  
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself;  
I lock my door and bar them out  
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,  
And bar them out; but who shall wall  
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself,  
And start self-purged upon the race  
That all must run ! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,  
And start with lightened heart upon  
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,  
This coward with pathetic voice  
Who craves for ease and rest and joys

Myself, arch-traitor to myself ;  
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,  
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,  
Can roll the strangling load from me  
Break off the yoke and set me free.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI<sup>1</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> *Poems*, 1876; [cf. *Romans* vii, 24]

## 112. With the Adepts, by Franz Hartmann

### Review of “An adventure among the Rosicrucians” by H.P. Blavatsky.

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. I, No. 2, October 1887, pp. 145-48.

Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS) VIII pp. 130-36.

A strange and original little story, charmingly fantastic, but full of poetic feeling and, what is more, of deep philosophical and occult truths, for those who can perceive the ground-work it is built upon. A fresh Eclogue of Virgil in its first part, descriptive of Alpine scenery in the Tyrol, where the author “dreamt” his adventure, with “shining glaciers glistening like vast mirrors in the light of the rising sun,” deep ravines with rushing streams dancing between the cliffs, blue lakes slumbering among the meadows, and daisy-sprinkled valleys resting in the shadow of old pine forests.

Gradually as the hero of the “Adventure” ascended higher and higher, he began losing the sense of the world of the real, to pass unconsciously into the land of waking dreams.

In these solitudes there is nothing to remind one of the existence of man, except occasionally the sawed-off trunk of a tree, showing the destructive influence of human activity. In some old, rotten, and hollow trunks rain-water has collected, sparkling in the sun like little mirrors, such as may be used by water-nymphs, and around their edges mushrooms are growing, which our imagination transforms into chairs, tables, and baldachinos for elves and fairies. . . . sound could now be heard, except occasionally the note of a titmouse and the cry of a hawk who rose in long-drawn spiral motion high up into the air. . . .

Throwing himself upon the moss, he begins watching the play of the water until it becomes “alive with forms of the most singular shape,” with super-mundane beings dancing in the spray, “shaking their heads in the sunshine and throwing off showers of liquid silver from their waving locks.” . . .

Their laughter sounded like that of the Falls of *Minnehaha*, and from the crevices of the rocks peeped the ugly faces of gnomes and kobolds, watching slyly the fairies.

Then the dreamer asks himself a variety of questions of the most perplexing nature, except, perhaps, to the materialist, who cuts every psychological problem as Alexander cleft the Gordian knot. . . .

“What is the reason that we imagine such things?” he inquires.

Why do we endow “dead” things with human consciousness and with sensation? . . . Is our consciousness merely a product of the organic activity of our physical body, or is it a function of the universal life . . . within the body? Is our personal consciousness dependent for its existence on the existence of the physical body, and does it die with it; or is there a spiritual consciousness, belonging to a higher, immortal, and invisible self of man, temporarily connected with the organism, but which may exist independently of the latter? If such is the case, if our physical organism is merely an instrument through which our consciousness acts, then this instrument is *not* our real self. If this is true, then

our real self is there where our consciousness exists, and may exist independently of the latter. . . . Can there be any *dead* matter in the Universe? Is not even a stone held together by the “cohesion” of its particles, and attracted to the earth by “gravitation”? But what else is this “cohesion” and “gravitation” but *energy*, and what is “energy” but the *soul*, an anterior principle called *force*, which produces an outward manifestation called *matter*? . . . All things possess life, all things possess soul, and there may be soul-beings . . . invisible to our physical senses, but which may be perceived by our soul.

The arch-druid of modern Hylo-Idealism, Dr. Lewins, failing to appear to rudely shake our philosopher out of his unscientific thoughts, a dwarf appears in his stead. The creature, however, does not warn the dreamer, as that *too-learned Idealist* would. He does not tell him that he transcends “the limits of the anatomy of his conscious Ego,” since “*psychosis* is now diagnosed by *medico-psychological symptomatology as vesiculo-neurosis in activity*,”<sup>1</sup> and — as quoth the raven — “merely this, and nothing more.” But being a *cretin*, he laughingly invites him to his “Master.”

The hero follows, and finds he is brought to a “theosophical monastery,” in a hidden valley of the most gorgeous description. Therein he meets, to his surprise, with adepts of both sexes; for, as he learns later:

What has intelligence to do with the sex of the body? Where the sexual instincts end, there ends the influence of the sex.

Meanwhile, he is brought into the presence of a male adept of majestic appearance, who welcomes and informs him that he is among “The Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross.” He is invited to remain with them for some time, and see how they live. His permanent residence with them is, however, objected to. The reasons given for it are as follows:

There are still too many of the lower and animal elements adhering to your constitution. . . . They could not resist long the destructive influence of the pure and spiritual air of this place; and, as you have not yet a sufficient amount of truly spiritual elements in your organism to render it firm and strong, you would, by remaining here, soon become weak and waste away, like a person in consumption; you would become miserable instead of being happy, and you would die.

Then follows a philosophical conversation on WILL, in which the latter, in individual man, is said to become the stronger if it only uses the universal Will-Power in Nature, *itself remaining passive in the LAW*. This sentence has to be well understood, lest it should lead the reader into the error of accepting pure *mediumistic passivity* as the best thing for spiritual and occult development. A phenomenon is produced on a passing cloud, into which apparent life is infused by the Master’s hand, stretched towards it; this is again explained by showing that LIFE is universal and identical with WILL. Other phenomena still more wonderful follow; and they are all explained as being produced through natural laws, in which science will not believe. The

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<sup>1</sup> *What is Religion? A Vindication of Free Thought*. By C.N. [Constance Naden], annotated by Robert Lewins, M.D. See his Appendices on p. 35, *et seq.*

thoughts of the student are read and answered as though his mind were an opened book. A lovely garden, full of exotic plants and luxurious palm-trees, into which he is taken, striking him as something unnatural in the Tyrolean Alps; so much luxury, moreover, seeming to him to disagree with the ascetic views just expressed by the adept, he is told forthwith, in answer to his unexpressed thoughts, that the garden had been erected to make his visit an agreeable one; and that it was an *illusion*. “All these trees and plants . . . require no gardeners, . . . they cost us nothing but an effort of our imagination” — he learns.

“Surely,” he said, “this rose cannot be an illusion . . . or an effect of my imagination?”

“No,” answered the adept . . . “but it is a product of the imagination of Nature, whose processes can be guided by the will of the adept. The whole world . . . is nothing else but a world of the imagination of the *Universal Mind*, which is the *Creator* of forms.”

To exemplify the teaching, a Magnolia Tree in full blossom sixty feet high, standing at a distance, is made to look less and less dense. The green foliage fades into grey, becomes “more and more shadowy and transparent,” until “it seemed to be merely the ghost of a tree, and finally disappeared entirely from view.”

Thus [continued the adept] you see that tree stood in the sphere of my mind as it stood in yours. We are all living within the sphere of each other’s mind. . . . The Adept creates his own images; the ordinary mortal lives in the products of the imagination of others, or the imagination of nature. We live in the paradise of our own soul but the spheres of our souls are not narrow. They have expanded far beyond the limits of the visible bodies, and will continue to expand until they become one with the universal Soul. . . .

The power of the imagination is yet too little known to mankind, else they would better beware of what they think. If a man thinks a good or an evil thought, that thought calls into existence a corresponding form or power which may assume density and become living . . . and live long after the physical body of the man who created it has died. It will accompany his soul after death, because *the creations are attracted to their creator*.

Scattered hither and thither, through this little volume are pearls of wisdom. For that which is rendered in the shape of dialogue and monologue is the fruit gathered by the author during a long research in old forgotten and mouldy MSS. of the Rosicrucians, or mediæval alchemists, and in the worm-eaten *infolio* of unrecognized, yet great adepts of every age.

Thus when the author approaches the subject of theosophical retreats or communities — a dream cherished by many a theosophist — he is answered by the “Adept” that “*the true ascetic is he who lives in the world, surrounded by its temptations; he in whose soul the animal elements are still active, craving for the gratification of their desires and possessing the means for such gratification, but who by the superior power of his will conquers his animal self*. Having attained that state he may retire from the world. . . . He expects no future reward in heaven; for what could heaven offer him except happiness which he already possesses? He desires no other good, but to create good for the world.” . . . Saith the Adept.

If you could establish theosophical monasteries, where intellectual and spiritual development would go hand-in-hand, where a new science could be taught, based upon a true knowledge of the fundamental laws of the universe, and where at the same time man would be taught how to obtain a mastery over himself, you would confer the greatest possible benefit upon the world. Such a convent would afford immense advantage for the advancement of intellectual research. . . . These convents would become centres of intelligence. . . .

Then, reading the student's thoughts:

You mistake [he added], it is not the want of money which prevents us to execute the idea. It is the impossibility to find the proper kind of people to inhabit the convent after it is established. Indeed, we would be poor Alchemists if we could not produce gold in any desirable quantity . . . but gold is a curse to mankind, and we do not wish to increase the curse. . . . Distribute gold among men, and you will only create craving for more; give them gold, and you will transform them into devils. No, it is not gold that we need; it is men who thirst after wisdom. *There are thousands who desire knowledge, but few who desire wisdom.* . . . Even many of your would-be Occultists . . . have taken up their investigations merely for the purpose of gratifying idle curiosity, while others desire to pry into the secrets of nature, to obtain knowledge which they desire to employ for the attainment of selfish ends. Give us men or women who desire nothing else but the truth, and we will take care of their needs. . . .

And then having given a startlingly true picture of modern civilisation, and explained the occult side of certain things pertaining to knowledge, the Adept led on the student to his laboratory, where he left him for a few minutes alone. Then another adept, looking like a monk, joined him, and drew his attention to some powders, by the fumigations of which the Elementals, or "Spirits of Nature" could be made to appear. This provoked the student's curiosity. Sure of his invulnerability in the matter of tests and temptations, he begged to be allowed to see these creatures. . . .

Suddenly the room looked dim, and the walls of the laboratory disappeared. He felt he was in the water, light as a feather, dancing on the waves, with the full moon pouring torrents of light upon the ocean, and the beautiful Isle of Ceylon appearing in the distance. The melodious sound of female voices made him espy near to where he was three beautiful female beings. The Queen of the Undines, the most lovely of the three — for these were the longed-for Elementals — entices the unwary student to her submarine palace. He follows her, and, forgetting theosophical convents, Adepts and Occultism, succumbs to the temptation. . . .

Was it but a dream? It would so appear. For he awakes on the mossy plot where he had lain to rest in the morning, and from whence he had followed the dwarf. But how comes it that he finds in his button-hole the exotic lily given to him by the adept lady, and in his pocket the piece of gold transmuted in his presence by the "Master"? He rushes home, and finds on the table of his hotel-room a promised work on *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, and on its fly-leaf a few words in pencil. They ran thus: →

*Friend, I regret . . . I cannot invite you to visit us again for the present. He who desires to remain in the peaceful valley must know how to resist all sensual attractions, even those of the Water Queen. Study . . . bring the circle into the square, mortify the metals . . . When you have succeeded we shall meet again . . . I shall be with you when you need me.*

The work ends with the quotation from Paul's *Second Epistle to the Corinthians*, where the man caught up into Paradise (whether in the body or out of the body . . . God knoweth) "*heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.*"

The "adventure" is more than worth perusal.

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## **An adventure among the Rosicrucians" by a Student of Occultism<sup>1</sup>**

New and Revised Edition, London: William Rider & Son, 1910.

### **Preface by the Author<sup>2</sup>**

The following account of a psychic experience has been gathered from notes handed to me by a friend, a writer of considerable repute. Whether the adventures told therein are to be regarded as a dream, or an actual experience on the astral plane, I must leave to the reader to judge.

#### **1. The Excursion**

I am penning these lines in a little village in the Alpine mountains, in Southern Bavaria, and only a short distance from the Austrian frontier. The impressions I received yesterday are still fresh in my mind; the experiences which caused them were as real to me as any other experience caused by the events of every-day life; nevertheless, they were of such an extraordinary character that I cannot persuade myself that they were more than a dream.

Having finished the long and tedious labour of investigating the history of the Rosicrucians, and studying old worm-eaten books, mouldy manuscripts hardly legible from age, passing days and parts of night in convent libraries and antiquarian shops, collecting and copying everything that seemed to be of any value for my object in view, and having at last finished my task, I made up my mind to grant to myself a few holidays, and to spend them among the sublime scenery of the Tyrolian Alps.

The mountains were not yet free from snow, although the spring had advanced; but I was anxious to escape the turmoil and noise of the city, to breathe once more the pure and exhilarating air of the mountain heights, to see the shining glaciers glistening like vast mirrors in the light of the rising sun, and to share the feeling of the poet Byron when he wrote the following verses: →

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<sup>1</sup> [This stands for Dr. Franz Hartmann (1838–1912), a remarkable German physician, philosopher and mystic, who was one of the most productive workers in the early days of the Theosophical Movement, and a personal friend of H.P. Blavatsky. He was a great student of Paracelsus, and of mediaeval occultism in general. See for further data the Bio-Bibliographical Index, s.v. HARTMANN. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.] Full text of the latter, under the title "De Zirkoff on Franz Hartmann," in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

<sup>2</sup> Franz Hartmann.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to these summits led.<sup>1</sup>

Boarding the train, I soon arrived at the foot of the hills. Thence I wandered on foot, highly enjoying the change from the smoky atmosphere of the crowded streets to the fresh air of the country, pregnant with the odour of the pines and the daisies, the latter of which were appearing in places from which the snow was gone. The road led up through the valley of the river, and, as I advanced, the valley grew narrower and the sides of the mountain steeper. Here and there were clusters of farmhouses, and some rustic cottages clinging to the projecting rocks of the mountains as if seeking protection against the storms which often blow through these valleys. The sun was sinking down below the western horizon, and gilded the snowy peaks of the mountains and the brazen cross on the top of the spire of the little village church, from which tolled the curfew, or, as it is here called, the *Ave Maria*, when I arrived at the place selected as a starting-point for my excursions into the mountains.

Finding a hospitable reception in the village inn, I soon retired to rest, and awoke early in the morning, having been aroused from my sleep by the tinkling of little bells hanging around the necks of the goats which were sent out to their pasturage. I arose and stepped to the window. The shadows of night were fleeing before the approach of the coming sun; the dawn had begun, and before me in sublime array stood the grand old peaks of the mountains, reminding me of Edwin Arnold's description of the view to be had from the windows of Prince Siddartha's palace, Vishramvan. There the grand mountains stood:

Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untrod  
Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,  
And lifted universe of crest and crag,  
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,  
Riven<sup>2</sup> ravine and splintered precipice,  
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until  
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.<sup>3</sup>

Soon I was on the way, and wandered farther up through the valley along the river-bed; but the river was here merely a small stream, rushing and dancing wildly over the rocks, while farther down, where it had grown big, it flowed in tranquil majesty through the plains. The valley through which I wandered seemed to cut through long ranges of mountains, and other valleys opened into this. Some of these valleys were

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<sup>1</sup> [*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto the Third, 82-90]

<sup>2</sup> [Split apart]

<sup>3</sup> [Book the Second]

known to me, for I had roamed through them and explored their mysterious recesses, caves, and forests some twenty years ago; but there was one mysterious valley which had not yet been explored by me, and which led towards a high, bifurcated mountain peak, whose summit was said to be inaccessible, and upon which the foot of no mortal had ever trod. Towards this valley I seemed to be attracted by some invisible but irresistible power. I felt as if, in its unexplored depths at the foot of this inaccessible mountain, the secret and undefined longings of my heart were to be satisfied; as if there a mystery was to be revealed to me, whose solution could not be found in books.

The sun had not yet risen above the horizon, and the dark woods to the right and left were of a uniform colour. As I entered the narrow, mysterious valley, the path rose gradually, leading through a dark forest along the side of a mountain. Slowly and almost imperceptibly it ascended; at first it was near the rushing stream, but as I progressed the roar of the torrent sounded more and more distant; the foaming stream itself seemed to sink farther down. At last the forest became thinner, and the dark woods were now far below me; but before me and above the intervening trees rose the naked cliffs of the inaccessible mountain. Still the path led up higher. Soon the distant noise of a waterfall was heard, and I approached again the bed of the mountain stream, which, however, now seemed to be a mass of rocks, split into pieces by some giant power, lying about in wild confusion, while the white foam of the water danced between the cliffs.

Here and there were little islands of soil covered with green vegetation. They stood like isolated tables in the midst of the wilderness; for the combined action of water and air had decomposed and eaten away a great part of their foundations, and they looked like plates of soil resting upon small pedestals; hard as they are, their final tumble is merely a question of time, for their foundations are slowly crumbling away.

My path took me upwards, sometimes nearing the river-bed, sometimes receding from it, leading sometimes over steep rocks, and again descending to the bottom of ravines formed by the melting snows. Thus I entered deep into the mysterious valley, when the first signs of sunrise appeared upon the cliffs above my head. One of these towering peaks was crowned with a halo of light, while beyond it the full sunlight streamed into the valley below. A mild breeze swept through the tops of the trees, and the foliage of the birch-trees, with which the pine forest was sprinkled, trembled in the morning air. No sound could now be heard, except occasionally the note of a titmouse, and more rarely the cry of a hawk which rose in long-drawn, spiral motions high up into the air to begin its work of the day.

Now the ash-grey walls and cliffs began to assume a pale silvery hue, while in the rents and crags of the rock the dark blue shade seemed to resist the influence of the light. Looking backwards, I saw how the valley widened, and, far down, the stream could be seen as it wandered towards the plains. Obtaining more room as it advanced, it spread, and formed ponds and tanks and little lakes among the meadows. On the opposite side of the valley rose the tops of high mountains far into the sky, and between the interstices of the summits, still more summits arose. The foot of the range was covered with a dark vegetation, but the mountain sides exhibited a great variety of colours, from the almost black appearance of the rocks below to the ethe-

real white of the farthest peaks, whose delicate hues seemed to blend with the pale blue sky. Here and there the surface was already covered with spots of light from the rising sun, falling through the rents of the rocks and through the branches of trees, foreboding the near arrival of the orb of day. Thus the higher peaks enjoyed the warm light of the sun long before it shone into the valley below; but while it shone in its full brightness upon the mountain tops, the dark shadows in the deep valley became thinner and began to disappear.

At last the solemn moment arrived, and the sun rose in his sublime majesty over the tops of the mountains, becoming visible to all. The shadows fled, and a flood of light penetrated into the valley, lightening up the dark forest of pines and illuminating the caves of the rocks. Shining upon the fields of snow and the glaciers, its light was reflected as in a mirror and produced a blinding effect, but upon the rocky surface it became softened, and gave it the appearance of a thousand various hues.

The road turned round a projecting part of the height, and suddenly I stood in full view of the inaccessible mountain. Between the place where I stood and the base of the mountain there was a well-nigh treeless plain, and the soil was almost without any vegetation. Everywhere the ground was covered with stones and rocks, many of which seemed to have fallen down from the mysterious mountain and to have been broken in the fall. Here and there was a small spot covered with moss or small vegetation, sending fantastically-shaped branches of green upwards along the sides of the inaccessible mountain towards the bare grey walls of the summit, where giant sentinels of a forbidding mien stood eternal and immovable, and seemed to defend their strongholds against the aggressive vegetation, crowding the latter back into the valley. Thus the everlasting combat which had been raging for untold ages still continued; but the front lines of the contending armies changed from year to year. Everlasting, like the eternal truths, stand the bare grey rocks upon the summits; here and there the vegetation invades their kingdom, like illusions approaching the realm of the real; death is victorious; the green spots are buried each year under the descending rocks; but again life is the victor, for those rocks decay, and a new life appears upon their withered faces.

In the limestone formation of the Alpine ranges, the rocks decomposed by wind and rain assume often the most fantastic shapes, which suggest the names which are given to the mountains. Very little power of imagination is required to behold in the shape of the summits of the Wilden Kaiser mountain the figure of the Emperor Barbarossa, with his long red beard, with crown and sceptre, lying in state, unaffected by the cold of the winter or the summer's heat, waiting to be resurrected; or we may see in the shape of the Hochvogel the form of an eagle spreading its wings; in the Widder-horn, the shape of the horns of a ram, &c. At the base of the mountains and in the valleys the soil is covered with small loose rocks and piles of sand, in the midst of which the coltsfoot plant (*Tussilago farfara*) spreads its large green leaves, and the blue bell-shaped flowers of the monkshood (*Aconitum napellus*) wave their heads. In some secluded spots grows the celebrated edelweiss (*Gnaphalium leontopodium*), resembling in size those which grow on the Popocatepetl in Mexico, and on the Cordilleras of South America. There may also be found the mountain gentian, the Alpine rose, the mandrake, *Arnica montana*, the mysterious *Hypericon*, and other cu-

rious plants full of healing powers and strange virtues. Wherever a sufficient quantity of soil has accumulated to enable a tree to grow, a larger kind of vegetation appears; but the little crust of earth is not deep enough to afford a solid footing to large trees. They may grow to a certain height, but someday a storm will arise and sweep down the mountain sides, and then the work of destruction begins. Grand old tree-corpses, whose roots have been torn from the soil, are lying about, their barkless, bleached branches like so many skeleton arms stretched up towards heaven, as if they had been calling for help in the hour of their death, but no help had arrived. Smaller growths of dwarf-trees surround them, and cover the ground or feed like parasites upon the substance of the dead.

The spring had advanced; but among these mountains the seasons are interlaced with each other. The red and yellow leaves painted by autumn were seen among the green foliage of the stunted pines. The moss clinging to the steep precipices shows the reddish colour obtained in the fall, and in many clefts and caverns linger the snow and ice of the past winter; but above the red and green and the pure white snow the grey masses of the summits rise in a succession of pillars and points, with domes and spires and pinnacles, like a city built by the gods; while in the background spreads the grey or blue canopy of heaven. Thin streams of water run down from these heights over the precipices, and as they splash over the projecting rocks they are reduced to vapour before reaching the ground below. The rocks themselves have been hollowed out, forming large caves, and indicating how powerful those little veins of water may become, if swelled by the floods from the melting snows of the summits.

After enjoying for a few minutes the sublimity of this scenery, I continued my way and approached a little stream coming from a waterfall in the distance. I wandered along its border; the water was deep, but so clear that even the smallest pebble could be distinctly seen at the bottom. Sometimes it appeared as motionless as if it were liquid crystal penetrated by the rays of the sun, and again, meeting with obstacles in its way, it foamed in its rocky bed as if in a sudden fit of rage, while in other places it tumbled in little cascades over pretty pebbles and stones, forming miniature cataracts which exhibited manifold colours.

In these solitudes there is nothing to remind one of the existence of man, except occasionally the sawn-off trunk of a tree, showing the destructive influence of human activity. In some old, rotten, and hollow trunks rain-water has collected, sparkling in the sun like little mirrors, such as may be used by water nymphs, and around their edges little mushrooms are growing, which our imagination transforms into chairs, tables, and baldachinos for fairies and elves.

Where I now stood, the ground was covered with moss, and occasionally there was to be seen a great, white thistle, whose sharp-pointed leaves sparkled in the sunlight. At a short distance I saw a small grove of pines, looking like an island in the desert, and to that grove I directed my steps. There I resolved to rest and enjoy the beauty of nature. I laid myself down upon the moss in a place which was overshadowed by a mighty pine. The music of the mountain stream was heard at a distance, and opposite to the place where I rested there was to be seen a waterfall, spreading into a vapour as it fell over the rocks, and in the vapour appeared the colours of the rainbow.

The mist fell into a basin formed of rock, and from a rent in this basin, overgrown with moss, the water foamed and rushed, hastening down towards the valley, to become united with the main body of the river.

For a long time I watched the play of the water, and the longer I watched the more did it become alive with forms of the most singular shape. Supermundane beings of great beauty seemed to dance in the spray, shaking their heads in the sunshine and throwing showers of liquid silver from their streaming curls and waving locks. Their laughter sounded like that of the falls of Minnehaha, and from the crevices of the rocks peeped the ugly faces of gnomes and kobolds watching slyly the dance of the fairies. Above the fall the current seemed to hesitate before throwing itself down over the precipice; but below, where it left the basin, it appeared to be irritated by the impediments in its way and impatient to leave its home; while far down in the valley, where it became united to its brother, the river, it sounded as if the latter was welcoming it back to its bosom, and as if both were exulting over their final union in a glad jubilee.

What is the reason that we imagine such things? Why do we endow “dead things” with human consciousness and with sensation? Why are we in our moments of happiness not satisfied to feel that we live in a body, but our consciousness craves to go out of its prison-house and mix with the universal life? Is our consciousness merely a product of the organic activity of our physical body, or is it a function of the universal life, concentrated — so to say — in a focus within the physical body? Is our personal consciousness dependent for its existence on the existence of the physical body, and does it die with the latter; or is there a spiritual consciousness, belonging to a higher, immortal, and invisible self of man, which is temporarily connected with the physical organism, but which may exist independent of the latter? If such is the case, if our physical organism is merely an instrument through which our consciousness acts, then this instrument is not our real self. If this is true, then our real self may exist independently of the latter. If we mentally float along the curves of the mountain tops, sinking gradually downwards, rising suddenly upwards, and examining in our imagination the things upon their surface, why do we feel such a sense of exhilaration and joy, as if we were really there, but had left our material body behind, because too heavy to accompany the spirit to the top of the inaccessible mountain? It is true, a part of our life and consciousness must remain with the physical form, to enable it to continue to live during our absence and to attend to the functions of life; but we have read of somnambules<sup>1</sup> and persons in an ecstatic condition, whose inner spiritual self, with all its powers of consciousness, sensation, and perception, was absent from their apparently dead forms, and who visited distant places, going and returning with the velocity of thought, and bringing descriptions of such places which were afterwards verified and found to be true.

Why do we find life in all things, even in those which are considered “dead,” if we merely put ourselves in a condition in which we can perceive that they are living? Can there be any dead matter in the universe? Is not even a stone held together by the “cohesion” of its particles, and attracted to the earth by “gravitation”? But what

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<sup>1</sup> [Mediums]

else is this “cohesion” and “gravitation” but *energy*, and what is “energy” but the *Soul*, an interior principle called force, which produces an outward manifestation called *matter*; but which must ultimately be identical with force or substance, or by whatever name we may call a thing of which we have no conception. If this view is correct, then all things possess life, all things possess soul, and there may be soul-beings, whose outward forms are not so gross as ours, and who are therefore invisible to our physical senses, but may be perceived by our own soul.

In the silence of nature thoughts grow to be waking dreams, and dreams become visions. I imagined how in this solemn solitude I might remain all the rest of my life, perhaps sharing my habitation with a few congenial friends. I imagined how, united by common interests and having identical objects in view, we might be happy and obtain knowledge together. Here, far away from the superficiality and shallowness of common life, a far greater clearness of mental perception, a much deeper concentration of thought, a much higher conception of the truth regarding the mysteries of nature and man might be obtained. How much would our senses be sharpened for the perception of external and internal things! how much would our knowledge of self increase! What should we care about the tomfooleries of what is called “society”; what should we care to know of what is going on in that great insane asylum called “the world”? Here we could live undisturbed within our own selves, unpestered by the necromantic practices of “society,” which daily and hourly force us to go out from within our own selves, to appear where we do not desire to be, compel us to act as we do not desire to act, to bow down before the goddess of fashion, whom we despise in our hearts.

Would such a life be useful for us and useful for others? If it is true that the world and we ourselves are made up of ideas, then it is just in such solitudes that the best conditions might be found in which to grasp and remodel ideas. Thoughts and ideas cannot be merely illusions; they must have a real existence, as real and perhaps more lasting than the objective things of this world; for we know that ideas outlive the death of the forms in which they are represented; we know that ideas, like other fruits, are born and become mature, and whenever an idea is mature it appears on the mental horizon of the world, and is often grasped at the same time by some receptive minds. A man who is able to grasp and remodel exalted ideas, and give them material expression, may do much more for the benefit of the world by living alone and in solitude, than by living among the world where his work is continually impeded by affairs of minor importance. The ideas which he shapes will not die with his body. They will be thrown upon the great mirror, the Astral Light, and be preserved in the memory of the world, to be grasped and utilised by others.

What is that being we call *man*, after all? What is this living animal organism of flesh, blood, and bones, nerves and mind, which lives for a while and then dies, and which the great majority of people esteem so highly, as if it were their own immortal self, and for the comfort of which they often sacrifice their self-respect, their dignity, honour, and virtue? Is it anything else than an animal in whom an intellectual activity of a higher order than in other animals predominates? Can this mental activity be the product of the mechanical, chemical, and physiological activity of gross matter? If not, what is the cause of this activity, and can this cause exist independently of the

form? What is a man without any intelligence? If intelligence, as it necessarily must be, is an attribute of the spirit, what is a man without any spirit and without spiritual intelligence?

While I was meditating about this question a stupid laughter sounded close by my side. I had been so much engaged with my own thoughts that I had not noticed the approach of the stranger; but looking up I saw close by my side one of those half-idiotic human beings whom they call cretins, and who are often found in the mountainous countries of Switzerland and Savoy. I was somewhat surprised and startled, and not a little annoyed at the unwelcome interruption, and I asked him rather abruptly, "What do you want?"

A broad grin passed over the face of the dwarf, for such he certainly was, as he answered, "Master says I should guide you to his house." I was somewhat astonished by his reply, but remembering that the dwarf was an idiot, and that no intelligent answer was to be expected from him, I asked, "Who is your master?" His answer was, "Imperator"; and as he spoke that word a spark of intelligence seemed to shine in his eyes, and the tone of his voice seemed to indicate that this Imperator, whoever he might be, was undoubtedly somebody to whom the cretin rendered implicit obedience. I attempted to ask the dwarf more questions, and to find out who his Imperator was, or where he lived, but all my efforts to obtain information from one who was evidently an idiot were unavailing, and he merely grinned and repeated the words which he had already said before. I therefore at last made up my mind to go with him and see how the adventure would end.

The cretin walked ahead and I followed him; he led me towards the base of the inaccessible mountain. While we were walking on, and the idiot often turned back to see whether I was following him, I had a good opportunity to study his dress and features. He was not over three feet high, and evidently a hunchback. His clothing consisted of a brown gown, to which a hood was attached, which made him appear like a small Capuchin monk of the order of St. Augustine. An immense big head and a comparatively large body rested upon very thin and small legs, while his feet seemed again to be extraordinarily large. Perhaps on account of his small size and the healthy colour of his face, he appeared to be almost a child; but this opinion was contradicted by a grey beard of considerable length which adorned his face. In his hand he carried a staff made of a dead limb of a tree, which he had evidently picked up on his way.

## **2. The Monastery**

I followed my weird companion, and soon we regained the path running along the bed of the creek, which flowed tranquilly over a bottom covered with white pebbles, and the shallowness of the water seemed to indicate that we were not far from its source. As we approached the mysterious mountain the stone walls appeared to rise perpendicularly before us, and there was no place visible where any other being but a bird could have ascended; but as we came still nearer, I noticed a rent or break in the side of the wall, opening like a cave or a tunnel. This tunnel we entered, and, as we proceeded, I saw that it penetrated the giant wall and led into another valley beyond. We arrived at the other end of the tunnel, and an exclamation of joy and sur-

prise escaped my lips as I beheld the beautiful sight which presented itself to my view.

Before me was a valley surrounded by mountains of evidently inaccessible height, and this valley nature and art seemed to have combined to endow with an almost superterrestrial beauty. Like a vast ocean bay it opened before my sight, closing in the distance with a kind of natural amphitheatre. It was covered with short grass and planted with maple trees, and on all sides there were forests and groves, small lakes and lovely creeks. Immediately in front of me, but still at a considerable distance, rose the vault of a sublime mountain peak high into the blue ether of space, presenting a cavity with overhanging rocks, looking like the hollow space under a gigantic wave, which had been petrified by some magic spell. The sides of the mountain sank sheer towards a lower declivity, and then again rose abruptly to an imposing height.

In the presence of so much sublimity I became dumfounded. My companion seemed to comprehend my feeling; for he, too, stood still and laughed, as if he were pleased to see how full of admiration I was. The stillness which surrounded us would have been complete if it had not been for the noise of a cataract, at a distance to the left, falling over a steep precipice and appearing like a string of fluid silver backed by the dark grey rock. The monotonous rush of that fall in contradistinction to the surrounding stillness seemed to me like the rush of the river of time in the realm of eternity; another world than the one to which I had been accustomed seemed to have descended upon me; the air seemed more pure, the light more ethereal, the grass more green than on the other side of the tunnel; here seemed to be the valley of peace, the paradise of happiness and content.

Looking towards the high peak in the distance, I noticed what seemed to be a palace, a fortress, or a monastery of some kind, and as I came nearer, I saw it was a massive building of stone. Its high walls rose above the tops of the surrounding trees, and a dome, as if of a temple, crowned the top of the building. Its exterior appearance indicated the solidity of the walls. It was built in rectangular form, but its architecture was not of a regular style; it presented many projecting windows, turrets, balconies, and verandas.

On the other side of the valley nature was not less sublime and inspiring. Grey giant cliffs, standing out prominently against the steel-blue background of the sky, rose up to an extraordinary height. Below the highest peaks long strips of white clouds had settled around the mountain, and seemed to separate the top of the latter from its main body. The part below the cloud was partly covered by the shadow and partly illuminated by a pale ghostly light, producing a glamour. There, where the masses of clouds rested against the bulk of the mountain, it seemed to me that I was looking into a world of destruction. It was as if the entrails of the mountain had been torn up, and the uniformity of the desolate jumble of rocks was only interrupted by a few remnants of snow situated in the caverns and on the crags of the mountain.

As we advanced we came into a broad avenue leading to the building, and I beheld a man of noble and imposing appearance approaching. He was clad in a yellow robe, his head covered with black flowing hair, and he walked with an elastic step. When

the cretin saw this man he hurried towards him, prostrated himself before him, and suddenly vanished, like an image of a dream.

I was struck with astonishment by this extraordinary occurrence, but I had no time to reflect, for the stranger approached me and bid me welcome. He appeared to be a man of about thirty-five years of age, of tall and commanding stature; and his mild and benevolent look, full of spiritual energy, seemed to penetrate my whole being and to read my innermost thoughts. "Surely," I thought, "this man is an Adept!"

"Yes," answered the stranger, as if he had been reading my thought, "you have fallen into the hands of the Adepts, of whom you have thought so much and whose acquaintance you often desired to make, and I will introduce you into our temple and make you acquainted with some of our *Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross*."

I scanned his face, and now it seemed to me as if this man were not a stranger to me. There was something so familiar about him, as if I had known him for years, and yet I could not find a place for him in my memory. In vain I tortured my brain to find out when or where I had met this man, or at least some other one resembling him in appearance. But again the Emperor of this "Rosicrucian Society," for such he proved to be, answered my unspoken thought by saying: "You are right; we are not strangers, for I have often been in your presence and stood by your side, although you did not see me. I have directed the flow of ideas which streamed into your brain, while you elaborated them and put them down in writing. Moreover, this place has often been visited by you while your animal body was sleeping, and you have conversed with me and with the brothers; but when your soul returned to its house of flesh and blood, it could not impress the memory of the brain with the recollection of the events through which you had passed, and you could remember none of your transcendental experiences when you awoke. The memory of the animal form retains only the impressions which are made upon it by the avenues of the external senses; the memory of the spirit awakens when we are in the spiritual state."

I told the Emperor that I considered this day the happiest one in my life, and only regretted that I should not be permitted to remain here for ever, as I felt that I was not yet worthy to remain in the society of beings so far exalted above my own state.

"We shall not permit you to go away very soon," answered the Master. "You will have ample time to see how we live. But as to your permanently remaining here, this is at present an impossibility. You have other duties to perform, and, moreover, there are still too many of the lower and animal elements adhering to your constitution and forming a part of yourself. They could not resist long the destructive influence of the pure and spiritual air of this place; and as you have not yet a sufficient amount of truly spiritual elements in your organism to render it firm and strong, you would, by remaining here, soon become weak and waste away like a person in a state of consumption; you would become miserable instead of being happy. You would die."

"Master," I said, "then I can at least hope to learn, while I am here, the mystery of those great spiritual powers which you possess; by which you are said to be able to transform one thing into another, and transmute base metals into gold?"

"There is nothing mysterious or wonderful about it, my friend," said the Emperor. "Such things are not more wonderful than the ordinary phenomena of nature which

we see every day. They are only mysterious to those whose own prejudices and misconceptions hinder them from seeing the truth and knowing the power the spirit possesses to subjugate matter by means of the soul. We need not be surprised about them any more than about seeing the moon revolve around the earth, or watching the growth of a tree. It is all merely the effect of that one primordial power which is called the Will, and which called the world into existence. It manifests itself in various ways as mechanical force or as a spiritual power; but it is always the same divine power of Will, acting through the instrumentality of the organism of man, who directs it by his intelligence.”

“Then,” I said, “the principal requirement would be to learn how to strengthen the Will?”

“Not so,” said the Emperor. “The Will is the law, the universal power holding together the worlds in space and causing the revolutions of planets; it pervades and penetrates everything, and does not require your strengthening it, for it is already strong enough to accomplish everything. You are only an instrument through which this spiritual power may act and manifest itself, if you do not attempt to oppose it.”

“Then,” I said, “The Alchemical Laboratory how can we accomplish anything at all? If we can do nothing through the power of our own will, we may as well never attempt to do anything.”

“We can accomplish nothing useful,” answered the Master, “by attempting to employ any separate will of our own; but we may employ our Reason and Intelligence to guide and conduct the already existing universal Will-power in Nature which constitutes the life of all things, and thus we may accomplish in a few moments certain things which it would require unconscious nature much longer periods of time to accomplish without our aid. The miller who employs the water of a river to set his mill in motion does not create water, nor does he attempt to make the river run upwards towards its source; he merely leads the stream into certain channels and uses the already existing current in an intelligent manner to accomplish his purpose. He knows the law of nature and acts in accordance with it. Being obedient to that law he is able to employ it. Nature obeys those who act in obedience to her laws. In the same manner acts the Adept. He guides the existing spiritual power by his intelligence, and thereby causes it to accomplish certain things in accordance with the law of nature.”

“Do you see yonder cloud which has settled below the top of the mountain?” continued the Adept. “It will remain there until some current of air blows it away, or until a change of temperature causes it to rise or to fall. If we disperse it by causing the universal forces of nature to act upon the dense masses, we do not act against the law of nature, but guide it by our intelligence.”

While the Master spoke these words, he extended his hands toward the mountain, below whose top the clouds had collected, and immediately it seemed as if life had been infused into the dense mass. It began to whirl and to dance, and finally it rose like a column of smoke up to the top of the mountain, ascending from there high up into the air, giving the mountain the appearance of a volcano. At last it collected again far above the top, in the air, forming a little silvery cloud, through which the sunshine was streaming.

I wondered at this manifestation of life in a cloud; but the Adept, reading my thoughts, said: "Life is universal and everywhere; it is identical with the Will."

During our conversation we had slowly approached the building, and I had now an opportunity to examine its exterior in all its details. It was only two stories high, but the rooms seemed to be lofty. It was built in a quadrangular form, and surrounded by oaks and maple trees, and a large garden or park. Seven steps of white marble led up to the main portal, which was protected by two massive pillars of granite, and over the door appeared in golden letters an inscription, saying: *You, who enter here, leave all evil thoughts behind.*

We entered through the portal into a large vestibule paved with flagstones. In the midst of this room was a statue of Gautama Buddha on a pedestal, and the walls were ornamented with golden inscriptions representing some of the most important doctrines of the ancient sages. To the right and left, doors opened into long corridors leading to the various apartments of the Brothers; but the door opposite the entrance led into a beautiful garden, where I beheld many plants and trees such as are usually only to be found in tropical climes. The back of this garden was formed by a building of white marble, surrounded by the dome which I had seen from the distance, after entering through the tunnel, and on the top of the dome was a silver dragon resting on a golden globe.

"This," said the Emperor, "is the sanctuary of our temple; in this you cannot enter. If you were to attempt it, the immediate death of your personality would be the consequence; nor would it serve you even if you were able to enter and live, for in that sanctuary everything is dark to all who do not bring with them their own spiritual light, the inextinguishable lamp of divine intelligence, to illuminate the darkness."

We walked into one of the corridors. On our left there were numerous doors leading into the cells or apartments of the Brothers, but to the right was a wall, occasionally opening into the tropical garden, and the interstices between these openings were filled out with beautifully painted landscapes. One of these landscapes represented Indian scenery, with the white snow-covered Himalaya Mountains in the background, while the fore-part of the picture represented what appeared to be a Chinese pagoda, with a small lake and wooded hills at a distance.

"These pictures," the Master explained, "represent the various monasteries or lamaseries of our order. The one before you is situated near a lake in the interior of Tibet, and is occupied by some of the highest Adepts of our order. Each of these pictures shows also a part of the country in which the monastery is placed, so as to give a correct idea of the general character of the locality. But these pictures have an occult quality which will become apparent to you if you concentrate your mind upon some part of the picture."

I did as directed, and concentrated my attention upon the grand portal of the lamasery, and to my astonishment the door opened, and the tall form of an Indian, dressed in shining white robes, with a turban of pale yellow silk upon his head, stepped out of the door. I immediately recognised him to be one of the Tibetan Adepts whom I had seen in my waking dreams. He, too, seemed to recognise me, and smil-

ingly nodded his head, while I bowed reverentially before him. A fine-looking horse was brought forward by some attendant, and he mounted and rode away.

I was speechless from astonishment, but the Emperor smiled and drew me away, quoting a passage of Shakespeare, with a little modification; for he said, "There are many things in Heaven and Earth which are not understood by your philosophers."<sup>1</sup>

We passed on to another picture, representing Egyptian scenery, with a convent in the foreground and pyramids at a distance; it was of a more gloomy character than the former, probably on account of the desert places by which it seemed to be surrounded. The next picture represented a similar building, situated in a tropical and mountainous country, and the Adept told me it was one situated somewhere in the Cordilleras of South America. Another one showed a Mohammedan temple, with minarets and the *half-moon* upon their tops. I expressed my surprise to see all the various religious systems in the world represented in these Rosicrucian orders; for I had always believed that the Rosicrucians were an eminently Christian order.

The Emperor, again reading my thought, corrected my mistake. "The name 'Rosicrucian Order,' or the 'Order of the Golden and Rosy Cross,'" he said, "is a comparatively modern invention, and was first used by Johann Valentin Andreae, who invented the story of the knight Christian Rosencreuz for the same purpose as Cervantes invented his 'Don Quichote de la Mancha,' namely, for the purpose of ridiculing the would-be Adepts, reformers, and gold-makers of his age, when he wrote his celebrated 'Fama Fraternitatis.' Before his pamphlet appeared, the name Rosicrucian did not mean a person belonging to a certain organised society of that name, but it was a generic name, applied to occultists, adepts, alchemists of a higher order, in possession of some occult knowledge and acquainted with the secret signification of the *Rose* and the *Cross*; symbols which have been adopted by the Christian Church, which were, however, not invented by her, but used by occultists thousands of years before Christianity was known. These symbols do not belong exclusively to the Christian Church. They are as free as the air for anyone who can grasp their meaning, but unfortunately very few of your Christians know that meaning; they only worship the external forms, and know nothing about the principles which those forms represent."

"Then," I said, "a spiritually enlightened man may become a member of your order, even if he did not believe in any of the so-called *Christian* dogmas?"

To this the Emperor answered: "No man can become a member of our exalted order whose knowledge is merely based upon dogmas, beliefs, creeds, or opinions which have been taught to him by somebody, or which he has accepted from hearsay or from the reading of books. Such imaginary knowledge is no real knowledge; we can know nothing real except that which we realise within ourselves. That which is usually called knowledge is merely a matter of memory. We may store our memory with innumerable things, and they may be true or false; but even if they are true, opinions do not convey real knowledge. Real knowledge cannot be imparted by one man to another; a man can only be guided to the place where he may obtain it; but he must

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<sup>1</sup> [Paraphrasing Hamlet to Horatio, Act I, scene v, 166-67]

himself grasp the truth, not merely intellectually with his brain, but also intuitively with his heart.

“To obtain real knowledge we must feel the truth of a thing, and understand its true nature. To believe in the truth of anything without having real knowledge is merely a superstition. Many of your scientific, philosophical, and theological speculations are based upon superstition and not upon real knowledge or self-consciousness. The science and knowledge of your modern philosophers and theologians rest upon opinions, and are continually in danger of being overthrown by some new discovery which will not amalgamate with their artificial systems. The truth cannot be overthrown; it needs no argumentation, and if it is once perceived by the spiritual power of perception and understood by the spiritual intelligence of man, it conveys real knowledge and cannot be disputed away.

“Our order has, therefore, nothing to do with beliefs in creeds or opinions of any kind. We care nothing for them. If we were all sufficiently perfect to recognise all truths by direct perception, we should not need any books or instruments; we should not need to use logic or make any experiments. As it is, we are still men, although far above the intellectual animal which is usually called man. We still use our books and have a library, and study the opinions of thinkers; but we never accept such books or opinions — even if they came from Buddha himself — as our infallible guides, unless they receive the seal from our reason and understanding. We venerate them and make use of them; they serve us, but we do not serve them.”

During this conversation we walked into the library, where thousands of books were standing upon a great number of shelves. I noticed many ancient books of which I had heard, but which I had never seen. There were the sibylline books, which are said to have been destroyed by fire; the books of Hermes Trismegistus, of which only one is believed to be in existence; and many others of priceless value for the antiquary or the student of Hermetic philosophy. While I wondered how these Brothers came into possession of such treasures, the Emperor said:

“Well may you be surprised how we came into possession of books which are supposed to exist no more; but the secret of this is, that everything, and consequently every book which ever existed, leaves its imperishable impression in the *Astral Light*, and that by certain occult means these impressions may be reproduced from that universal storehouse, the memory of nature, and be put in a visible, tangible, and material shape. Some of our Brothers are to a great extent engaged in making such reproductions, and thus we have without any financial outlay obtained these treasures, which no amount of money could have procured.”

I rejoiced to hear these words, because they confirmed my opinion that life in a solitude was not necessarily a life of uselessness, and that ideas are real things, which may be seen and grasped far more easily in a tranquil place than while we are surrounded by the turmoil and the petty cares of life in “society.”

In answer to this thought, the Emperor said: “Our monastery has been founded by spiritually enlightened people who had the same thought which I read in your mind. They therefore selected this spot in a secluded valley, whose existence is known only to a few, and by making use of certain elementary forces of nature, which are as yet

unknown to you, they created an illusion which renders this place safe against all unwelcome intruders. Here those in whom the germ of divinity, being latent or dormant in the heart of mortal man, has awakened into life and activity, may find the conditions required for its further development. Here we live in peace, separated from the outer world by a barrier which none can surmount; for even if the existence of our retreat were known, it would be an easy matter for us to create other illusions which would prevent the intrusion of those who attempted to enter it. We are, however, not excluded from that outer world, although we seldom enter it with our physical forms. By the exercise of our clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, we may at any moment know what is going on in that world; and, if we desire to come into personal contact with it, we leave our physical forms and go out in our *astral bodies*. We visit whomsoever we wish, and witness everything without our presence being perceived. We visit the statesman, the minister, the philosopher, the inventor; we infuse thoughts in their minds which are useful, and they do not know from whence those thoughts come. If their prejudices and predilections are very strong, they may reject those thoughts; but, if they are reasonable people and know how to discriminate, they will follow the silent advice and profit by it.”

“In that case,” I said, “your order can exercise a tremendous influence in the politics of the world; but why, then, did you not try to abolish some of the greatest evils that afflicted the world in the history of the past? Why did you permit such monsters as Nero and Caligula to exist? Why did you permit the horrors of the Inquisition? Why did you allow the terrors of the French Revolution to take place? Why did you not destroy such villains as Louis XI of France, and others of that class?”

“Alas!” answered the Adept, “there is a certain law of justice, whose action causes evils for individuals, which we are not permitted to oppose, because its working is necessary for the evolution of the race. As the surgeon sometimes has to inflict pain for the purpose of removing a cancerous growth and saving the life of the patient, so it is often necessary to purge the organism of a nation for the purpose of restoring its health. It is said that evils are blessings in disguise, and God may execute His purpose even through instruments full of wickedness and depravity.”

“Nevertheless,” I interposed, “it seems to me that you might interfere in individual cases to protect people from committing acts of imprudence which will cause them to suffer.”

To this he replied: “It is true that we might handle mankind as if they were merely automata, and we could cause them to do what we please, while they would still imagine that they were following their own inclination. But to do so would be against the rules of our order and against the great Law, for the latter decides that each man shall be the creator of his own Karma. We are permitted to advise our followers, but we are not permitted to interfere with their mental freedom.”

“Still,” I persisted, “there are innocent people who have to suffer for actions not done by themselves; there were martyrs who underwent torture and death for the sake of some great cause. Why did you not save them? Why did you permit Hypatia to be torn to pieces by a fanatical mob, or Jeanne d’Arc to die an ignominious death upon the stake?”

“Such people will have their reward. From the blood of a martyr springs fruit in abundance. Their bodily sufferings are as nothing in comparison with the joy they earn. Nothing is useless, although you narrow-sighted mortals cannot always see the use of a thing. Moreover, it often happens that worthy people are saved in a manner appearing to you miraculous.”

A strong desire to become a member of the Rosicrucian Society entered my mind; but I did not dare to express it. The Master, however, reading my mind, continued to say:

“We accept in our circle everyone who has the necessary qualifications to enter it, but you will perceive that these qualifications are not in everybody’s possession; they cannot be conferred by favour, and it is a well-known saying, even among the lowest grades of occultists, that the Adept cannot be made, but that he must grow to become one.”

“Master,” I said, “would it not be well for those who desire to develop spiritually, and to become Adepts, to imitate your example and to select some secluded places where they could reside undisturbed and give their time to interior meditation and concentration of thought? I know that there are at present a great many people in various parts of the world, belonging to various nationalities and having various creeds, who have become convinced of the fact that the conditions, under which the majority of men and women of our present civilisation exist and live, are not conducive to the quick attainment of a higher spiritual state. They believe that the objects which people usually strive to attain during their comparatively short life upon this globe, such as the gratification of pride and ambition, the hoarding of money, the enjoyment of sexual love, the obtaining of bodily comfort and pleasure, &c., cannot be the true objects of life; but that our present life is only one of the many phases of our eternal existence, and that terrestrial life is only a means to an end, namely, to afford the conditions by which the divine element, germinally contained in every man, may grow and develop, whereby man may attain a higher life like yours, which is not subject to transformation and death, and is therefore of permanent value.”

The Adept, who had patiently listened to my outburst of enthusiasm, smiled and said: “If those people are ripe enough to be able to bear a life of seclusion, let them enter it; but to do so it is above all necessary that they possess real knowledge. As long as men move merely on the plane of beliefs and opinion, each man’s opinions and tastes will differ from those of the others to a certain extent, and I am afraid that your proposed harmonial society would prove in the end to be a very inharmonious one.

“I have, however, no doubt that even under such unfavourable auspices considerable advantage might be derived from the establishment of theosophical academies in secluded places. If you had any colleges, seminaries, schools, or societies where the truth could be taught without all the accompanying rubbish of scientific and theological misconceptions and superstitions, which have accumulated through the ages, great progress would undoubtedly be made. As the present civilisation now stands, there are two methods adopted for the education of the people. One is by means of what is called *Science*, the other by means of what is called *Religion*. As far as science is concerned, her deductions and speculations are based upon observation and logic.

Her logic may be good enough; but her powers of observation, upon which the fundamentals of her logic rest, are restricted to her very imperfect faculties of sensual perception, and therefore your science is based entirely upon external illusions, and is consequently a superficial and illusive science. Knowledge of the inner life of nature is far more important than the study of external phenomena.

“You must not misunderstand me,” he continued, seeing that I did not fully grasp the meaning of his words. “I do not mean to say that your modern science knows nothing about natural laws. She knows what she sees and understands, but knows little or nothing about the invisible spiritual causes which are the fundamental causes of visible effects. She knows a great deal about the little details of existence which are the ultimate effects of the action of universal Life; but she knows nothing about the Tree of Life, the eternal source from which all these transient phenomena spring.

“As far as your modern theology is concerned, it is based upon an entire misconception of terms which were originally intended to signify certain spiritual powers, of which your priests and laymen can have no correct conception because they have not the spiritual powers necessary to conceive of such things. Being narrow-minded, the universal principles and powers which are active within the great workshop of nature have, in their conceptions, become narrowed down to personal and limited beings; the divine universal and infinite power which men call God, has been reduced in the minds of the ignorant to an extra-cosmic deity of some kind, who can be persuaded by mortals to change His will, and who needs substitutes and deputies upon this earth to execute His divine laws. Your religion is not the religion of the living God who executes His own will; it is the religion of a dead and impotent god, who died long ago and left an army of clergymen to rule in his stead.

“Your theology should above all be based upon the power spiritually to perceive the truth. But where can you find a clergyman who has any spiritual perceptions, and who dares to trust to his intuition more than to the dogmas prescribed by his Church? If he dared to have an opinion of his own, and to assert it, he would cease to be a minister of his Church and be considered a heretic. In your “intellectual” age everything is left to intellectual investigation alone; little is done to develop the intuitive power of the heart. The consequence is, that your present generation is like people looking at everything by means of a telescope; they may see, but they do not feel and grasp the truth, and the consequence is an entirely false conception of nature and man.”

### **3. Unexpected Revelations**

The Adept paused, and my mind was invaded by a multitude of questions to which I could find no answer: “What is nature, and what is man? Why am I in this world? Did I exist before, and, if so, where did I come from? What is the object of my existence, and how will it end?”

Again the Adept, reading my thoughts, answered: “Mortal man, as you know him, is an intellectual animal, living a sort of dream-life among dream-pictures which he mistakes for realities. Real man is a celestial being, a soul dwelling temporarily within a material body. Within this organism the spiritual, divine spark finds the proper soil to generate and develop the immortal man, as has been described by Saint Paul,

who speaks of that spark of divine consciousness as being sown in corruption and raised in incorruption. This spiritual man is in each person his or her personal God and Redeemer. While a man is unacquainted with the processes going on in his invisible organism, he will have little power to guide and control these processes; he will resemble a plant, which is dependent for its growth on the elements which are unconsciously brought to it by the winds and the rains, or which may accidentally be found in its surroundings; it has neither the power to prevent nor to promote its own growth. But when man obtains a knowledge of the constitution of his own soul, when he becomes conscious of the processes going on in its organism and learns to guide and control them, he will be able to command his own growth. He will become free to select or to reject the psychic influences which come within his sphere, he will become his own master and attain — so to say — psychic locomotion. He will then be as much superior to a man without such knowledge and power as an animal is superior to a plant; for while an animal may go in search of its food and select or reject what it pleases, the plant is chained to its place and depends entirely on the conditions which that one place affords. The ignorant depends on the conditions prepared for him; the wise can choose his conditions himself.”

“And what will be the end and object of this?” I asked.

“The end of it,” was the answer, “is that the soul of man enjoys supreme bliss in realising that she herself is everything and that there is nothing beyond her. The object is that mortal man shall become immortal, and a perfect instrument for the manifestation of divine wisdom.”

I heard the answer of the Master, but I could not grasp its meaning. What could that “soul” be of which he spoke as being as big as the universe, and could my soul possess any other vehicle or organism than my visible material body?

While I was meditating, the Adept stepped with me to a window where the inaccessible mountain was seen, and pointing it out to me, he said: “Behold there the door by which you entered our stronghold; concentrate your attention upon the way you came, and seek with the eye of your soul to penetrate to the other side of the mountain.”

I did so, and suddenly I found myself standing at that other side, upon the place where I had lain down to rest. Before me, upon the ground, was stretched out an apparently lifeless human figure, and to my horror I recognised it as being my own bodily self. At first everything seemed a dream, but then the thought came to me that I must have died. There was my body; and nevertheless I was myself, and saw myself such as I had always been, with all my organs and limbs and even the same clothing which the corpse before me wore. The hat of the corpse was drawn over its eyes, and I attempted to lift it; but I might just as well have tried to lift the inaccessible mountain. There was no physical strength within my arms. I realised that my present body consisted of a state of matter differing from that of the physical plane.

I thought I must have died, and a feeling of disgust came over me, thinking that I had ever inhabited that now lifeless, grossly material form; I was so glad to be free, and had no wish to re-enter it.

But an inner voice seemed to speak to me, saying that the time of my labouring in the mundane sphere had not yet ended, and that I must return. I even felt a sort of pity for that helpless body, and the sympathy caused thereby created a strong attraction. I felt myself drawn towards that body, and was about losing my consciousness when I was called away by hearing the voice of the Master. I started as one who awakes from a dream; the Adept stood by my side, and the vision was gone.

“Know now, my friend!” he said, “the difference between your physical and your psychical or astral organism. The divine soul has many vehicles through which it may act and manifest its powers.”

“But why,” I asked, “are these things not recognised by academical science?”

“On account of self-conceit,” answered the Adept. “The scientists, up to a very recent date, used to discard such questions as being unworthy of their consideration, and they preferred annihilation rather than confess that there was something in the wide expanse of nature which they did not already know. The theories advanced by the theologians were not more satisfactory than those of the scientists, for they believed — or professed to believe — that man was a complete being, in a finished state, with perfect freedom of will, and, as a punishment for his subsequent bad behaviour, made a prisoner upon this planet. Furthermore, they were of the opinion that, if a man were leading a pious life, or, after leading a wicked life, obtained pardon for his sins and the favour of God, he would after his death become a celestial being, be ushered into a paradise, and live there for ever in a state of never-ending enjoyment.

“It will be acknowledged now by every independent thinker, that these theories were not very satisfactory to those who desired to know the truth. But there was nothing either to prove or to contradict such assumptions, and, moreover, the multitude did not think; they paid their clergy to do their thinking for them.

“Since the publication of *The Secret Doctrine* the opinions of the scientists and those of the theologians have been equally shaken to their foundations. The old truth which was known to the ancients, but which had been almost entirely forgotten during our modern age of materialism, that man is not a finished being, incapable of any further organic development, but that his body and his mind are continually subject to transformation and change, and that no transformation can take place where no substance exists, because force cannot exist without substance, has become almost universally known. It was demonstrated to the scientists that their science extended only to a very small portion of that mysterious being called Man; that they only knew his outward appearance, his shell, but nothing of the living power acting within that mask which is called the physical body. It was demonstrated to the presumptuous theologians who believed that man’s eternal welfare or damnation depended on their blessings or curses, that justice cannot be separated from God, and that man’s salvation depends upon his own spiritual evolution. It was made logically comprehensible to the intellect that God in man will continue to live after all the lower and imperfect elements are dissolved, and that therefore a man in whom God did not exist in a state of divinity could not, after the death of his body, jump into a higher state for which he was not fit, and which he was not able to attain while alive.

“The exposition of the essential constitution of Man, known to the Indian sages, described three hundred years ago by Theophrastus Paracelsus, and again set forth more fully and clearly than ever before by H.P. Blavatsky and other theosophical writers, is calculated to humble the pride of the scientists and the vanity of the priests. When it is once more known and digested, it will prove to the learned how little they know, and it will draw the line for the legitimate activity of the clergyman as an instructor in morals. It proves that man is not already a god, as some had imagined themselves to be. It proves that he may look like an intellectual giant, and still be, spiritually considered, only a dwarf. It demonstrates that the law which governs the growth of organisms on the physical plane is not reversed when it acts upon the corresponding organisms on the psychical plane. It shows that out of nothing nothing can grow; but that wherever there is the germ of something, even if that germ is invisible, something may grow and develop.

“The growth of every germ and of every being, as far as we know it, depends on certain conditions. These conditions may be established either by means of the intellectual activity of the being itself, which has the power to surround itself by such conditions, or they may have been established by external causes, over which the being has no control. A plant or an animal cannot grow unless it receives the food and the stimulus which it requires; the intellect cannot expand unless it is fed with ideas and stimulated by reason to assimilate them; the soul cannot become strong unless she finds in the lower principles the nutriment required for the acquisition of strength, and is stimulated by the light of wisdom to select that which she requires.”

Here again the thought occurred to me, how agreeable and profitable it would be to live in such a Rosicrucian convent, where everything was rendered comfortable, no disturbing elements being admitted. To this the Master answered:

“One element necessary for the development of strength is resistance. If we enter one of the vast pine forests of the Alps, or of the Rocky Mountains in the United States, we find ourselves surrounded by towering trees, whose main trunks have very few branches. Upwards they rise like the masts of a ship, covered with a grey bark, naked, and without foliage. Only near the tops, that reach out of the shadows which they throw upon each other, the branches appear and spread up to the highest points, which wave their heads in the sunlight. These trees are all top-heavy; their chiefly or only well-developed parts are their heads, and all the life which they extract from the ground and the air seems to mount to their tops; while the trunks, although increasing in size as the tree grows, are left undeveloped and bare of branches. Thus they may stand and grow from year to year, and reach a mature age; but some day, sooner or later, some dark clouds collect around the snowy peaks and assume a threatening aspect; the gleam of lightnings appears among the swelling masses, the sound of thunder is heard, bolts of liquid light dart from the rents in the clouds, and suddenly the storm sweeps down from the summit into the valley. Then the work of devastation begins. These top-heavy trees, having but little strength in their feet, are mowed down by the wind like so many stems of straw in a field of wheat; there they lie rank after rank, having tumbled over each other in their fall, and their corpses encumber the mountain sides. But at the edge of the timber, and outside of the main body of the forest, looking like outposts or sentinels near the lines of a battle, there

are still here and there some solitary pines to whom the storm could do no harm. They have, on account of their isolated positions, been exposed to winds all their lives; they have become used to it and grown strong. They have not been protected and sheltered by their neighbours. They are not top-heavy, for their great strong branches grow out from the trunk a few feet above the soil, continuing up to the tops, and their roots have grown through the crevices of the rocks, holding on to them with an iron grasp. They have met with resistance since the time of their youth, and, by resisting, have gained their strength.

“Thus intellectual man, growing up protected by fashion and friends in a school, college, university, or perhaps within the walls of the convent, finds himself isolated from contrary influences and meets with but little resistance. Crowded together with those who think like him, he lives and thinks like the others. Over their heads waves the banner of some accepted authority, and upon that banner are inscribed certain dogmas in which they believe without ever daring to doubt their veracity. There they grow, throwing upon each other the shadow of their ignorance, and each prevents the others from seeing the sunlight of truth. There they cram their brains with authorised opinions, learning details of our illusory life which they mistake for the real existence; they become top-heavy, for all the energy which they receive from the universal fountain of life goes to supply the brain; the soul is left without supply; the strength of character, of which the heart is the seat, suffers; the intellect is overfed and the spirit is starved. Thus they may grow up and become proud of their knowledge; but perhaps someday new and strange ideas appear on the mental horizon, a wind begins to blow, and down tumbles the banner upon which their dogmas have been inscribed, and their pride tumbles down with it.

“But not only on the physical and the intellectual plane; in the realm of the emotions, too, the same law prevails. He who desires to develop strength must not be afraid of resistance; he must obtain strength in his feet. He must be prepared to meet the wind of the lower emotions, and not be overthrown when the storms of passion arise. He should force himself to remain in contact with that which is not according to his taste, and even to harmonise with that which appears inimical, for it is really his friend, because it can supply him with strength. He should learn to bear calumny and animosity, envy and opposition; he should learn to endure suffering, and to estimate life at its true value. The contrary influences to which he has been exposed may cause a tempest to rage through his heart; but when he has gained the power to command the tempest to cease and to say to the excited waves: be still! then will the first gleam of the rising sun appear in his heart, and before its warm glow the cold moonlight thrown out by the calculating and reflecting brain will grow pale; a new and still larger world than the external one will appear before his interior vision, in which he will be contented to live, and where he will find an inexhaustible source of happiness, unknown to those who live a life of the senses. Henceforth he will require no more to speculate reflectively about the truth, for he will see it clear in his own heart. Henceforth he will not be required to be exposed to storms, but may seek shelter in a tranquil place; not because he is afraid of the storms, which can do him no harm, but because he wants to employ his energies for the full development of the newly awakened spiritual germ, instead of wasting them uselessly on the outward plane.

“What the disciple ought to seek is to strengthen his character, which constitutes his real individuality; keeping it always in harmony with the law of divine wisdom and love. A man without strength of character is without true individuality, without self-reliance, moved only by the emotions which arise in his mind and which belong to powers foreign to his divine nature.

“Only after the attainment of a certain state of maturity, life in a solitude, isolated from contrary influences, becomes desirable and useful, and those who retire from the world as long as they need the world are attempting to ascend to the kingdom of heaven by beginning at the top of the ladder. Let him who needs the world remain in the world. The greater the temptations are by which he is surrounded, the greater will be his strength if he successfully resists. Only he who can control his mind and within his own mental sphere create the conditions which his spirit requires, is independent of all external conditions and free. He who cannot evolve a world within his own soul needs the external world to evolve his soul.

“*Unspiritual* men, therefore, who retire from the world because they are afraid of the world, cannot be considered to be heroes who have renounced the world; they deserve rather to be regarded as cowards who have deserted their ranks at the beginning of the battle with life. Such people sometimes retire into convents for the purpose of having a comfortable life, and in addition to that a ticket to heaven. They imagine they do a service to God by leading a harmless and useless life; for which imaginary service they expect to obtain a reward at the end of life. But the reward which they will receive will also exist merely in their imagination. As the sensualist wastes his time in the prosecution of useless pleasures, so the bigot wastes his time in useless ceremonies and prayers. The actions of the former are instigated by a desire for sensual pleasure in this life, those of the latter by the hope for pleasure in another life; both are acting for the purpose of gratifying their own selfish desires. I am unable to see any essential difference between the motives and morals of the two.

“But with *spiritually developed* man the case is entirely different. The divine spark in man exists independent of the conditions of relative space and time; it is eternal and self-existent. It cannot be angered by opposition, nor irritated by contradiction, nor be thrown into confusion by sophistry. If it has once become conscious of its own power, it will not require the stimulus needed by the physical organism and afforded by the impressions which come through the avenues of the senses from the outer world; for it is itself that stimulus which creates worlds within its own substance. It is the Lord over all the animal elemental forces in the astral body of man, and their turmoil can neither educate nor degrade it, for it is Divinity itself in its pure state, being eternal, unchangeable, and free.”

“Do you mean to say,” I asked, “that all asceticism and self-denial is useless?” And the Master answered:

“It all depends upon the motive. All that the egotist does for his own selfish progress and aggrandisement is useless; it is done for an illusion, and increases his self-conceit. But this you will understand only when the consciousness of the divine state awakens within you, and you begin to realise the difference between your true and your illusive self.

“He in whom this divine principle has once awakened, he who has once practically experienced the inner life, who has visited the kingdom of heaven within his own soul, he who stands firm upon his feet, will no more need the educating influences of the contending storms of the outer world, to gain strength by resistance; nor will he experience any desire to return to the pleasures and tomfooleries of the world. He renounced nothing when he retired into the solitude; for it cannot be looked upon as an act of renunciation if we throw away a thing which is a burden to us. He cannot be called an *ascetic*; for he does not undergo any discipline or process of hardening; it is no act of self-denial to refuse things which we do not want. The true ascetic is he who lives in the world, surrounded by its temptations; he in whose soul the animal elements are still active, craving for the gratification of their desires and possessing the means for their gratification, but who by the superior power of his will conquers his animal self. Having attained that state, he may retire from the world and employ his energies for the employment and the further expansion of the spiritual power which he possesses. He will be perfectly happy, because that which he desires he can create in his own interior world. He expects no future reward in heaven; for what could heaven offer to him except happiness which he already possesses. He desires no other good but to create good for the world.

“If you could establish theosophical academies where intellectual and spiritual development would go hand in hand, where a new science could be taught, based upon a true knowledge of the fundamental laws of the universe, and where at the same time man would be taught how to obtain mastery over himself, you would confer the greatest possible benefit upon the world. Such a convent would, moreover, afford immense advantages for the advancement of intellectual research. The establishment of a number of such places of learning would dot the mental horizon of the world with stars of the first magnitude, from which rays of intellectual light would stream and penetrate the world. Standing upon a far higher plane than the material science of our times, a new and far greater field would be laid open for investigation and research in these centres. Knowing all the different opinions of the highest accepted authorities, and not being bound by an orthodox scientific creed, having at their service all the results of the investigations of the learned, but not being bound to their systems by a belief in their infallibility, such people would be at liberty to think freely. Their convents would become centres of intelligence, illuminating the world; and if their power of self-control would grow in equal proportion with the development of their intellect, they would soon be able to enter adeptship.”

The Adept had spoken these words with unusual warmth, as if he intended to appeal to my sympathy and to induce me to use my efforts to establish such convents; there was a look of pity in his eyes, as if he exceedingly regretted the state of poor ignorant humanity, with whose Karma he was not permitted to interfere forcibly, according to the established rules of his order. I, too, regretted my own inability to establish such academies, and for once I wished that I were rich, so as to be able to make at least an attempt with one such establishment. But immediately the Emperor saw my thought in my mind, and said:

“You mistake; it is not the want of money which prevents us from executing this idea; it is the impossibility of finding at present the proper kind of people to inhabit

the convent after it is established. Indeed, we would be poor alchemists if we could not produce gold in any desirable quantity, if some real benefit for humanity could be effected thereby, and of this I shall convince you, if you desire it. But gold is a curse to mankind, and we do not wish to increase the curse from which humanity suffers. Distribute gold among men, and you will only create a craving for more; give them power, and you will transform them into devils. No; it is not gold that we need; it is men who thirst after true wisdom. There are thousands who desire knowledge, but few who desire wisdom. Intellectual development, sagacity, craftiness, cunning, are to-day mistaken for spiritual development, but this conception is wrong; animal cunning is not intelligence, craftiness is not wisdom, and most of your learned men are the last ones who can bear the truth. Even many of your would-be occultists and so-called Rosicrucians have taken up their investigations merely for the purpose of gratifying their idle curiosity, while others desire to pry into the secrets of nature to obtain knowledge which they hope to employ for the attainment of selfish ends. Give us men or women who desire nothing else but the truth, and we will take care of their needs. How much money will it require to lodge a person who cares nothing for comfort? What will it take to furnish the kitchen for those who have no desire for dainties? What libraries will be required for those who can read in the book of nature? What external pictures will please those who wish to avoid a life of the senses and to retire within their own selves? What terrestrial scenery shall be selected for those who live within the paradise of their souls? What company will please those who converse with their own higher self? How can we amuse those who live in the presence of God?"

Here the Adept paused for a moment, and then continued, saying: "Verily the theological monastery of which I dream is even superior to ours. It is located far away from this earth, and yet it can be reached without trouble and without expense. Its monks and nuns have risen above the sphere of self. They have a temple of infinite dimensions, pervaded by the spirit of sanctity, which is the common possession of all. There the differentiation of the Universal Soul ceases, and Unification takes place. It is a convent where there exists no difference of sex, of taste, opinion, and desire; where vice cannot enter; where none are born, or marry, or die, but where they live like the angels; each one constituting the centre of a power for good; each one immersed in an infinite ocean of light; each one able to see all he desires to see, to know all he wants to know, growing in strength and expanding in size, until he embraces the All and is one with it."

For a moment it seemed as if the soul of the Adept had gone and visited that blissful state of Nirvana, a state of which we mortals cannot conceive; but soon the light returned into his eyes, and he smilingly excused himself, saying that he had permitted himself to be carried away by the sublimity of this idea. I ventured to say that probably millions of ages would pass away before mankind would arrive at that state.

"Alas!" he answered, "the conditions which our present state of civilisation imposes upon its followers are now such as to force the vast majority of humanity to employ nearly all their time and energy in an outward direction, instead of employing them for their inward growth. Each man has a certain amount of energy which he may call his own. If he wastes his energy on the outward plane, either for the attainment of

sensual gratification or in intellectual pursuits, he will have nothing left to nourish the divine germ in his heart. If he continually concentrates his mind outwardly, there will be no inward concentration of thought, which is absolutely necessary for the attainment of self-knowledge. The labouring classes, men of commerce, scientists, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen are all actively engaged in outward affairs, and find little time for the inward concentration of their powers. The majority are continually occupied in running after shadows and illusions, which are at best only useful as long as they last, but whose usefulness ceases when the heart ceases to beat. Their time and energy are taken up in procuring what they call the 'necessaries of life,' and they excuse themselves by saying that it is their misfortune to be so situated as to be forced to procure them. Nature, however, cares nothing for our excuses; the law of cause and effect is blind and inaccessible to argumentation. A man climbing over a mountain top and falling over a precipice, is as much in danger of breaking his neck as if he had jumped down voluntarily; a man who is not able to progress will be left as far behind as one who does not desire to progress. But nature is not so cruel as she appears to be to the superficial observer. That which man requires for the purpose of living is very little indeed, and can usually be easily obtained; for nature has amply provided for all of her children, and if they cannot all obtain their proper share then there must be something seriously wrong, either with them individually or with the social organisation as a whole. There is undoubtedly a great deal wrong in our social organisation, and our philosophers and politicians are continually trying to remedy it. They will succeed in their task when they succeed in making the laws of the human world harmonise with the laws of nature, and not before. That event may take place in the far distant future. We have not the time to wait for it. Let each one attempt to restore harmony in his own individual organism and live according to natural laws, and the harmony of the social organism as a whole will be restored."

The words of the Adept caused me some irritation, for I loved the comforts of life. A spirit of contradiction arose within me and caused me to say: "Would you, then, do away with all luxuries, which at our present stage of civilisation have become necessities? Would you have us return to the semi-animal state of our forefathers, living as savages in the woods? I know there are certain cranks that harbour such views."

"Not so," answered the Adept. "The great bulk of those things which are said to be the necessities of life are only artificially created necessities, and millions of people lived and attained old age long before many of the things which our modern civilisation considers as absolutely necessary had been discovered or invented. The term 'necessity' has a relative meaning; and to a king a dozen of palaces, to a nobleman a carriage and four, may appear as much a necessity as to a beggar a bottle of whisky, or to a fashionable man a new swallowtail coat. To get rid at once of all such fancied necessities and the trouble which is imposed upon us to attain them, the shortest and surest way is to rise above such necessities and to consider them not to be necessary at all. Then a great amount of our energy would become free, and might be employed for the acquisition of that which is really necessary, because it is eternal and permanent, while that which serves merely temporal purposes ends in time.

"There are thousands of people engaged in prying into the details of the constitution of external objects and in learning the chemical and physiological processes going on

therein, and some are sacrificing their soul and extinguishing the spark of divinity within themselves by perpetrating the most inhuman cruelties upon their fellow-beings for the purpose of gratifying their scientific curiosity and making useless discoveries for the promotion of their ambition; but they do not manifest the least desire to know their own real self, although it would seem that such a knowledge is far more important. Modern science says that she wants to know the laws of nature in all their minute ramifications, and yet she pays no attention whatever to the universal and fundamental law from which all these ramifications spring; and thus she resembles an insect crawling over a fallen leaf and imagining thereby to learn the qualities of the tree. It is surely the prerogative of intellectual man to investigate intellectually all the departments of nature; but the investigation of external things is only of secondary importance to the attainment of knowledge of our own interior powers. All primary powers act from within; effects are secondary to causes. He who considers the knowledge of external things to be more important than the knowledge of God, possesses very little wisdom indeed.”

“God?” I exclaimed. “What can we know about God? How can you prove that such a being exists?”

To this answered the Adept: “I am sorry for a man who is so far backward in his course of spiritual evolution that he is not yet able to recognise the presence of God in everything. The supreme spirit which pervades, embraces, and penetrates everything, being the very essence, soul, and life of all things in the universe, from the atom up to the whole solar system, is beyond all mental conception. If He could be grasped by the human intellect, that intellect would have to be greater than God. There is nothing real but God. Nature itself is only a manifestation of His power. Let no man expect that somebody will prove to him the existence of God; but let everyone seek to be himself a living witness of His presence and power by becoming god-like and divine by His divine grace. Man is destined to restore within himself the divine image. When he realises the divine ideal within his heart, his pilgrimage through manifold incarnations will have ended and the object of his existence be accomplished. Peace be with you!”

As the Adept finished this sentence, a sound as if produced by the tinkling of small silver bells was heard in the air above our heads. I looked up, but nothing was to be seen from which that sound could have proceeded.

“This is the signal,” said the Adept, “that the members of our order are assembled in the Refectory. Let us go to join their company. Some refreshment will undoubtedly be welcome to you.”

#### **4. The Refectory**

We stepped out into the corridor and entered the garden. The palm trees and exotic plants, by which we were surrounded, formed a strong contrast to the weird and desolate scenery, with its fields of ice and scrub-pines, which I had seen before entering this enchanted valley. High bushes of fuchsias alternated with rose-bushes, and all were covered with the most beautiful flowers; the air was perfumed with the odour of many varieties of hyacinths, heliotropes, and other plants whose names I do not remember. Nevertheless the place was not a hot-house, for there was no other

roof over it than the clear blue sky. I wondered whether perhaps the garden was heated from below the surface, and the thought came into my mind that so much luxury seemed not to agree with the view, expressed by the Adept, that those who live within the paradise of their own souls do not care for external sensual gratification. But again the Imperator seemed to know my thought even before it had taken a definite form in my mind, and said:

“We have created these illusions to make your visit to this place an agreeable one in every respect. All these trees and plants which you see require no gardener, and are inexpensive; they cost us nothing but an effort of our imagination.”

I went up to one of the rose-bushes and broke one of the roses. It was a real rose, as real as I had ever seen before; its odour was sweet, and it had just unfolded its leaves in the rays of the midday sun.

“Surely,” I said, “this rose which I hold in my hand cannot be an illusion, or an effect of my imagination?”

“No,” answered the Adept, “it is not produced by your own imagination, but it is a product of the imagination of nature, whose processes can be guided by the spiritual will of the Adept. The whole world, with its solid planets, its mountains of granite, its oceans and rivers, the whole earth with all its multifarious forms, is nothing else but a product of the imagination of the *Universal Mind*, which is the *creator* of forms. Forms are nothing real, they are merely illusions or shapes of substance; a form without substance is unthinkable and cannot exist. But the only substance of which we know is the universal primordial element of matter, constituting the substance of Universal Mind, the *Ākāśa*. This element of matter is invisibly present everywhere; but only when it assumes a certain state of density, sufficient to resist the penetrating influence of the terrestrial light, does it come within the reach of your sensual perception, and assume for you an objective shape. The universal power of will penetrates all things. Guided by the spiritual intelligence of the Adept, whose consciousness pervades all his surroundings, it creates in the Universal Mind those shapes which the Adept imagines; for the sphere of the Universal Mind is his own. By an occult process, which cannot be at present explained to you, but which exists principally in a motion of will, the shapes thus created in the mind-substance of the Adept are rendered dense, and thereby become objective and visible to you.”

“I acknowledge,” I said, “that this is still incomprehensible to me. Can an image formed in your head come out of your head and assume a material form?”

The Adept seemed to be amused at my ignorance, and smilingly answered: “Do you believe that the sphere of mind in which man lives exists only within the circumference of his skull? I should be sorry for such a man; for he would not be able to see or experience anything whatever beyond the processes going on in that part of his mind contained within his skull. The whole world would be to him nothing but impenetrable and incomprehensible darkness. He would not be able to see the sun or any external object; for man can perceive nothing except that which exists within his own mind. Fortunately for man, the sphere of the mind of each individual man reaches as far as the stars. It reaches as far as his power of perception reaches. His mind comes in contact with all things, however distant they may be from his physical body. Thus

his mind — not his brain — receives the impressions, and these impressions come to his consciousness within his physical brain, which is merely the centre in which the messages of the mind are received.”

After giving this explanation, the Adept, evidently still seeing some doubts in my mind, directed me to look at a magnolia tree which stood, at a short distance. It was a tree of perhaps sixty feet in height, and covered with great, white, beautiful flowers. While I looked, the tree began to appear less and less dense. The green foliage faded into grey, so that the white blossoms could hardly be distinguished from the leaves; it became more and more shadowy and transparent; it seemed to be merely the ghost of a tree, and finally it disappeared entirely from view.

“Thus,” continued the Adept, “you see that tree stood in the sphere of my mind as it stood in yours. We are all living within the sphere of each other’s mind, and he in whom the power of spiritual perception has been developed may at all times see the images created in the mind of another. The Adept creates his own images; the ordinary mortal lives in the products of the imagination of others, either in those of the imagination of nature, or in those which have been created by other minds. We live in the paradise of our own consciousness, and the objects which you behold exist in the realm of our consciousness; but these spheres are not narrow. They may be expanded far beyond the limits of the visible objects around us, and continue to expand until they become one with the whole Universe.

“The power of the imagination is yet too little known to mankind, else they would better beware of what they think. If a man thinks a good or an evil thought, that thought calls into existence a corresponding form or power within the sphere of his mind, which may assume density and become living, and continue to live long after the physical body of the man who created it has died. It will accompany his soul after death, because the creations are attracted to their creator.”

“Does, then,” I asked, “every evil thought, or the imagination of something evil, create that evil and cause it to exist as a living entity?”

“Not so,” answered the Emperor. “Every thought calls into existence the form or power of which we think; but these things have no life until life is infused into them by the Will. If they do not receive life from the Will, they are like shadows and soon fade away. If this were not the case, men could never read of a crime without mentally committing it, and thereby creating most vicious Elementals. You may imagine evil deeds of all kinds; but, unless you have a desire to perform them, the creations of your imagination obtain no life. But if you desire to perform them, if your will is so evil that you would be willing to perform them if you had the external means to do so, then it may perhaps be as bad for you as if you had actually committed them, and you create thereby a living although invisible power of evil. It is the Will which endows the creations of imagination with life, because *Will* and *Life* are fundamentally identical.”

Seeing a doubt arise in my mind, he continued: “If I speak of the Will as a life-giving power, I am speaking of the spiritual will-power which resides in the heart. A will-power merely exercised by the brain is like the cold light of the moon, which has no power to warm the forms upon which it falls. The life-giving will-power comes from

the heart, and acts like the rays of the sun which call life into action in minerals, plants, and animals. It is that which man desires with his heart, not that which he merely imagines with his brain, which has real power. Fortunately for mankind in general, this spiritual power which calls the creations of the imagination into objective visible existence is in the possession of very few, else the world would be filled with living materialised monsters, which would devour mankind; for there are in our present state of civilisation more people who harbour evil desires than such as desire the good. But their will is not spiritual enough to be powerful; it comes more from the brain than from the heart; it is usually only strong enough to harm him who created the evil thought, and to leave others unaffected. Thus you see how important it is that men should not come into possession of spiritual powers until they become virtuous and good. These are mysteries which in former times were kept very secret, and which ought not to be revealed to the vulgar.”

We entered through a Gothic portal into a hall. The light fell through four high windows into the room, which was of an octagonal form. In the midst of this room stood a round table surrounded by chairs, and the corners formed by the sides of the octagon were provided with furniture of various kinds. There were quite a number of the Brothers assembled, some of whom I recognised from having seen their pictures in historical representations; but what astonished me above all was that there were two *ladies* present — one appearing very tall and dignified, the other one of smaller stature and of a more delicate, but not less noble, appearance, and exceedingly beautiful. To find ladies in the monastery of the Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross was a fact which surprised and staggered me, and my confusion was evidently observed by all present; but after I had been introduced to all the persons present — or, to express it more correctly, after they had all been introduced to me, for they all seemed to know me and not to need my introduction — the tall lady took my hand and led me to the table, while she smilingly spoke the following words:

“Why should you be so surprised, my friend, to see Adepts inhabiting female forms in company of those whose forms appear to be of a male character? What has intelligence to do with the sex of the body? Where the sexual instincts end, there ends the influence of sex. Come, now, and take this chair by my side, and have some of this delicious fruit.”

The table was covered with a variety of excellent fruits, some of which I had never seen before, and which do not grow in this country. The illustrious company took their seats, and a conversation ensued in which all took part. I only too deeply felt my own inferiority while in this place, but everyone seemed to exert his powers to reassure me and to make me imagine that I was their equal. The Brothers and Sisters hardly tasted the food, but they seemed to be pleased to see me enjoy it, and in fact my morning walk and the pure air of the mountain had given me a very good appetite. The noble lady next to whom I was seated soon succeeded in making my embarrassment vanish, answered my questions in regard to the causes of certain occult phenomena, and made a few practical experiments to illustrate her doctrines. The following may serve as an example of the powers she possessed to create illusions.

We came to speak of the intrepidity and undaunted courage which he must possess who desires to enter the realm of occult research: “For,” she said, “the whole ele-

mental world, with all its monstrosities and animal elements, is opposed to man's spiritual progress. The animals (Elementals) in the animal principle of man's constitution live on his life and on the substance of his animal elements. If the divine spirit awakens within the heart of man and sends its light into those animal elements, the substance on which these parasites live becomes destroyed, and they begin to rage like other famished beasts. They fight for their lives and for their food, and they are therefore the greatest impediments and opponents to the spiritual progress of man. They live in the lower regions of the soul of man, and are, under normal conditions, invisible to the external senses, although under certain conditions they may even become visible and objective. They live in families, and reproduce their species like our terrestrial animals; they fight with each other and eat each other up. If a man's selfish desires, such as are of a minor type, are all swallowed up by some great master-passion, it merely shows that a *monster elemental* has grown in his soul and devoured all the minor elementals."

I answered that it was impossible for me to believe that man was such a living and walking menagerie, and said I wished I could see one of these elementals, so as to realise what it was.

"Would you not be afraid," she asked, "if such a vicious thing were to appear?"

I began to boast of my bravery, and said that I was never afraid of anything which I could see with my eyes and reach with my hands; that fear was the outcome of ignorance, and that knowledge dispelled all fear.

"You are right," she answered; "but will you be so kind as to hand me that basket with pears."

I stretched forth my hand after the basket with pears, which stood in the midst of the table, and as I was about to grasp it, a horrible rattlesnake rose up between the fruit; rearing its head and making a noise with its rattles as if in great anger. Horror-struck, I withdrew my hand, barely escaping its venomous bite; but while I stared at it, the serpent coiled itself up again among the pears, its glistening scales disappeared in the basket, and it was gone.

"If you had dared to grasp the snake," said one of the Brothers, who had witnessed the scene, "you would have found it to be merely a shadow."

"The Will," remarked the Emperor, "is not merely a life-giving power; it is also a destroyer. It causes the atoms of primordial matter to collect around a centre; it holds them together, or it may disperse them again into space. It is Brahmā, Vishnu, and Śiva in one; the creator, maintainer, and destroyer of form."

"These Elementals," said the beautiful lady, "master us if we do not master them. If we attack them without fear, they can do us no harm; our thought is destructive to them; because they are the creations of our own thoughts."

The conversation during our breakfast turned to occultism and kindred subjects. "Occultism and alchemy," said one of the Brothers, "are at once the most difficult and the easiest things to grasp. They are indeed easy to comprehend, if we only look at the mysteries of nature by the light of wisdom, with which each human being, except an idiot, has been endowed by nature at the time of his birth. But if in the place

of the sun of divine wisdom, the artificial candlelight of false logic, sophistry, and speculation has been lit by irrational education, man steps out of his natural state and becomes unnatural. The images of the eternal truths — which were mirrored in his mind while he was a child and innocent, and not sufficiently intellectually developed to understand them — become, by the time that his intellect is developed, so distorted and perverted by prejudices and misconceptions that their original forms are no more recognisable, and, instead of seeing the real, man only sees the hallucinations which his fancy has created.”

“Do you mean to say,” I asked, “that man can possibly know anything about the nature of things, besides that which has been taught to him by his books?”

“Does the child,” asked the Adept, in answer to my question, “need an instructor to explain to it the use of its mother’s breasts? Do the cattle require books on botany to know which herbs are poisonous and which are wholesome? Those artificial systems which have been created by man, and which are therefore unnatural, cannot be found in the book of nature; to know the name of a thing which has been invented for it by man, the child needs man’s instructions; but the essential attributes of a thing are independent of the name given to it. Shakespeare says that a rose would have an agreeable odour, even if it were called by some other name. At the present stage of education, natural philosophers know all about the artificial names and classifications of things, but very little about their interior qualities. What does a modern botanist know about the *signatures* of plants, by which the Occultist recognises the medicinal and occult properties of plants as soon as he sees them? The animals have remained natural, while man became unnatural. The sheep does not need to be instructed by a zoologist to seek to escape if a tiger approaches; it knows by his signature, and without argumentation, that he is his enemy. Is it not much more important for the sheep to know the ferocious character of the tiger, than to be informed that the latter belongs to genus *Felis*? If by some miracle a sheep should become intellectual, it might learn so much about the external form, anatomy, physiology, and genealogy of the tiger, that it would lose sight of its internal character and be devoured by it. Absurd as this example may appear, it is nevertheless the true representation of what is done in your schools every day. There the rising generation receive what they call a scientific education. They are taught all about the external form of man, and how that form may be comfortably fed, lodged, and housed, but the sight of the real man who occupies that form is entirely lost, his needs are neglected, he is starved, ill-treated, and crucified, and some of your ‘great lights of science’ have become so short-sighted that they even deny that he is.”

“But,” I objected, “is it not a great prerogative which intellectual man enjoys over the animal creation, that he possesses an intellect by which he is able to understand the attributes of things which the animal merely instinctively feels?”

“True,” said the Brother; “but man should use his intellect in accordance with reason, and not oppose his intellect to the same. Instinct in animals is the activity in the animal organism of that principle whose action in human beings is called reason. It is the faculty of the soul to feel the truth; while the function of the intellect is to understand that which is instinctively or intuitively felt by the soul, or perceived by the exterior senses. If the intellect were to act only in harmony with reason, all intellec-

tual human beings would not only be intellectual, but would also be wise; but we know from our daily experience that intellectuality is not necessarily accompanied by wisdom, that often those who are most cunning are also most vicious, and the most learned often the most unreasonable.”

“The first and most important step,” continued the Brother, “which man must take, if he desires to obtain spiritual power, is to become natural. Only when he has thrown off all his unnatural qualities can he hope to become spiritually strong. If he were to become spiritual before he becomes natural, he would be an unnatural spiritual monster. Such monsters have existed and still exist. They are the spiritual powers of evil acting through human forms; they are the Adepts of Black Magic, sorcerers and villains of various grades.”

“Then,” I said, “I presume that great criminals are to a certain extent black magicians.”

“Not necessarily so,” answered the Brother. “The majority of evil-doers do evil, not for the love of evil, but for the purpose of attaining some selfish purpose. The villains who are on the road to Black Magic do evil because they love it, in the same sense as those who are on the road to true adeptship perform good merely because they love good. But whether man performs good or evil acts, a constant or frequent repetition of such acts causes him finally to perform them instinctively, and thus his own nature becomes gradually either identified with good or with evil. He who merely tortures a fly for the sake of torturing it, and because he is pleased to do so, is farther progressed on the road to villainy and absolute evil with consequent destruction, than he who murders a man because he imagines it to be necessary for his own protection that he should murder him.”

Here the conversation began to turn about White Magic and the wonderful powers of certain Tibetan Adepts. The Emperor, who had recently visited them, gave a detailed account of his visit. But, strange as it may appear, while all the details of the other part of our conversation remained deeply engraven in my memory, the account given by the Emperor about that visit is entirely effaced from my recollection, and I cannot remember anything whatever about it. It is as if its recollection had been purposely eradicated from my mind.

After our breakfast was over, the Emperor recommended me to the care of the two Lady-Adepts, and told me that he would soon rejoin us to show me his alchemical laboratory. I then accompanied my two protectors into the beautiful garden.

## 5. Recollections of Past Lives

We passed through an alley formed by oleander bushes in full bloom, and arrived at a small round pavilion standing upon a little eminence, which afforded a beautiful view of the country and the tall mountain tops in the distance. The roof of the pavilion was supported by marble columns surrounded by ivy, which grew around the pillars and nearly covered the roof, hanging down at intervals in the open spaces. We seated ourselves, and after a short pause, my friend, whom I will call Leila, said: “I owe you an explanation in regard to the remarks I made when I saw your astonishment at seeing the female sex represented among the Brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross. Your intuition told you right. It does not indeed very often happen that

an individual attains adeptship while inhabiting a female organism, because such an organism is not as well adapted as a male one to develop energy and strength, and it is, therefore frequently the case that those women who have far advanced on the road to adeptship must reincarnate in a male organism, before they can achieve the final result. Nevertheless, exceptions are found. You know that the organism of a man is not fundamentally different from that of a woman, and in each human being are male and female elements combined. In women usually the female elements preponderate, and in men the male ones are usually most active, although we meet with women of a masculine character, and with men who are of a womanish nature. In a perfect human being the male and female elements are nearly equally strong, with a slight preponderance of the male element, which represents the productive power in nature, while the female element represents the formative principle. This occult law, which to explain at present would lead us deep into the mysteries of nature, will become comprehensible to you if you will study the laws of harmony. You will then find that the Moll-accord is the harmonious counterpart of the Dur-accord, but that the greatest beauty finds its expression in Dur. Other and numerous analogies may be found, and we shall leave it to your own ingenuity to find them out.

“If you therefore find an Adept inhabiting a female organism, you will be right in concluding that such an abnormal circumstance is due to some extraordinary conditions and experiences through which such an Adept has passed during his last incarnation. A plant in a hot-house will grow faster than one which is not cared for, and, likewise, extraordinary suffering may cause the early development of the flower of spirituality, which without such suffering would have taken place, perhaps, much later in some other incarnation.”

This revelation stirred my curiosity, and I begged the lady to give me an account of her past life, as it was before she became an Adept.

“It is sometimes painful,” answered Leila, “to dwell on the memories of the past, but perhaps our sister Helen will give you such an account of her life.”

The lady addressed smiled, and said: “I will certainly do so to afford a pleasure to our visitor, but my life in comparison with yours has been very uninteresting. If you will proceed with your history, I will add mine at the end.”

“Very well, then,” answered Leila; “but to simplify matters, and to save time, I will show you its pictorial representation in the Astral Light. Look upon the table before you.”

I looked upon the polished surface of the round marble table standing in the centre of the pavilion, and, as I looked, there appeared upon its surface the life-like image of a battlefield. There were the contending armies fighting with swords and spears, men on horseback and men on foot, knights in glistening armour, and common soldiers. Hot grows the fight; the dead and wounded cover the ground, and the soldiers to the left begin to give way, while those to the right press forward. Suddenly there appears at the left a beautiful woman, dressed in armour, carrying a sword in one hand and in the other a banner. Her features resemble those of the Lady-Adept. At sight of her the men to the left seem to become filled with strength, while their enemies seem to

be stricken with terror. The latter flee, pursued by the men on the left, and a shout of triumph arises, and the picture fades away.

Now there appears another picture upon the table. It seems to be the interior of a Catholic church. There is a great assembly of dignitaries of church and state, of knights and nobles, bishops and priests, and a multitude of people. In front of the altar kneels an armoured knight, who seems to be the king, and a bishop, ornamented with the insignia of his office, puts a golden crown upon his head; but by the side of the king stands again that noble-looking woman, with a smile of triumph upon her face and holding a banner. A solemn music is heard, but as the crown rests upon the head of the king and he arises, a thousand voices hail him, and the picture fades away.

The next picture represents a dungeon filled with instruments of torture, such as were used at the time of the Inquisition. There are some men dressed in black, and in their eyes burns the fire of hate; there are others dressed in red; they are evidently the executioners. Some people with torches appear, and in their midst is Leila bound with chains. She looks at the men in black with pity and contempt. They ask her some silly questions, which she refuses to answer, and then they begin to torture her in a most cruel manner. I averted my sight, and when I looked again, the picture was gone.

In its place appeared another. There is a pile of wood, and in its midst a stake to which a chain is fastened. A procession approaches, led by villainous-looking monks and guarded by soldiers. Crowds of people surround the pile, but they give way as the procession approaches. In the midst of the monks and hangmen walks Leila, looking pale and emaciated from torture and sufferings; her hands are tied, and a rope is fastened round her neck. She mounts the pile and is fastened to the stake. She attempts to speak, but the praying monks dash water into her face to force her to remain silent. A hangman appears with a brand of fire; the wood begins to burn; the flames touch the body of the beautiful woman. I desired to see no more; I buried my face in my hands; I knew who Leila was.

After I had recovered from the impression which this horrible sight had made upon my mind, I expressed to Leila my admiration for her valour and virtue. I had always admired her as a historical character, and desired to see her portrait. Now she stood before me, the living original, youthful and strong, noble and beautiful, and yet, according to history, over 450 years of age.

It is useless to attempt to conceal a thought in the presence of the Adepts. Leila observed my thought, and answered it.

“No,” she said, “I am much older than you think. I and you, and we all, are as old as creation. When the spirit began to breathe after the Great *Pralaya* was over, sending out of the centre the light of the *Logos*, which called the world into existence, we lived already, and we shall continue to live until this light returns to its source. God in us knows no age; He is eternal and independent of the conditions of time. Nor can our spiritual bodies be destroyed by fire.”

“But,” I said, “your body was destroyed by fire.”

“That which was destroyed,” answered Leila, “was merely the grossest material substance of my physical organisation. As the fire consumed the gross matter, my ethereal form arose above the fire and the smoke; it was invisible to the multitude present, whose senses are so gross that they can only perceive gross matter; but it was visible to the Adepts who were present in their ethereal forms, and who took care of me, and after a short period of unconsciousness I awoke again to external life. Gradually my body hardened again by the action of the influences prevailing in my new home, and therefore I am now as visible and tangible to you as if I were still inhabiting my material form.”

“Then, I presume,” I said, “that the astral body of every human being or animal could be so hardened, after having left the physical form, and thus the spirits of the dead could be made to appear in a tangible and visible form.”

“It could be done, and it has often been done,” answered Leila, “by the vile practices of the necromantic art. It can be done with the earth-bound astral shades of some who have suddenly died by accident or murder, and in whose astral forms is therefore still a great deal of molecular adhesion; but the astral forms of those who have died long ago cannot be thus evoked, because their astral corpses have already been decomposed by the influences of the astral plane. But those ‘materialised’ forms have no life of their own, and cannot endure. They only live by the life-principle infused into them by the necromancer who performs such acts consciously, or by the *medium* who performs them unconsciously. To enable an astral form to continue to live after the death of the physical form, it must have attained spiritual life during the life of the physical body.”

“Surely,” I said, “in every human being the astral form contained within the physical body has life.”

“True,” she answered, “but not in every human being is it the centre of life and of consciousness. In ordinary mortals the seat of life is in the blood contained in the veins and arteries of the physical form, and the astral form lives only, so to say, from the reflex of that physical life. In the Adept, the centre of life and consciousness has been established in the organism of his soul, clothed with the astral form, and is therefore self-conscious and independent of the life of the physical body. I had already during former incarnations acquired that life and consciousness of the spirit. I was on the way to adeptship before I was born in a peasant’s hut. During my childhood I had spiritual intercourse with Adepts, although I knew them not intellectually, because my intellectual activity, the result of my physical organisation, was then not sufficiently perfect to understand that which my spirit perceived. But,” she continued, “let us drop these metaphysical speculations, which I see fatigue your brain, and which are still more difficult of comprehension, in that there is no rule without some exception, and the laws of nature are liable to produce endless varieties.”

“Many thanks for your kindness in giving me so much information,” I said; “but permit me to ask one more question. What were the voices you heard and the apparition you saw? Was it truly the archangel Michael who gave you your mission and aided you in your victories?”

“No,” was the reply. “Angels do not interfere personally in mundane matters; spiritually developed man is higher than they. It was the influence of one of our Brothers, who was formerly a great warrior and patriot, whose power entered within myself and took the shape of a knight, representing the archangel for whom I always had a great veneration and whose image was foremost in my mind . . . But see. . . .”

To my great astonishment Leila became suddenly transformed into the luminous shape of a knight in a brilliant armour, which shone like the sun, so that I had to avert my eyes for fear of getting blinded. The apparition disappeared within a few moments, and Leila stood there again in her previous form.

I had for a long time observed the features of the other Lady-Adept; and it seemed to me as if I had seen her somewhere, perhaps in my dreams. Yes, I remember that when I was a mere child I once had a vision, while in a state between sleeping and waking, when it seemed to me as if an angel or a super-terrestrial being, clad in white and holding a white lily in her hand, were floating in the air over my head, extending the lily towards me. How often had I prayed in my heart to see that beautiful form again; and now, if I did not mistake, this lady was the form I had seen in my dream.

She was of exceeding great beauty; her long, black, waving hair formed a strong contrast to her plain, white, and flowing robe, covering her form with graceful folds. Her tint was pale and delicate, her profile was pure Greek; her dark eyes seemed to penetrate to the innermost centre of my soul, and to kindle there a fire of pure love and admiration without any admixture of the animal element.

“My life,” said Helen, “was one of little importance. I was born at St. Petersburg, and my father was an officer in the imperial army. He died while I was very young, and left his family in great poverty. Besides the company of my mother, my relatives, and a teacher, there was nothing to attract me to earth. My mind unfolded and revelled in superterrestrial joys; I loved poetry; I loved to look at the clouds sailing in the sky, and to see in them objects of beauty; I communicated in spirit with the heroes of the past. But the development of my physical form could not keep step with the unfolding of the mind. Cold, starvation, and want hastened its dissolution. After having reached my eighteenth year, I left my wasted, consumptive form, and was kindly received by the Brothers.”

Her plain and modest tale filled my heart with pity. “And was there no one,” I said, “among your country people intelligent enough to perceive your genius and to give you support?”

“They erected a costly monument to my memory,” she answered, “after my body had succumbed. A part of the money expended for it would have procured me the necessities to prolong my life. Those who knew me while living admired my poetry and my talents, but they were poor like myself. But let that pass. The conditions under which men live are the effects of previously acquired Karma. My poverty and suffering were my gain. I have cause to be well satisfied with my lot.”

While the lady spoke, I scanned her features. Was it really she who had appeared to me years ago in a dream? Was it she who waved that lily as if pronouncing a blessing? Was it the magnetic current which seemed to stream through that symbol into

the depths of my heart, and to call there a higher life into activity? Could that event have been a dream? Did it not fill my whole being with happiness at the time when it happened? Did its memory not remain deeply engraved in my heart, when thousands of other dreams had faded away?

Helen rose, and reaching out through one of the open spaces between the pillars, she broke a white lily flower which grew close by the wall. This she gave to me, and said, "Keep this flower; it will not fade like a dream; and when you see it you will know that I am not a product of hallucination."

I thanked her and begged her to remain my protector in the future, as she had been in the past. To this she answered: "We can only assist those who protect themselves. We can only influence those who are ready to receive our influence. We can only approach those who spiritually approach our own sphere. Love causes mutual attraction; the pure will be attracted to the pure, the evil ones to that which is evil. To give presupposes the capacity to receive on the part of him who is to receive. The sunlight is open to all, but not all are able to see it. The eternal fountain of truth is inexhaustible and universal; but those who open their hearts to the sunshine of truth are few. Seek continually to rise above the sphere of selfishness, and you will be in company of those who have thrown off their animal elements and live in the spirit."

As the lady finished speaking, another Adept approached the pavilion. He was a man of small stature, but with a highly intellectual expression upon his face which at once indicated that he must be a Master. His head was almost bald on the top, and showed a most remarkable formation of his skull; at each side, however, there were grey locks of hair, and I immediately recognised in him one whose picture I had often seen and whose presence I had often felt, and whom I will call Theodorus. He had been a great Adept and Rosicrucian during his earthly life; he had been a great physician, and performed most wonderful cures. He had been a great alchemist, and knew the secret of the Cross and the *Rose*, of the *Red Lion* and the *White Eagle*.

As he entered, he announced that the Emperor had been called away to attend to some important affairs connected with politics on the mundane plane. He jocularly remarked that he had gone to prevent a certain statesman from committing an act of imbecility, which would, if he did not succeed in stopping it, be productive of a great war. He was therefore deputed by the Emperor to show me the alchemical laboratory and to correct some of my misconceptions in regard to alchemy. I was rather reluctant to leave the presence of the ladies, and I would have been willing to die at that moment to enable my soul to remain in their presence; but I could not with propriety decline the invitation. The ladies permitted me to retire, and I went with Theodorus into the halls of the Monastery.

## 6. The Alchemical Laboratory

We went through a beautiful and broad corridor, all along whose sides stood finely executed marble statues representing the gods and goddesses of antiquity, and busts of the heroes of olden times. "These statues," my companion remarked, "represent the elemental principles and powers of nature, and they were thus personified by the ancients to bring the attributes of these principles within the conceptive power of the mind. None of the old Greeks and Romans, except the most ignorant, ever believed

that Zeus, Pluto, Neptune, &c., were existing personalities; nor did they ever worship them as such. They were merely symbols and personifications of formless powers. Likewise, every man's form and body is not the real man; it is merely a symbol and personification of the character and attributes of the real man, a form of matter in which the thoughts of the real man have found their external expression. The ancients knew these things; it is only the modern wiseacres who mistake the external illusions for internal truths, and the form for the principle. It is modern materialistic religion which has degraded the Universal Spirit into a limited being, and the great powers of nature into Christian saints."

We entered into a circular hall in the form of a temple. It had no windows, but received its light from a cupola of clear glass. High over our heads, below the cupola, was a large interlaced double triangle made of gold and surrounded by a snake biting its tail. In the midst of the room, and directly under that symbol, stood a round table with white marble top, in the centre of which was a smaller representation of the figure above, executed in silver. The walls were ornamented with bookcases, in which were a great number of books on alchemy. At one side of the room there was a kind of altar upon which stood a burning lamp. A couple of crucibles, a few bottles upon a side-table, and some armchairs completed the furniture of the room.

I looked around, expecting to see some furnaces, stoves, retorts, and other implements, such as are described in books on alchemy, but could see none. My instructor, reading my thoughts, laughingly said: "Did you expect to find here an apothecary's shop? You mistake, my friend. All this array of bottles and pots, of furnaces, stoves, retorts, mortars, filters, strainers, distilling, purifying, and refining apparatus, &c., described in books on alchemy, is nothing but nonsense, written to mislead the selfish and vicious, and to prevent them from prying into mysteries which they are not fit to receive. The true alchemist requires no ingredients for his processes, such as he could buy in a chemist's shop. He finds the materials which he needs within his own organisation. The highest processes of alchemy require no mechanical labour; they consist in the purification of the soul, and in transforming animal man into a divine being."

"But," said I, "did not the ancient alchemists treat real metals and transform them into others of a higher order?"

To this Theodorus replied: "The invisible principles of which the constitution of man is made up are called his *metals*, because they are more lasting and enduring than flesh and blood. The metals which are formed by his thoughts and desires will continue to exist after the perishing elements constituting his physical body have been dissolved. Man's animal principles are the base metals of which his animal organisation consists; they must be changed into nobler metals by transforming his vices into virtue, until they pass through *all* colours and turn into the gold of pure spirituality. To accomplish this it is necessary that the grossest elements in his astral form should die and putrefy, so that the light of the spirit penetrate through the hard shell and call the inner man into life and activity."

“Then,” I said, “all those alchemical prescriptions which we find in the books are only to be taken in a figurative sense, and have nothing to do with material substances, such as salt, sulphur, mercury, &c.”

“Not exactly so,” answered the Adept. “There are no hard lines separating the various kingdoms in nature, and the actions of laws manifested in one kingdom find their analogies in other kingdoms. The processes taking place in the spiritual planes are also taking place in the astral and material planes, subject, of course, to such modifications as are imposed by the conditions existing upon these planes. Nature is not, as your scientists seem to believe, an agglomeration of fundamentally different objects and elements; nature is a whole, and everything in the organism acts and is acted on by every other thing contained therein. This is a fact which the ancient alchemists knew, and which the modern chemists would do well to remember; for we find already in the book of *Sohar* the following passage, which I advise you to note down in your book, so that you will not forget it:

*Everything that exists upon the Earth has its ethereal counterpart above the Earth (that is to say, in the inner realm), and there is nothing, however insignificant it may appear in the world, which is not depending on something higher (or more interior); so that if the lower part acts, its presiding higher part reacts upon it.”*

“It has been taught by the ancients,” I interjected, “that man is a little world, constituted in a manner similar to the big world, which he inhabits.”

“This is true,” said the Adept; “but you should not merely know it as a theory, but realise it. Within yourself is contained the universe with all its powers, heaven and hell, angels and devils, and all the kingdoms with their inhabitants, and you may call them into life at your pleasure. You are the god and creator within your own universe. You continually people that world with forms, coming into existence by your thoughts, and you infuse them with your life by the power of will. In each human being are contained germinally the essences which constitute the mineral, vegetable, animal, or human kingdom; in each man are contained powers which may be developed into a tiger, a snake, a hog, a dragon, into a sage or a villain, into an angel or devil, into an Adept or a God. Those elements which are made to grow and to be developed will become the man’s alter ego and constitute his “self.” Look at the double interlaced triangle over your head; it represents the Macrocosm with all the forces contained therein, the interpenetration and union of Spirit and Matter, within the never-ending circle of eternity. Look at the smaller symbol upon the table before you; it represents the same elements within the constitution of Man. If you can bring the double interlaced triangles existing within your own body into harmony with those existing in the Universe, the powers of nature will be yours, and you will be able to guide and control them.”

I thought of the nature of the many different ingredients necessary to make an alchemical experiment, and of the manner in which they must be mixed; but Theodorus perceived my thought and replied:

“The universal process, by which all the processes of life take place, is the unfolding of Life. He who can guide and control the power of life is an alchemist. He can

create new forms and increase the substance of those forms. The chemist creates nothing new; he merely forms new combinations of the substances in his possession; the alchemist causes the substance to attract corresponding elements from the invisible storehouse in nature, and to increase. The chemist deals with matter in which the principle of life is inactive, that is to say, in which it manifests itself merely as mechanical or chemical energy; the alchemist deals with the principle of life, and causes living forms to come into existence. The chemist may transform sulphur into invisible gas and cause that gas to become sulphur again, and the sulphur obtained at the end of the experiment will be just as much in quantity as it was at the beginning; but the gardener who puts a seed in the ground, and prepares the conditions necessary for that seed to grow into a tree, is an alchemist because he calls something into existence which did not exist ready-made in the seed, and out of one seed he may thus obtain a thousand seeds of the same kind.”

“But,” I objected, “it is said that the Rosicrucians possessed the power to turn iron, silver, or mercury into gold. Surely there is no gold in pure silver or mercury; how, then, could they cause something to grow which did not exist?”

The Adept smiled, and said: “Through your lips speaks the learned ignorance of your modern civilisation, which cannot see the truth, because it has created a mountain of misconceptions and scientific prejudices which now stand between itself and the truth. Let me then tell you once more that *Nature is a Unity*, and that consequently each particle of matter, even the smallest, is a part of nature in which the possibilities of the whole are hidden. Each speck of dust may under favourable conditions develop into a universe in which all the elements existing in nature can be found. The reason why your scientists are unable to comprehend this truth is because their fundamental doctrines about the constitution of matter and energy are entirely wrong. Your Dualism in theology has been the cause of untold misery, creating a continual quarrel between God and the Devil; your Polytheism in science blinds the eyes and obstructs the judgment of the learned, and keeps them in ignorance. What do you know about the attributes of primordial matter? What do you know about the difference between matter and force? All the so-called “simple substances” known to your science are originally grown out of primordial matter. But this primordial matter is a Unity; it is only *One*. Consequently each particle of this primordial matter must be able to grow under certain conditions into gold, under other conditions to produce iron, under others mercury, &c. This is what the ancient alchemists meant when they said that each of the seven metals contains the seeds of the other seven; and they also taught that, for the purpose of transmuting one body into another, the body to be transmuted would have to be reduced first into its *Prima Materia*.

“But,” he continued, “I see that you are anxious to have the truth of these doctrines demonstrated by an experiment; let us then see whether it is possible that we can make gold grow out of its *seed*.”

Without rising from the big armchair in which Theodorus was seated, he then directed me to take one of the crucibles upon the table, to see that it was empty, and to put it upon a tripod over the flame burning upon the altar. I did as directed. He then said: “Now take some of the silver pieces which you have in your pocket, and throw them into the crucible.” I took seven pieces which I had with me, and did as he said.

After a few minutes they began to melt, and, as I saw the silver in the crucible had become fluid, I told the Adept that it was molten. He then indicated a small bottle containing some red powder, which stood upon the table, and requested me to take some of that red powder and to throw it into the crucible. There was a little silver spoon lying upon the table, and with this I took what seemed to be about one or two grains of the red powder from the bottle, and was going to throw it into the crucible, but Theodorus stopped me, saying that this was too much powder, and it should not be wasted. He told me to throw the powder back into the bottle and to wipe the spoon with a piece of paper, and then to throw the paper into the crucible. The quantity of powder which adhered to the spoon after I had returned the former to the bottle was so little as to be hardly visible; nevertheless, I did as he told me, and threw the little piece of paper upon the molten silver. Immediately the paper burned, and the molten metal began to foam and to rise, so that I was afraid that it would run over the sides of the crucible; but each bubble burst as it reached the top, and exhibited a variety of the most beautiful colours.

This play lasted for about fifteen minutes, when the boiling ceased, and the foaming mass sank back to the bottom of the crucible. Theodorus noticed that it had become quiet; he directed me to take the crucible from the fire and to pour the contents upon a marble slab. I did as he told me, and directly the mass became solid, and appeared to be the finest gold.

“Take this gold with you,” said Theodorus, “and let it be examined, so that you will be convinced that you have not been the victim of an hallucination.”

I was very much astonished, and I thought how much our people would give to become acquainted with the secret of this red powder. I desired to ask the Adept how this powder could be prepared, but I did not dare to ask the question aloud, because I was afraid that Theodorus would think I desired to know the secret for the purpose of enriching myself. But the Adept saw my thought, and said:

“The secret of how this red powder is prepared cannot be explained to men until they become more spiritual; because it is a secret whose knowledge must be practically acquired. How can we teach mankind to employ powers which they do not possess, and of which they do not even know the existence? Nevertheless, the germs of these powers are contained in a latent condition within the organism of every human being.

“It would be foolish to suppose that gold could be made out of any other substance than gold; but every substance contains the germ of gold in its own primordial state.

“In the alchemical laboratory of nature, iron-pyrites and other substances produce gold in the course of ages, because the principle of gold contained in their primordial element grows by the action of the life-principle of nature, and becomes visible gold. This process, which it may require unconscious nature millions of years to accomplish, can be accomplished by nature in a few minutes if her will-power is guided by the spiritual consciousness and intelligence of the Adept. It is as impossible to make gold grow out of anything containing no gold as it is impossible to make an apple tree grow out of a cherry stone. But if we wish to see an apple tree grow out of a seed we do not insert it in a hole bored into a rock, but we select a proper piece of soil where

it can grow by the aid of sunlight and moisture. Likewise, if we desire gold to grow out of the 'seed' or *principle* of gold, we must add the proper soil which it requires; and this 'soil' is furnished by the red powder, which contains the life-principle for the production of gold. Know that there is no 'dead' substance in the universe, and that even a stone or a metal contains life in a latent form. If the life-principle within such a substance becomes active, this substance will begin to form and to produce the various colours which you saw in the crucible. If the mass were cold and solid, the power of life would be slow to penetrate below the surface of the metal; nevertheless, the transmutation would gradually take place; but in the molten mass the life-giving substance becomes thoroughly mixed with the metal, ebullition takes place, and the transmutation is quickly performed.

"Why should growth and development and transmutation of form be possible only in the vegetable and animal kingdom? It is equally possible in the mineral kingdom; the only difference is that in the former it takes place within a sufficiently short period of time, so as to come within the observation of man; while in the latter these processes take place very slowly, and many generations of men may pass away before any progress in the growth of metals can be observed.

"The seed for the production of plants grows in the plants themselves; the seed for the production of animals grows in the animals; the 'seed' for the production of metals rests in the metals. It is not sufficient merely to melt a metal, to make it grow; it must be made subject to the power of life. This is done by the addition of the red powder, of which an almost imperceptible quantity is sufficient to cause the growth of a great quantity of gold. The few atoms of powder which you used were enough and to spare to transmute your silver, as you will see if you now examine your gold, which has not absorbed all of the red powder which adhered to the paper."

I looked at the gold, which had now become cold enough to be handled, and, indeed, upon its surface there were some little red pearls like rubies, which seemed to indicate that they were parts of the red powder which had not been absorbed by the molten mass.

"Master! "I exclaimed, "teach me this secret, and I promise you that I will never use the knowledge obtained for any selfish purpose whatever. I have learned enough of occultism to know that worldly possessions and riches are useless for the purpose of spiritual development, and that they are in truth the greatest obstacles which can be put in the way of those who desire to progress. I only desire to know the truth for the sake of the truth, and not for the purpose of obtaining any selfish advantage. Teach me these secrets, and I will forget my own self, and devote my life to benefit the universal brotherhood of humanity."

"Very well," answered the Adept. "I will do all I can to show you the way, but you must do your own walking. To teach you the secret of how to make gold is identical with teaching you all the secrets of the constitution of nature, and of its counterpart, the microcosm of man. This cannot be done in a few hours, or within a few days, and it would be against the rules of our order to retain you here longer than after sunset. But to enable you to study this science of alchemy, I will lend you a book which you may read and study; and if you keep your intuitional faculties open and your mind

unclouded, I will be invisibly near you and assist you to understand the meaning of the secret symbols contained therein.”

With these words Theodorus handed me a book containing a number of coloured plates with symbols and signs. It was an old book, and its title was *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*.

“The size of the book,” continued the Adept, “renders it rather inconvenient for you to carry it on your descent from the mountain, but I will send it to your hotel at the village, where you will find it on your arrival.”

I thanked the Adept, and looked once more at the mysterious book. I glanced at the titles of the pages, and saw that they treated about the greatest of mysteries, of the Macrocosm and Microcosm, of Time and Eternity, of Occult Numbers, the Four Elements, the Trinity of All, of Regeneration, Alchemy, Philosophy, and Cabala; it was indeed a book on *Universal Science*.

“If you practically understand the contents of this book,” said Theodorus, “you will not merely know how to produce gold out of the baser metals, which is one of the lowest, most insignificant, and comparatively worthless parts of our art, but you will know the mystery of the Rose and the Cross; you will know how to come into possession of the *Philosopher’s Stone* and the *Universal Panacea*, which renders those who possess it immortal. You will then not merely know how to direct the processes of life, so as to make pearls and diamonds and precious stones grow, but you will know how to make a man out of an animal, and a god out of a man. This last alchemical process is the one thing which is needed, and in comparison all other arts are merely playthings for children. What will it serve us to run after illusions, which will vanish in time, if we can obtain within ourselves that which is eternal and real?”

I asked the Adept whether I would be permitted to show that book to others, or to have it copied and printed; upon which he replied:

“There are at present few people in the world who would be able to comprehend this book to its fullest extent; but there are some who desire to know the truth, and for the sake of these few you may risk to throw pearls before the swine. The symbols contained in these pages must be not merely seen and studied with the intellect, they must also be grasped by the spirit. To make this plain to you, know that each occult symbol and sign, from a mere point up to the double-interlaced Triangle, to the Rose and the Cross, has three significations. The first is the exoteric meaning, which is easily understood; the second is the esoteric or secret signification, which may be intellectually explained; the deepest and most mysterious one is the third, the spiritual meaning, which cannot be explained, but which must be spiritually experienced within yourself. This practical, internal experience is arrived at by the power of intuition, or the faculty by which the soul feels the presence of things which one cannot see with the bodily senses. If a person once feels interior things with his heart, sees them by his internal sight, and understands their attributes, then such a person has become illuminated, and is practically an Adept.

“As the number *Three* grows out of the *One*, likewise the *Seven* grows out of the *Three*; because by a combination of three numbers or letters four complications arise, forming with the original Three the number Seven; and thus there are not

merely three, but seven explanations of each symbol. You see, therefore, that the matter is very complicated, and requires deep study. Nor would it benefit you if I were to explain to you all the various meanings of these symbols; for you must learn to realise that you yourself are a symbol. These symbols represent the mysteries of the universe and of man. You are that universe, you are the man, and these things are representing yourself. What good would the explanations do to you if you do not realise that they are true?"

"But," I interposed, "if this is so, it will be useless to read any such books."

"Those who know these things themselves," said Theodorus, "do not need them, and those who do need them do not understand them. Books of that kind are like mirrors in which a man sees the things reflected which are existing in him. A monkey stands before a looking-glass and sees his own image, but he thinks it is another monkey aping his motions. If you know the contents of a book, describing a truth, you only know the description but not the very truth itself. You may know the contents of the Bible by heart from beginning to end, together with all the commentaries, and still not realise the truth of one iota of it. Self is the man. That which he finds out by his own experience, that he knows, and nothing more.

"When I was an inhabitant of your world, I had many a hard rub with your doctors of medicine and of divinity, because they lived upon the ignorance of the people, and the more I enlightened the latter, the less flattering grew the bread-and-butter prospects of the former. I usually found that the more learned your doctors were, the more did they lose their own common sense. I live here in peace, and care little about their disputations and argumentations; but I take occasionally a glance at the world, and I do not see much change for the better."

"Nevertheless," I said, "you will agree that science has made a great deal of progress since those days?"

"True," he answered, "she has progressed in some things and retrograded in others. She has made many inventions to increase the physical comforts of man and to gratify his desires; but in proportion as man's desires have been gratified, they have also grown, and new necessities have been created. Many of your most useful inventions, however, have not been made by the help, but rather in spite of the opposition, of your professional scientists.

"Moreover, if the psychical faculties of man were developed, many of your most useful inventions would be perfectly useless; they would be displaced by far better methods, in the same sense as bows and arrows have become useless since the invention of gunpowder and guns. You are very proud of your railroads and telegraphs, but of what use are they to a man who is able to travel with the velocity of thought from one place to another, however distant that place may be. Learn to chain the elemental spirits of nature to the chariot of your science, and you may mount like an eagle and ride through the air."

"I should be very glad," I said, "if you would inform me how a person can travel with the velocity of thought from one place to another. It seems to me that the weight of the physical body would present an insurmountable impediment."

“Neither would psychically developed man need to take that cumbrous form along on such travels,” answered Theodorus. “What or who is Man? Is he that semi-animal mechanism, which eats, drinks, and walks, and wastes nearly half of its life in unconscious sleep; that mass of bones and muscles, of blood and sensitive nerves, which hinders the free movements of the spirit who is chained to it; or is the man that invisible something which thinks and feels, and knows that it exists?”

I said: “Undoubtedly the real man is the thinking principle in man.”

“If you admit this,” answered the Adept, “you will also agree that the real man is in that place and locality wherein he thinks and perceives; in other words, he is there where his consciousness exists. Thinking is a faculty of the mind, and not a faculty of the physical body. It is not my brain which thinks; but I myself do my thinking by means of my brain. Wherever our mind exercises that faculty, there is our true habitation; whether our physical form is there, too, is a circumstance which need not concern us any more than it would concern us to carry a warm and heavy coat which we are accustomed to wear in winter along with us while we are making a summer excursion. Thinking is a faculty of the mind, and Mind is universal. If we learn to think independently of our physical brain, we may as well exercise that faculty in one place of the universe as in another, without taking our physical body along.”

“But,” I objected, “how can a universal and therefore unorganised principle think, without using for that purpose an organised brain?”

“Short-sighted mortal!” exclaimed Theodorus. “Who says that Mind is without an organisation? Who has so little judgment as to suppose that the highest organised living and conscious principle in the universe is without an organisation, if even the inferior kingdoms upon the face of the earth, such as crystal, plant, and animal, cannot exist without an organisation? Surely the air does not think; it has no firm organisation; but the Universal Mind is not air, nor is it empty space; it has nothing in common with either, except its being everywhere present. It is the highest organised principle in the universe.

“Inferior man, in whom the consciousness of his higher spiritual self has not awakened, cannot think without the aid of the physical brain; he cannot experience a consciousness which he does not yet possess; he cannot exercise a faculty which is merely latent within his organisation. But the man who has awakened to the consciousness of his higher self, whose life has been concentrated into his higher principles, which exist independently of the physical form, constitutes a spiritual centre of consciousness, which does not require the physical brain to think, any more than you require the use of your hands and feet for the purpose of thinking. If a person in a somnambule condition travels in spirit to a distant place and reports what he has seen there, and his observations are afterwards verified, must we not conclude that he has been at that place, and would it be reasonable to suppose that he has taken his physical brain with him and left the empty skull behind? How absurd is such an idea; but verily its absurdity does not surpass that of your suggestion, that the universal mind is without an organisation.”

I was somewhat confused at having inconsiderately expressed an opinion about a subject of which I could not know anything, and the Adept, noticing my regret, continued in a mild manner: "If you desire to know the organisation of nature, study your own constitution, not merely in its physical, anatomical, and physiological aspect, but especially in its psychological aspect. Study what may be called the physiology of your soul. If your foot were not an organised substance intimately connected with your brain by means of the nerves and the spinal cord, you would never be able to feel any sensation in your foot; the latter might be burned or amputated, and you would not be aware of it unless you should see its destruction. You do not think with your foot, you think with your brain; or, to express it more correctly, you think by means of your brain. But if you were more spiritually developed, you would be able to sink your thought and consciousness from your brain down into your feet, or into any other part of your body, and, so to say, live in that part and be entirely unconscious of any other part. It has already come to the comprehension of some of your more advanced scientists that sensation and consciousness may be withdrawn from any part of the body, either by an effort of the will and imagination of the person who undertakes the experiment, or by the aid of the will and imagination of a 'magnetizer' or 'mesmerizer.' In the same manner the opposite thing can be done, and a person may concentrate himself, so to say, in any part of his own organism, or in any part of the great organism of nature with which he is intimately and inseparably, although invisibly, connected. A man who believes that he exists independently of nature and separated from it, labours under a great delusion. The fundamental doctrine of occultism is that nature is only one, and that all beings in nature are intimately connected together, and that everything in nature acts upon every other thing therein. The feeling of isolation and separateness existing in individuals is only caused by the illusion of form. Man's form is not man; it is merely a state of matter in which man for the time being exists, and which is continually subject to change. It may be compared to an image in a mirror in which the character of man is imperfectly reflected, and although it differs from the image in a mirror in so far as it is temporarily endowed or infused with life, sensation, and consciousness, nevertheless it is nothing else than an image; for life, sensation, and consciousness do not belong to the form; they are functions of the invisible but real man who forms a part of the invisible organism of nature, and whose mind is a part of the universal mind, and who, therefore, if he once realises his true character and learns to know his own powers, may concentrate his consciousness in any place, within or beyond his physical form, and see, feel, and understand what takes place in such a locality."

"These ideas," I said, "are so grand that I am not yet fully able to grasp them; but I fear that they will never be accepted by our scientists, who cannot see beyond the narrow systems which they themselves have created."

"True," answered the Adept; "they will not be accepted or understood by our present generation of scientists; but they will be known in the future to those who are not merely learned, but wise, as they were known to the wise men of the past. Ignorance and self-conceit are twin-brothers; and it flatters man's vanity to believe that he is something superior to and different from the rest; and the more a man is learned in superficial science, the more does he believe in his own imaginary superiority and separateness. The consciousness of the great majority of intelligent people in our in-

tellectual age is nearly all concentrated within their brains; they live, so to say, entirely in the top-storey of their houses. But the brain is not the most important part of the house in which man resides. The centre of life is the heart; and if consciousness does not take its residence in the centre of life, it will become separate from life, and finally cease to exist. Let those who desire to develop spiritually attempt to think with their hearts, instead of merely studying with their brains. Let them attempt to sink day after day their power of thought down to the centre of life in the heart, until their consciousness is firmly established there. At first they will see nothing but darkness; but, if they persevere in their efforts, they will behold a light at that centre which illuminates the mind. This inextinguishable light will send its rays to the brain and carry them as far as the stars; and in it they may see the past, the present, and the future.

“The greatest mysteries in nature are by no means difficult to understand, if we only prefer to look at them instead of looking at our own delusions. The grandest ideas are easy to grasp, if we merely prefer to grasp them instead of holding on to our fancies. Man’s mind is like a mirror in which the ideas floating in the universal mind are reflected, comparable to a tranquil lake in which you may see the true images of the passing clouds. If the surface of the lake is disturbed, the images become distorted; if the water becomes muddy, the reflections cease altogether. Likewise, if the mind of man is in a tranquil state and clear of foreign elements, he will reflect the grandest and noblest ideas existing within the world of mind. If we desire to think reasonably, we should allow the goddess of Reason to do her thinking within our brain; but if we attempt to be wiser than Reason, our mind becomes filled with our own fancies and those which we have acquired from others, and we cannot see the truth as it is, but we see it as we imagine it to be.

“This truth you will find symbolically or allegorically represented in all the principal mythologies and religious systems of the world. It is the old story of the ‘Fall of Man.’ As long as man remained in a state of purity — that is to say, as long as his will and imagination were one and identical with the will and the imagination of the spiritual creative power in nature — he knew the truth and was all-powerful; but when he began to think and to imagine in a way different from that universal power, he lost sight of the truth and could see only his own fancies. If man wants to see the truth again, he must give up his own way of reasoning and let Reason act in him. But you may as well ask a miser to give up the treasure which he has collected and hoarded during a lifetime as to ask a modern scientist or philosopher to give up his own crooked ways. I see in your heart a desire to establish a secret society; but let me warn you that if you attempt to accomplish this by appealing to those who are clever and cunning, vainglorious and proud of their own attainments, full of ambition and anxious to come into possession of occult, or magical powers for the purpose of gratifying their scientific curiosity, or to employ them for the fulfilment of some selfish desire, you will certainly fail; for it is written: “Whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more in abundance, but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> [Matthew xiii, 12]

“I know that quotation,” I answered, “but its meaning is not quite clear to me.”

“It means,” replied Theodorus, “that to him who has the love of wisdom in his heart, abundant light will be given; but from him who is filled with selfish desires, what little understanding he has will be taken away.”

“I acknowledge,” I said, “that I have been thinking of finding means to establish a society, or a school for spiritual development, where those who desire to progress might be able to spend their energies for the purpose of that which is useful and lasting, instead of being forced to run after the illusions of the world. I have been mentally seeking for a place in a solitude where the members of such a society might lead an interior life. I should like to establish a theosophical monastery, where we could live like yourself, surrounded by all the grandeur, sublimity, and stillness of nature, escape the servitude of fashionable society, and step on the path to adeptship. But surely I could not think of selecting our members from the ranks of the uneducated and ignorant.”

“Select them among those who are strong and virtuous,” answered Theodorus, “and your choice will be well made. Choose those who have overcome preconceived opinions and prejudices; select them among those who have no desire to obtain knowledge for their own personal benefit and do not wish to shine, but to let the light grow within themselves. Such persons are very rare; but if you find any, and if they join you in your efforts, you will soon have the most enlightened society in the world. That which is to-day called learning and education is merely a very laborious method of acquiring a little superficial knowledge which mankind is forced to adopt because they do not know how to develop their spiritual perception. If this method were taught and practised, real knowledge would soon occupy the place of mere learning, certainty the place of belief, conviction the place of opinion, true faith the place of creed. If the inhabitants of your proposed convent were pure-minded men and women, great souls and living mirrors in which Divine Wisdom could be reflected without any adulteration, such a monastery would be the greatest ornament of the world. Such centres of spiritual intelligence would be like suns of the first magnitude on the mental horizon of the world. One such centre would be sufficient to illuminate the world with its wisdom and to send its intellectual rays to the utmost limits of the planet.”

“And what is to hinder the establishment of such a centre of intelligence?” I asked.

“Nothing but the imperfections of man and the abundance of his selfish desires. There are two sources from which the obstacles arise that are in the way of those who desire to attain self-knowledge and immortality. One class of obstacles arises from man’s interior self, the other from the external conditions in which he lives. The internal obstacles are caused by his acquired scientific or theological prejudices and misconceptions regarding the constitution of man, and by the living elemental forces active within the animal principle in his constitution. As they are fed and grow strong by external influences, they manifest themselves in various ways, producing animal impulses, and in combination with the intellectual acquirements they grow into the more dangerous class of vices, such as ambition, vanity, greed, intolerance, selfishness, &c. Each of these animal elements, or *Elementals*, may grow into an intellectu-

al but unreasonable being, and finally constitute the very *alter ego* of man. Man may have a great many such false egos within him, until perhaps one of these overmasters the others and becomes a king in the realm of his soul. Each such “self” absorbs a share of the life and consciousness of the man in whose soul it exists, and may finally even occupy all space within his intellectual sphere, so as to paralyse reason or drive it away. The world is crowded with such intellectual or semi-intellectual Elementals in human shape, in whom reason has been paralysed to a greater or lesser extent. You see them every day in the streets, in the pulpit, the forum, in the halls of learning, as well as upon the market-place. Man’s principal object in life should be to keep the realm of his mind free from such intruders, so that the king Reason may rule therein without being impeded. His duty is to fight the herculean battle with those animal and intellectual Elementals, so that they will become servants of the king, and not become his masters. Can this be accomplished if all our energies are continually employed on the outward plane; if we are never at home within ourselves; if we are continually engaged with the illusions of life, either in the pursuit of sensual gratification or entirely absorbed in scientific pursuits, which tend to give us knowledge of outward things but convey no knowledge of self? Can we expect to accumulate our energy and employ it at the centre within ourselves, if we continually spend it at the periphery? Can we hope to be able to waste all our power, and at the same time to be able to retain it? An affirmative answer would be as irrational as unscientific.”

## 7. The Higher Self<sup>1</sup>

It would be too tedious to some of our readers if I were to report all the instructions that were given to me by my kind guide Theodorus, who, for all I know, may have been known as the celebrated Theophrastus Paracelsus during his life in the physical body. I do not, however, feel myself justified in omitting to tell what he said in regard to the importance of practising self-control and developing firmness of character and individuality. Previously to my visit to the Rosicrucian convent I had been made to believe that occultism and mysticism were things only for dreamers; adapted to persons living continually in the clouds, enjoying their superstitions and vagaries by building castles in the air; but now, I found, that self-reliance is a most necessary quality for a disciple of this sacred science, and that no science can be more exact than the one based upon our own exact spiritual knowledge and realised within our own soul. Thus Theodorus said:

“A power to become strong at a centre must be directed towards the centre; for it is only by resistance that it can accumulate and become strong. A king who goes away from his kingdom and leaves it without protection may find other rulers there when he attempts to return. To become conquerors over nature we must fight our own battles, and not wait until nature fights them for us. The more the animal elements within man’s constitution are stimulated into life and activity by the temptations coming from the external world through the avenues of the senses, the hotter will be the battle, and the stronger will man’s power grow if he successfully resists. This is

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<sup>1</sup> [Consult “Higher Self and Higher Ego,” in our Confusing Words Series. — ED. PHIL.]

the battle which the great Gautama Buddha fought and from which he came out victorious, because he was overshadowed by the Bo-tree of Wisdom.

“I will attempt to give you a rational explanation of the effects of inward concentration, to show you how you may become a creator of your own world.

“According to the teachings of the sages the Universal Spirit called the world into existence by the power of His own thought. All great religions speak of a divine Trinity, according to Christianity called the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The will or intention is the Father, the thought or idea the Son, and the creative power of the Father acting through the Son is the Holy Ghost. By this power the thoughts of the Father become manifest, and thus visible objective worlds are called into existence.”

“But,” said I, “where does the Father find the material or substance to render these thoughts visible and objective?”

“Within Himself,” answered my guide, and, looking at me as if to make sure that I understood the meaning of what he said, he continued: “*Allah il Allah*, says the Mohammedan; God is God, and there is nothing beside Him. He is the All; matter and motion and space, consciousness, intelligence, wisdom, spirit, substance, energy, darkness, and light. The worlds are His outspoken thoughts; but there is nothing outside of Himself of which He might think, He being the All, including and penetrating everything. Thus everything exists within Him, who is the life and soul of all things. In Him we live and move and have our being, and without Him we are nothing.

“Man is the god and creator of his own little world, and therefore similar processes take place when a person, by the power of introspection, directs his thoughts towards his own centre of consciousness within his ‘heart.’ Now this activity going towards the centre could never of itself have created an external world, because the external world belongs to the periphery, and it requires a centrifugal power to call it into existence. The introspective activity of the Mind is a centripetal power, and could therefore not act from the centre towards the periphery. But you know that every action is followed by a reaction. The centripetal power, finding resistance at the centre, returns and evolves a centrifugal activity, and this centrifugal power is called Imagination. This *Soul-energy* is the medium between the centre and the periphery, between Spirit and Matter, between the Creator and His creations, between God and Nature, or whatever names you may choose to give to them. The Soul-consciousness is the product of the centrifugal activity of the Mind, put into action by the centripetal activity of the Will.

“If these plain facts, expressed in plain language, without any scientific jargon, without circumlocutions, philosophical intricacies and modern gibberish, are comprehensible to you, all you have to do is to apply it to yourself. If you direct the power of your mind inwardly towards your centre, instead of letting it fly off at a tangent, the resistance which it finds at the centre will cause a reaction, and the stronger the centripetal power which you apply, the stronger will be the centrifugal power created; in other words, the stronger will your *Soul* become, and, as she grows strong, her invisible, but nevertheless material, substance will penetrate your physical, visible body, and serve to transform it into a higher kind. Thus you may at the end become all

Soul, and have no gross physical body. But long before that time arrives you will be able to act upon matter by the power of your soul, to cure your own bodily ills and those of other people, and to do many wonderful things, even at distances far away from your visible form; for the activity of the soul is not limited by the circumference of the physical form, but radiates far into the sphere of the Universal Mind.”

I told Theodorus that these ideas were as yet too grand and too new to me, to be grasped immediately; but that I would attempt to remember them and to meditate about them in the future.

“You will do well if you do so,” said the Adept, “and I will take care that they remain in your memory.”

“If the doctrines of the sages are true,” I replied, “it would seem that the vast majority of our thinkers are continually thinking the wrong way; because they are engaged all their lives in prying into the manifestations of life on the outward plane, and do not seem to care a straw about what is taking place within the inner life of the soul.”

“Therefore,” answered Theodorus, “they will perish with their illusions; and the Bible is right in saying that the ways of the worldly-wise are foolishness in the eyes of the Eternal.

“What will it serve you, if your head is full of speculations about the details of the phenomenal illusions of life, and you become a senile imbecile in your old age? What will it serve you, roaming about the world and gratifying your curiosity in regard to its details, when, after that world has vanished, they for ever disappear from your memory? Perhaps it would be better for the learned if they knew less of scientific theories and had more soul knowledge. It would be better if they had fewer theories and more experience. If they were to employ, for instance, some of their time and energy for the development of the spiritual power of clairvoyance, instead of spending it to find out the habits of some species of African monkey, they would fare better by it. If they were to obtain the power to heal the sick by the touch of their hands, instead of seeking new methods to poison humanity by inoculations of injurious substances, humanity would be the gainer. There are thousands of people who work hard all their lives, without accomplishing anything which is really useful or enduring. There are thousands who labour intellectually or mechanically to perform work which had better be left undone. There are vastly more people engaged in undermining and destroying the health of man than in curing his ills, more engaged in teaching error than in teaching the truth, more trying to find that which is worthless than that which is of value; they live in dreams and their dreams will vanish; they run after money, and the money will remain while they themselves perish and die.

“The obstacles which arise from the external world are intimately connected with those from the inner world, and cannot be separated; because external temptations create inward desires, and inward desires call for external means for gratification. There are many people who do not crave for the illusions of life, but who have not the strength to resist them; they have a desire to develop spiritually and to gain immortality, but employ all of their time and energy for the attainment of worthless things, instead of using it to dive down into the depths of the soul to search for the priceless pearl of wisdom. Thousands of people have not the moral courage to break loose

from social customs, ridiculous habits, and foolish usages, which they inwardly abhor, but to which they nevertheless submit because they are customs and habits to act against which is considered to be a social crime. Thus thousands sacrifice their immortality to the stupid goddess of fashion.

“Who dares to break loose from the bondage imposed upon him by the fashion which at present dominates religious thought? Who has the courage to incur the sneers of the imbecile, the ridicule of the ignorant, the laughter of the fool, and gain thereby a light of whose existence those who live in eternal darkness know nothing? The vast majority of people drown the voice of reason and dance with the fool. Rather than have their vanity suffer, they allow the spirit to starve; rather than be crucified and rise into immortal life, they submit to the galling chain; they lose their appreciation of liberty, and, becoming used to their chains, begin to love them and impose them upon others.

“I am not a believer in the total depravity of human nature; I know that man’s animal energies, on account of their inherent instinctive efforts for the preservation of their existence, are opposed to the development of his higher principles, because the life of the higher involves the death of the lower; but I also know that in each human being is contained a power for good, which may be made to develop if the proper conditions are given. There are elements of good and elements of evil in every man, and it depends on ourselves which class we desire to develop. From a cherry stone nothing can grow but a cherry tree, from a thistle seed nothing else than a thistle; but man is a constellation of powers in which all kinds of seeds are contained; you may make him grow to be a hog or a tiger, an angel or a devil, a sage or a fool, according to your own pleasure.

“The continual rush after more money, more comfort, more pleasure, after we already possess all we require, which characterises our present civilisation, is not necessarily a sign of viciousness and moral depravity; but it is rather caused by the instinctive impulse, inherent in the constitution of man, to reach some higher and better condition, which expresses itself on the mundane plane. Man intuitively knows that, no matter how rich in money or fame he may be, he has not yet reached a state in which he will be contented to rest; he knows that he must still keep on striving for something, but he does not know what that something is. Not knowing the higher life, he strives for more of those things which the lower life affords. Thus we may see a bug or a butterfly falling into a lake, and in its vain efforts to save itself from drowning swimming away from the shore, because it does not know in which direction the means for salvation exist. The curse of the world and the root of all evil is ignorance. The curse of man is his ignorance of his higher nature and final destiny, and the efforts of a true system of religion and science ought to be above all to remove this stupidity.

“But it is also true that ignorance and conceit are closely connected together, and that the ignorant hate him who is wiser than they. If one man, knowing more about the requirements of his nature, and desirous to employ all his energies for the attainment of a higher state, were to dare to assert his manhood and to rebel against the chains of fashion, could he continue to live unmolested in his community? and if he were to emigrate to another, would he not be exposed there to the same troubles?

He would still come in contact with men who hated freedom because they were educated in chains, who would misunderstand him, suspect his motives, and persecute him; and woe to him if he had any human failings upon which the snake of slander could fasten its poison fangs. Wherever darkness exists, there exists abhorrence of light. Wherever ignorant man enters, there enter his imperfections. Wherever ignorance resides, there are her attending angels, suspicion, envy, and fear. Would it not be more within the scope of a true science to enlighten man about his higher nature, than to dig for worms in the bowels of the material plane?

“That which is almost impossible to accomplish by the unaided efforts of a single individual, may often easily be accomplished by the co-operation of many, and this law seems to prevail in all departments of nature. If a sufficient number of people were determined to retire from the harlequin stage of the world and to turn away from the tomfooleries of a fashionable existence, they might, if they could harmonise with each other, form a power sufficiently strong to repel the attacks of the monster which would devour them all if they were separated and unaided by each other. Those who are not yet progressed far on the ladder of evolution need those who are upon a higher step to assist them on their upward way, and the higher ones need the lower for their support, in the same sense as a rock needs a solid ground to rest upon and maintain its position.

“There have been at previous times, as there are now, numerous people who became convinced that there is a higher and inner life, and who desired to surround themselves with such conditions as were most favourable for its attainment. Such people were not merely to be found in Christian countries, but also among the ‘heathen.’ Lamaseries and lodges, orders, monasteries, convents, and places of refuge have been established, where people might strive to attain a higher life, unimpeded by the aggressions and annoyances of the external world of illusions. Their original purpose was beyond a doubt very commendable. If in the course of time many such institutions have become degraded and lost their original character; if instead of being places for the performance of the noblest and most difficult kind of labour, they have become places of refuge for the indolent, idle, and superstitious; it is not the fault of that principle which first caused such institutions to be organised, but it is the consequence of the knowledge of the higher nature of man and his powers and destiny having been lost, and with the loss of that knowledge, the means for the attainment, the original aim, was naturally lost and forgotten.

“Such a degradation took place in Europe, especially during and after the Middle Ages, when, enriched by robberies and endowed by dying thieves who wanted to buy salvation, the clergy amassed great wealth and lived a luxurious life, feasting on the fat of the land. They then knew nothing more of the conditions of a higher existence; they became centres of attraction for the hypocrite and the idle. They passed away their idle hours in apparently pious amusements, and in striving to gain more material wealth. Instead of being centres from which blessings should spread over the country, they became a plague to the land. They robbed the rich, and, vampire-like, they sucked the last drop of blood out of the poor. They continued in this manner until the cup of their crimes was full, when the great Reformation caused the downfall of many and a certain reform of the rest.

There are still numerous convents existing in Europe, and in America their number is on the increase. The modern reformer, the socialist and materialist, looks upon them with an evil eye; but the unprejudiced observer will not deny that some of them are doing a great deal of good in their own way. Some have established schools, others opened hospitals; and above all are the Sisters of Charity unsurpassed in their usefulness in the care for the sick. Thus some of these orders serve the noble purpose of benefiting humanity, and their usefulness could be increased a thousand fold if the light of spiritual knowledge — the Holy Ghost, to whom they pray — were to be permitted to descend upon their ranks.

“Do the religious orders as they are now fulfil their original purpose of raising man up into a higher and spiritual state of existence, or are they merely centres around which pious and benevolent people have collected who teach schools and nurse the sick — occupations which might perhaps equally well be performed without professing any particular creed? If the religious convents are calculated to develop true spirituality and to produce truly regenerated men and women, they will be the places where we may find some manifestation of spiritual powers; for a latent power which never manifests itself is of no use; it cannot exist in an active state without manifesting itself. Let us therefore be permitted to ask: Do the inhabitants of our convents consciously exercise any spiritual powers? Can they knowingly cure the sick by the touch of their hands? Are their inner senses sufficiently opened, so that they may see and hear, taste, smell, and feel things which are imperceptible to the senses of average man? Can they prophesy, with any degree of certainty, future events, except by the conclusions of logic? Are there any among them who have become Adepts? What do they actually know about the conditions required to enter a higher state of consciousness than that of ordinary mortals? What do they know about the means to enter adeptship and to obtain a conscious existence as souls? What do our monks and nuns know about the constitution of the human soul, and especially of those souls who are entrusted to their care? What are their experiences when in that higher state called ecstasy? If there is one among them who enters into a state of trance, or is levitated into the air, or able to produce a simple mediumistic phenomenon, do they know the occult causes which produce such effects, or is not such an occurrence considered to be an unexplainable or supernatural miracle?

“It is idle for the priests to assert that they can forgive sins, or that sins can be forgiven through them. If they do not possess any spiritual powers, we cannot believe that they are able to communicate them to others; and if they convey such powers to others, where are their effects to be seen? Do the ignorant become wise after having been baptized with water? Do those who have submitted to the ceremony of confirmation obtain firmness of faith? Does the sinner become innocent after having the load taken off from his conscience by means of absolution? Can our clergymen change the laws of nature? Can they by any external ceremony cause the growth of an inner principle? or does he who enters a church an animal, come out an animal still?

“These are perplexing questions, and I would not like to be understood as if I desired to throw any discredit upon the motives of any of the inhabitants of our convents and nunneries. I am personally acquainted with many of them, and found them to be

good and kind and well-meaning people, without that priestly pride and arrogance which unfortunately often characterise the clergymen of the world; but I believe that all the good which they do they could perform as well, and even a great deal better, if they were to undertake the study of the soul, its organisation and functions, and if they were qualifying themselves for that study. They would then be able to develop consciously those higher faculties which have spontaneously developed among some of their members, who, on account of such an unexpected and abnormal development, were called miracle-workers or saints.

“How can anyone be a true spiritual guide who has no spiritual powers, and who, perhaps, does not even know that such powers exist? What would you think of a surgeon who knew nothing whatever of anatomy? what of a physician who did not know his patient? what of a blind painter, a deaf musician, an imbecile mathematician? What shall we think of a physician of the soul who knows nothing at all about the soul or its attributes, who has never seen it, and is merely of the opinion that it exists? Have we not a right to doubt the usefulness of such a physician, and exclaim with Shakespeare,

“Throw physic to the dogs; I’ll none of it”?<sup>1</sup>

If the inhabitants of our convents and monasteries, instead of employing the time and energy which they need for the performance of their customary ceremonies, for the saying of rosaries and the repetitions of litanies, &c., were to employ them for the purpose of acquiring self-knowledge, for the study of the essential constitution of man and of nature, and for the acquisition of spiritual power, their usefulness might be extended to an enormous degree. Their knowledge would be no longer restricted to earthly things, but expand to heaven; they would not need to nurse the sick, for they could cure them by the touch of their hands; they would not need to baptize people with water, for they could baptize them with the spirit of sanctity; they would not need to listen to confessions, for they would be able to read the thoughts of the culprit. Why should they not be able to do their duties much better if they were wise instead of ignorant; if they knew the truth instead of blindly accepting a creed; if they had the power to accomplish that which they now expect an invisible and unknown power to accomplish in response to their prayers? If the public believe that there is one miracle-working saint at a convent, do they not rush there to receive his or her blessings? What would be the fame of a convent composed entirely of saints whose powers could not be doubted?

“But how can monks and nuns acquire such powers? How can they qualify themselves for such a study? It has been said that it is ten times more difficult to remove an old error than to find a new truth; and there lies the difficulty. A page which is already full of writing will have to be cleaned before it can be written upon again. They would have to purge their minds of all dogmatism and sophistry before they can see the light of truth; they would have to become like children before they can enter the kingdom of heaven within their own souls. They would have to remove the mountain of rubbish which has accumulated in time in the vestibule of the temple, consisting of errors and superstitions, and of the corpses of forms from which the spirit has

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<sup>1</sup> [*Macbeth*, Act V, scene 3; i.e., Medicine is for the dogs. I won’t have anything to do with it.]

fled. Ages of ignorance have contributed to its growth, and it has become venerable by age. The inhabitants of the convent bare their heads and bend their knees when they approach that pile, and they do not dare to destroy it. To become wise, they would have to learn the true meaning of their own doctrines, symbols, and books, of which they at present merely know the outward form and the dead letter. They would have to form a much higher and nobler conception of God than to invest Him with the attributes of semi-animal man. They would have to base their moral doctrines upon the intrinsic dignity of the divine principle in man, instead of appealing to the selfish desires of man and to his fear of punishment, to induce him to seek his salvation.

“This may be accomplished in the far-distant future, but not at the present time. Ages and centuries may roll away before the sunlight of truth will penetrate through the thick veil of materialism and superstition which, like an icy crust, covers the true foundation of human religions. Look at the ice-fields of the Alps, covering the sides of the mountains, sometimes many miles in area. They extend in solid blocks, perhaps more than a hundred feet thick, down to the valley. They are the products of centuries; and firm as the rock the ice appears; and yet these rigid and apparently immovable masses move and slowly change from year to year. They grate the rocks upon which they rest, and they throw out that which is foreign. There may cracks and fissures be seen at the top, and if, as happens sometimes, a man falls into one of these fissures, his remains will be found many years afterwards at the foot of the glacier, below the field of ice, having been spewed out by the same.

“Change, slow change, is going on everywhere in nature. Even in the most rigid and orthodox religious systems, in the most benighted hearts and heads, there is going on a continual change. Already the doctrines which were expounded in the pulpits of the Middle Ages have been modified to a certain extent. The proportions of the devil have shrunk so much that the people have almost ceased to fear him, and in the same degree as clerical power has diminished, the conception of God has assumed a grander aspect. Already the necessity of performing humanitarian labours has been more fully recognised, and is by some considered to be of almost equal importance to the performance of the prescribed ceremonies. Still the change goes on, gradually but slowly; for there is a powerful giant who by his negation resists the decay of the pile of rubbish, and the name of this giant is *Fashion*. It is fashionable to support certain things, and therefore the masses support them.

“Is the progressive part of the world going to wait until the legally appointed guardians of the truth have found out the true value of the treasure in their possession? Have we to wait until they have cleaned the jewel from the dark crust which they have permitted to accumulate around it for centuries? Messengers have arrived from the East, the land of light, where the sun of wisdom has risen, bringing with them costly moonlight pearls and treasures of liquid gold. Will their untold wealth be intrusted to the safe keeping of those who possess the old and empty forms, or will the new wine be filled in new casks, because the old ones are rotten?

“But why should those who have begun to see the dawn of the day close their eyes and wait until the blind would inform them that the sun is rising over the mountains? Is love of the truth not strong enough to accomplish that which the fear of a

dread hereafter has been able to accomplish? Cannot the enlightened classes establish academies, which would offer all the advantages of orthodox convents without their disadvantages? Could they not establish a garden, where the divine lotus flower of wisdom might grow and unfold its leaves, sheltered against the storms of passion raging beyond the walls, watered by the water of truth, whose spring is within; where the *Tree of Life* could unfold without becoming encumbered by the weeds of credulity and error; where the soul could breathe the pure spiritual air, unadulterated by the odour of the poison-tree of ignorance, unmixed with the effluvia of decaying superstitions; a place where this Tree of Life, springing from the roots of the Tree of Knowledge, could grow and spread its branches, far up in the invisible realm where Wisdom resides, and produce fruits which cause those who partake of them to become like gods and immortal?”

Here the Adept paused, as if in deep meditation; but after a moment of silence he said: “Yes, by all means establish your theosophical monastery, if you can find any inhabitants duly prepared to enter it; for it will be easier to introduce the truth into a house which is not occupied, than into one which is occupied by its enemies.

“But,” I objected, “such an institution would require an Adept as a teacher. Would you consent to teach?”

To this Theodorus answered, “Wherever there is a want, the supply will not fail to come, for *there is no vacuum in nature.*”

## 8. Black Magic<sup>1</sup>

At this moment I heard again the sound of the invisible silver bell in the air, and the Adept, rising, said that he was called away for a few minutes, and invited me to remain until he should return. He left the laboratory, and I remained alone. I amused myself by looking over the book containing the *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, and my attention was attracted by the sign of a *Pentagram* turned upside down, so that the two points of the lower triangles pointed upwards. Suddenly a voice sounding behind my chair said: “In this symbol is contained eternity and time, god and man, angel and devil, heaven and hell, the old and the new Jerusalem with all its inhabitants and creatures.”

I turned, and I saw by my side a man with an extremely intelligent face, dressed in the habit of a monk. He excused himself for causing an interruption in my thoughts, and said that I seemed so deeply engaged in meditating over those figures that I had not observed his entrance.

The open countenance, the pleasant looks, and the intelligent expression of the face of my visitor at once gained my confidence; and I asked him who he was with whom I had the honour to speak.

“I am,” said the stranger, “the *Famulus*,<sup>2</sup> or, as you well may call it, the *Chela*, of Theodorus. They call me jocularly his intellectual principle, because I have to do his work when the old gentleman is asleep.”

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<sup>1</sup> [Students may consult with profit the study notes in our Black versus White Magic Series. — ED. PHIL.]

<sup>2</sup> [Male servant]

I found his remark very funny, and answered in a jocular way: "If you are called his intellectual principle, you are perhaps only a creation of his thought. I have seen so many strange things in this place, that I would not be surprised at anything, not even if you were to vanish before my eyes or turn into a snake or a devil."

To this the apparition replied: "As far as our external appearance is concerned, we are all forms produced by thought, and it is the privilege of men of a higher order to assume whatever form they find convenient for their purpose. Thus it may sometimes happen that the very devil appears in the shape of a saint for the purpose of deluding some gullible fool, and I know of cases where some jolly spirits of nature have assumed the shapes of Christ and the apostles for the purpose of amusing themselves by misleading some ignoramus. They usually succeed in such cases; but I am neither a devil nor an elemental spirit, and you are neither an ignoramus nor a fool."

I found myself highly flattered by the favourable opinion expressed by my visitor, and I did not wish to appear suspicious and thus to weaken his faith regarding my power of judging the character of a person at first sight. Moreover, he had such a look of benevolence that I did not wish to distrust him. I therefore made him my bow, and said: "I have not the least doubt about your honourable intentions, and am quite sure that you are a reliable guide."

"One cannot be careful enough in selecting one's guides," continued the stranger. "There are at present so many false prophets and guides. All the world is at present crazy for poking their noses into the mysteries of the astral world. Everybody wants to be taught witchcraft and sorcery. Secrets, which for thousands of years have been wisely kept hidden before the eyes of the unripe and profane, are now bawled out from the housetops and sold at the market-place as objects of trade. Hundreds of self-appointed "masters" and guides speculate upon the selfishness and ambitions of their disciples, and, the blind leading the blind, they both come to grief. If only all the seekers for truth were like you, they would not be deluded by false promises held out to them for attaining adeptship."

"I am really glad," I answered, "that you have discovered my purity and unselfishness of purpose, and I hope that, in consideration of my merits, you will be kind enough to show me some more of your occult secrets. Theodorus has already been preaching long sermons to me, and I listened to him with great patience; but now I want to see something substantial, and if possible learn how to perform some occult feats."

"Most willingly," said my companion. "I will do all I can for you, because you deserve by your unselfishness the patronage of all the Adepts."

So saying, he began to show me some of the curiosities of the laboratory, which contained many strange things. Of some of those I had read in books on alchemy; others were entirely new to me. At last we came to a closed shrine, and my curiosity led me to ask what it contained.

"Oh!" answered the monk, "this shrine contains some powders for fumigations, by the aid of which a man may see the Elemental Spirits of Nature."

“Indeed!” I exclaimed. “Oh, how I should like to see these lovely spirits! I have read a great deal about them in the books of Paracelsus; but I never had an opportunity of seeing them.”

“They are not all of them lovely,” said the monk. “The Elementals of earth have human forms. They are small, but they have the power to elongate their bodies. These gnomes and pigmies are usually ill-humoured and cross; and it is just as well to leave them alone, although sometimes they become very good friends of man, and may even show him hidden treasures and mines. The Elementals of air, the sylvans, are of a more agreeable nature; still we cannot rely upon their friendship. The salamanders, living in the element of fire, are ugly customers, and it is better to have nothing to do with them. But the nymphs and undines are lovely creatures, and they often associate with man.”

“I wish I could see those beautiful water-sprites,” I said; “but I am inclined to believe that they belong to the realm of the fable. For many years, accounts given by seafaring men spoke of mermen and mermaids, which they insisted on having seen at a distance. They said that those people were like human beings, of whom the upper part resembled a man or a woman, while the lower part of their body was a fish. They told great stories about their beauty, their waving hair, and how finely they could sing; and they called them sirens, because it was said they could sing so well that men who heard their voices would become oblivious of everything else but their songs. At last, such a siren was caught; and it proved to be nothing else than a curious fish of the species called *Halicore catacca*, which at a distance may be mistaken for a man, on account of its colour, and which barks somewhat like a dog. Perhaps those undines and nymphs are also nothing but fishes.”

“This is a most erroneous opinion, my dear sir,” answered the monk. “The halicore is a fish; but the nymphs and undines are Elemental spirits of nature, living in the element of water, being, under ordinary circumstances, invisible to man, and not being able therefore to be caught in this manner. They are almost like human beings, but far more ethereal and beautiful; and under certain circumstances they may be seen by man. They may even attain a permanent material form and remain on land; and a case is even known in which a certain Count Stauffenberg married such a nymph on account of her beauty and lived with her for more than a year, until some stupid theologian frightened him by telling him that his wife was a devil. The count at that time had fallen in love with some good-looking peasant-girl, and so the interference of the preacher was welcome, and he took this as a pretext to drive his true wife away. But she revenged herself; and on the third day after his second marriage the count was found dead in his bed. These nymphs are very beautiful. They are strong in love, and are constant; but they are also said to be very jealous.”

The more the monk spoke about the water-nymphs, the stronger grew my desire to see them. I asked him to put me in communication with those beautiful spirits; but he made all sorts of excuses, which, however, only served still more strongly to excite my curiosity.

“We are living here in this sinful world, and ought not to meddle with the inhabitants of another. We are all sinners and liable to succumb to temptations. These water-

nymphs are continually seeking to be united with men, and they have good reason for it, because they have no immortal souls. Becoming united with man they form a link with his soul, and thus partake of his immortality.”

“Why, then,” I exclaimed, “do you hesitate to conjure these beings? I would only be too happy to convey the gift of immortality to one of these beautiful spirits. Moreover, I would consider this as an act of charity and duty, and if such a nymph should insist upon marrying me, I can see no reason why I should object if she were amiable. Besides, it would be quite an extraordinary thing to have a water-nymph for a wife.”

“They are not only very amiable,” said the monk, “but they are also very obedient to their husbands. Such a water-nymph has no will of her own; she regards her husband as her saviour and god, never contradicts or scolds him, but is always ready to obey his commands, fulfil his wishes, and gratify his desires. She is very modest in her demands, needs no luxuries, and requires nothing except occasionally a short excursion to the seashore, which will cause you no expense whatever, because she has her own method of travelling.”

I could restrain myself no longer, and earnestly begged the monk to make a fumigation with the mysterious powder. At last he consented. Putting a few pieces of dry maple tree bark and some dried leaves of laurel into a brazier, he added pieces of charcoal and lighted them. He then strewed some of the mysterious powder, and a white smoke arose, filling the room like a mist and with a very sweet odour. The objects in the laboratory could soon be seen only dimly through that mist, and finally disappeared altogether. The walls of the chamber were no more to be seen. The air seemed to take on a vibratory motion and to become more dense; but, far from feeling oppressed by this, I felt a great exhilaration and satisfaction. At last I knew I was in the element of water, and was supported by it. I was swimming, but my body was as light as a feather, and it required no effort whatever to keep me from sinking; it seemed as if the water was my own element, as if I were born in it. A light shone directly above my head. I rose up to the surface and looked around. I was in the midst of the ocean, dancing up and down with the waves. It was a bright moonlight night. Right above me stood the full moon and threw her silvery rays upon the water, causing the ripples and the foamy crests on the tops of the waves to sparkle like liquid silver or diamonds. Far in the distance appeared the coast with a mountain range, which seemed familiar to me. At last I recognised it as the coast of the island of Ceylon, with the range of mountains beyond Colombo and Galle; surely I could not mistake, for I recognised the Adam’s Peak.

Never shall I forget the agreeable sensation caused by that ethereal bath in the moonlit sea in the Indian Ocean. It seemed to me that at last my wish had been fulfilled, and that I was free of my mortal body and its weight; and yet I was myself. I could see no difference between the body I inhabited now and the one I inhabited before the fumigation was made, only my present body was so light that it seemed as if it would float in the air as easily as it did upon the water.

Listen! some faint sound is brought by the breeze; it seems to be a human voice. It comes nearer, and now I hear it plainly; it is the melodious song of a female voice. I look in the direction from which the sound seems to come, and I see three forms

floating upon the waves, rising and sinking and coming nearer. They seem to play with each other, and as they approach I behold three beautiful females with long, waving hair; but the one in the middle surpasses the others in beauty. She seems to be the queen, for she wears a wreath of water-plants upon her head. Still nearer they come. Now they see me and stop. They consult together, but curiosity conquers their fear. They come quite close and speak to me. Their voices are full and melodious; their language is foreign to me, and yet I understand what they say. Having discovered that I am a mortal, they appear as anxious to cultivate my acquaintance as I am anxious to be on friendly terms with them.

They invite me to go with them to their home; they speak of their palace constructed of beautiful shells among the coral-reefs in the depths of the ocean; of the milk-white pearls with which they have ornamented the walls; of the azure blue of the waves shining through the transparent walls of their houses; and the curious things which no mortal had ever seen. I object, and tell them that I am mortal and that I could not live in their own element; but the beautiful queen, rising out of the water up to her waist, smiles and shakes her charming head, and fluid diamonds seem to stream from her waving locks. "Come," she whispers; "no harm will befall you, for my love shall protect you." She extends her beautifully shaped arms towards me and touches my shoulder, and at her touch my consciousness fades away. A voluptuous sensation pervades my whole being. I feel that I am dissolving in the element of water; I only dimly hear the distant thunder of the breakers as they roll upon the sandy beach. I feel that my desire has been fulfilled — a moment, and I know nothing more.

## 9. The End

I have little more to add to my tale. I awoke, and opening my eyes, I found myself stretched upon the moss, in the shadow of that mighty pine, where I had evidently fallen asleep. The sun stood still high above the western horizon, and far up in the sky two vultures described long drawn spirals in the air; and in their cries I seemed to recognise the voice of the queen of the nymphs. On the opposite side of the valley was still the rushing waterfall with the foaming basin, and the spray still rose in the air, and the water still sped over the moss-covered edge.

"Alas!" I exclaimed, "has all I have seen been nothing else than a dream? Has that which seemed so beautiful and real been merely an illusion of my brain, and have I now returned to real life? Why did I not die in the arms of the queen, and thus save myself this horrid awakening?"

I rose, and, as I rose, my eye fell upon the bud of a white lily sticking in a buttonhole of my coat. I could not believe my eyes, and suspected that I was again the victim of a hallucination. I grasped the lily. It did not vanish in my grasp; it was as real as the earth upon which I stood; it was of a kind which does not grow in these cold mountainous regions; it only grows where the air is mild and warm. I remembered the gold; I put my hand into my pocket, and there, among the few remaining silver pieces, I found a solid lump of gold as bright as the purest; but the little ruby pearls had dropped off from its surface and were lost. I then recollected the precious book which the Adept had promised to send to my room in the village inn; but somehow it seemed to me that I had committed an indiscretion during the absence of Theodorus

by prying into the secrets of his laboratory and listening to the temptations of the Nymphs. I felt as if I did not deserve the favour, and was doubtful whether or not he would send me the book.

I flew rather than walked down the mountain, along the road leading toward the village. Little did I now care for the scenery; neither for the mountain tops, which were gilded by the rays of the setting sun, nor for the murmuring river. It grew dark; and the full moon arose over the hills, looking exactly like the moon I had seen some hours before in the Indian Ocean. I calculated about the difference of time between Germany and Ceylon, and I found that indeed I might have seen the moon shine in the Bay of Bengal while the sun was shining in the Alps.

I arrived at O., little heeding the astonished looks of the villagers, who may have believed me insane as I hurried through the streets. I entered the inn, rushed upstairs to my room, and, as I entered, I saw upon the table the precious book, *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. On the fly-leaf were written a few lines in pencil, saying:

Friend, I regret that you left our home so abruptly, and I cannot invite you to visit us again for the present. He who desires to remain in the peaceful valley must know how to resist all sensual attractions, even those of the Water Queen. Study this book practically; bring the circle into a square. Mortify the metals; calcinate and purify them of all residua. When you have succeeded, we shall meet again. I shall be with you when you need me.

Yours fraternally,

THEODORUS

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It may be imagined that, in spite of my fatigue, I did not go to sleep very early. I walked up and down in my room, thinking over the events of that memorable day. I tried to find the line between the visible and the invisible, between the objective and subjective, between dreams and reality, and I found that there was no line, but that all these terms are merely relative, referring not merely to the conditions of things which appear objective or subjective to ourselves, but to our own conditions, and that while in one state of existence certain things may appear real to us and others illusive, in another state the illusions become real, and that which before seemed to be real is now merely a dream. Perhaps our whole terrestrial life will seem to be at the end nothing else than a hallucination.

As I walked about the room I observed a Bible belonging to my host lying upon a cupboard. I felt an impulse to open it at random and to see what it said. I did so, and my eye fell upon the twelfth chapter of the second epistle of the Apostle Paul, written to the Corinthians, where it said:

*I knew a man in Christ, above fourteen years ago (whether in the body or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth); such a one was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.* [v. 2]

## A Rosicrucian Institution in Switzerland

Sometime after the first edition of the foregoing pages appeared, an attempt was made in republican Switzerland to carry into effect these ideas. In the midst of the mountains, among the most sublime and picturesque scenery, upon a secluded hill near the shore of the most beautiful Italian lake, extensive grounds were purchased, and it was proposed to build a house whose object it was to serve as a refuge for those who wanted to cultivate spirituality pure and simple, without any admixture of priestcraft and superstition. It has not yet been finally decided whether this undertaking will be a success or a failure; but the latter is more than probable, as the method of thinking in old dilapidated and dying Europe is too narrow-minded to permit of grasping such an exalted idea.

We have asked the question whether there would be any use or necessity for such an institution, and received the following answer:

Upon the wide expanse of our social sea of life there is at present no dry spot to be found where the white dove of truth may rest her weary feet. The waves of contending self-interests clash together, being blown into fury by the storms of passion that rage in the human heart. Selfishness, deceit, and the follies of fashion are the kings that rule over the peoples of Europe, claiming as their tribute the immortality of their souls. The battle for superiority in the struggle for existence forces nations and individuals to use evil means; conventionalism forces men and women to be hypocritical; to be honest and unselfish means starvation and ruin; to be true and sincere means to incur social ostracism; sharpness, cunning, and policy are the vermin that infest the seat of divine wisdom; every social unit seeks to live and to thrive upon the ignorance of the rest. Thus man's whole time and attention is taken up with running after the worthless baubles and pleasures of this grossly material world, and the only redeeming angel, the true living faith — meaning the spiritual power to recognise spiritual truth — is fast driven away, taking with it the true light and leaving the world in darkness and despair.

Is there no one whose aspirations go higher than to enjoy the comforts of life, to eat and to drink, to be merry to-day and to die tomorrow, and who has ever been longing to find some way of escape from this great carnival, and to throw off the mask which he is forced to wear and which prevents him from seeing the truth? Do such persons never wish for a place where they might find refuge and enjoy communication with the God whose temples they are? Is such a desire to escape selfish, and is it necessary to hold out in the whirling dance that ends in the abyss of death?

It is truly said that spiritual strength grows only by resistance to temptations, but there must be a certain amount of strength before these temptations can be resisted and overcome by the power of the spirit. Is it selfish to seek to gain strength before the battle is entered? Is it selfish to wish for the possession of a certain amount of truth before one enters into an atmosphere filled with lies? Is it selfish if the gardener shelters a delicate plant in the hot-house until it grows strong enough to be set out in the garden and to encounter the vicissitudes of the climate? and is not spirituality such a delicate plant? Is it selfish for a child to remain in the mother's womb until it has gained strength to support its own life, and is not the spiritual regeneration of

man most difficult to accomplish? The world is full of spiritual miscarriages which have entered the battle with the devils that rule the world prematurely, and without being prepared for the fight; neither will the means for such a preparation be found in our churches and schools as they are constituted at present; where what is mis-called “religion” is carried on as a social amusement, and where not even the meaning of the term “spirituality” seems to be known. Those who wish to find the true light must rise up and embrace it with their whole heart and their whole being; they have no time to dream or to amuse themselves with the illusory treasures of the plane.

It is often said that people with spiritual aspirations should remain in the world and teach others, and do all the good they can; but what good can anyone do, if he has no knowledge of the consequences of his acts, and what knowledge can anyone teach to another if he knows nothing himself? Spiritual aspirations alone do not constitute spiritual knowledge; we must not only feel the truth but see it before we can know it ourselves. How can anyone teach the truth if the truth does not itself teach in and through him? There is already an abundance of preachers and teachers in the world who know the truth only from hearsay and from the reading of books; but it is only their light that shines, and not the light of the truth. What man needs is the Light itself, and not merely a description of it. There is no necessity to start a new sect with a new set of opinions and creeds; but there is a great necessity that a way should be found to teach mankind how they may open their eyes, so as to be able to perceive the truth themselves.

To those who know nothing about the possibility of attaining self-knowledge, imagining that God is incapable of teaching anything to the soul and that divine wisdom like man-made science is to be learned from man, the object of our institution will be incomprehensible. To those we can only say that it is not the object of this enterprise to furnish a retreat for misanthropes and hypochondriacs, where they may lead a lazy life, amusing themselves with bemoaning the wickedness of this sinful world; neither is it to be an infirmary for ghost-seers, visionaries, or dreamers, where they may revel to their hearts’ content among the creations of their own fancy; nor is it to be a “school for occultism,” where magic arts are taught to the fool; but it is intended to be a place where those who earnestly aspire to spirituality may find the external conditions necessary to cultivate it and to acquire the true “magic staff” that will securely support them on their voyage through eternity; namely, the power to recognise divine truth within their own selves — not by any capacity of their own, but by the power of the Light itself, which comes to all men if they are willing that the darkness should be driven away.



## 113. Woman's heavenly gifts by de Lamartine<sup>1</sup>

- There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.
- Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature — compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion, they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves.
- Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of these miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God.
- It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of women, because the works of this genius are all works of love.
- To love for the sake of being loved is human, but to love for the sake of loving is angelic.
- Let us enjoy the fugitive hour. Man has no harbour, time has no shore; it rushes on, and carries us with it.
- Love alone was left, as a great image of a dream that was erased.



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<sup>1</sup> Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine, Knight of Pratz (21<sup>st</sup> October 1790 – 28<sup>th</sup> February 1869), French writer, poet and politician, instrumental in the foundation of the Second Republic and the continuation of the *Tricolore* as the flag of France.

Raised by his mother to respect animal life, Lamartine considered the eating of meat repugnant, saying “One does not have one heart for man and one for animals. One has a heart or one does not.” He also said, “Brutality to an animal is cruelty to mankind — it is only the difference in the victim.” His writings in *La chute d'un Ange* (1838) and *Les confidences* (1849) would be taken up by supporters of vegetarianism in the twentieth century.

During his term as a politician in the Second Republic, Lamartine led efforts that culminated in the abolition of slavery and the death penalty, as well as the enshrinement of the right to work and the short-lived national workshop programs. A political idealist who supported democracy and pacifism, Lamartine's moderate stance on most issues caused many of his followers to desert him. He was an unsuccessful candidate in the presidential election of 10<sup>th</sup> December 1848. He subsequently retired from politics and dedicated himself to literature.

## 114. Wordsworth's Nature never did betray the heart that loved her<sup>1</sup>

Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings . . .



## 115. Zoroaster on virtue, wisdom, and equity

Two translations of a logion of by Psellus (4) on "Magical and Philosophical Precepts," from I.P. Cory's *Ancient Fragments*, etc. 1<sup>st</sup> ed. of 1828 (p. 119), and 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. of 1832 (p. 269). Full text of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. in our Theosophy and Theosophists Series. — ED. PHIL.

### First edition, 1828

Subject not thy mind to the vast  
measures of the earth,

For the plant of truth is not upon  
the earth.

Nor measure the measures of the sun,  
gathering together canons,

He is moved by the eternal will of  
the Father,<sup>2</sup> not for thy sake.

Let alone the swift course of the moon  
and the progression of the stars, for she  
runs ever by the impulse of necessity.<sup>3</sup>

### Second edition, 1832

Direct not thy mind to the vast  
measures of the earth;

For the plant of truth is not upon  
ground.

Nor measure the measures of the sun,  
collecting rules,

For he is carried by the eternal will of  
the father, not for your sake.

Dismiss the impetuous course of the  
moon; for she runs always by the work  
of necessity.

<sup>1</sup> By William Wordsworth, lines 123 *et seq.* "Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1798."

<sup>2</sup> [First Logos]

<sup>3</sup> [Karman]

And the progression of the stars was not brought forth for thy sake.

The ethereal wide flight of birds is not veracious,

And the dissection of entrails and victims; all these are toys,

The supports of gainful cheats; fly thou these

If thou intendest to open the sacred paradise of piety;

Where virtue, wisdom, and equity, are assembled.

The progression of the stars was not generated for your sake.<sup>1</sup>

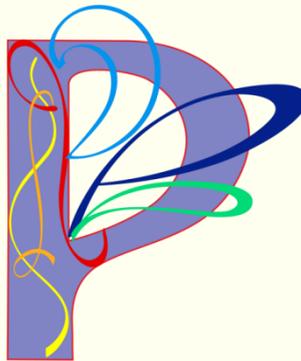
The wide aerial flight of birds is not true,

Nor the dissections of the entrails of victims: they are all mere toys,

The basis of mercenary fraud: flee from these

If you would open the sacred paradise of piety

Where virtue, wisdom, and equity, are assembled.<sup>2</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> [Cf. “. . . even the later Chaldees,\* who had gradually fallen into dualism, reducing all things to two primal principles, had no more worshipped Satan or idols than have the Zoroastrians, who are now accused of the same, but that their religion was as highly philosophical as any; their dual and exoteric Theosophy became the heirloom of the Jews, who, in their turn, were forced to share it with the Christians. Parsis are charged to this day with heliolatry, and yet in the *Chaldean Oracles*, under the ‘Magical and Philosophical Precepts’ of Zoroaster, the following is found: ‘Direct not thy mind to the vast measures of the earth, . . .’” etc. — *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE DENIALS AND MISTAKES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY) XIII, p. 229. Students to consult “Chaldeans, Hierophants of the Aryan Root-Race,” in our Atlantean Realities Series. — ED. PHIL.

\*The earlier “‘Chaldees’ . . . were the ‘wise men’ of a *caste*, not of a nation, a community of great adepts <who came> from their ‘Serpent-holes,’ and who had settled in Babylonia ages before <the Hebrews>.” *Secret Doctrine*, II p. 748]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. “There is a vast difference between the *true* worship taught to those who showed themselves worthy, and the state religions. The Magians are accused of all kinds of superstition, but the *Chaldean Oracle* proceeds: ‘The wide aerial flight of birds is not true, . . .’ etc. Surely it is not those who warn people against ‘mercenary fraud’ who can be accused of it; as said elsewhere:

If they accomplished acts which seem miraculous, who can with fairness presume to deny that it was done merely because they possessed a knowledge of natural philosophy and psychological science to a degree unknown to our schools?”

— *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, XIII, p. 230; & quoting *Isis Unveiled*, I pp. 535-36.



The Rainbow of Hope, commemorating the 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Theosophical Society in Peru.