

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

"There is no Religion higher than Truth"

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PERFORM THOU WORKS!

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—EDS.]

THE SOUL incarnates for enriching itself through experience. Experience comes through works. "No one ever resteth a moment inactive," says the *Gita*; and yet, can we say that every man is learning from each of the million tasks that he performs?

There seems to be a mighty waste. The whole of the world has been a busy hive but the honey of experience gathered by the race is little. This is most clearly seen in the life of the ordinary man who lives through his round of weekly routine—working six days and resting on the seventh. He works for the sake of earning money, not for gaining experience. Even when the necessity of enriching experience is seen it is because thus more money can be made.

Then, in his life there are duties, which he would like to shirk or be freed from; these he performs because they have to be done, but cheerfulness, enthusiasm and the desire to enhance experience are absent. Therefore though he labours he is not blessed; the great truth of Carlyle does not fit him—"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him seek no other blessedness."

Experience assumes a new meaning in the light of the vital truth of Reincarnation. Experience is defined as wisdom derived from the changes and trials of life. But change is perpetual and the trials of life are constant, for life is probationary. Man passes through changes and trials without learning the lessons of many events which, one and all, are tests.

The eating of the food of experience is one process; its digestion-elimination and consequent assimilation is another. In Lower Manas are

retained all the impressions of a lifetime, but in the Higher, the Reincarnating Ego, are stored the garnered experiences of all the impressions of many lives. In the Devachanic interlude between two lives the transfer of impressions from the lower to the storehouse of the higher takes place. The transfer occurs through the assimilation of the last incarnation's impressions — works done and events passed through.

For the aspirant to Godlike Wisdom, life is probationary, not only in the sense that all life is, but in a special sense. He is expected to use every event as a test of character and of capacity. The self-induced and self-devised ways and means of the Third Fundamental take on a new import; so does the check of Karma spoken of in the same context. He tries to apply the Fundamental to the daily changes of life, to each event as he passes through it.

If he is logical, the earnest Probationer sees that his real success in spiritual endeavour consists in learning the lessons of daily events, *i.e.*, in assimilating the meaning of events by a process analogous to that which the Devachanee experiences. Daily the Probationer should pass through the Review which all pass through after the death of the body, in and by which man is able to die the second death, throw away waste matter and build what remains into the fabric of mind, by assimilation.

Karma is merciful to most people as it compels them to earn a livelihood by performing labour. Because ours is a money-mad civilization, honest labour and its beneficence are valued economically only. The moral, intellectual and spiritual aspects of work, the beneficence of physical labour to the higher constituents of our being, are not seriously taken into account. Just as some people impulsively rush into the practices of Occultism without any adequate study and break into the Circle of Ascetics unprepared, so also there are those who, seeing the grand vision which contact with Theosophy brings, give up the small plain duties of life and, by the aid of capital they have come to possess but did not earn, "devote" themselves to the Cause. A noble impulse, which, however, without proper culture and handling leads them fast to mental laziness and to *Tamas*.

It is often overlooked that the simple life is also the strenuous life and that Occultism demands the courage of the soldier and not only the purity of the saint. Negative virtue does not bear fruits. The Wisdom of the Sage, the Patience of the Saint and the Courage of the Soldier have to be acquired by the aspirant so that right Sacrifice may be practised. The aspirant is expected to *work strenuously* for the Great Cause.

“Our cause needs missionaries, devotees, agents, even martyrs, perhaps. But it cannot demand of any man to make himself either.” So, if the aspirant of the noble impulse spoken of above is to succeed, he must become a worker — a true *Karma-Yogi* or, to be more explicit, a *Yagna-Yogi*.

The Theosophical aspirant with the aid of his knowledge probes the field of duties, learning that what he had considered as duties were often but inclinations rooted in desires, and what he had neglected as unimportant or perhaps what he had never seen as duties need his prompt and serious attention. Theosophy calls upon its votary to do his duty by every duty.

For the aspirant, discharge of duties is not the only factor; he shoulders responsibilities and learns to become an intelligent keeper of his brother. Deeds of duty are obligatory, to which deeds of sacrifice as self-chosen obligations are added.

The aspirant must seek and secure Theosophical principles put forward in the great philosophy so that he may practise and apply them in the performance of all works, be they duties or be they sacrifices. In their performance, the aspirant learns the art of sucking the honey of experience from each of them. To do this in a really intelligent manner he must gain some insight into the workings of his own human constitution. There is a double process of evolution going on, to which he must learn to pay adequate attention. The worker, the experiencer, is the Soul, the Permanent, the Individual; the instrument through which and with which he works is the bundle of *skandhas* designated as the body, the ever-shifting quaternary to which a name is given — the mortal Person.

The student who understands well the Theosophical psycho-philosophy learns to establish harmony between the two — the individual and the person. One very important and major method is the right performance of actions so that they become sacraments. He is practising Karma-Yoga — bringing the outer self to the inner shrine and learning that “self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child,” those deeds which are pleasing to the Ishvara in Man. There is a message for him in the following lines aptly called “Preparation”:

Hast thou a cunning instrument of play
 'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright,
 And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
 Be ready day and night.

For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall
say:—

'These virginals are apt'; and try a note,
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,
That men shall stand to listen on the way,
And all the room with heavenly music float.

Q.—If another by altruistic service benefits one, is not such action vicarious and inconsistent with Karma?

W.Q.J.— A common error, which arises from incompletely viewing the doctrine of Karma, is the idea that we interfere with Karma when we benefit another. The question is equally applicable to the doing of any injury to another. It cuts both ways; so we might as well ask if it is not inconsistent with the law and vicarious for one to do any evil act which results harmfully to a fellow creature. In neither case is there vicarious atonement or interference. If we can do good to our fellows, that is their good Karma and ours also; if we have the opportunity to thus confer benefits and refuse to do so, then that is our bad Karma in that we neglected a chance to help another. The Masters once wrote that we should not be thinking on our good or bad Karma, but should do our duty on every hand and at every opportunity, unmindful of what may result to us. It is only a curious kind of conceit, which seems to be the product of nineteenth-century civilization, that causes us to falsely imagine that we, weak and ignorant human beings, can interfere with Karma or be vicarious atoners for others. We are all bound up together in one coil of Karma and should ever strive by good acts, good thoughts and high aspirations, to lift a little of the world's heavy Karma, of which our own is a part. Indeed, no man has any Karma of his own unshared by others; we share each one in the common Karma, and the sooner we perceive this and act accordingly the better it will be for us and for the world.

—*The Vahan*, August 1891

REAL KNOWLEDGE

[This article by Damodar K. Mavalankar was written in February 1885, shortly before his departure for Tibet and H.P.B.'s final journey to Europe. It appeared in *The Word* for October 1904.—EDS.]

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION: What is Real Knowledge? should be answered. Many people confound physical seeing with knowledge. They do not think deeply enough to discover that one may *see* a thing and not *know* it, while he may know a thing and yet not see it.

True perception is true knowledge. Perception is the capacity of the soul; it is the sight of the higher intelligence whose vision never errs. And that can be best exercised in true serenity of mind, as Mahatma K.H. observes: "It is upon the serene and placid surface of the unruffled mind that visions gathered from the invisible find a representation in the visible world." In short — as the Hindu allegory has it — "It is in the dead of night that Krishna is born."

In Occultism, Krishna represents the Christ Principle; the Atma of the Vedantins, or the seventh principle; the Logos of the Christians — the Divine Spirit, who is the manifested Son of the unmanifested Father. In the dead of night, that is, when there is complete physical and mental rest, when there is perfect quiet and peace of mind. It is only then that the individuality of man — his higher nature — becomes a fit vehicle for the manifestation of *The Word*. This is what is meant in the Bible where it says that we must try to obtain "redemption through Christ." The Divine Principle in man is indivisible; the human soul is universal. He who would live and enjoy eternal life must live in and unite the human soul with the Divine Principle. Therefore, a sense of personal isolation brings on *death* and annihilation, while genuine unselfish philanthropy places the individual in touch with the Divine Spirit, and thus gives him eternal life. The Divine Spirit is all-pervading, and those who put themselves *en rapport* with the Divine Spirit are necessarily *en rapport* with all other entities who are also *en rapport* with it. Hence, the Mahatmas, who are conscious of the Logos, are in constant magnetic relation to those who succeed in extricating themselves from the lower animal nature; and, by evolving the higher manas (the mind, the fifth principle of the occultist), to unite it permanently with buddhi and atma, the sixth and the seventh principles mentioned in the occult doc-

trine. It is by this means that the Mahatmas must first be known. What is a Mahatma? Is it his physical body? No! The physical must perish, sooner or later. But the Mahatma lives in his higher individuality and, to know him truly, he must be known through that individuality in which he is centred. The body is merely a fulcrum of the lever through which physical results have to be produced. But, for him, the body is like a house. He inhabits it so long as it serves his purpose.

Knowledge increases in proportion to its use. That is to say, the more we teach, the more we learn. In the same manner, the more that an organ is exercised, the greater is its functional activity increased; provided, of course, that too much is not expected of it at once. So also is the will strengthened, the more it is exercised; and the more one meets with temptations — which can only be possible if he lives with his companions — the greater opportunities has he of exercising and thereby strengthening the will. In this process, there does come a time when the constitution of one is so changed as to incapacitate him for work on the physical plane. He must then work upon it, through higher planes into which he must retire. But until that time arrives he must be with humanity, and unselfishly work for their real progress and advancement. This alone can bring true happiness.

THAT course of study, discipline, training, which develops the power to first understand and then attain what is good and desirable and what is best and most desirable — that is true Education. Virtue, riches, enjoyment — these are good and desirable; inner freedom of spirit from all doubt and all fear, *moksha*, wherein selfishness and the sense of separate individuality are annihilated, and at-one-ment with all, universal love and performance of philanthropic duty reign supreme — that is best and most desirable. Fear is from and of another, to be small is to be unhappy, therefore to be the only One-Without-Another, to be the Greatest without a greater, to feel that all is I, is Bliss without compare, is best and most desirable; and that which enables the human being to attain these — that is true Education.

—*The Laws of Manu*

PROMULGATION

I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.

—*Bhagavad-Gita*, IV. 7-8

PRIESTS AND POLITICIANS as also psychics and scientists have the dominant ambition of having their creeds lauded, recognized and accepted by as large a number of men as possible. Because of this desire to shine and thrust themselves forward, they become egocentric and too often harbour the delusion that they are destined to mould events and shape destiny. Such persons have trailed horrors in their wake. Recent years have witnessed the decimation of large populations in the name of religion and culture — a fling back to the bestialities of arena sacrifices, of burnings and inquisitions of the earlier centuries. That these crimes were approved of and even applauded by large sections of humanity goes to show the existence of a power that can captivate men's minds and hold them in bondage to doctrines that are patently evil. This power is the force of promulgation of doctrines which are pernicious but which become acceptable to men under the spell of the propagating effect. Conversely, promulgation has been used to carry the message of hope and comfort to millions. Voice and word has carried the message of a Krishna, a Buddha, or a Jesus to the far corners of the earth, making men and women nobler and better as they reacted to the teachings. Promulgation becomes vital when the great one departs and the duty devolves upon the companions to keep his teachings alive. How the companions do it, and with what motive and method; determines the strength or weakness of their effort.

There are always those who have excuses for not taking to promulgation: I do not want to parade my knowledge; I do not want to show off how clever I am; I have too much ignorance to go forth and preach; I am afraid of adverse criticism and of the sneers of my relatives and friends; I belong to the faith but I am afraid of openly allying myself with it — these are some of the considerations which oftentimes hold back promising agents from a spreading of the faith. They little realize that in the faith is the strength that can lift them out of their hesitancy and brush aside their fears which arise mostly from an over-

sensitive personality. These promulgation-shy adherents provide rich material for work to be done on them by their more favoured brethren who are free from such limitations.

Each man, whether he be the follower of a faith or not, expounds his philosophy of life by the way he lives it. He does this automatically and with no direct cognition of doing so. It is when the man chooses to join in the effort to keep the sweet waters of his philosophy flowing that he has to answer to himself the questions: Why do I want to join the promulgation effort? Is it not enough that I am a staunch adherent of the faith? The answer to that is that an arc — though it will ultimately form part of a circle — is not the circle. It is a part of it. It is not the whole. When a man imbibes the philosophy, he takes it from some other person who has touched it. He may not admit it, but a link of teacher and pupil is thus established. If he himself does not become a teacher to another pupil, he refuses by that action to be a link in the chain of teacher-pupil-teacher. Further, his continued adherence to the philosophy testifies to the fact that he is reaping benefit from it. So benefiting, he comes under the sway of a law which casts on him the duty to pass on that which benefited him to yet another. No man can have any excuse to shirk this duty, especially when the act of passing on does not diminish or tarnish his hoard.

It is well to remember, especially during the initial stages, that the effort at promulgation, if it is to carry any lasting beneficence, has to be impersonal, and that it has to be directed by a genuine desire to help men on to the right road. Any desire — however hidden — to shine or to have precedence over others will vitiate the effort and the results will demonstrate in abundant measure that the pepper plant is incapable of giving birth to roses. For the student, that which tests any intention or effort is the motive: whether it will contribute to the general good by an advancement of Universal Brotherhood, or whether it will waste and exhaust itself over ideals and yearnings which will never soar beyond groups and parts that will remain exclusive of other groups and parts. The duty of the companion is to enunciate the law to him who wants knowledge but knows not whom to approach or where it could be found. In the course of that enunciation he has, however, to be careful that his own personality does not intrude between the inquirer and the philosophy that he promulgates. In fact, the effort should be to lead the inquirer to make the effort to approach the stream of knowledge and quaff the waters of life. There are several stanzas of *The Voice of the*

Silence that can help the student understand his responsibility:

I. *The new orientation:*

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practise the six glorious virtues is the second."

II. *The first virtue:*

"DANA, the key of charity and love immortal."

III. *One application of that virtue:*

"Let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed. These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal."

IV. *How promulgation becomes a duty:*

"If thou would'st have that stream of hard-earn'd knowledge, of Wisdom heaven-born, remain sweet running waters, thou should'st not leave it to become a stagnant pond."

"Know that the stream of super-human knowledge and the Deva-Wisdom thou hast won, must, from thyself, the channel of Alaya, be poured forth into another bed."

"Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter waves — that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men."

V. *The warning:*

"To perish doomed is he, who out of fear of Mara refrains from helping man, lest he should act for Self. The pilgrim who would cool his weary limbs in running waters, yet dares not plunge for terror of the stream, risks to succumb from heat. Inaction based on selfish fear can bear but evil fruit."

"The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life — has lived in vain."

VI. *The duty of the promulgator:*

"Give light and comfort to the toiling pilgrim, and seek out him who knows still less than thou; who in his wretched desolation sits starving for the bread of Wisdom and the bread which feeds the shadow, without a Teacher, hope or consolation, and — let him hear the Law."

VII. *The enunciation in course of that duty:*

"Tell him, O Candidate, that he who makes of pride and self-regard bond-maidens to devotion; that he, who cleaving to ex-

istence, still lays his patience and submission to the Law, as a sweet flower at the feet of Shakya-Thubpa [Buddha], becomes a Srotapatti ["he who enters the stream" of Nirvana] in this birth. The Siddhis [powers, faculties] of perfection may loom far, far away; but the first step is taken, the stream is entered, and he may gain the eye-sight of the mountain eagle, the hearing of the timid doe."

"Tell him, O Aspirant, that true devotion may bring him back the knowledge, that knowledge which was his in former births. The deva-sight and deva-hearing are not obtained in one short birth."

VIII. *Goal of both promulgator and listener:*

"Search for the Paths. But, O Lanoo, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey. Before thou takest thy first step, learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting. Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the 'Eye' from the 'Heart' doctrine."

"Shun ignorance, and likewise shun illusion. Avert thy face from world deceptions; mistrust thy senses, they are false. But within thy body — the shrine of thy sensations — seek in the Impersonal for the 'Eternal Man'; and having sought him out, look inward: thou art Buddha."

IF the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship for the most part of the silent sort at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable.

—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE AGE OF ANXIETY

OURS has been called the Age of Anxiety. Many hold that this is an inescapable hazard of modern existence. Few realize that each individual contributes to and actually causes this psychological phenomenon to occur. The reason — lack of understanding about the real nature of Man, and the part played by Mind in perceiving or failing to fulfil his Divine Purpose.

Today, so far as one can judge, no remedies are available to combat this “disease.” Fewer and fewer are turning for help to that mental idol, the Personal God, which, day by day, in accelerated degree is losing its pretension to authority. The great majority is held fast in the toils of Materialism, which has in large part contributed to this problem, and is helpless to offer a solution.

Most people believe that “reality” exists in external conditions, the environment. They do not realize that it is our *attitude* towards the environment that defines “reality” to each one. By attitude is meant: (1) the belief we hold as to the significance of the environment, and (2) the values we place upon it because of our belief.

Anxiety is an experience of the mind; while that about which I am anxious exists *outside* the mind, *i.e.*, in the body, circumstances, situations. Thus, we clearly perceive a process of duality: (*a*) events outside the mind; (*b*) reaction to the events within the mind. On the basis of this perception, we can recognize the meaning of the expression — “we live in the mind.”

After pondering this thought — “we live in the mind” — and dwelling on its possible significance, a feeling will struggle through our consciousness that we are not as completely dependent on “things out there” as at first we believed. Somehow, in recognizing that we are directly concerned with mind, and only indirectly with body, questions and hopes arise. Maybe the mind-reactions need not slavishly follow the changing fortunes of circumstance! Why do they, anyway? Can they be made free from the tides of change?

Immediately, there arise in memory confirmations of this intuition: the polio victim with smiling face and cheerful disposition; the healthy, affluent one with a perpetual scowl. The “inevitable” mental reaction *can* then be broken! But how?

It is then that statements often read suddenly assume a startling significance. We see their relevance, their application to this poignant

problem. Belief and Personal Desire — these are the keys! As we ponder on the relation of each to the creation of anxiety, a wonderful realization arises — I *can* do something about eliminating anxiety! Slowly, or in a flash, the steps become clear.

Belief, in one sense, is like a rocket in space, opening vast areas for exploration; in another sense, it is a statute of limitations. In the latter case, the believer seldom or never ventures outside the limits of possibilities prescribed; because, as a result of such belief, the task seems either useless or impossible. Such a belief is Materialism.

The effects of Materialism are too well known to require anything more than a quick résumé. The limitations: one physical existence, no purpose, no meaning; only matter is “real”; therefore in the body, no particular value is given Mind, except as tabulator, memory-bank, planner; the only pursuit worth while is pleasure. What brings pleasure? Things, circumstances, situations that are “right”; wrong kinds bring pain. So, mind plans to get and to hold the “right” kind.

Thus it is that mind registers joy at a pleasurable sensation, and anxiety when we fear the loss of those things upon which pleasure depends. And this process, for untold millions, has become automatic. This is how Materialism has chained the Souls of men to perpetual anxiety, through its false doctrines.

Theosophy brings the message and the method to break the chains that lead to mental slavery. Man is Soul, a Mind-Being. His existence does not depend on any states or conditions of matter. He uses matter for the sake of experience. Thus, his presence in the body is analogous to that of a visitor to a foreign country. He observes the life there, he tastes the representative dishes, he compares the customs with his own, but never forgets that he is an Observer. Unlike this visitor, we, in the body, have forgotten our own Country. We must feel unbounded gratitude for the Messenger who reminded us of our real status — that of Observer of the life around us and within the body. If we use this wonderful knowledge, we need never feel the pangs of anxiety, no matter what loss or deprivation comes to the personality. These become merely experiences from which we may garner precious direct knowledge.

Personal desire is the other cause for anxiety. Expressed in terms of the dual process of mind-reaction to things or conditions — if “I love that Florida vacation,” I will be “anxious and fearful” that unexpected circumstances will deprive me of it. Or, in more general terms, if I

place dependence on things outside of Self, for joy or happiness, I have built my house of life on shifting sands. The perpetual winds of change will shift the foundation, and then my happiness turns to worry, fear and misery.

What then is the remedy? Separate mind from body, in refusing to place dependence on external events. Assume the position that mind is the observer of events, not the participator. To view what happens to *me*, with the same impartial appraisal that I apply to a stranger, will bring freedom to mind. Let us become researchers in the laboratory of the mind, and sift out all the impulses and desires that lead to dependence on externals.

To what end? So that mind, liberated from involvement in matter, may, in time, reflect the glories of Soul Life.

THERE are those whose thoughts are sublime without being strained; who have never striven after goodness, yet are perfect. There are those who win no victories for their State, achieve no fame, and yet perfect its policies; who find quietness, though far from streams and lakes. . . . They have divested themselves of everything, yet lack nothing. They are passive, seek no goal; but all lovely things attend them. Such is the way of Heaven and Earth, the secret power of the Wise. Truly is it said, "Quietness, stillness . . . these are the balancers of Heaven and Earth, the very substance of the Way and its Power." Truly is it said, "The Wise Man rests therein, and because he rests, he is at peace. Because he is at peace, he is quiet." One who is at peace and is quiet no sorrow or harm can enter. Therefore his inner power remains whole and his spirit intact.

Truly is it said, "For the Wise Man life is conformity to the motions of Heaven, death is but part of the common law of Change. He neither invites prosperity nor courts disaster. . . . Heaven visits him with no calamity, the things of the world do not lay their trammels upon him, no living man blames him, no ghost attacks him. . . . He is full of light, yet none is dazzled; he is faithful, yet bound by no promise. His sleep is without dreams, his waking without grief. His spirit has remained stainless; his soul has not grown weary. Emptiness, nothingness, quiet — these have made him partner in the powers of Heaven."

—CHUANG TZU

DO'S AND DON'TS

IN every phase of life both do's and don'ts are necessary. Often the latter are resented as mere prohibitions. Yet, in a sense, they are as positive as they are negative.

This is eminently so in the counsels given us by one whose life was dedicated to *doing* for the cause of Theosophy. We might not be serving it now ourselves but for the abiding contact (*e.g.*, through his letters) with one whose frequent signature was so meaningful — “As forevermore and after, William Q. Judge.”

Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying anything out but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. (pp.1-2)¹

Do NOT think you do nothing for the Cause which is so dear to you, for indeed the truest work is done on the inner planes, and without this there could be no work done on the outer planes. So, remember that you *can* work and are doing real work to help the cause by being strong in heart, in trust, and in devotion. In this way, you help to keep the centre of the whole movement strong, and others, who can work on the outer plane, will be helped to do their work because the centre is strong, and they themselves get help from it. This is what you can do and you should think of it often. (American ed., p. 171)

Do NOT be depressed by anything. It is of no use. . . . We must be satisfied with what the time and Karma give us after we have done our duty and the best. (American ed., p. 175)

Do all those acts, physical, mental, moral, for the reason that they must be done, instantly resigning all interest in them, offering them up upon the altar. What altar? Why, the great spiritual altar, which is, if one desires it, in the heart. Yet still use earthly discrimination, prudence, and wisdom. (p. 1)

Do NOT stop to consider your progress at all, because that is the way to stop it; but take your mind off the question of your progress, and do the best you can. (p. 130)

¹ All quotations are from the Indian edition of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, except where otherwise stated.

Do NOT let the sadness of knowledge create despair; that sadness is less than the joy of Truth. Abstract Truth, even, has necessarily in it all the mercy there is in the whole. Its sternness is only a reflection from our own imperfections, which make us recognize the stern aspect alone. (pp. 8-9)

All you have to DO is to continue doing all you can for others, and at the same time keep up the process of purifying the mind of old notions and of getting the new ideas well fixed, well grounded and well arranged. Then you will be all the better able, each day more and more, to help all with whom you may be thrown. (American ed., p. 172)

You are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly — that is the way the Masters do it. (p. 136)

It is easy to DO well by those we like; it is our duty to make ourselves DO and think well by those we do not like. (p. 122)

Do NOT allow discouragement to come in. Time is needed for all growth, and all change, and all development. Let time have her perfect work and DO NOT stop it. (p. 72)

Do NOT look at things as failures, but regard every apparent failure after real effort as a success, for the real test is in the effort and motive, and not in the result. If you will think over this idea on the lines of the *Bhagavad-Gita* you will gain strength from it. (pp. 137-38)

There is never any need to worry. The good law looks out for all things, and all we have to DO is our duty as it comes along from day to day. (p. 135)

Do NOT adopt any conclusions merely because they are uttered by one in whom you have confidence, but adopt them when they coincide with your intuition. To be even unconsciously deluded by the influence of another is to have a counterfeit faith. . . . As far as your private conclusions are concerned, use your discrimination always. (p. 23)

Do what you have to do now, and DON'T trouble about other things; they will be looked after in due time; but what will help you in all these matters is to be content, to DO what you can, and to let the rest go; act with a high motive; have kindly feelings towards all; DO some little act of kindness every day. (American ed., p. 177)

Do NOT judge in anger, for though the anger passes the judgement remains. (p. 140)

Construe the words of the *Gita* about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's

fancies, tales, facts, or other matters, as you will have enough to DO to look out for your own duty. (p. 136)

Do NOT fear nor fail because you feel dark and heavy. (p. 2)

Do your best and you will have all the opportunities you can manage, and all the experience you require. (American ed., p. 179)

In do's and don'ts such as these there is no negation — only unity. So, as our Teacher says, "Be troubled not by words." All serve the same purpose "when the True is the aim."

SOCIETY suffers from a profound feeling of unhappiness, not so much when it is in material poverty as when its members are deprived of a large part of their humanity. This unhappiness goes on smouldering in the subconscious mind of the community till its life is reduced to ashes or a sudden combustion is produced. The repressed personality of man generates an inflammable moral gas deadly in its explosive force.

We have seen in the late war [1914–1918], and also in some of the still more recent events of history, how human individuals freed from moral and spiritual bonds find a boisterous joy in a debauchery of destruction. There is generated a disinterested passion of ravage. Through such catastrophe we can realize what formidable forces of annihilation are kept in check in our communities by bonds of social ideas; nay, made into multitudinous manifestations of beauty and fruitfulness. Thus we know that evils are, like meteors, stray fragments of life, which need the attraction of some great ideal in order to be assimilated with the wholesomeness of creation. The evil forces are literally outlaws; they only need the control and cadence of spiritual laws to change them into good. The true goodness is not the negation of badness, it is in the mastery of it. Goodness is the miracle which turns the tumult of chaos into a dance of beauty.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE MARCH OF THE HUMAN SOUL

THE WORD "soul" is very much misunderstood, and people in general have no clear concept of it, nor do they want to question about it because, when not entirely disbelieved, such a subject is considered to be one of the mysteries of life which cannot be delved into. It is believed that soul is something which survives death and remains eternally in heaven or hell according to his deeds of merit or demerit on earth. It is absurd to think that one should take birth on this earth, live for a long or short span, and then disappear for ever! Such a philosophy does not provide any incentive for existence on earth.

Theosophy gives correct teachings about the soul: what its source is, what its goal, for what purpose it is here, and how it can march on progressively in life and fulfil its divine mission and destiny. It is necessary to understand that "soul" is a generic term and cannot be pinned down. This is the reason why Lord Buddha remained silent when the wandering monk Vacchagotta questioned him whether there was or was not a soul or ego in man. His own disciple, Ananda, was puzzled and asked the Master the reason for his silence, and the Buddha answered that he did not want to confuse the monk; it was not possible to explain to a layman the metaphysical doctrine of the permanent and the impermanent aspects of the soul. He would not have understood the difference between the immortal soul and the personal soul, so the Buddha thought it wiser to keep quiet.

Theosophy teaches that the immortal soul of man is a ray of divine life and light; it is the eternal pilgrim going through its circle or cycle of necessity. At the dawn of manifestation, it commences its march as Atma-Buddhi on the purely spiritual plane, passes thence through various forms of different kingdoms, unfolds higher degrees of consciousness, develops powers and faculties according to its needs, acquires the human form and completes half the circle of evolution under cyclic law. This is the midway point of the circle when spirit and matter are equilibrated, balanced, and it is then that the Solar Gods incarnate on earth to light up the mindless human forms. Thus to Atma-Buddhi was added Manas, the self-conscious thinker, the chooser, the discriminator. Only with the birth of Manas did human speech develop.

It is this self-conscious thinker, the human soul, the third aspect of the immortal man, who takes birth in different bodies in order to gain wisdom and experience in various types of personalities, in different

nations, races and civilizations. All this happens under law, according to the choices and efforts of the human soul, in right or wrong direction. Innumerable images are given to help us understand this human soul, the most responsible aspect of the human constitution. He is the thread-soul or *sutratma*, on which are strung, like beads on a string, his countless personalities. He is also compared to an actor, first playing minor roles, and then progressing to major ones, till he finally triumphantly retires from the stage. Still another image is that of the labourer in the field. The field is the human body and the personality; the human soul or the reincarnating ego is the labourer; the divine soul, Atma-Buddhi, is the owner. In the terminology of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the personality is *kshetra*, the human soul is *kshetrajna*, and Atma-Buddhi is *kshetri*, the owner. So upon the skill of the labourer in the field depends the kind of harvest he produces for the owner. He can either become a joint partner, or sever his connection with the Divine Self. Atma-Buddhi is immortal on its own plane, but the human soul has to become immortal through his own efforts, following the behests of the Divine and becoming one with the Divine. For humanity is an emanation from Divinity on its return path thereto.

The great teachers come to our world cycle after cycle to point out the way, to encourage and inspire human beings to follow the right path, but the mighty art gets lost time and again. Lord Buddha pointed to the way of meditation and perfection—meditation on the one Divine Self, becoming one with it; and, having reached *Nirvana*, renouncing its peace and bliss to remain with suffering humanity to help it to march onward. Sri Krishna stressed the path of duty—right performance of duty without thinking of a reward; consecrated actions, complete surrender to the law. Lord Zoroaster's philosophy was built on *ashoi*—purity supreme, purity of mind and heart and body, and above all, purity of motive. Pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds are the basic trinity, which, if followed in daily life, brings the human soul nearer the Divine. The pure in heart see God. Jesus came to indicate the path of love eternal. The path is one, the means to reach the goal vary with the pilgrim. They are all interlinked and interdependent. There should always be wisdom in action, actions should be performed with devotion, and purity should be the basis of love. Using one or another means, the human soul comes to a stage in his journey when he determines to lead his life more deliberately, that is, more self-consciously, according to the principles given in Theosophy. He decides to

follow the rules and the discipline, and to be vigilant and watchful in his behaviour. The personal self has to become a proper channel and instrument for the human soul to work through. The little self has to become a friend of the Higher Self.

“Theosophy teaches the animal-man to be a human-man,” says H.P.B., “and when people have learned to think and feel as truly human beings should feel and think, they will act humanely, and works of charity, justice, and generosity will be done spontaneously by all.” It is not so much head-learning and book-knowledge that are necessary as altruism and loving consideration for others. Self-knowledge is the child of loving deeds and of friendly, brotherly feelings. There are two beautiful verses given in *The Voice of the Silence* for the training of the personality and the human soul. In the one, we are asked to make the flesh passive, head cool, the soul as firm and pure as flaming diamond. In the second, the image given is that of the body agitated, mind tranquil, and the soul as limpid as a mountain lake. The fleshly appetites have to be passive, but the body should be kept active, head cool and mind tranquil, but if the soul wavers, lingers, turns back, then all the effort is lost. So the soul has to be firm, it has to assume a firm position to march onward and forward, and like a diamond shed the lustre of the inner light outward. It has also to become as limpid as a mountain lake, clear and transparent, so as to reflect the light of the Divine Parent, the God within. This should be remembered and practised daily through all the tests and trials of life. The march of the soul has to be continued till it becomes divine, reaches the goal of human evolution, conscious godhood, but chooses to become a Renunciator of its hard-earned bliss to help humanity.

The responsibility of the human soul is greater than can be realized. Not only has it to unite itself with its source, the Divine Parent; it has also to keep in order the various types of lives that are under its control, instead of impressing them with lower thoughts and thus hindering their upward march. Some time in their evolutionary journey they, too, have to reach the human stage.

The great difficulty of the human soul or consciousness is that it does not remain on its own plane, but allows itself to be dragged down to the personal and the material plane so that it gets more and more involved in the affairs of that lower plane. As Sri Krishna points out in the second chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

He who attendeth to the inclinations of the senses, in them hath a concern; from this concern is created passion, from passion anger, from anger is produced delusion, from delusion a loss of the memory, from the loss of memory loss of discrimination, and from loss of discrimination loss of all!

Thus, a small beginning may lead to disastrous results; therefore it is necessary to curb and control the lower nature, the Kama-Manasic activities, and turn in the direction of Atma-Buddhi, remaining under the latter's influence and guidance. So the march of the human soul in the right direction means a change from Kama-Manas to Buddhi-Manas. It is a higher altitude and a deeper layer of the inner nature of our being which enables us to reach the destined goal and serve our fellow pilgrims in our own humble way. Mr. Judge gives the following quotation from one of the Masters in his *Letters That Have Helped Me*:

The best and the most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity.

But first a hush of peace, a soundless calm descends;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends;
Mute music soothes my breast — unuttered harmony
That I could never dream till earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible, the Unseen its truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels —
Its wings are almost free, its home, its harbour found;
Measuring the gulf it stoops and dares the final bound!

—EMILY BRONTË

A BEWITCHED LIFE

[We continue here a story by H. P. Blavatsky that we commenced in the July issue. It will be concluded next month.—Eds.]

VI

I DEPART — BUT NOT ALONE

SEVERAL DAYS LATER I sailed, but during my stay I saw my venerable friend, the Bonze, no more. Evidently on that last, and to me for ever memorable evening, he had been seriously offended with my more than irreverent, my downright insulting remark about one whom he so justly respected. I felt sorry for him, but the wheel of passion and pride was too incessantly at work to permit me to feel a single moment of remorse. What was it that made me so relish the pleasure of wrath, that when, for one instant, I happened to lose sight of my supposed grievance toward the Yamabooshi, I forthwith lashed myself back into a kind of artificial fury against him. He had only accomplished what he had been expected to do, and what he had tacitly promised; not only so, but it was I myself who had deprived him of the possibility of doing more, even for my own protection if I might believe the Bonze — a man whom I knew to be thoroughly honourable and reliable. Was it regret at having been forced by my pride to refuse the proffered precaution, or was it the fear of remorse that made me rake together, in my heart, during those evil hours, the smallest details of the supposed insult to that same suicidal pride? Remorse, as an old poet has aptly remarked, “is like the heart in which it grows:

... if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the utmost,
Weeps only tears of blood...

Perchance, it was the indefinite fear of something of that sort which caused me to remain so obdurate, and led me to excuse, under the plea of terrible provocation, even the unprovoked insults that I had heaped upon the head of my kind and all-forgiving friend, the priest. However, it was now too late in the day to recall the words of offence I had uttered; and all I could do was to promise myself the satisfaction of writing him a friendly letter, as soon as I reached home. Fool, blind fool, elated with insolent self-conceit, that I was! So sure did I feel, that my vision was due merely to some trick of the Yamabooshi, that I actually gloated over my coming triumph in writing to the Bonze

that I had been right in answering his sad words of parting with an incredulous smile, as my sister and family were all in good health — happy!

I had not been at sea for a week, before I had cause to remember his words of warning!

From the day of my experience with the magic mirror, I perceived a great change in my whole state, and I attributed it, at first, to the mental depression I had struggled against for so many months. During the day I very often found myself absent from the surrounding scenes, losing sight for several minutes of things and persons. My nights were disturbed, my dreams oppressive, and at times horrible. Good sailor I certainly was; and besides, the weather was unusually fine, the ocean as smooth as a pond. Notwithstanding this, I often felt a strange giddiness, and the familiar faces of my fellow-passengers assumed at such times the most grotesque appearances. Thus, a young German I used to know well was once suddenly transformed before my eyes into his old father, whom we had laid in the little burial place of the European colony some three years before. We were talking on deck of the defunct and of a certain business arrangement of his, when Max Grunner's head appeared to me as though it were covered with a strange film. A thick greyish mist surrounded him, and gradually condensing around and upon his healthy countenance, settled suddenly into the grim old head I had myself seen covered with six feet of soil. On another occasion, as the captain was talking of a Malay thief whom he had helped to secure and lodge in gaol, I saw near him the yellow, villainous face of a man answering to his description. I kept silence about such hallucinations; but as they became more and more frequent, I felt very much disturbed, though still attributing them to natural causes, such as I had read about in medical books.

One night I was abruptly awakened by a long and loud cry of distress. It was a woman's voice, plaintive like that of a child, full of terror and of helpless despair. I awoke with a start to find myself on land, in a strange room. A young girl, almost a child, was desperately struggling against a powerful middle-aged man, who had surprised her in her own room, and during her sleep. Behind the closed and locked door, I saw listening an old woman, whose face, notwithstanding the fiendish expression upon it, seemed familiar to me, and I immediately recognized it: it was the face of the Jewess who had adopted my niece in the dream I had at Kioto. She had received gold to pay for her share in the foul crime, and was now keeping her part of the covenant. But who

was the victim? O horror unutterable! Unspeakable horror! When I realized the situation after coming back to my normal state, I found it was my own child-niece.

But, as in my first vision, I felt in me nothing of the nature of that despair born of affection that fills one's heart, at the sight of a wrong done to, or a misfortune befalling, those one loves; nothing but a manly indignation in the presence of suffering inflicted upon the weak and the helpless. I rushed, of course, to her rescue, and seized the wanton, brutal beast by the neck. I fastened upon him with powerful grasp, but, the man heeded it not, he seemed not even to feel my hand. The coward, seeing himself resisted by the girl, lifted his powerful arm, and the thick fist, coming down like a heavy hammer upon the sunny locks, felled the child to the ground. It was with a loud cry of the indignation of a stranger, not with that of a tigress defending her cub, that I sprang upon the lewd beast and sought to throttle him. I then remarked, for the first time, that, a shadow myself, I was grasping but another shadow!

My loud shrieks and imprecations had awakened the whole steamer. They were attributed to a nightmare. I did not seek to take anyone into my confidence; but, from that day forward, my life became a long series of mental tortures. I could hardly shut my eyes without becoming witness of some horrible deed, some scene of misery, death or crime, whether past, present or even future — as I ascertained later on. It was as though some mocking fiend had taken upon himself the task of making me go through the vision of everything that was bestial, malignant and hopeless, in this world of misery. No radiant vision of beauty or virtue ever lit with the faintest ray these pictures of awe and wretchedness that I seemed doomed to witness. Scenes of wickedness, of murder, of treachery and of lust fell dismally upon my sight, and I was brought face to face with the vilest results of man's passions, the most terrible outcome of his material earthly cravings.

Had the Bonze foreseen, indeed, the dreary results, when he spoke of Daij-Dzins to whom I left "an ingress," "a door open" in me? Nonsense! There must be some physiological, abnormal change in me. Once at Nuremberg, when I have ascertained how false was the direction taken by my fears — I dared not hope for no misfortune at all — these meaningless visions will disappear as they came. The very fact that my fancy follows but one direction, that of pictures of misery, of human passions in their worst, material shape, is a proof, to me, of their

unreality.

“If, as you say, man consists of one substance, matter, the object of the physical senses; and if perception with its modes is only the result of the organization of the brain, then should we be naturally attracted but to the material, the earthly.” I thought I heard the familiar voice of the Bonze interrupting my reflections, and repeating an often used argument of his in his discussions with me.

“There are two planes of visions before men,” I again heard him say, “the plane of undying love and spiritual aspirations, the efflux from the eternal light; and the plane of restless, ever-changing matter, the light in which the misguided Daij-Dzins bathe.”

VII

ETERNITY IN A SHORT DREAM

In those days I could hardly bring myself to realize, even for a moment, the absurdity of a belief in any kind of spirits, whether good or bad. I now understood, if I did not believe, what was meant by the term, though I still persisted in hoping that it would finally prove some physical derangement or nervous hallucination. To fortify my unbelief the more, I tried to bring back to my memory all the arguments used against faith in such superstitions, that I had ever read or heard. I recalled the biting sarcasms of Voltaire, the calm reasoning of Hume, and I repeated to myself *ad nauseam* the words of Rousseau, who said that superstition, “the disturber of Society,” could never be too strongly attacked. “Why should the sight, the phantasmagoria, rather” — I argued — “of that which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?” Why should —

Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?

One day the old captain was narrating to us the various superstitions to which sailors were addicted; a pompous English missionary remarked that Fielding had declared long ago that “superstition renders a man a fool,” — after which he hesitated for an instant, and abruptly stopped. I had not taken any part in the general conversation; but no sooner had the reverend speaker relieved himself of the quotation, than I saw in that halo of vibrating light, which I now noticed almost constantly over every human head on the steamer, the words of Fielding’s next proposition — “and *scepticism makes him mad.*”

I had heard and read of the claims of those who pretend to seer-ship, that they often see the thoughts of people traced in the aura of those present. Whatever "aura" may mean with others, I had now a personal experience of the truth of the claim, and felt sufficiently disgusted with the discovery! I—a *clairvoyant*! a new horror added to my life, an absurd and ridiculous gift developed, which I shall have to conceal from all, feeling ashamed of it as if it were a case of leprosy. At this moment my hatred to the Yamabooshi, and even to my venerable old friend, the Bonze, knew no bounds. The former had evidently by his manipulations over me while I was lying unconscious, touched some unknown physiological spring in my brain, and by loosing it had called forth a faculty generally hidden in the human constitution; and it was the Japanese priest who had introduced the wretch into my house!

But my anger and my curses were alike useless, and could be of no avail. Moreover, we were already in European waters, and in a few more days we should be at Hamburg. Then would my doubts and fears be set at rest, and I should find, to my intense relief, that although clairvoyance, as regards the reading of human thoughts on the spot, may have some truth in it, the discernment of such events at a distance, as I had *dreamed of*, was an impossibility for human faculties. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, however, my heart was sick with fear, and full of the blackest presentiments; I *felt* that my doom was closing. I suffered terribly, my nervous and mental prostration becoming intensified day by day.

The night before we entered port I had a dream.

I fancied I was dead. My body lay cold and stiff in its last sleep, whilst its dying consciousness, which still regarded itself as "I," realizing the event, was preparing to meet in a few seconds its own extinction. It had been always my belief that as the brain preserved heat longer than any of the other organs, and was the last to cease its activity, the thought in it survived bodily death by several minutes. Therefore, I was not in the least surprised to find in my dream that while the frame had already crossed that awful gulf "no mortal e'er re-passed," its consciousness was still in the gray twilight, the first shadows of the great Mystery. Thus my THOUGHT wrapped, as I believed, in the remnants of its now fast retiring vitality, was watching with intense and eager curiosity the approaches of its own dissolution, *i.e.*, of its *annihilation*. "I" was hastening to record my last impressions, lest the dark mantle of eternal oblivion should envelop me, before I had time

to feel and *enjoy* the great, the supreme triumph of learning that my life-long convictions were true, that death is a complete and absolute cessation of conscious being. Everything around me was getting darker with every moment. Huge grey shadows were moving before my vision, slowly at first, then with accelerated motion, until they commenced whirling around with an almost vertiginous rapidity. Then, as though that motion had taken place only for purposes of brewing darkness, the object once reached, it slackened its speed, and as the darkness became gradually transformed into intense blackness, it ceased altogether. There was now within my immediate perceptions but that fathomless black Space, as dark as pitch; to me it appeared as limitless and as silent as the shoreless Ocean of Eternity upon which Time, the progeny of man's brain, is for ever gliding, but which it can never cross.

Dream is defined by Cato as "but the image of our hopes and fears." Having never feared death when awake, I felt, in this dream of mine, calm and serene at the idea of my speedy end. In truth, I felt rather relieved at the thought — probably owing to my recent mental suffering — that the end of all, of doubt, of fear for those I loved, of suffering, and of every anxiety, was close at hand. The constant anguish that had been gnawing ceaselessly at my heavy, aching heart for many a long and weary month, had now become unbearable; and if, as Seneca thinks, death is but "the ceasing to be what we were before," it was better that I should die. The body is dead; "I," its consciousness — that which is all that remains of me now, for a few moments longer — am preparing to follow. Mental perceptions will get weaker, more dim and hazy with every second of time, until the longed for oblivion envelops me completely in its cold shroud. Sweet is the magic hand of Death, the great World-Comforter; profound and dreamless is sleep in its unyielding arms. Yea, verily, it is a welcome guest. A calm and peaceful haven amidst the roaring billows of the Ocean of life, whose breakers lash in vain the rock-bound shores of Death. Happy the lonely bark that drifts into the still waters of its black gulf, after having been so long, so cruelly tossed about by the angry waves of sentient life. Moored in it for evermore, needing no longer either sail or rudder, my bark will now find rest. Welcome, then, O Death, at this tempting price; and fare thee well, poor body, which, having neither sought it nor derived pleasure from it, I now readily give up!

While uttering this death-chant to the prostrate form before me, I bent over, and examined it with curiosity. I felt the surrounding dark-

ness oppressing me, weighing on me almost tangibly, and I fancied I found in it the approach of the Liberator I was welcoming. And yet, how very strange! If real, final Death takes place in our consciousness; if, after the bodily death, "I" and my conscious perceptions are one — how is it that these perceptions do not become weaker, why does my *brain-action* seem as vigorous as ever now that I am *de facto* dead? Nor does the usual feeling of anxiety, the "heavy heart" so-called, decrease in intensity; nay, it even seems to become worse, unspeakably so! How long it takes for full oblivion to arrive! Ah, here's my body again! Vanished out of sight for a second or two, it reappears before me once more. How white and ghastly it looks! Yet its brain cannot be quite dead, since "I," its consciousness, am still acting, since we two fancy that we still are, that we live and think, disconnected from our creator and its ideating cells.

Suddenly I felt a strong desire to see how much longer the progress of dissolution was likely to last, before it placed its last seal on the brain and rendered it inactive. I examined my brain in its cranial cavity, through the (to me) entirely transparent walls and roof of the skull, and even *touched the brain-matter*. How, or with *whose hands*, I am now unable to say; but the impression of the slimy, intensely cold matter produced a very strong impression on me, in that dream. To my great dismay, I found that the blood having entirely congealed and the brain-tissues having themselves undergone a change that would no longer permit any molecular action, it became impossible for me to account for the phenomena now taking place with myself. Here was I — or my consciousness, which is all one — standing apparently entirely disconnected from my brain which could no longer function. But I had no time left for reflection. A new and most extraordinary change in my perceptions had taken place and now engrossed my whole attention. What *does* this signify?

The same darkness was around me as before, a black, impenetrable space, extending in every direction. Only now, right before me, in whatever direction I was looking, moving with me which way soever I moved, there was a gigantic round clock; a disk, whose large white face shone ominously on the ebony-black background. As I looked at its huge dial, and at the pendulum moving to and fro regularly and slowly in Space, as if its swinging meant to divide eternity, I saw its needles pointing to *seven minutes past five*. "The hour at which my torture had commenced at Kyoto!" I had barely found time to think of the coincidence,

when to my unutterable horror, I felt myself going through the same, the identical, process that I had been made to experience on that memorable and fatal day. I swam underground, dashing swiftly through the earth; I found myself once more in the pauper's grave and recognized my brother-in-law in the mangled remains; I witnessed his terrible death; entered my sister's house; followed her agony, and saw her go mad. I went over the same scenes without missing a single detail of them. But, alas! I was no longer iron-bound in the calm indifference that had then been mine, and which in that first vision had left me as unfeeling to my great misfortune as if I had been a heartless thing of rock. My mental tortures were now becoming beyond description and well-nigh unbearable. Even the settled despair, the never-ceasing anxiety I was constantly experiencing when awake, had become now, in my dream and in the face of this repetition of vision and events, as an hour of darkened sunlight compared to a deadly cyclone. Oh! how I suffered in this wealth and pomp of infernal horrors, to which the conviction of the survival of man's consciousness after death — for in that dream I firmly believed that my body was dead — added the most terrifying of all!

The relative relief I felt, when, after going over the last scene, I saw once more the great white face of the dial before me was not of long duration. The long, arrow-shaped needle was pointing on the colossal disk at — *seven minutes and a half past five* o'clock. But, before I had time to well realize the change, the needle moved slowly backwards, stopped at precisely the seventh minute, and — O cursed fate! I found myself driven into a repetition of the same series over again! Once more I swam underground, and saw, and heard, and suffered every torture that hell can provide; I passed through every mental anguish known to man or fiend. I returned to see the fatal dial and its needle — after what appeared to me an eternity — moved, as before, only half a minute forward. I beheld it, with renewed terror, moving back again, and felt myself propelled forward anew. And so it went on, and on, and on, time after time, in what seemed to me an endless succession, a series which never had any beginning, nor would it ever have an end.

Worst of all; my consciousness, my "I," had apparently acquired the phenomenal capacity of trebling, quadrupling, and even of decupling itself. I lived, felt and suffered, in the same space of time, in half-a-dozen different places at once, passing over various events of my life, at different epochs, and under the most dissimilar circumstances;

though predominant over all was my *spiritual* experience at Kioto. Thus, as in the famous *fugue* in *Don Giovanni*, the heart-rending notes of Elvira's *aria* of despair ring high above, but interfere in no way with the melody of the minuet, the song of seduction, and the chorus, so I went over and over my travailed woes, the feelings of agony unspeakable at the awful sights of my vision, the repetition of which blunted in no wise even a single pang of my despair and horror; nor did these feelings weaken in the least scenes and events entirely disconnected with the first one, that I was living through again, or interfere in any way the one with the other. It was a maddening experience! A series of contrapuntal, mental phantasmagoria from real life. Here was I, during the same half-a-minute of time, examining with cold curiosity the mangled remains of my sister's husband; following with the same indifference the effects of the news on her brain, as in my first Kioto vision, and feeling *at the same time* hell-torture for these very events, as when I returned to consciousness. I was listening to the philosophical discourses of the Bonze, every word of which I heard and understood, and was trying to laugh him to scorn. I was again a child, then a youth, hearing my mother's and my sweet sister's voices, admonishing me and teaching duty to all men. I was saving a friend from drowning, and was sneering at his aged father who thanks me for saving a "soul" yet unprepared to meet his Maker.

"Speak of *dual* consciousness, you psycho-physiologists!" — I cried, in one of the moments when agony, mental and as it seemed to me physical also, had arrived at a degree of intensity which would have killed a dozen living men; "speak of your psychological and physiological experiments, you schoolmen, puffed up with pride and book-learning! Here am I to give you the lie." And now I was reading the works and holding converse with learned professors and lecturers, who had led me to my fatal scepticism. And, while arguing the impossibility of consciousness divorced from its brain, I was shedding tears of blood over the supposed fate of my nieces and nephews. More terrible than all: I knew, *as only a liberated consciousness can know*, that all I had seen in my vision at Japan, and all that I was seeing and hearing over and over again now, was true in every point and detail, that it was a long string of ghastly and terrible, still of real, actual, facts.

For, perhaps, the hundredth time, I had riveted my attention on the needle of the clock, I had lost the number of my gyrations and was fast coming to the conclusion that they would never stop, that

consciousness is, after all, indestructible, and that this was to be my punishment in Eternity. I was beginning to realize from personal experience how the condemned sinners would feel — “were not eternal damnation a logical and mathematical impossibility in an ever-progressing Universe” — I still found the force to argue. Yea indeed; at this hour of my ever-increasing agony, my consciousness — now my synonym for “I” — had still the power of revolting at certain theological claims, of denying all their propositions, all — save ITSELF. No; I denied the independent nature of my consciousness no longer, for I knew it now to be such. But is it *eternal* withal? O thou incomprehensible and terrible Reality! But if thou art eternal, who then art thou? — since there is no deity, no God. Whence dost thou come, and when didst thou first appear, if thou art not a part of the cold body lying yonder? And whither dost thou lead me, who am thyself, and shall our thought and fancy have an end? What is thy real name, thou unfathomable REALITY, and impenetrable MYSTERY! Oh, I would fain annihilate thee. “Soul-Vision!” — who speaks of Soul, and whose voice is this? It says that I see now for myself, that there is a Soul in man, after all. I deny this. My Soul, my vital Soul, or the Spirit of life, has expired with my body, with the grey matter of my brain. This “I” of mine, this consciousness, is not yet proven to me as eternal. Reincarnation, in which the Bonze felt so anxious I should believe, may be true. Why not? Is not the flower born year after year from the same root? Hence this “I” once separated from its brain, losing its balance, and calling forth such a host of visions before reincarnating.

I was again face to face with the inexorable, fatal clock. And as I was watching its needle, I heard the voice of the Bonze, coming out of the depths of its white face, saying: “In this case, I fear, *you would have only to open and to shut the temple door, over and over again, during a period which, however short, would seem to you an eternity.*”

The clock had vanished, darkness made room for light, the voice of my old friend was drowned by a multitude of voices overhead on deck; and I awoke in my berth, covered with a cold perspiration, and faint with terror.

(*To be concluded*)

IN THE BEGINNING

Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The Gods themselves came later into being —
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?
That, whence all this great creation came,
Whether Its will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it — or perchance even He knows not.

—*Rig Veda*

THE SECRET DOCTRINE teaches that everything in the metaphysical as in the physical universe is septenary. Hence, every sidereal body, every planet, whether visible or invisible, is credited with six other companion globes which are in coadunation with one another — just as physical man has six other principles, each with a different function and a differing consciousness. The evolution of life on the seven globes proceeds from the first to the seventh (A, B, C to G) in succession, the movement from A to G constituting one Round. This company of seven globes has been called the planetary chain, and its life lasts through seven such Rounds. Between each Round there is a period of rest or “obscuration.”

When the seventh and last Round of one such planetary chain is reached, the first globe when it ends its evolutionary cycle does not go into obscurity or fall asleep, as it did during each of the preceding Rounds. It begins to die out. So also with each of the other six globes as they reach time's end. Each globe has now to transfer its life and energy to another planet. Thus, as one globe after the other of the moon chain entered upon the end-period of its life, it sent its energy and “principles” into a centre of latent force, calling it into activity and giving it life. So was formed the Earth from the energies released from the dying moon.

Occultism states that the planetary chains have their “days” and their “nights” — *i.e.*, periods of activity or life, and of inertia or death. But, though they become personally extinct, their spiritual principles live on in their progeny as a survival of themselves.

As for our Earth, it forms and consolidates during the first three Rounds. During the fourth, it settles and hardens. It is only in this fourth Round that Humanity develops fully. We are at present in the fourth Round and on Globe D, having already passed more than half

of the life-cycle of that Globe. We are taught that our present physical mankind began a little over eighteen million years ago, though "man" or "Humanity in other shapes and bodies is much, much older.

According to *The Secret Doctrine*, the Monad is first of all shot down by the law of evolution into the lowest form of matter — the mineral. Passing thence, through all the forms of vegetable matter, into what is termed animal matter, it reaches the point at which it becomes the germ, so to speak, of the animal that will become the physical man. All this, up to the third Round, is formless, as matter, and senseless, as consciousness. This Monad or *Jiva per se* is a ray or breath of the Absolute, or the Absoluteness, rather, and the Absolute Homogeneity, having no relations with the conditioned and relative finiteness, is unconscious on our plane. Esoteric philosophy, which teaches spontaneous generation, shows that the lower angels could only construct physical man. The Monad, however, requires not only a physical form but also an intelligent consciousness that will guide its evolution and progress. This link is provided by the Elohim, or Pitris, the creators of mankind. The Occult doctrine teaches that while the Monad is cycling on downward into matter, these very Elohim or Pitris are evolving *pari passu* with it on a higher and more spiritual plane, descending also relatively into matter on their own plane of consciousness. After having reached a certain point, they meet the incarnating senseless Monad, encased in the lowest matter, and blending the two potencies, Spirit and Matter, the union produces that terrestrial symbol of the "Heavenly Man" in space — Perfect Man. It thus happens that when the hour strikes, the Celestial "Ancestors" (Entities from preceding worlds, called in India the *Sishta*) step in on this our plane — as the lower Pitris had stepped in before them for the formation of the physical or animal man — and incarnate in the latter.

In the history of the Earth, 300,000,000 years of mineral, vegetable and animal evolution on the astral plane preceded the still more material processes for the production of the tangible kingdoms of nature, including man. On Globe D which is destined to see the development of man, the periods of human evolution are divided into seven Root Races. But before these Races there came on Earth the Self-Existent. They are the "Spiritual Lives" projected by the absolute Will and Law at the dawn of every rebirth of the worlds. These Lives are the divine *Sishta* or the Progenitors and the Pitris. From these proceeds the First Root Race, the "self-born" which are the astral shadows of their Progenitors. However,

though the Higher Self or Monad was within the earthly frame, there was neither intelligence nor will because Manas (the human mind) was not there. The First Race emanated the second, called the "sweat-born" and the "boneless." The earliest of the Third Race which issued from the Second became oviporous. The emanations that came out of their bodies during the season of procreation were ovulary, the small spheroidal nuclei developing into a large soft, egg-like vehicle which gradually hardened. When, after a period of gestation, it broke, the young human animal issued from it unaided.

The Occultists maintain that during those periods when there must have been insufferable heat even at the poles, successive floods, upheavals of the valleys and constant shifting of the great waters and seas, none of these circumstances could form an impediment to human life and organization, such as is assigned by them to early mankind. Neither the heterogeneity of ambient regions, full of deleterious gases, nor the perils of a crust hardly consolidated, could prevent the First and Second Races from making their appearance on planes undreamt of by science. Man then could remain impervious to any state of atmospheric conditions around him. Aristophanes speaks thus in Plato's *Banquet*:

Our nature of old was not the same as it is now. It was *androgynous*, the form and name partaking of, and being common to both the male and female. . . . Their bodies were round, and the manner of their running circular. They were terrible in force and strength and had prodigious ambition. Hence Zeus divided each of them into two, making them weaker; Apollo, under his direction, closed up the skin.

When the Second Race produced the androgynous early Third Race, "the mighty, the powerful with bones," the Lords of Wisdom said: "Now shall we create." Then the Third Race became the *vahan* (vehicle) of the Lords of Wisdom. It created the so-called "Sons of Will and Yoga" by *Kriyashakti*, the mysterious power of thought, and these became the "ancestors" or spiritual forefathers of all the subsequent and present Arhats, or Mahatmas, in a truly immaculate way. They were created, not begotten. They were the "holy seed-grain" of the future Saviours of humanity.

It is the Third Race that inhabited the great Lemurian Continent. It preceded the veritable and complete human races — the fourth and the fifth, and therefore it is said that "this Race could live with equal ease in water, air, or fire, for it had an unlimited control over the elements.

These were the 'Sons of god'; not those who saw the daughters of men, but the real *Elohim*. . . . It was they who imparted Nature's most weird secrets to men, and revealed to them the ineffable and now *lost* 'word.' " Happily for the human race, the "Elect Race" had already become the vehicle of incarnation of the intellectually and spiritually highest Dhyanis before Humanity had become quite material. When the last sub-races — save some lowest — of the Third Race had perished with the great Lemurian Continent, "the seeds of the Trinity of Wisdom" had already acquired the secret of immortality on Earth, the gift which allows the same great personality to step *ad libitum* from one worn-out body into another.

In the course of evolution, when the physical triumphed over, and nearly crushed under its weight, spiritual and mental evolutions, the great gift of *Kriyashakti* remained the heirloom of only a few elect men in every age. Spirit strove vainly to manifest itself in its fulness in purely organic forms, and the faculty which had been a natural attribute in the early humanity of the Third Race became one of the class regarded as scientifically impossible by the materialists. In modern days the assertion that there exists a power which can create human forms — ready-made sheaths for the "conscious monads" or *Nirmanakayas* of prior fields of evolution to incarnate within — is of course pronounced absurd and ridiculous.

The Secret Doctrine asserts that physical man existed before the first bed of the Cretaceous rocks was deposited. It further asserts that in the early part of the Tertiary Age, the most brilliant civilization the world has ever known flourished.

To PUT IT quite simply, art is only a stepping-stone to reality; it is the vestibule in which we undergo the rites of initiation. Man's task is to make of himself a work of art.

—HENRY MILLER

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

“In recent years, thanks largely to the work of a remarkable scientific family, man’s prehistory has been almost totally rewritten; it turns out to be a chronicle far more ancient and complex than scientists had imagined possible” (*Newsweek*, July 22). On the basis of archaeological discoveries in East Africa, first by Louis and Mary Leakey, and now by their son Richard, man’s origins have been pushed back three million years.

The find that has now “shaken the science of paleoanthropology to its foundations” was unearthed in 1972. It consisted of more than 30 fragments of the same skull. When assembled, the skull turned out to have a cranial capacity of roughly 800 cubic centimeters. Modern dating techniques have placed the fossil, given the catalogue file number of 1470, three million years in the past. Richard Leakey believes that the skull must represent the linear ancestor of *Homo erectus*, and hence present-day man. His next deduction is that the tool-using *Homo habilis* from Olduvai Gorge, postulated by the senior Leakey to be the ancestor of man, “must now be placed in the ranks of a type of *Australopithecus* [or ape-man] which became extinct after many years of coexistence with man’s true ancestors.”

It is further believed that there must have been four manlike creatures coexisting in East Africa in the plio-pleistocene period between one and three million years ago. All four lines, Leakey thinks, derived from an original ancestor who lived perhaps 14 million years ago. The finds in Africa, he and his colleagues note, should not be taken to mean that man evolved there alone.

Though Leakey’s views remain highly controversial, what is significant is that many anthropologists no longer believe that *Australopithecus*, or ape-man, gave rise to *Homo sapiens*. *Newsweek* comments:

Certainly the wealth of new finds is providing fresh insights for even the most conservative anthropologists. . . . One tantalizing piece of evidence of early man’s relative sophistication comes from Alan Walker, who believes that he has detected in the underside of skull 1470 an impression similar to “Broca’s area,” the part of the brain that gives modern man speech. If man’s ancestors could communicate through speech three million years ago, their degree of social organization would have been quite highly developed. Possibly, American archaeologist Glynn Isaac suggests, the crea-

tures at Lake Rudolf were organized hunters who would bring food back to campsites to share out socially.

Leakey himself is prepared to concede that the current crop of finds is more than enough for the present. . . . "The wealth of data now available presents a new era in the study of man," he wrote recently in *Nature*. What is obvious is that anthropologists for once have more evidence available than they have theories to fit it — and that attempts to explain their recent finds are bound to create more heated controversy as they delve ever deeper into the roots of man.

As is to be expected, major revisions in the science of human evolution are taking place on the basis of this discovery, and that is a hopeful sign. The day might not be far when modern science will stumble upon the fact of the 18 million years assigned to the "human" period by occult science, and also collect the necessary data to prove that humanity did not begin in savagery but that civilized races and "Stone Age" men have always existed side by side. The Secret Doctrine further asserts that man preceded the other mammalia in this our Round.



Under the title "Down With God, Country, Parents — Everything" (*The Illustrated Weekly of India*, June 16), author Ervell E. Menezes writes of the attitude of Indian youth today, on the basis of a random survey of the college student community in Bombay. As the gap between young and old continues to widen, many questions arise, such as: "Are the young justified in discarding established norms? Is their rebellion aimed against the old generation's hypocrisy and lack of faith, or are our boys and girls just a misguided and indolent lot? Have they a new system of values?"

More and more young people are rebelling against age-old values. They believe they are fighting against an "Establishment" riddled with hypocrisy and corruption. Sex, drugs and non-religion are the "in" things. Sexual permissiveness has reached a new high: 30 per cent of the students interviewed felt that there was nothing wrong with breaking through the barriers of sex restraint. As for drugs, they hit the campus five years ago, and today ten per cent of the students have experienced hash or pot, and five per cent of them are "regulars." Student counsellors claimed that addicts hardly ever approached them for guidance for fear of social ostracism. As for parental authority, it is no secret that it has

greatly diminished in recent years.

It is the more affluent class that takes the lead in aping the manners of the West. The poorer class is largely indifferent to what is "in." Again, it is the "mod" crowd that participates in student agitations, mainly for "kicks." In the smaller towns, however, the young are still conservative and "square"; their life is moulded by parental likes and dislikes.

Why is the anti-Establishment fast gaining ground?—

This revolt against the System often springs from a sense of disillusionment. After looking up to one's elders and those in authority, finding out later that they (the Establishment) are not what they professed to be is a jolting experience.

Rampant corruption and nepotism in the country are other causes for revolt. And being at a very impressionable period of their lives, when they feel they can change the world, makes the youth even more antagonistic to the System.

The older generation's greatest concern in all its doings is to avoid scandal. This it does by presenting a respectable facade. But the younger generation is frank and outspoken. In fact, there is a tendency to glorify what is considered "wrong" by the Establishment.

In Tennyson's words: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." But if there is any single factor instrumental in this transition, it is the fact that religion is no longer the binding or restraining force it had been over the decades. . . . This basic laxity plus the Western influence of degenerating moral standards were the main causes for new norms and values. . . .

That student unrest was gradually posing a problem was accepted by almost all, which is not at all surprising in the light of the incidents in Gujarat and Marathwada. The most common cause cited was the fear of being unable to secure jobs after graduation. This insecurity was voiced by over 60 per cent of the students. Corruption, a poor educational system and political motivation were the other salient reasons cited for the student unrest.

The author puts the blame for the prevailing situation in the student world on lack of interest in religion. But which religion? Is not organized religion rather a *cause* of mental and moral maladjustment? Religious fervour and scientific materialism both lead to the same result; both are selfish in implication and when carried to extremes lead only to moral and psychic troubles. Only knowledge, rightly applied, can solve the problems of the troubled youth of today. But where will such knowl-

edge be found?

We live in an age of analysis and criticism and the leading thinkers of our time are well aware of the deleterious effects of false religion. But what have they to offer as an affirmative philosophy of life? If the need for true religion and philosophy is not met by the spread of soul-saving doctrines such as those of Karma and Reincarnation, what else can be expected save a cycle of unrestrained self-indulgence? Brave defenders of the truth are needed to overcome the currents of purposelessness and moral laxity, and to set in motion the positive forces of spiritual ideas.

The editorial on "The Healing Power of the Patient" in *Saturday Review/World* for July 13 is adapted from the commencement talk by Norman Cousins at the graduation exercises of the College of Medicine of the University of Oklahoma. The article, which deals with the important question of the influence of mind and emotions upon bodily health, reads in part:

The body will exert all sorts of magic in its own behalf if a person genuinely believes he is going to get well. Consider the phenomenon of the placebo and how it works. The patient does not know he is receiving innocuous "medication," and his mind and body tend to act as though real drugs have been administered. The medical literature abounds with stories of people who recovered swiftly from illnesses after having taken placebos. If a doctor gives a patient confidence in a certain remedy, there is a strong likelihood that improvement will take place — even if the "medication" is nothing more than an innocent sugar capsule. . . .

A doctor who enjoys the full trust of his patients can activate the body's benevolent chemistry in much the same ways as a placebo. Just in the act of removing the anxiety of patients and giving them confidence in the recuperative capacity of their own bodies, such a doctor can have a therapeutic effect. . . .

No more important need in medicine exists today than for an enlarged understanding of the way the human brain "triggers" profound chemical changes in the body. When medical scientists push forward into these frontiers, they may discover that hope and the will to live are aspects of human uniqueness that are the physician's finest aides in administering to human health.

Nothing that we know, or aspire to know, about outer space is as exciting or important to the human future as the exploration of

inner space. Being able to break open the atom and peer into the mysteries of matter is not the ultimate triumph of mind. The ultimate triumph of mind is the perception of self.

The will to live, whatever its chemical concomitants, is not readily activated by the aloof and detached clinician. Only a warm and responsive doctor is going to know enough about his patient to get at his will to live and put it to work.

H.P.B. wrote as far back as 1890 that "half, if not two-thirds, of our ailings and diseases are the fruit of our imagination and fears. Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest." If bodily distress can be caused by wrong thought and feeling, it is equally true that many of our difficulties come from endowing circumstances with a power to harm us which they do not in themselves possess. Right thought and feeling, a calm, courageous attitude to life, acceptance of whatever comes as opportunity to learn and grow, these take us far along the road to health.

"It is pleasurable," says an editorial in *The Times of India* for August 6, "that ideas which sprang up in ancient India are being re-examined in the light of new knowledge and proved afresh by modern scientists." One such pertains to the close link between man and all other forms of life and the universal symbiosis observed in nature. Dr. Lewis Thomas, a biologist-humanist who is currently president of New York's prestigious Sloan-Kettering cancer centre, says that man, through the numerous types of subcells in his system, is linked genetically to things as disparate as seagulls and seaweed, hermit-crabs and skunks, each with a unique place in nature. Man is just beginning to realize how puny he really is. "The whole dear notion," says Dr. Thomas, "of one's own self — marvellous old free-willed, free-enterprising, autonomous, independent, isolated island of a self — is a myth." To learn this is to learn humility and recognize the grand pattern that pervades all life-forms.

Many thinkers of our time have said with more or less the same emphasis that we are not a separate or an alien breed and that "man is embedded in nature." So we are puny biologically (in terms of astronomy it has long been realized that this planet is but a tiny grain of sand on a vast seashore of the cosmos); but, says the *Times* editorial, "we are also noble":

If we now shed our arrogance and recognize that we are not autonomous, do we get reduced to a mere mechanism? No; in the end man is seen as a splendid achievement, noble in reason (as Hamlet says), infinite in faculty, like an angel in action and like a god in apprehension.

Under the title "History Is a Many-layered Cake," Hal Rubin writes in the May *Science Digest* of a team of youthful, unpaid diggers who have uncovered several layers of history beneath the town of Lincoln, England, that stretch back to early Roman occupation in the first century A.D. Successive cultures left behind their own legacies, and each strata below Lincoln yields the remnants of a distant chapter in history.

The theory that the remains of ancient cities exist under those of the present is not a new one. In *The Path* for November 1892, Mr. Judge explained the ancient theory in his article "Cities Under Cities":

If we can imagine the first coming of a population to a place never before inhabited, the old theory asks us to believe that certain classes of elementals — called *devas* generically by the Hindus — are gathered over the place and present pictures of houses, of occupations of busy life on every hand, and, as it were, beckon to the men to stay and build. These "fairies," as the Irish call them, at last prevail, and habitations are erected until a city springs up. During its occupation the pictures in the astral light are increased and deepened until the day of desertion arrives, when the genii, demons, elementals, or fairies have the store of naturally impressed pictures in the ether to add to their own. These remain during the abandonment of the place, and when man comes that way again the process is repeated. The pictures of buildings and human activity act telepathically upon the new brains, and the first settlers think they have been independent thinkers in selecting a place to remain. So they build again and again.
