

# The Aquarian Theosophist

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## THE SLEEPING SPHERES — PART II

[Part I appeared in Issue #9 p. 26, along with details about the discovery of this long lost article by Jasper Niemand.]

### — *The Subjective Experience* —

The Messenger had told me that, having thus seen the Devachanic life from outside, as it were, I should also go through the experience. His words had speedy fulfilment.

Before recounting what befell me thereafter, two points must be made clear.

1. The experience I passed through next was my own experience; it was not that of any other as to its details. For the act of dissolution, or separation, called “death”, varies in details with individuals. So do the post-mortem experiences. All die, all pass through. Kama-loka (or the place of desires), all have some Devachanic experience, even though mere materialistic minds sleep it dreamlessly away. But the details of experience are different with each human soul (Manas) that casts off a body. There are as many kinds of death, I may say, as there are souls, and not one unvarying experience for all. And why? Because it is not “death” at all, in fact. If we lived but one mortal life and then died, according to ordinary belief, the act of death might be the same for all. But as the human soul chooses now objective life and now life subjective, making now its own heaven world, choosing now its own earth-place and experience, we can see that, though all pass the portals called Life and Death, the methods

and details must differ with each. At a later period, I came to a knowledge of other and different forms of death and after-death experiences, each typical of a given type of individual, or, to put it more correctly, of soul.

2. The second point is this: My own and first experience, which I am about to recount to you, was, to me, *perfectly real*. I did not, *at the time*, compare it with the previous sight of the sleeping Spheres, nor with anything else. I was plunged in the experience itself. I did not call it “death”. I did not know it as “death”. I lived it. I was that experience itself. I knew it only as a fulness of life hitherto unguessed at, one hitherto absent even from my highest imaginings, my most vivid dream.

Yet remember this. I lost sight of non-essentials only. Never did I forget for an instant the essential fact of the Ego, the fact of identity; I had full knowledge that the subject of this experience was “I myself.” This seems a clumsy way of saying that my consciousness, though purified and uplifted, broadened also, still

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identified, the Perceiver as "I". To put it after another fashion: I knew perfectly well all the time that it was "I myself" undergoing this new and beautiful life. My consciousness, while it perceived the identity of Being, the identity of souls, never passed into the All-Consciousness which is all-in-all and knows no separateness.

This fact alone shows that Devachan is not the highest state. It is the subjective existence of the personal and higher Ego.<sup>1</sup> It is not the impersonal, non-separate condition of that Divine and Higher Self which is a state of the Divine Ego, and not a body or form. This Higher Self is a state of the Sphere, and may occur during the lifetime of the physical body, being entered at will by the white Adept who, by exercise of the purified and universal volition, or will energy, can enter all and any state of consciousness at will. But

<sup>1</sup> *Devachan is the subjective existence of the personal and higher Ego:* The personal Ego is that aspect of manas which manifests as a specific personality and is generally called the "lower manas." It consists of two parts, one of which, the animal part, is subject to Kama, the desire principle, while the other part follows the light of Buddhi, the immortal Monad. After death this spiritual part of the lower manas is assimilated by the higher manas, the incarnating Ego, and goes as "Manas-taijasi" to Devachan. The dissipation of the stored-up energies of Manas-taijasi produces the subjective devachanic life. "It is a law of occult dynamics that a given amount of energy expended on the spiritual or astral plane is productive of far greater results than the same amount expended on the physical objective plane of existence." (S.D. 1-644) And with regard to the long time passed in the devachanic state, note the explanation of T. Subba Row: "Energy exerted on the astral plane produces effects which last for a longer period of time than those produced by an equal amount of energy on the material plane, for the reason that -less friction or opposition is encountered on the astral plane." (The Theos. VI-110). To this may be added the fact, demonstrated by modern science, that on the subtler planes greater amounts of energy are -found associated with matter. It is sufficient to consider the quantities of mass associated with equal amounts of mechanical, chemical and nuclear energies, to realize the likelihood of encountering on still subtler planes larger and larger amounts of energy.

Devachanic existence is quite other than this highest state.

After I had passed back to the ordinary consciousness, then, and then only, was I able to compare the two events illustrated by the two parts of this article. Part I. Is the Seeing. Part II is the Being. Having had both experiences, I was able to complete one by the other, and to observe what point of seeing corresponded to the other point of being. For example, I saw what a change of colour, such as I had seen, meant in the life of Thought through which I passed.

It is a difficult experience to make clear to you, and my best plan will be to tell you first, all that I went through, and afterwards to compare the two experiences of exterior observation, or sight, and interior observation, or being. In this way you will travel along the path taken by myself. If I were to stop at different points of my narrative for purposes of comparison, all the unity of experience would be lost and you will be confused.

Let me premise, therefore, that when this second experience came to me, the friends about me thought that I had in truth died. There were no signs of life visible to the trained medical observation. Rigour of the body set in and continued for hours. All the death signs were apparent. Hence those who loved me went through the experience in another form, the most harrowing form, for, they thought the soul beloved by them had again passed from mortal sight upon the wings of the air; that it might be rejoined, but would not return. So they mourned for me, plunged in anguish while "I myself" was with them in a fulness of life yet unknown. Take comfort, oh you mourners! You alone suffer in your blindness. For the so-called dead there is only exceeding great joy from which no beloved soul is absent, to which no sense of loss is possible.

When this experience first befell me I was lying upon my bed, whither I had been conveyed by reason of sudden heart failure. Great pain, throbs and nervous shocks vibrating deeply through my whole being, had caused me to close my eyes. A voice, well-known and well-beloved, seemed to speak to me from afar, and to pierce through a thick fog in my brain, a fog like an enveloping, down-pressing mist, with which the brain-matter struggled, striving to go through the motions of thinking, motions impeded by that increasing semi-material weight. I could not reply, but the voice spoke again, with an accent so imploring, so urgent, that I made a mighty effort, as It seemed to me.

Lift my heavy swollen tongue I could not; sound would not well up into the throat; not a muscle anywhere would respond to my will. Yet once again that voice besought me, and so great was the anguish it conveyed, that I could not endure the thought of such misery on the part of one I loved. Once again I made a desperate effort; I seemed to myself to writhe convulsively, to struggle with all my body, though I am told that no motion on my part was visible to the bystander; and then, at last, I succeeded in opening my eyes, to see dark earnest eyes, soul-lighted, gazing eagerly into mine. And then I saw no more. A deep breath passed through me and left me, and I fell into Thought.<sup>1</sup> At this moment I appeared to

<sup>1</sup> *I fell into Thought:* "At the last moment, the whole life is reflected in our memory and emerges from all the forgotten nooks and corners, picture after picture, one event after the other. The - dying brain disc lodges memory with a strong supreme impulse, and memory restores faithfully every impression entrusted to it during the period of the brain's activity. . . . No man dies insane or unconscious. . . . The man may often appear dead. Yet from the last pulsation, from and between the last throbbing of his heart and the moment when the last spark of animal heat leaves the body — the *brain thinks* and the *Ego* lives over in those few brief seconds his whole life over again. Speak in whispers, ye, who assist at a death-bed. . . . Especially have you to keep quiet just after Death has laid her clammy hand upon the body. Speak in whispers,

the bystander to draw my last breath and to "die".

It was not the same so far as I was concerned. That look from eyes I knew so well started a deep train of Thought, in which I was soon steeped, immersed. This train began with thinking of the loved comrade's pain. Then I longed to soothe that pain. Upon this wish followed the thought that our philosophy, which we had tried to live, and which had been as a guide to our steps, must soon step in and forbid all grieving, all sorrow. Then, naturally, I thought of the times when these spiritual teachings had already supported us; on this followed remembrances of the time when I had not as yet heard of these teachings. This thought seemed to act like a sudden spring which, when touched, releases a concealed door; the whole of my life sprang out and filed before me in review, through that opened door of the brain.

Days of childhood, careless, unconscious, full of nature pleasures, joy in life and motion and the companionship of all the creatures; the human creatures like myself, and the dear animals who understood the child-life so well, it seemed; the underworld little people seen by childhood's eyes only. Slowly the opening mind grasped more and more of the fullness of Nature, the panorama of the skies swept in, the stately march of sound and colour began. Rich delights held revel in the opening consciousness, only to be

I say, lest you disturb the quiet ripple of thought, and hinder the busy work of the Past casting its reflection upon the Veil of the Future." M.L.-170/1). "The experience of dying men — by drowning and other accidents — brought back, to life, has corroborated our doctrine in almost every case" (M.L.-170). "The events of a long life, to their minutest details, are marshalled in the greatest order in a few seconds in our vision" (M.L.128). Dr. Carl Du Prel enumerates many instances of such "Memory in the Dying" (*Philosophy of Mysticism*, I-92/3, II-42/50), and so does H.P.B. in her article "Memory in the Dying" (*Lucifer*, V, 125-9). [*C.W.* X1, pp. 446-453]

chilled by the cold dawn of self-consciousness.

The child began to feel: itself apart from Nature, apart also from fellow-beings who spoke what it could not ratify. Misunderstood, miscalled, misapplied, was its little life. All that children thought was foolish; Life was other than it appeared to the innocent heart of childhood. Most of what was seen by a child's clear seeing did not exist, was not so understood, nor was it seen by the wise elder people; it was only the folly of naughty children, and, if persisted in, was punishable as a lie. The child must conform to accepted ideas, or suffer punishment. Thus children suffer with the pioneers of Truth.

The young heart and mind were docile; they strove to believe as they were bidden; they succeeded in a measure — and what then? What then? This, to wit — that the mind, developing further, observed that grown people did not act what they believed — or said they believed. It seemed as if to think was one thing, to do was quite another thing.

A grim puzzle came before the child heart. It said, in its puzzle, in its dim recesses: "What shall I do? Shall I think true, or shall I *act* true?" And again: "If I say what I think and do it, I am naughty. But if I do what I am told and say what they teach me, I am good, and I want — oh! How I want to be good. But I don't understand it, and it isn't true to me. And if I even do what they tell me, I must think, and then I am naughty again." So a passionate sense of wrong sprang up in the child's heart, a wrong it could not define or name; just a cry far down in its nature for justice and for light.

But Nature wearies, a child cannot cope with the surging tides about it: To yield is easier for the plastic unmoulded nature; persistence of struggle is not for the child. So, I say, it yields, or, rather, it

sinks back exhausted, and then. Comes the fatal time; the time when the still developing sense-mind perceives the life of sense and pleasure, when these are tasted, understood, enjoyed. And then the lesson of thinking what one does not act upon, of believing things which have nothing to do with our lives — the hateful lesson of not caring about the divorce of Thought and Life, but only for one's mere personal honour, only to speak the truth about, objective events, to care for true speech more than for a true life, a true soul — this parrot lesson was learned, well learned, because it made life easy, it stifled care.

The child became indifferent to living a lie; indifferent to saying prayers it did not understand to a God it could not comprehend and ceased to care for, as a child will cease to care for anything which is not vital, not necessary to its inner nature, and contrary to its ideas of justice — that justice for which children care so much and to which we may nearly always appeal. The eyes of the mind widened; they took in pain, cruelty, wrong; they found that no one cared much, that most people put these things out of mind; that they were done by an all-wise, all-merciful, loving God, as punishment.

But not all were punished. The child came to know of sins rewarded by the world and passed over by that God. It felt. It could not reason. It rebelled. Rebelled at its teachers; rebelled at the books; rebelled at injustice; clamoured to be understood; cried out to understand. Love was all about it, but love could not soothe it. It wanted to know. The key to the riddle was missing. It was told it thought too much; told to go and play. And, child-like, it played, revolving its riddle. Child-like, it kept silence, for a child learns, soonest of all lessons, that silence is the great refuge from scorn, from mockery, from rebuke. Thus the first teaching of hypocrisy comes to the child, and it learns

pretence as the only right of sanctuary left to man.

Still it wondered, still it dreamed. And then, all at once, in a day or a night a change swept over; material existence paraded its brilliant colours, its seductive sweets; the child rushed into the vortex of existence, it forgot, in pleasure, the need to understand. Life arose before it, alluring, exciting, full of strange things. Oh yes! There were death and joy and passion and new scenes and loves and hates, and all the delicate things of sense in sound, colour, taste. In Thought, too, was pleasure, Thought of Art and Poetry, and love of dreams, and ideal hopes, all blended in. One swift, ever-changing phantasmagoria. Sorrows came, and were half sweet after too much rejoicing. Gladness came and rescued from grief. All was new and interesting, all, except here and there a moment, an eyewink, a breath, as it were, a something that blew cold and chill and seemed to wither everything, a moment in which nothing seemed worth while, because nothing lasted.

And then came a new pang when the child, grown much older, discovered in itself a horror at the idea that these things *should last*. It had wearied of all, turning from one to the other. How dreadful the idea that any should last long, and longer still!

So Life surged by in a swift, flashing Thought. Distinct scenes too, of danger, of illness, of loss. There were those awful moments when the heart sees the beloved ones dying, and cannot follow them into the unseen with any certain hope. Those other moments too, equally terrible, when the unworthiness and falseness of things or persons trusted and beloved is discovered. The death of bright ideals befell. And over all, under all, the grim traits of unreality, the sense of the falsity of the whole of Life. The soul sought then some God, "for any God to hear the cry". For something

real to rest upon. In vain, the world it knew was given over to change and unbelief; there was nothing to live and to die by. Slowly one rung after another of Life's ladder was passed, and hunger for something real grew greater, fiercer, more burning, more intolerable, more maddening, until . . . .

Ah! The dawn of the beautiful hour when the soul found *itself*. Yes, there, within the heart, above the mind, there was a something real and true. Some spiritual teaching, it may be, which explained this tangled web of Life. Some truth discovered in sorrow nobly borne for others' sakes. Some truth in duty performed for duty's sake. Some glimpse of Love unfettered 'by self, a love that went out to the world and gave, and gave and gave again. What can it matter? The fact remains that the heart which had yearned for something true and for some high companionship found these. It reached out for an ideal whose very existence was denied by the intellect. The heart prophesied the Beautiful which the mind could not discover. And why could mind not discover that Perfection? For a very simple reason which, simple as it is, has baffled whole races of mankind in turn. Because mind, Janus-faced, looks forward into matter and backward into spirit, and reports duality and not identity. For mind, the experiencer and reporter, deals only with effects. It does not sense the Cause, the Rootless Root. And this is because mind cannot of itself discover the formless, for Mind, the Mind Universal, is itself the first manifested Form. Unto the formed, all things have form; unto, the spiritual, all things are spirit. Now the Heart of Love is spiritual. I speak, *not* of Love as we know it, for that is a reflected, distorted light. I speak of Eros, the One Ray, rather. Its reflection, pure and universal, is to be found in the heart of every human being. And the proper office of mind, the pioneer and discoverer of the objective world, is to

cull experience after experience, and, to offer these up to the heart, until that heart-star shall recall its ancient splendour, until it shall again see that truth and peace are not to be found in a world of reflected effects.

So the heart awoke, struggling with the vain assertions of matter, and all at once saw that itself was at once the runner and the goal, the seer and the thing seen. It came face to face with its Ideal and saw that Ideals are causes, saw that the Ideal is the only Real. Then with infinite pain it arose, and turned back upon the world-path, and closed the eyes of the mind for a space upon the world of matter; it left the material husks and the brutish part of itself and strove to return to the Father. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of Lights, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." The heart reached up to that unchanging Father, the Elder Light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The Mahatma and that Light are not different.

Thus it was that the various scenes of Life passed very rapidly before me. In each I seemed to have a choice,<sup>1</sup> and the choice appeared to be for either spirit or matter,<sup>2</sup> for the formed or for the formless

<sup>1</sup> *In each I seemed to have a choice:* In this "death-bed vision" the Ego views the pictures from its own exalted position. The memory of the kamic organs of the body cannot interfere, because these organs are already dead. "The brain is the last organ that dies" (M.L. 128fn). Hence the Ego will be its own judge during this vision. Admiral Beaufort had the same experience upon having fallen into the water and having lost normal consciousness: ". . . in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a *kind of panoramic review*, and every act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences . . ." (Du Prel, op. cit. I-93). — WBR

<sup>2</sup> *The choice appeared to be for either Matter or Spirit:* Quite right, because in the final instance these are the only alternatives. All our deeds can be classified in either one or the other of these two categories. But their full significance implies much more than is commonly realized.

and unformulated, for evolution or against it, for rigidity and coagulation in a fixed, unprogressive mould, or away from the stationary to the ever-living. For the most part I appeared to understand all the varied experiences of this long, long Thought, But here and there were some I did not understand. I had not fully tasted them. I had, as it were, been forced to quit them too soon.

So soon as this thought came before my mind<sup>3</sup>, my experience divided itself into two parts. One part was made up of the higher impulses, the clear intuitions, the brightest dreams for others' good. In these I felt a quiet certainty that I was upon the only path. The soul could tread uprightly, the only path in which it could find full satisfaction, interior peace. In the other part a voice within seemed to whisper of great deeds to be done, glories to be achieved, knowledge of life to be attained, and through my whole being flashed an impulse towards action. I must be up and doing, I must come into objective contact with everything, I must prove everything, and that proof must be external, tangible, visible to the world. My very soul seemed to battle to and fro between these conditions, these two parts of itself. Now the outer action was everything, and now the interior certainty alone was to be relied upon. My thoughts surged to and fro, like lightning flashes.

All at once I felt I could no longer struggle; I must go forth into Life and taste

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Let the student keep this constantly in mind! — WBR

<sup>3</sup> *So soon as this thought came before my mind:* Here we have the first deviation from a normal post-mortem process. Had J. N. really died she would have lost consciousness at this point. "Every just disembodied *four-fold* entity — whether it died a natural or violent death, from suicide or accident, mentally sane or insane, young or old, good, bad, or indifferent — loses at the instant of death all recollection, it is mentally — annihilated; it sleeps its akasic sleep in the Kama-loka." (M.L.-186/7). — WBR

and feel and do. With this, a flame seemed to sweep over and devour me.<sup>1</sup> Every wish I ever had poured into my mind. Armies of wishes, myriads of desires, pressing upon me, tearing at me. More and more fiercely a bottomless sea of cravings poured in tumult through my brain. One interminable, mad dance of remembrance, scene upon scene, picture after picture. Germs of I knew not what woke up and ran, in uproarious riot, through the brain, until lands and ships; stars and homes; men, women, creatures, and angels; meadows and mountains; flowers, books, gems, food, fruits, garments, music, dreams; haunting eyes; snatching hands; innumerable faces; skies and herbage and growths of every clime; wars and silences; banners and colours; hopes, fears alarms, wealth, disease, poverty, desires, danger, loves, hatreds, deaths, and lives, and all the content of the world of forms pressed in upon the brain in one vivid lightning bolt, distracting, inviting, receding, advancing, and I wanted to do all and to feel all, instantaneously, with a huge, insatiable appetite, a voracious maw for the whole of Sense-Life at a single breath.

I felt a hunger that no experience could satiate; an intolerable need to fill myself full with experience. I desired to lie abroad on all the hills, to live in all the creatures. I burned to be a thousand, a million human beings all at once, and to feel the palpitant, seething whole of life through a million channels; to play every part, to feel, *feel*, FEEL, till every sense was asleep; till every sensuous, atom should fail and yet should know itself unsatisfied while yet one single point of Life remained untasted, unabsorbed. This was the saturnalia of Desire. I was learning that the desire for Form-Life does not cease with gratification. I was in

<sup>1</sup> *A flame seemed to sweep over me:* Now comes a description, a medley of images, a motley crowd typical of a confused state such as one may imagine Kamaloka to be at its best. — WBR

torment in the Kama-loka,<sup>2</sup> and the World-Desire made sport of me.

Yet not for long! Something within me arose<sup>3</sup> and bade the wild procession cease. It was that other part of me which arose, majestic, calm. From the inner place of peace rang out all clarionwise and clear the deep "I AM" of the soul. As flee the miasmatic mists before the sun rays, so fled the troops of Desire before the sun of the soul. The deepest need of my nature manifested itself. It was the need of being, and not the desire of doing. The noblest dreams I had ever had of principles made manifest through duty done, arose, one by

<sup>2</sup> *I was in torment in the Kamaloka:* As J.N. had not really died, no separation between her "shell" (the Kamarupa, or form of Desire) and her Ego had taken place. So it was possible for her to pass consciously through a quasi Kamaloka, and bring its remembrance back upon returning to her body. In Kamaloka dwell the shells, which are soulless entities; the victims of accident and violence; the suicides; the Mararupas, doomed to annihilation in the Eighth Sphere; and the Rakshasas, astral forms of sorcerers (cf. M.L.-107, 198). But not even these are necessarily subject to suffering — only the very wicked and impure suffer there all the tortures of a horrible nightmare, lasting years (cf. M.L.-123, 136). — WBR

<sup>3</sup> *Something within me arose:* Here her kamalokic condition ends and the next few short paragraphs describe her transition to the state of Devachan. Again, due to her exceptional condition, there is a great difference between her transitional state and that "Gestation State" which is normally preparatory to Devachan. This Gestation State lasts very long, yet is proportionate to the Ego's spiritual stamina (cf. M.L. 105). The consciousness . . . "will return slowly and gradually toward the end of the gestation . . . and *fully* to the Ego at the moment of its entrance into the Devachan . . . the Ego does not fall headlong but sinks into it gradually and by easy stages. With the first dawn of that state appears that life (or rather is once more lived over by the Ego) from its first day of consciousness to its last. From the most important down to the most trifling event, all are marshalled before the spiritual eye of the Ego; only, unlike the events of real life, those of them remain only that are chosen by the new *liver* (pardon the word) clinging to certain scenes and actors, these remain permanently — while all the others fade away to disappear for ever, or to return to their creator — the shell . . . Out of the resurrected Past *nothing* remains but what the Ego has felt *spiritually* . . ." (M.L.-187). — WBR

one, gracious and full of peace. I remembered that what I had ever needed and never found, was The Peace. And its doors flew open before me; and It became one with me, became my own soul. For I remembered the Teachers, the Light-bringers. I recalled the Master-Soul, the One. And at this thought a clear, sweet bell smote the air, and from the invisible spaces the Companions gathered round about and looked. Upon the Symbol of the Shadow; the Star of the one Darkness; the mystic emblem of Unity. And I remembered that I was one with Soul and Nature, and not separate, and my soul knelt before the One, the Unity, and adored Truth in silence. And so I entered the Peace. Thus doing, I dreamed, and now I was a sleeping Sphere,<sup>1</sup> calmly resting as a “delicate milky film upon the golden ocean of light”, for I had unknowingly cast aside every body and was a “dweller of the Sphere”, myself that Sphere.

The fret and fever were over; gone the turbulence of desire, the scintillating thoughts. In an infinite leisure I seemed to rest, to repose. Thought was all, was all in all, and my only thought was Peace. So I was Peace, in a state of Being where to think is to be. Then slowly arose and expanded before me the highest and holiest aspirations of my life. First, the loved ones, whom I had yearned to know fully. And one by one I knew their soul-selves completely. All their suppressed hopes and loves stood out before me, crystal clear. They were what they had longed to be and not what life had seemed to make them. Here and there must they have been scattered; some as human beings on earth; some as Spheres in the ether; but to me was no distinction; all dwelt in my heart; each was myself. Dream upon dream bloomed delicately before me; I

<sup>1</sup> *And I was a sleeping Sphere:* Here her Devachan starts, with one of the divisions of Rupa Loka, where forms and personalities are still perceived. — WBR

experienced each one. Of each I took my fill. That is to say, I dwelt long in thought upon every noble ideal and lived each one through to the core. I seemed to assimilate each until I became the very thought itself. I had longed to uplift the downtrodden,<sup>2</sup> and they filed before me, rich in experience, glorious through endurance, helpers of their fellows, saviours of the race. I had desired knowledge, and the stars defiled before me, giving up their secrets for the good of future races of men. I had pined, as the wayfarer in the desert pines for water, for the companionship of the true, the single-hearted, the unswerving companions of the order of Pain. And behold! These were within me and were my very selves, and together in a bond of unbroken sanctity we worked for millions yet unborn. Great Souls aided us. Great Spirits passed through us. Great Thoughts took form within us. We Became. And to us, so becoming, was revealed the great Vision. Man does not know it. Eye hath not seen it. Mind cannot name it. It is. The silver Spheres bowed themselves and trembled; they opened their azure veils and seemed to become one with the Unknowable as they dreamed the mystic Vision of the Grail sainted and holy, the Vision of Humanity redeemed and godlike, the dream of the many becoming The One.

I dare not say more. I cannot if I would. Yet oh! My comrades, know this. The highest realization of the Heaven-World is a dream of the *selfless selves*. We are nothing there. We have vanished. In that life at its best there is only the goal, the attainment of unity for those who suffered separation ; the realization of peace for the whole of all the worlds. No one is near. No one is far. All are; all rest in the whole of nature, one, indivisible, and at peace. It matters not whether any one beloved soul travails upon earth or sleeps

<sup>2</sup> *I had longed to uplift the downtrodden:* She passes now to a higher and less personal realm of Rupa Loka. — WBR



near at hand, a singing Sphere; to the Sphere-dreamer all are himself, at peace with himself.

Do you ask me, brothers, what of those who labour still upon the groaning earth? What of the cruel wrongs that still endure? I admit that we ignore them in that Heaven-World which is to us the realization of all that is ripe and fair. And so, although we have well, earned all that dream of peace, or whatever state of bliss becomes ours in the Dream-Land, still I say that the Heaven-World is still a state of Self. Fair as its outward and inward seeming may be, it is but an assimilation of our highest dreams. It is the highest subjective snare of souls. The Self-Existent is not found within that well-earned state of rest.

While thus these thoughts endured, they gradually came to lose all form<sup>1</sup>. You must remember that now my Consciousness was that of Thought only. In Thought I lived and moved and had my being. And for a time these thoughts were definite, were realizations of previous hopes and ideals. Let me illustrate for the sake of clearness. I had, while in objective earth-life, ties of perhaps unusual strength with a number of people, all of whom were working, in divers manners, towards a high and common ideal. On earth, we often differed, sometimes sharply; and yet the tie and the Ideal prevailed. At first, in the Heaven-World, I felt all my special comrades to be near me; those whom I best knew imparted, by their seeming nearness, a deep sweetness to my, Thought. Presently I became *less* conscious of the identity of these friends with myself, and more conscious of that Ideal which we had shared. Thought of this Ideal expanded, until it grew greater than you can conceive,

<sup>1</sup> These thoughts ... gradually came to lose all form: This happens in the highest division of Rupa Loka, preparatory to the entering of the Arupa, or formless world. — WBR

and this noble Ideal embraced all lands, all ages, all people, and all creatures, born and to be born.

As this beautiful Identity unfolded itself, Thought seemed to turn, with purity and harmony untold, towards every universal conception, in order to realize unity in all. Then all the worlds and beings became friends of my Thought. Then I knew, oh! My brothers, without discord, without separateness. Gone were those shapes of fear which hide us from one another. Gone the cruel masks which Life forces us to wear, the bodies which conceal us, the barriers between soul and soul. I saw you as you are, you, Immortals, Inheritors and Rulers of a Kingdom not made with hands. Even our foes were our sterner selves only. We found Identity in difference, likeness in unlikeness; our souls looked upon one another, and with an ineffable impulse we united in The Ideal.

After this unspeakable moment the terms of consciousness changed. The, universal laws began to be learned<sup>2</sup>. The unattainable knowledge drew near. Thought was expressed in musical numbers; then in sounds full of a meaning never to be expressed to mortal ear; finally in colours, living, mystical, wonderful, every colour expressing a formless, spiritual Idea. And all this was myself, was yourselves, was one enraptured Ego. Yet I never lost the sense of individuality; the dewdrop was still distinct from the shining sea. So too, I knew each soul I loved, and when I came to love all souls and each was as my own Thought to me, still I had a distinct and separate consciousness of each. Yet all were One Thought.

<sup>2</sup> *The universal Laws began to be learned:* The first division of the Arupa Loka is purely mental. Knowledge is the one object in Arupa Loka, starting with the concrete and gradually changing into the abstract. — WBR

Dreaming thus, Truth unfolding itself in flower-like hues, I seemed to sink deeper and yet deeper into a world of pure Ideation<sup>1</sup>, formless, calm, but great with a power I cannot describe. A period of Thought-immersion passed. I do not know how first began that cause which brought my dream-existence to an end. I seemed first to feel vaguely, but with dismay, that all I knew was still the effect of a Cause that still escaped me. Nothing existed in and by, itself. All I knew was the Tree of Life and of Being, of the objective and the subjective. Where was the Root?<sup>2</sup> Where was the fontal well-spring of Being?

So soon as this idea moved into my mental vision I seemed to become something separate from the Thought. Thought and I were rent in twain. Instead of rest in an Ideal. I wanted the Producer of the Ideal. The Self-Existent was wanting. Mind re-awoke and I observed my Thoughts and myself as two distinct entities, or as phases of one Ego. What was wanting to this Thought? Was I so sure that Thought was all? The Cause; the Cause; I clamoured for the Cause. And a profound Echo answered me: "Thou thyself art that Cause." I asked of that interior aerial Voice: "Where shall I find myself?" And the Voice answered: "Not in the Heaven-World. Not in the world of effects and rewards whither desire for results hath brought thee."

<sup>1</sup> *I seemed to sink deeper and yet deeper into a world of pure Ideation:* Now she progresses farther and farther into the Arupa regions. Her power to describe these regions becomes more and more limited. — WBR

<sup>2</sup> *Where was the Root?* This clamour, this desire for that which cannot be found even in the highest of the Arupa regions, again constitutes an essential difference between J. N.'s conditions and that of a real Devachani. No dissatisfaction ever mars the thoughts of the latter and all that now follows is therefore due to her not being really dead, but being still a complete sevenfold entity. This also explains why the peace became hateful to her. — WBR

And then I saw the truth of this, and peace became odious to me. For it was a false peace, a mirage, a deception. In my consciousness dawned a tiny point of differentiation. Thought subdivided. I became, as it were, at war with myself. I wearied of inaction. I wanted to retrace my steps<sup>3</sup>. Soul, the mighty, shook off its sloth, recognized that it was in a "No-Thoroughfare," and girded itself for a return to objective action, hoping in that to find the clue to the final Cause. Then Mind, the critic and divider, again stood forth. Time followed after, coming again into view. The sense of Time had been lost when unity prevailed. Separateness now awoke the consciousness of Time. From some unknown, part of my being burning points seemed to spring out, stinging me to action. Thought of action drove away the uniform peace. Pictures of deeds and men once more streamed by — a long unending blazing river of Life. My mind seemed to leap into action. It re-

<sup>3</sup> I wanted to retrace my steps: This shows that J.N. possessed the element of reflective consciousness which in the devachanee is always lacking: "Although the spiritual energy evolved by an inhabitant of Devachan is a factor in the spiritual development of the race, yet the entity wanting in the element of self-consciousness (as all entities are in Kama-loka and Devachan when left to themselves), cannot be credited with unselfishness any more than the tree can be styled unselfish for affording a shelter to the weary passerby. In each fact of consciousness there are two elements, the mere perception and the reflective consciousness of that perception." (Mohini M. Chatterji, *The Theos.* VI-143) In Devachan there is never a longing to return upon one's steps: "The disincarnate must consecutively mount each rung of the ladder of being upward from the earthly subjective to the absolutely subjective. And when this limited Nirvanic state of Devachan is attained the entity enjoys it and its vivid though spiritual realities until that phase of Karma is satisfied and the physical attraction to the next earth life asserts itself." (*The Theos*, IV-271) The Devachan ends very gradually: "As in actual earth-life, so there is for the Ego in devachan — the first flutter of psychic life, the attainment of prime, the gradual exhaustion of force passing into semi-unconsciousness, gradual oblivion and lethargy, total oblivion and — not death but birth: birth into another personality . . ." (*M.L.*-195) This is quite different from the way J.N. returns from her Devachan.

membered forgotten things, things left undone, experiences untasted. Rest was a weariness, peace was an insipidity to this burning warrior mind. True, a dim and distant part of myself seemed to look upon the restless Thinker in cold estrangement. My soul quivered, hesitated between the two aspects of itself, hung poised, as it were, between sleep and action.

All at once, I knew not from whence, a torrent of sound swept over, the blare of the world stung my unaccustomed sense. From some gulf far away arose the tumult of Living. I realized that I had forgotten Life in dreams. With all the strength of my being I longed to reach Life again, to feel, to work, to act, to be.

A mad shudder swept Thought away. I became conscious of myself as a separate thing. I became conscious of the starry spaces, the Spheres, the Heavenland. Out of the deeps of my being rose a cry, the cry for Life, for action. And the cry was answered. The Heavenworld disappeared. The starry spaces rolled together like a scroll. Down, down, in a red gulf, I saw the red world. Between that world and me rolled a phantasmagoria; the Life to come in all its turbulence passed, as it were, across a screen. I was that screen. I knew it all<sup>1</sup>. Yet was I undeterred, undismayed. The Life-thirst was upon me. I must greedily drink the whole of Life again.

Over the gulf I leaned; I felt myself take form in one unforgettable throe. Discords shrilled through me. Clamour

<sup>1</sup> *I knew it all*: Compare this statement with H.P.B.'s in *The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 162-3: "As the man at the moment of death has a retrospective insight into the life he has led, so, at the moment he is reborn on to earth, the Ego, awaking from the state of Devachan, has a prospective vision of the life which awaits him, and realizes all the causes that have led to it. He realizes them and sees futurity, because it is between Devachan and rebirth that the Ego regains his full manasic consciousness and rebecomes for a short time the god he was, before, in compliance with Karmic law, he first descended into matter . . ." — WBR

pervaded me. Mad forces warred and keen desires jarred me. The grandeur of action thrilled me. I could not pause. I must look again on Life. I must be my own, one separate Self again. A second throb, and I was born into my Sphere<sup>2</sup>, a form in a world whence forms must fall. I gathered myself together. Over the red gulf I leaned. Its exhalations made my consciousness reel. Into that gulf I plunged, for I must live once more. Even as I fell, I felt a fierce keen joy, as of a conscious flame shooting into a sea of flames.

And then? Then a crash. Then, Darkness. Then an end. There was only annihilation until I awoke. Where? In the world of forms. Here, where form conceals the soul. Here, where I have lost my Heaven comrades. Here, where I find so few of you, my brothers! Here, where I put out groping hands and cannot touch you; eyes that are wistful and cannot see you for the tears. The heart calls, and hears no answer. Its call was too weak. Its faith was too small a thing. Where are you, oh my brothers? Let us not longer hide from one another. Let us look upon Life and one another as Souls set within one Universal, Eternal Soul. Then, perhaps, we shall see.

For, as in the Heaven-World<sup>3</sup> the Heaven was our unity, so even here, all about us, a truer Heaven lies. If we will seek for identity and not for difference, we shall find the Heaven of fraternal Thought, and we shall find it, not in the place of dreams, but in this land where we stand, and to which we have come for one another, in order to meet one another, to experience and, know one another. Each is

<sup>2</sup> *I was born into my Sphere*: Her consciousness shifted towards a more concrete center within the Devachanic Sphere. — WBR

<sup>3</sup> *The heavenly World*: Svargaloka, devaloka, devachan, sukhavati are all names for the same post-mortem state. — WBR

here for each and for all. Why do we not remember, our dependence upon one another? Each one of us is, as it were, an embrasure from which a different facet of Life is to be seen. Learning one another, we may learn the whole of Life, we may embrace the whole of Existence. From that whole and from it alone, the secret of the Unmanifested is to be gathered. For know this. Minds may differ; they differ as to formulae. Formulae are the forms of the Mind, the pictures cast upon the Screen of Life by various orders of minds. But hearts do not differ. The heart always ignores the differentiations of formulae, or forms, and relies upon the underlying unity, the identity of aim or of Nature. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." In these feelings of a substratum of identity the highest secrets are locked up. In them is a key to a higher place than the Heaven-World, the Svarga Land. That place is the Land of the Divine Darkness, the Causal Fountain. It is the home of the Self-Existent<sup>1</sup>: It is where Non-Being, or the Ideal, has not yet gone forth into manifested Being.

Need I say more? I think not. You will have seen that the atoms of Desire inherent in the Sphere woke up from their latent, subjective condition and vibrated newly toward another Life, a birth into the manifested worlds again. For the subjective current had died away. The cycle of objectivity had reawakened. Under the play of this new force the Life-atoms felt the breath of their lower fires and tended to the lower world. Desire of objective Life bred objective form, and form bred need of objective action, and by this path I returned from the Heaven world. Yes; I returned, still seeking the Root of Being.

<sup>1</sup> *The home of the Self-Existent*: The Self-Existent, or Svayambhu, is the Universal Spirit. The highest aspect of Svabhavat is its "abode." — WBR

I awoke. I was lying in my bed. The winter wind blew over me. The house I had re-entered, that house I call my body, was stiff and stark. I awoke in the outer skies<sup>2</sup>; I was drawn towards the chill body by a vital cord, as it were. The body was hideous. It was shrunken, emaciated, drawn. I loathed to enter such a dwelling. The sun was rising redly over the empurpled trees of the great wide park. I hesitated. I thought to take the path of the sun. I could not come in contact with that form like a shrivelled monkey. All at once, I saw the Messenger beside me. He touched my forehead. My eyes unclosed. I saw that this hideous parchment body lay across the knees of one who wept bitterly, who, weeping, upheld it to the rays of the rising sun, and called upon the Sun of Life, and called upon the hidden Sun of Souls, and wept bitterly.

"Wilt thou re-enter?" said the Messenger. "I will re-enter," I answered. "For what reason?" asked the Messenger. Fiercely I turned upon him. "To quench one human tear, will I re-enter," cried I. The Messenger bowed his head, "Enter in the name of the Lords of the Law, and mayst thou be blessed in thy pilgrimage towards the hidden Sun", he whispered. He withdrew, and, shuddering, I re-entered that horrid form as one enters the darkness of the mother's womb. A shock, a shudder; and then I felt no more, I knew nothing.

I awoke<sup>3</sup>. I was again conscious of the bodily environment. Like a heavy weight it surrounded me. My dulled ears heard a low sound. The sound grew a little louder. It was a curious sound; commingled gasps and sobs, with a note as of laughter. Someone was weeping for joy. Someone rejoiced to regain me. I

<sup>2</sup> *I awoke in the outer skies*: She awoke in her astral body, the mayavi rupa. — WBR

<sup>3</sup> *I awoke*: Now she has entered her physical body and has returned to ordinary life again. — WBR

looked down upon the comrade weeping with bended head. And I too wept in that cramped house, my body. I wept to feel that my Soul and I were twain. God — the One Life — had joined us together, and man, the human mind, desirous of new experience, had put us asunder.

My comrade wept for joy. I wept, but for sorrow. The comrade was glad to rejoin me. I was sad, for in the Heaven-World we had been wholly one; in the world of forms we must know some separation. Here we were twain. Here we were shut away from one another by bodily environment and differentiation of mind. In the Heaven-World I had leaned upon the twin-soul, I had become one with all souls amidst unnumbered glories; here must I vainly seek the beloved souls beneath the garb of form! Form, which hides us from one another! Mind, whose differences prevent our recognizing one another! How bitter the thought! I had tasted at least a higher form of union in the Heaven-World, and with that memory still freshly upon me, the highest form seemed but dull, gross earth.

So we wept together; one for joy, one for sorrow. He, because he had regained me in the flesh. I, because I lost him in the flesh. Slowly we came to look, each upon the other's grief, and to understand each the other. Repentant, he cried: "I have dragged thee back to earth." Repentant, I moaned to him: "I would have cut thee off from experience and from duty, because I longed to roam the heavenly fields with thee." As each entered upon the feeling of the other, the heart of pity made us one again.

The Messenger stood before us. He spoke thus: "Do you not see that in Compassion and in duty done for duty's sake alone, lies the path to the Self-Existent? All else is Desire of Results and

lands you in the World of Effects<sup>1</sup>. The Sphere blossoms forth into objectivity<sup>2</sup> and indraws into the root of subjectivity<sup>3</sup>, but Permanence is only found when the human heart desires no results, but hungers for the Self-Existent Cause alone".

He vanished. We clung together, and the Truth came home to our minds. In the heart of Compassion only, in duty done for the sake of all, in pure Renunciation of result for self, thus alone can mankind escape the snare of the Heaven-World, the exalted dreams of an exalted Egoism; thus alone can the soul know itself<sup>4</sup>, pure as the first dawn, strong as the Eternal; thus alone

<sup>1</sup> *The world of effects:* Devachan is meant. — WBR

<sup>2</sup> *The Sphere blossoms forth into objectivity:* The Sphere is begotten during conscious and responsible life on earth. Irresponsible entities, like children before their seventh year, and congenital idiots, will have no Devachan, but are almost immediately reborn.

<sup>3</sup> *And indraws into the root of subjectivity:* The Sphere dissipates its energies gradually in Devachan and perishes of exhaustion at the end in the highest Arupa Loka, the root of subjectivity.

<sup>4</sup> *Thus alone can the soul know itself:* "According to Esoteric Doctrine this evolution is not viewed as the extinguishment of individual consciousness but its infinite expansion. The entity is not obliterated, but united with the universal entity, and its consciousness becomes able not merely to recall the scenes of one of its earth-evolved Personalities, but of each of the entire series around the Kalpa, and then those of every other Personality. In short from being finite it becomes infinite consciousness. But this comes only at the end of all the births at the great day of the absolute Resurrection. Yet, as the monad moves on from birth to birth and passes its lower and Devachanic spheres after each fresh earthly existence, the mutual ties created in each birth must weaken and at last grow inert, before it can be reborn. The record of those relationships imperishably endures in the Akasa, and they can always be reviewed when, in any birth, the being evolves his latent spiritual powers to the fourth stage of Dhyana: but their hold upon the being gradually relaxes. This is accomplished in each inter-natal Devachan . . . Were this obliteration of personal ties not a fact, each being would be travelling around the Kalpa entangled in the meshes of his past relationships with his myriad fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, etc., etc., of his numberless births: a jumble, indeed!" (*The Theos. IV-271-2*)

can mankind become the indivisible One Self, thus only can the sleeping Spheres become the universal Sphere, the Ring “Pass-Not” — the Manvantaric Goal, the Root, the Unity.

## KEY TO ABBREVIATED REFERENCES

C.W.	H. P. Blavatsky Collected Writings
Luc.	Lucifer magazine. (Ed. By H.P. Blavatsky 1887-1891)
M.L.	The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett
S.D.	The Secret Doctrine., by H. P. Blavatsky
The Theos.	The Theosophist magazine. (Ed. By H. P. B., 1879 – 85)

POSTSCRIPT: It must be realized by the student that the above covers only a very small fragment of the subject of the postmortem life. J.N.’s narrative covers the experiences of a rather unusual personality, one already acquainted with Theosophy and in possession of certain clairvoyant powers. A more common human being would have quite different experiences, although the general laws governing the devachanic state are, of course, applicable in all cases. Finally, the reader must not forget that deaths by accident, violence or suicide produce their own peculiar effects upon the post-mortem condition. Also the postmortem states of spiritually evil beings, of sorcerers and of soulless entities, are very different from the one described above, and would need a separate discussion. — Willem B. Roos.



## ANALECTS — Solon

Analects—literally, the crumbs that fall to the floor—are literary gleanings, extracts or fragments from classical authors.

Early speculation on an underlying unity focused on changes such as the evaporation and condensation of water and the conversion of solids into smoke by fire. Developments in geometry and astronomy indicated rules that governed terrestrial calculations such as the height of a building or the year of an eclipse. Later, various logical arguments were used as a means of affirming or denying an underlying unity. At the end of the period, the atomic theory provided a means of resolving how change could occur through

recombination of unchanging, everlasting, particles that formed the substrate of the world. But by this time, studies of the art of rhetoric and drama were becoming much more popular than physical theory.

The extracts that follow have been selected for their relevance to human affairs rather than to physical theory. Very often the fragments are from reports of other writers.

## SOLON

Solon (Circa 630-560 BCE). Was a poet and one of a group of philosophers called the Seven Sages. The best-known sayings attributed to them are “Know thyself” and “Nothing too much”. In Athens, Solon founded Athenian democracy and carried out economic and political reforms that mitigated the evils of poverty. He also instituted a humane legal code that replaced the previous Draconian laws.

1. No mortal is blest with happiness; wretched are all human souls on whom the sun looks down.
2. Distribution of Wealth: For many unworthy men are rich, while good men are poor; but we will not barter with them our worth for their wealth, since the one stands ever unshaken, whereas riches pass now into one man’s hands, now into another’s.
3. The Ages of Man: A child in his infancy grows his first set of teeth and loses them within seven years. For so long he counts as only a child.
4. When God has brought to accomplishment the next seven-year period, one shows upon his body the signs of maturing youth.

5. In the third period he is still getting his growth, while on his chin the beard comes, to show he is turning from youth to a man.
6. The fourth seven years are the time when every man reaches his highest point of physical strength where men look for prowess achieved.
7. In the fifth period the time is ripe for a young man to think of marriage and children, a family to be raised.
8. The mind of a man comes to full maturity in the sixth period, but he cannot now do as much, nor does he wish that he could.
9. In the seventh period of seven years and in the eighth also for fourteen years in all, his speech is best in his life. He can still do much in his ninth period, but there is a weakening seen in his ability both to think and to speak.
10. But if he completes ten ages of seven years each, full measure, death, when it comes, can no longer be said to come too soon.

**REPLY OF ABBÉ ROCA TO  
MADAME  
BLAVATSKY'S ALLEGATIONS  
AGAINST**

**CHRISTIAN ESOTERICISM**

[*L. e Lotus*, Paris, Vol. III, June, 1888, pp. 129-150]

[Translation of the original French text comes from *Blavatsky: Collected Works*, Vol. ix, p. 371-398, Boris de Zirkoff, Compiler.]

- I. We mention it with circumspection, but Madame Blavatsky is rather embarrassing and one hardly knows exactly what course to adopt with her. If you imagine that she has treated you roughly — and I am not the only one to state this — it is because

“you have such a sensitive skin.” You are mistaking for smacks the caresses of a hand whose kindness is so Buddhistical that it “would not even strike a dog to stop him from barking.” The lightest puff from her “appears to you as a squall” and what is but a *zephyr* seems a cold blast to you, La Fontaine’s poor little reed that you are.

Well, let us proceed. Such misconceptions may be understood, if need be; but what cannot possibly be conceived is how the same person may be, in the eyes of Madame Blavatsky, at one and the same time “a *fidei defensor*,” a catholic priest, a simple cure, about whom *one* greatly regrets disturbing oneself, and an Abbé who has “thrown his cap of an *orthodox* and *papistical* ecclesiastic to the windmills,” and who, “ignoring the true esotericism of the Brahmans and the Buddhists, of the Pagan and Christian Gnostics, as well as of the authentic Chaldean Kabalah, and knowing nothing of the doctrines of the Theosophists . . . . has fabricated for himself a Christianity of his own, an Esotericism *sui generis*.” She adds: “I confess that I do not understand him.”

I can well believe it! Neither I nor anyone else in the world, dear Madame, will ever comprehend how the same man could be at the same time “a *fidei defensor*,” a poor cure about whom it is not worth being disturbed, and an Abbé deprived of his “*orthodox* and *papistical*. Biretta.” These terms clash among themselves as light clashes with darkness.<sup>1</sup>

I will not say of Madame Blavatsky “that she is talking to the winds and at random,” as she does of me; but it certainly looks uncommonly like it, just the same, and in more than one place. Judge for yourselves: if I but raise my voice a little, then I am taking “a threatening tone” with her. Yet she has kindly acknowledged that I have the meekness, not of a Christian, because the

<sup>1</sup> May it not be that these terms trace their origin to the letters themselves, to the “Notes” of Monsieur Roca? “They appear, perhaps, to be *contradictory* in his “Notes” and under the handling of his pen — a skilled one — and when the reader has neither my replies nor his own letters — regular literary kaleidoscopes — before him. The Editor of *Le Lotus* would do well to publish our correspondence, from the first of Monsieur Roca’s letters to the last, together with my replies. The brochure would be interesting, and the public would be better able to judge which one of us is wrong. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Christians, she says, "are neither humble nor gentle in their polemics," — but of a Buddhist.

She ought then to be satisfied — but not so. She takes it ill that I should speak as a Buddhist. That language in my mouth has no value to her. My homage produces on her the effect "of a greasy pole erected to serve as a support for Christian gewgaws attached to it in profusion, by an apostolic and Roman hand [good! For this occasion I have become the simple priest again], or of a Hindu-Theosophic doll bedecked with Popish amulets" — *Popish*, you understand!

Madame Blavatsky is really difficult to satisfy: "Far from being intoxicated by the heady fumes of my laudations," the latter upset her. "I confess," she says, "with my usual frankness and my *unambiguous* rudeness, — I feel but a re-doubled mistrust." And how black I become in her eyes! Listen to the dilemmas whose four horns she continually throws at me: "Either the Abbé Roca is obstinately determined not to understand me, or he has an ulterior purpose. . . . I believe, I understand . . . he either speaks to the winds and at random, or he wants to corner me, to force me to explain myself, so as to get a categorical answer from me . . . and thus compromise me in the eyes of Christians among whom I should make fresh enemies — and that would be so much gained."

This is what she calls "my little arrangement." Is not this rather scandalous on my part! Wicked Abbé Roca, can there be such cunning in that tricky simpleton? Never mind! The wretch will not succeed in ringing the changes on Madame Blavatsky. "The Editor of the French *Lotus* might be deceived by it, but the Editor of the English *Lucifer* has seen through it." Consuls, sleep peacefully at the feet of the Capitol! There are watchers above, and you will hear their loud calls if the Gauls try to scale it.<sup>1</sup>

Mon Dieu! What have I done to this good lady, to put her into that state? It is true that I am a Catholic priest (although I may have "thrown my biretta over the windmills"). And these priests, you know, she knows them by heart! Had she not "along life passed in studying the above-mentioned priests"? I have once been told that "Christolatry" sometimes inspires so

much horror in certain souls that they become Christophobes and Priestophobes. Let us hope this never will be the case with the Buddhists, whose meekness is unchangeable.<sup>2</sup>

Pray rest assured and do not disturb yourself on my account. There is no reason for so much alarm. The Abbé Roca is not at all what he is supposed to be, and he is even grieved to have caused this anxiety. Believe me, dear Madame, neither "do I speak at random and to the winds," as I hope to prove to you, nor do I seek to do you an ill turn, as you will see later. Your fears are groundless; you are looking for secrets where nothing exists, except perhaps a large share of *naïveté*.

I would willingly tell Madame Blavatsky what this poor Abbé Roca really is, if she had not, however, sized him up better than he himself has been able to do, so far. That lady's first appraisal was the best; she would have done well to have held to it. Yes, she was more correct than I thought, when she called me *an optimist*. I recognize it now; I am more than an optimist, I am a *simplist* who is easily deceived, accustomed as I am to regard everything through the prism of the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ.

II. It has cost me a good deal, even at this moment when Madame Blavatsky has dotted all her "i's" so carefully, to lessen my admiration and esteem for her. No! I cannot, I will not yet believe that she and her Masters are what she so positively affirms.

Just think! I had conceived such delightful hopes at the coming forth of this Hindu Theosophy, at the first accents of these Oriental voices issuing from the sanctuaries of the Himalayas, and which awakened such harmonious echoes in our Christian Churches.<sup>3</sup> I had so longed to

<sup>1</sup> The *geese* [*oies*, in French] saved the Capitol, but the *anointed* [*oints*, in French] lost Rome. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> The Abbé deceives himself again. I am neither "Christophobe," seeing that the impersonal Christos of the Gnosis is identical in my eyes with the divine Spirit of Illumination, nor "priestophobe," because I have the greatest respect for certain priests. Only I suspect Levites in general, the white bands of the Protestant as much as the cassock of the Catholic priest. The *odium theologicum* is known to me personally in all its fury. But, imbued with Buddhist principles, I hate none, not even my enemies. Does one hate the lightning because one puts a lightning conductor on the roof? — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> This is really too much! What? "Oriental voices issuing from the sanctuaries of the Himalayas .... awakened *such harmonious* echoes" in your "Christian Churches," when the priests of those



believe that these new Sowers were those whose footsteps Joseph de Maistre fancied he already heard on the declivities of the neighbouring mountains. I was taking them for the evangelical workers of whom Christ spoke to the disciples: "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." (*Luke*, x, 2; *John*, iv, 35.) I wanted to convince myself that the "Brothers" were the Missionaries announced by the prophets, who, as Malachi assures us, will come to turn the heart of the Fathers (of the Orient) toward the heart of the Children (of the West), and the heart of the Children toward the heart of the Fathers, our glorious ancestors of the earliest ages. (*Mal.*, iv, 5-6, and *Matt.*, xi, 14.)<sup>1</sup>

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Churches denounced them the moment they were heard in America or India — as the VOICE OF SATAN! That is a rose-water sentiment, an optimism contrary to all evidence. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>1</sup> Hindu Theosophy — and the Abbé Roca knows this better than anyone — is declared by his Church as coming from hell. The Catholic bishops of Bombay, of Calcutta and other large Indian cities, were so frightened at the *harmony* of these voices, that from the very first they compelled the *faithful* to stop their ears with cotton. They threatened to excommunicate "whoever approached the *den of the sorcerers* just disembarked from America, of those *ambassadors plenipotentiary of the Enemy of God and of the Great Rebel [sic]*." That was said by the Archbishop of Calcutta, if you please, in 1879. Another worthy and holy man, a missionary apostolic at Simla, dreading quite wrongly a "trade rival" perhaps, in the midst of a sermon announced my arrival in that rural Residence of the Viceroys of India, as that of "the Pythoness of the Great Accursed" (in the style of de Mirville and des Mousseaux). Were all these "good Fathers" deaf then, inasmuch as they did not hear the *harmonious* voices, even though their noses were on the Himalayas? Is it not true then that for twelve years the descendants of your "glorious ancestors of the earliest ages" — and why not add to (Saint) Cyril of bloody memory and to (Saint) Eusebius of mendacious memory, the *Holy* Fathers of the Inquisition, the Torquemadas and Co. — have followed us everywhere, tearing our reputations to pieces because they had no longer the power to mangle our bodies with their instruments of torture? Then all those piles of books and tracts, filled with the blackest calumnies, the most shameless lies, the basest insinuations, emanating from the missionaries, are nothing but a dream? We have them, however, in the Adyar Library. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

So then, am I deceiving myself? Your language distresses me, Madame, and will not charm anyone, anywhere in Europe, except perhaps in Turkey.

Then there would be, if the Buddhists do not deceive or slander themselves, two Theosophies, one Christian and the other Pagan, as I understand there are two mysticisms and even three, according to Gorres; and also two Gnosés or Gnosticisms and two occultisms, the one orthodox and the other heterodox, and again two Kabalahs, one dating from before Esdras, the other since him; and finally, two Magics, one white, the other black.

But then, Madame Blavatsky, instead of presenting me to her readers as denuded of all esotericism, and absolutely ignorant of all Theosophy, ought to have, it seems to me, admitted instantly that my Theosophy and my esotericism have nothing in common with those of her Masters,<sup>2</sup> for the simple reason that mine are Christian. While hers are Pagan.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> The esotericism of our Masters (let us rather say their divine philosophy) is that of the greatest of the PAGANS of antiquity. Elsewhere, the Abbé Roca speaks with contempt of the term. I will reply to that later. In the meantime I ask if there is in the entire universe a man so bold (except the ignorant missionaries) as to speak with contempt of the religion of Socrates, of Plato, of Anaxagoras, or of Epictetus! Assuredly, I should be the first to choose the position of servant to a pagan Plato, or an Epictetus, himself a slave, in preference to the office of highest cardinal to an Alexander or a Caesar Borgia, or even to a Leo XIII. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> That is what I have done in every possible way. One has but to read my two "Notes" to be assured of this. Yes, there are two Theosophies — the one, universal (ours), the other, *sectarian* (yours). Yes, there are two Kabalahs, the one compiled by Shimon ben Yohai in the *Zohar*, in the second century (we say the first), that is the true Kabalah of the Initiates, which is lost and whose original is to be found in the Chaldean *Book of Numbers*; and the other, that which exists in Latin translations in your libraries, the Kabalah denatured by Moses de Leon in the XIIIth century, a pseudograph composed by that Spanish Israelite, *with the aid and under the direct inspiration* of the Syrian and Chaldean Christians, *on the traditions preserved in the Midraschim* and the *remaining fragments of the true Zohar*. And that is why we find therein the Trinity and other Christian dogmas, and why the Rabbis, who have not had the opportunity of preserving among their family possessions some chapters of the authentic Kabalah, do not wish to know anything of that of Moses de Leon (that of Rosenroth and Co.), at which they laugh. See

Well, if she did not begin by doing me such justice at the outset of her refutation, she has carried it out with sufficient good grace at the end, and I thank her for it.

Here is what she says: "While in appearance we are both speaking the same language, our ideas as to the value and meaning of Christian esotericism, of Brahman-Buddhist esotericism, and of that of the Gnostics, are diametrically opposed." (Who knows? I am not yet really convinced of it, and I will tell why later on.) She continues: "He derives his conclusions and his esoteric data from sources which I could not know, since they are of modern invention [not so modern, Madame, as you will see], while I am speaking to him in the language of the ancient Initiates, and offer him the conclusions of archaic esotericism. . . ."

To which I answer that one may admit, if absolutely necessary, the co-existence of the two esotericisms, because error is probably as ancient as truth, at least on our earth; but in no case is it possible to admit the priority of the altered source over the pure one.<sup>1</sup>

Madame Blavatsky, if she were right, would have rendered us a very great service, but to her own Masters the worst possible one, in opening our eyes as she has done to the *paganism* of their doctrines. The term is serious, but it is she who uttered it first (observe this point!), and who compels me to repeat it.<sup>2</sup>

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rather what Munk says on the subject. The mysticism and the Kabalah on which the Abbé and the others rely for data come down to them, then, from Moses de Leon, just as their system of the Sephiroth comes to them from Tholuck (l.c., pp. 24 and 31), their great authority. It was Hâÿ Gaôn (died in 1038) who first developed the Sephirothal system as we have it now, *i.e.*, a system which, like the *Zohar*, and other Kabalistic books, has been filtered in the Middle Ages in the Gnosis already disfigured by Christians of the first centuries. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>1</sup> Precisely. Now, as Christian theology is the youngest, and as even the *Judaism of Esdras* is only 400 years older, it follows that the Aryan source, from which the Arhats of Gautama drank, having priority, must be *the pure source*, while all the others have been altered. It appears, then, that we are perfectly in accord, sometimes. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> I do not deny that. Being neither Christian, Jew nor Musleman, I must necessarily be *pagan*, if the scientific etymology of the term means anything. The Abbé Roca gives the impression of making excuses for using the expression he

If the assertions I am going to reproduce are well founded, it would follow, clearly, that Monsieur de Saint-Yves was absolutely right when he wrote: "There will come a time when new *Judeo-Christian* missionaries [and not *pagan-Buddhist*] will re-establish a perfect communion of science and love with all the other religious centres of the Earth."<sup>3</sup> \*

It will be found that these Judeo-Christian missionaries are necessarily the legitimate heirs of the Egypto-Chaldean sacerdotal caste, for Moses, as everyone knows, was initiated in all the Gnosis of the sanctuaries of Egypt ("*Et eruditus est Mayses omni sapientia Aegyptiorum. . .*" — *Acts*, vii, 22); these latter sanctuaries were derived, in their turn, by an ascending road from that mysterious and primitive Church of the *protogones* "*quorum nomina sunt inscripta in coelis*," according to the solemn teaching of St. Paul (*Heb.*, xii, 23). We easily ascend the rungs of that glorious genealogy in the splendid work of the author of the *Mission*.

Madame Blavatsky may see by this that the sources from which Catholics draw are not of modern invention, as she is pleased to say.<sup>4</sup>

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repeats. One would say that he is trying to persuade the readers that it was only *a lapsus calami*, *a lapsus linguae*, or what not! Nothing of the kind. What is the origin of the word *pagan*? *Paganus* meant, in the first centuries, an inhabitant of the village, a peasant if you like, one who by living too far from the centres of the new proselytism had remained (very fortunately for him, perhaps) in the faith of his fathers. According to the Latin Church, all that is not *perverted* to the sacerdotal theology is *pagan*, idolatrous, and comes from the devil. And what does Roman etymology, whose adoption was imposed upon other peoples by circumstances, matter to us? *I am democratic*, in the true sense of the word. I respect the country folk, the people of the fields and of nature, the honest labourer scorned by the wealthy. And I say loudly that I prefer to be *a pagan* with the peasants than a Roman Catholic with the Princes of the Church, of whom I take very little notice so long as I do not find them in my way. Once again, the Abbé Roca is making a little *fiasco*. *Vide* note 1, preceding page. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> *Mission des Juifs*, p. 178.

<sup>4</sup> Grieved to contradict him again, and, always. In my eyes the sources drawn upon by the Catholics are extremely modern in comparison with the *Vedas* and even with Buddhism. The "solemn teachings" of St. Paul date from the sixth or seventh centuries — when, revised and thoroughly corrected, his *Epistles* were finally admitted into the Canon of the Gospels, after having been exiled therefrom for several

The thesis of the Marquis de Saint-Yves emerges victoriously from. The very assertions of my learned antagonist.<sup>1</sup> I

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centuries — rather than from the year 60. Otherwise why should (Saint) Peter have persecuted his enemy Paul, personifying him under the name of Simon Magus, a name which has become as generic as that of a Torquemada or a Merlin? — H. P. BLAVATSKY

<sup>1</sup> I really fear that the thesis of Monsieur (le Marquis, de) Saint-Yves will emerge from my hands no more victorious than the rosy dreams and the optimism of my honoured correspondent. The sources found therein ascend no higher than the personal visions of the learned author. I have never read the entire work, but it was enough for me to read its first pages and a manuscript-review of one of his fervent admirers, to assure myself that. neither the esoteric data of the sacred literature of the Brâhmanas, nor the exoteric researches of the Sanskritists, nor the fragments from the history of the Âryas of Bharata- varsha, nothing, absolutely nothing known to the greatest pandits of the country, or even to the European Orientalists, supports the "thesis" which the Abbé Roca confronts me with. The book eclipses as a learned fiction the works of Jules Verne, and the Abbé might as well compare my "contradictions" with the works of Edgar Poe, the Jules Verne of American mysticism. The work is entirely devoid of any historical or even traditional basis. The "biography" of Rama therein is as fictional as the idea that the Kali-Yuga is the Golden Age. The author is certainly a man of great talent, but the fantasy of his imagination is more remarkable than his learning. The Hindu Theosophists are ready to pick up the gauntlet if it is thrown to them. Let the Abbé Roca or any other admirer of the *Mission* take the trouble of transcribing all the passages that mention Rama and the other heroes of ancient Aryâvarta. Let them support their statements by *historical* proofs and the names of ancient authors (of which we find no trace in this work). The Hindu and other Theosophists will reply and overturn one by one all the stones of the masonry based on the phonetic etymology of the name of Râma of which the author has made a veritable Tower of Babel. We will give all the historical, theological, philological, and above all, logical proofs. Râma had nothing to do with the Py-Ramides(!), nothing either with Rameses, not even with Brahmâ or the Brâhmanas, in the desired sense; and still less with the "Ab-Ramides" (!!) Why not with Ram-bouillet, in that case, or "le Dimanche des Rameaux"? The *Mission des Juifs* is a very fine romance, an admirable fantasy; but the Râma found therein is no more the Râma of the Hindus than the Whale that swallowed Jonah is the zoological whale that disports itself in the northern and southern seas. I do not at all object to the Christians swallowing whale and Jonah if they have the appetite, but I absolutely refuse to swallow the Râma of the *Mission des Juifs*. The fundamental idea of that work would delight those English people who seek the honour

should lose one illusion; I should confirm myself in my thoroughly Christian. Convictions.

The Hindu Theosophists would then have given their full measure. As to Theosophy itself, it would certainly lose nothing of its universalist character. Madame Blavatsky recognizes that "Theosophy is neither Buddhism, Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, nor any other *ism*: it is the *esoteric synthesis* of all the known religions and philosophies." It is true that in her eyes it is not Christianity either; but I venture to think that she deceives herself on this point. To my way of thinking, true Theosophy is indistinguishable from real Christianity, from the integral, scientific Christianity, such as is conceived by the author of the *Mission*, by enlightened Catholics, orthodox Kabalists, and the Johannites of the traditional school of Joachim of Floris, of John of Parma, of the Franciscans and the Carmelites, to which Renan has dedicated the most learned of his works of criticism, which is certainly not his *Life of Jesus*. (See the dissertation by Renan on *The Eternal Gospel* of Joachim of Floris, published in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, Vol. 64, beginning with the first part of the issue for July 1, 1866, pp. 94-142.)

III. As for myself, I had hoped, in my childish simplicity — have I not said it and repeated it enough in my first articles in *Le Lotus?*—that the "Sages" of the Himalayas would themselves also take part in the erection of that beautiful and glorious Theosophico-Christian. Synthesis. Was it a dream? Should **it** be renounced? Well, **no**, surely not yet, not so soon !

Madame Blavatsky, it is clear, does not give any quarter; she strikes with a quick and lively hand: " I have put an extinguisher," she says, " on the rosy hopes that shone in the flame of his first letter because I could not take seriously the simple compliments of civility addressed to the *pagan* Mahatmans by a Christian and a French Abbé." The term is there, but it is I who underline it, and. For good reason.

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of proving that the British nation descends in direct line from the Ten Tribes of Israel; from those tribes that were *lost before they were born*, for the Jews never had but two tribes, of which one was but a caste, the tribe of Judah, and the other, that of Levi, the priestly caste. The others were only the personified signs of the zodiac. What can Râma have to do with all that? — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Ah! Madame, what you have taken for simple compliments was no trap! It was a sincere expression, if not of a firmly established conviction, at least of an ardent desire and a wish entirely in your favour. Christ could very well get along without the Buddhists, if necessary, but the Buddhists could not do without him, certainly. . . . and you do not intend to do without him either, intelligent as you are.<sup>1</sup> I do not despair of dissipating the misunderstanding. There certainly is one.

I do not regret a single word I have published, in view of the agreement in *Le Lotus* and elsewhere, for if, on the one hand, I receive smart blows and bitter jests in good part, on the other I gain the advantage of having given proof of goodwill, wide tolerance and an entirely Christian — if not Buddhist — brotherliness.

My honoured correspondent flatters herself upon having upset my edifice. She says: "It has crumbled under a slight puff, like a simple house of cards . . . and that was not always my fault." Whose fault was it, then? Surely not mine either, and I should be grieved if I had compelled Madame Blavatsky to undermine that foundation,

<sup>1</sup> I permit myself to reply that Buddha is the elder of Jesus (confused with the Christos) by 600 years. The Buddhists, however, whose religious system was crystallized ever since their last ecclesiastical Council which preceded the first Christian Church Council by several centuries, have been able to do very well without the Christ invented by the latter. They have their Buddha, who is their Christ. Their religion, which transcends in moral sublimity all that had been hitherto invented or preached in this world, is older than Christianity, and all that is fine in the Sermon on the Mount, *i.e.*, all that is found in the Gospels, was already to be found for centuries in the Aphorisms of Gautama the Buddha, in those of Confucius, and in the *Bhagavad-Gita*. What does the Abbé Roca mean when saying that the Buddhists "could not do without him [Christ], certainly," when they have done without him for more than 2,000 years? What is he trying to insinuate by speaking of me in the same way? I have the honour to tell him that there was a time when I believed as he does; there was a time when I was idiot enough to believe what had never been proved to me, but now, believing no more in such things and approaching the sixties, it is not likely that I should be caught by the birdlime of fine sentiments. No, there is no "misunderstanding" at all. If, in spite of all my care in dotting my "i's," he persists in not wishing to understand me, he shows bad faith. May it be that he wants to drag on an impossible polemic because, not being able to answer my arguments by proofs of the same weight, he nevertheless wants to have the last word? In that case I yield to him with pleasure. I have really neither time nor desire to fight windmills. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

because she would have been working against herself and not against me. It is true that she would have destroyed my hopes. It is also true that she would have broken my heart as a Frenchman, a European, and a Priest of Jesus Christ. But by the same blow she would have destroyed herself and, in that event, upon what would she have had to congratulate herself?<sup>2</sup>

IV. Now then. What can this mean? To dispossess Christ of his great conquests? To throw back the civilization inaugurated under his auspices? To overturn his altars in the West? To root out his name from our soil? Beware! Renan, the same Renan that Madame Blavatsky invokes against me, would exclaim: "*To tear away that name from the world today would be to shake it to its foundations!*" (*Life of Jesus*)

Too late ! He is the Master, his spirit has become our universal spirit for ever, his soul has. Passed into our soul. Christ and Christianity are from now on merged into one. The principles of his Holy Gospel, all the ideas of fraternity, of tolerance, of solidarity, of union, of mutuality and so many others which are associated *with the* glorious trilogy of our immortal Revolution,

<sup>2</sup> The Abbé is really too sensitive. I thank him, for his solicitude so very. . . . Christian, for my humble self; but at the risk of "breaking his heart" once more, the truth compels me to say that I do not at all understand his obstinacy, notwithstanding my protestations, in bewailing my luck. Unfortunately for him, I have very little softness in my nature. He will not be the one to instruct me. If he continues his jeremiads to the tune of "My Aunt Aurora" he will edify the readers of *Le Lotus* even less than myself. Let him be calm, and let his afflicted heart be consoled. *Those wishing to destroy me cannot do so.* I am in no danger. Others, stronger than he, have tried to bend me to their ideas, or to break me. But I have the epidermis of a *Tartar*, it seems; neither threats garlanded with the flowers of his rhetoric and powdered with the pale roseate tints of his poetry, nor compliments addressed to "my intelligence," will affect me. I appreciate at its exact value his wish to confound the two esotericisms — the Christian esotericism and that of the old Initiates of submerged Atlantis. That does not prevent me from seeing that his wish is built on the terrain of "Castles in Spain." The two esotericisms have done very well without each other throughout the centuries, and they can live side by side, without running foul of each other too much, for the rest of the *Kali-Yuga*, the black and fatal age, the age of sinister causes and effects, which has not prevented it being represented in France as the Golden Age — one of the errors accepted by the Abbé Roca with that innocent faith so characteristic of him. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

are preparing themselves to triumph with the very principles of modern Civilization, which will carry its benefits to all parts of the world, even to that Orient which does not yet understand it, and. Which would try to stifle it in its cradle in the West. Mercy of God!

Just heaven! What an undertaking! One of my ideas has been called "*baroque*"; *what shall* we call this one, if it really had an origin in any brain at all? Can we not see what is happening? What tremors everywhere! And we are merely at the dawn of the *New Day*. The Sun which is Christ, "*the Solar Christ*," as the Kabalists say, that sun has not yet risen upon us; but the dawn is beautiful, full of radiances, of perfumes, of hopes! And some would wish to stop the ascending march of that orb! How senseless! No, neither the Seine, nor any other river in Europe, will see that which the Nile saw, in the words of Lefranc de Pompignan

The Nile has seen on its banks  
The dark dwellers of the desert  
Insult, with their savage cries  
The Radiant Star of the Universe

for then would happen what that poet sings of in the same stanza:

Feeble crime, weird frenzies!  
While those monsters barbaric  
Fling their insolent shouts,  
The God, pursuing his path,  
Pours torrents of light  
On his obscure blasphemers!

That is not possible. No, no! Christianity will never have to repel such an attempt. That cannot be what Madame Blavatsky wishes to say.<sup>1</sup>

V. However, here are terrible affirmations, or rather bold denials; but they reveal their meaning to my understanding, and I will tell you how.

"I deny in toto," she exclaims, "the Christ invented by the Church, as well as all the doctrines, all the interpretations, and all the dogmas, ancient and modern, concerning that personage. . . . I have the keenest aversion for the *Christolatry* of the

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé is deceived. That was exactly my idea. The "obscure blasphemers" of which he speaks are the Christians of the first centuries, those bands of catechist-brigands, of ragged and filthy robbers, collected from all the sewers of the Roman provinces and posing as the "guard of honour" of their *Holinesses*, the Cyrils of murderous memory, the butchers of the Holy Church — that sanguinary bludgeon for nearly seventeen centuries. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Churches. I hate those dogmas and doctrines which have degraded the ideal Christos by making of it an absurd and grotesque anthropomorphic fetish. . . . Jesus crucified was nothing but an *illusion*, and his story an allegory. . . . For me Jesus Christ, *i.e.*, the Man-God of the Christians, copied from the Avatâras of every country, from the Hindu Krishna as well as the Egyptian Horus, was never a *historical* person. He is a deified personification of the glorified type of the great Hierophants of the Temples, and his story as told in the New Testament is an allegory."<sup>2</sup>

These denials are doubtless serious, and it is evident that in these terms and on this ground, no understanding would be possible, no agreement could be hoped for between Christians and Buddhists.<sup>3</sup>

But one can, happily, turn the question, present it under another aspect, and solve it favourably. We are going to try. One word alone embarrasses me more than all the former ones; it is the one I have underlined above, in the passage from Madame Blavatsky, who has called herself and the Mahatmans PAGANS. But have we to take that strange expression seriously? I do not think so. There must be something equivocal in it, a *quid pro quo*.

I have an idea that nothing in the world is less pagan than the conceptions of the "Brothers" and their adepts.<sup>4</sup> My noble partner will tell me if I am deceived, after having done me the honour of listening very attentively. I beg her to reflect well on the matter, and above all not to imagine there is a trap hidden under my words. My speech is frank, limpid as a rock-crystal.

<sup>2</sup> Exactly, the Abbé has a remarkable memory. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> The Abbé is right. No agreement is possible between the dogmatic Christolatry of the Churches, his anthropomorphic god, and the Oriental Esotericists. *True* Christianity died with the Gnosis. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>4</sup> I will explain myself for the last time. The "Brothers" and "Adepts," being neither Christians, Jews, nor Mussulmans, are necessarily, like myself, pagans, Gentiles to all Christians; just as the latter, and above all Roman Catholics, are pure *idolaters* to the "Brothers." Is that clear enough? The Christ of the Abbé Roca said: "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not" (*Matt.*, x, 5). I am astonished to find an Abbé making so little of the order of his Master! — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Let us see, my dear Madame, if you have a clear understanding of the meaning covered by the word *pagan* in the European mind and according to all our lexicons? (See among others, Quicherat, which I have just *consulted again*.) The pagans, in Latin *pagani*, from *pagus*, a village or hamlet, were the *pago-dedite*, the villagers, the country-folk, the ignorant idolaters who took the sacred signs, the religious symbols, for divine realities. How can one imagine that the Mahatmans and Madame Blavatsky are that kind of people? I am convinced to the contrary.<sup>1</sup>

It is evidently not what this learned woman intended to declare, no more than she meant to make herself out to be anti-Christian when she so maltreated that Christ, the Man-God, whom she does not see demonstrating clearly and plainly his historical existence, by the experimental proof the philosopher employed when he proved motion by walking in front of the negators. Christ lives with us otherwise than as a vain abstraction, for he is about to upset our world and reverse its two poles, setting up on high that which was below, and bringing down that which was on high, just as he declared. Have we indeed eyes and see not?

I know what Madame Blavatsky will say to this. . . We are coming to that. Meanwhile, I will face her with her own words, on this occasion quite suitable and correct: "I have," she says, "the most profound respect for the transcendental idea of the universal *Christos* (or Christ) who lives in the soul of the Bushman and the savage Zulu, as well as in that of the Abbé Roca." However, you are going to see that we shall close by finding the crux of

<sup>1</sup> Grieved, of course, as ever, to dissipate your sweet illusion, dear Monsieur. I needed that lesson in etymology, and I thank the Abbé Roca for it. I fancy, however — though I am not so indiscreet as to ask his age — that I knew all that he has just taught me before Madame his mother had put his legs into his first pair of pants. The *pagan* or pagans may have been *ignoramus* in the eyes of those more ignorant than themselves — those who accepted for coined money the ass of Balaam, the whale of Jonah, and the snake that walked on its tail — but they were not more *ignorant* for all that. As the most serious books speak of Plato, Homer, Pythagoras, Virgil, etc., etc., under the name of "*pagan* philosophers and poets," the *Adepts* are found in good company. The little lesson is as useless as it is far-fetched. I am a *pagan* to the Christians, and I am proud of it. I have said it elsewhere: I far prefer to be a pagan with Plato and Pythagoras, than a Christian with the Popes. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

the difficulty, and by scientifically resolving it, perhaps even by finding ourselves in perfect agreement. "So much the better, so much the better," I will repeat after her.

The difficulty she experiences in admitting a *carnalized* Christ, as she states, will not remain for ever, I hope. Her eyes are made to see clearly.<sup>2</sup>

Undoubtedly a "personal adjective cannot be applied to an ideal principle" while it remains in the state of an abstract Ideal: but is the *Χριστός*, or Universal Christ, *living in our souls, a mere idea*, in her estimation, an absolutely impersonal Principle? I am well aware that she has said *yes*, but she has also said that the Mahatmans are pagans. There are confusions in this which will have to be dissipated.

VI. Christ, according to the orthodox Gnosis, is this: he is the *Son* engendered from all eternity in the adorable arcane of the *internal Processions of the divine Essence*; he is the living Word, consubstantial with the Father, of whom St. John speaks; he is the *Lumen de Lumine* of the Nicene symbol, chanted in Christian Churches of all rites and every sect (excepting the *Filioque* of the Orthodox Greco-Russian Church).<sup>3</sup> That same Word was conceived before all the centuries and outside the essentially divine Circle, by Ochmah, or the emanated feminine Principle,<sup>4</sup> or again living

<sup>2</sup> Let us hope so. And it is exactly because my eyes saw clearly, perhaps before my esteemed correspondent was born, that I have no desire to fall back into the Egyptian darkness of ecclesiastical dogmas. I will never accept the inventions of Irenaeus, of Eusebius, of Jerome, or of Augustine. The "orthodox gnosis" is blasphemous in my eyes, a hideous nightmare which transforms the Divine Spirit into a cadaver of putrefied flesh, and clothes it in cheap human finery. I only recognize the Gnosis of Marcion, Valentinus and such others. A day will come when Oriental Esotericism will render the same service to Christian Europe as Apollonius of Tyana rendered at Corinth to his disciple Menippus. The golden wand will be stretched out towards the Church of Rome, and the ghoulish which has vampirized the civilized peoples since Constantine will resume its spectral, demoniacal form of incubus and succubus. So may it be! *Om mani padme hum!* — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

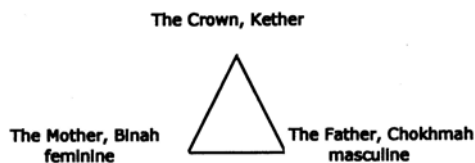
<sup>3</sup> Yet, the *Filioque* of the Orthodox Greco-Russian Church is that which is nearest to the Esotericism of the Orient — H. P. BLAVATSKY

<sup>4</sup> If by "Ochmah" the Abbé means *Chokhmah-Wisdom* (sometimes phonetically written Hochmah), he is seriously deceived again.

Wisdom, immaculate and fecundated by EnSoph<sup>1</sup> who is the masculine Principle, issued from God, and called the Holy Ghost (perhaps the Âkâsa<sup>2</sup> of the Hindus).<sup>3</sup>

Now then, we Catholic priests, teach that this same Son, this same Word, was made flesh: *Verbum caro factum est* (John, i, 14 — Nicene Creed). Here it is in a few

Hochmah is not "the feminine Principle" but the masculine, since it is the "Father," *Yah*, while *Binah*, Intelligence or Jehovah, is the feminine Principle, "the mother." Here is the superior triangle of the 10 Sephiroth:




Kether is the highest point (*Eheieh*, Being). The microprosopus, the Son, emanates from the two Sephiroth, Chokhmah (or rather *Chokhma*, because the letter H was added by the Christian Kabalists) and Binah, the two lower points of the triangle. But where has the Abbé studied the Kabalah? — H. P. BLAVATSKY.



<sup>1</sup> En-Soph was never "the masculine Principle" any more than Parabrahm. En-Soph is the Incomprehensible, the Absolute, and has no sex. The first lesson in the *Zohar* teaches us that En-Soph (the Non-Being, for it is Absolute Being *per se*) cannot create. And not being able to create the Universe (which is only a reflection of En-Soph on the objective plane), it can still less *engender*. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> Âkâsa is not the Holy Ghost, because then Âkâsa would be Shekhinah, while Âkâsa is the noumenon of the Cosmic Septenary whose soul is Ether. *Shekhinah* is a feminine principle just as the Holy Ghost was with the early Christians and the Gnostics. Jesus said in the *Gospel of the Hebrews*: "And forthwith my mother the Holy Ghost took me and carried me by one of the hairs of my head to the great mountain called Tabor." [Origen, *Comm. in Evang. Joannis*, tom. II, p. 64.] Well indeed, if that is what you "Catholic priests" teach your flocks, I can hardly congratulate you on it and I am sorry for them. It seems, after all, that the Abbé is right in saying that his Christ has "reversed its two poles, raising that which was below, and putting down that which was on high" (*vide supra*). The entire Kabalah with the Sephiroth has had its share of it, and the brains of the Kabalists also. — H. P. BLAVATSKY

<sup>3</sup> Madame Blavatsky knows as well as anyone the

esoteric value of that sacred hierogram:  which, when separated *ab intra*, gives I and O, which form by their conjunction *ad extra* the number 10, the symbolic figure of the whole Creation.

words: This only Son, this Word conceived from all eternity by the Father-Mother who

is God  then begotten by En-Soph, I, in the bosom of Ochmah, , has come to our Earth, *to the south pole of Creation*, to take a body and a soul like ours, but not a Spirit, mark well, not a human personality. There are not two persons in the Man-God, there is only the Person of the eternal Son, of the *Principle* as he calls himself (*John*, viii, 25); but there are two natures, the *assuming* nature which is wholly divine, and the *assumed* nature which is yours, Madame, which is mine, as it is that of the Bushman and the Zulu savage, as it is that of the greatest rascal to be found on earth.

Man had nothing to do with that *generic conception*; that mystery — was accomplished within a Virgin, and could be accomplished only therein. Because that Virgin was none other than Ochmah, the feminine Principle herself, the Spouse of En-Soph, the immaculate Wisdom clothed with a body,<sup>4</sup> as a preliminary to causing the same Word she had already conceived by the Holy Ghost at the north pole of Creation, to pass into *human Nature*:<sup>5</sup> and she came, under the name of Mary, to conceive again at the south pole in order to place it within reach of the fallen.

I foresee what she will reply; in fact it is already in her article. She will say: the Incarnation of Divinity in Humanity is "the Apotheosis of the Mysteries of Initiation. The Word made flesh is the heritage of the human race, etc." Nothing is more true; that language is absolutely Catholic. It is also true, as she adds: "*The vos Dii estis*

<sup>4</sup> No initiate is ignorant of the fact that spirits clothe themselves to descend and divest themselves to re-ascend.

<sup>5</sup> I have already had the honour of telling the Abbé Roca that his "Ochmah" (Chokhmah then, if you please) was a masculine principle, the "Father." Does he want to make of the Virgin Mary the bearded Macroprosopus? Let him open the *Zohar* and learn therein the hierarchy of the Sephiroth, before saying and *writing* things which are . . . impossible. Here is what the *Zohar* of Rosenroth says, as translated by Ginsburg: *Chokhmah* or "Wisdom" (חכמה), the active and masculine power (or principle), represented in the circle of divine names by *Jah* (יה). See *Isaiah*, xxvi, 4. — "Put your trust in Jah, יה," etc. Whether Jah be translated as "Eternal," in the French Bible of Ostervald, or even as "Lord God," in the English version, he is always *God*, the Father, and not the mother-goddess, Mary. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

applies to every man born of woman.” Here is the way we explain it in the light of the *Zohar*:

Astral Humanity, or the original and universal Adam-Eve, formed, before the Fall, an integral and homogeneous body of which the divine Christ was the Spirit, if not the soul. The soul of it was rather Ochmah, or the immaculate Wisdom. The Fall took place — I will not determine either the cause or the nature of it now, so as not to have two controversies at once. That fact, well known to Madame Blavatsky, but explained differently by her, brought about the dislocation of that great body — if one can call by that name the biological Constitutions of the spiritual or north pole. My antagonist would express it otherwise; she would say that Humanity passed from a state of Homogeneity or the Heavenly, to a state of Heterogeneity in which it finds itself on earth. Be it so. I am quite willing here to ignore the idea of sin which is implied in our dogma. In any case she was compelled to touch upon the question, very embarrassing for her, of the origin of evil; she has extricated herself as well as she could, but not brilliantly.<sup>1</sup> The Kabbalah explains it far better, and *The Eternal Gospel* printed in London in 1857 (Trubner and Co., 60 Paternoster Row) throws a vivid light upon that mystery. It is of little consequence to the main point of our discussion.

What is certain is that evil desolates the earth and that we all suffer from it. The Buddhists are condemned by their system to ascribe to God a singular paternity with that *vos Dii estis* interpreted in their fashion. Not only the Bushmen and the Zulu savages but even the Cartouche, the Mandrin and the Troppmann<sup>2</sup> can use the name and think themselves warranted to bear the title of

<sup>1</sup> It is not for me to say whether I have extricated myself brilliantly or not. I always know, at least, what I am talking about, and the actual value as well as meaning of the words and the names I use, which is not always the case with the Abbé Roca. I regret to say it, but before giving lessons to others, it would perhaps be well for him to study the elementary Kabbalah. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> [The reference is here to three famous French criminals, namely: Louis Dominique Cartouche, a thief (b. ca. 1693; executed Nov. 28, 1721), Louis Mandrin, a bandit and highwayman (b. 1724; exec. May 26, 1755), and Jean Baptiste Troppman, an assassin (b. 1849; exec. at Paris, Jan. 19, 1870.) — B. de Z.]

*Sons of God*. A pretty family, forsooth.<sup>3</sup> The Christian teaching, without defrauding those poor creatures of their paternal heritage, takes at least the precaution of imposing on them a fitting behaviour. It offers them the means, as rational as it is just and easy, to reinstate themselves into the primordial conditions of their original sanctity: You are fallen, degraded; it is easy to recover. Cling once more to that Christ from whom you have cut yourselves off. You do not have to lift yourselves to heaven to reach him: he has come down to earth within reach of you. He is within your own nature, in your own flesh. Every cell, every monad, dropped from his celestial body into the lower regions, is re-associated with him through affiliation with the Church which, according to St. Paul (*Eph.*, i, 23), is the true social body of the Christ-Man — the organized body in which is hidden the Christ-Spirit, as the butterfly is hidden in the chrysalis. And there is the entire mystery of the Incarnation! Where is the absurdity?<sup>4</sup>

In what respect does this Dogma shock the reason? In what respect does it repel those who recognize the Christ-Principle, or the Universal Christ? Now, if one denied the existence of that Christ, then indeed it would be impossible to understand each other.

VII. It is exactly this that I would like to learn from my worthy correspondent before

<sup>3</sup> A “family” no worse than that of David, *assassin* and *adulterer*, from whom Jesus is made to descend; or even than that which presented itself before the Eternal, as the *Book of Job* tells us: “Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them” (*Job*, i, 6; ii, 1), *Satan, the handsomest of the Sons of God*. If Satan, just like you, me, or Troppmann, was not the son of God, or rather of the Essence of the *absolute* divine Principle, would your God be *Absolute* and *Infinite*? We ought not to forget, even in argument, to be logical. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>4</sup> I notice that the Abbé Roca is arraying himself again in the *Buddhist*, Vedantin, Esoteric, and Theosophical tenets, only substituting the name “Christ” for those of Parabrahman and Adi-Buddha. In England they would say he amuses himself by carrying coals to Newcastle. I am not opposed to the doctrine, for it is our own, but rather to the limitation set by the Christians. Let them, then, at once take out a patent of invention for that .which has been recognized and taught under other names in an age when even the molecules of the Christians had not yet floated in space. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.



pursuing the controversy any farther.<sup>1</sup> The question is not exactly that to which Madame Blavatsky has already replied by saying : "a divine Christ (or. Christos) never existed *under a human form* outside the imagination of blasphemers who have carnalized *a universal and entirely impersonal principle* . . . he who would say '*Ego sum veritas*' is yet to be born." It is actually another question, a more basic one, namely: *Does the Christos exist, whether in heaven or earth, or under any form, divine or human?*

I have the honour of warning Madame Blavatsky that even. If her visual and conceptual apparatus does not allow her to understand or admit that the Christ-Principle could become the Bodily-Christ or the Man-God, I should consider her still a Christian,<sup>2\*</sup> and for-this reason:

In our Holy Gospel, which she almost considers, with Strauss, as the Masonic Ritual of the most commonplace human understanding, in the mouth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom she takes for an idealization of terrestrial humanity, the blessed words that I interpret in her favour are found, and I am happy to apply them to her with justice — I believe so, at least. Listen to the divine utterance:

"And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man [the Man-God], it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost [the Christ-Spirit], it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world [the present era, which is closing], neither in the world to come [the era which is opening in our day]."<sup>3</sup> It is indeed remarkable that these words were repeated by the Four Evangelists.<sup>4</sup> The reason is that they are of capital importance. The version according to St. Mark is the most liberal of all. It declares that were the things said

against the Son of Man *blasphemies*, these blasphemies would be forgiven, if they were not addressed to the Holy Ghost (*loc. Cit.*).

Nothing authorizes me, however, to say that Madame Blavatsky has blasphemed against the Holy Ghost: I should rather declare the contrary.<sup>5</sup> Therefore, it is not I who would *say rata* to her — never, never!

She can convince herself by the very words of our Saviour, that Christ is not that "jealous and cruel idol which damns for eternity those who decline to bow down before it," since even that insult will find grace and forgiveness before the infinite mercy of the heart of the God-Man.

What I fear for Madame Blavatsky, is that the discussions she has had with Christian priests, and which must have been extremely lively on both sides, since she says she paid "for having known the said priests," may have greatly contributed to falsify her ideas about Jesus Christ. We must admit that many among us, ministers of his meek and lowly Gospel, hardly shine in our age with a profound understanding of the Arcanes of Christ, and that our tolerance has not always been — indeed far from it — in conformity with that of his heart. It is certain, for example, that the terrible Christ of the Inquisition, our own work, was not at all designed to render the true Christ agreeable or to recommend him, the Christ

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé will have to "go" it alone then. I withdraw and absolutely refuse to prolong the controversy. Let him first learn the A.B.C. of Esotericism and the Kabalah, and after that we shall see. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> Everyone has the right to think what they will of me; but an illusion will never be a reality. I have as much right to hold that the Pope is a Buddhist, but I will take pretty good care not to do so; a Buddhist is not he who merely wishes to be one. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> *Matt.*, xii, 32; *Mark*, iii 28-29; *Luke*, xii, 10; *I John*, v. 16.

<sup>4</sup> All the more remarkable in view of their contradicting each other in everything else. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>5</sup> "First catch your hare, then cook him." To accuse a person "of blasphemy" you must first prove that such a *person believed* the thing against which he blasphemes. Now, as I do not believe *in the revelation* of the contents of the two Testaments and as, for me, the Mosaic and Apostolic "Scriptures" are not more *Holy* than a novel of Zola's, and as the *Vedas* and the *Tripitakas* have far more value in my sight, I do not see how I could be accused of "blasphemy" against the Holy Ghost. *It is you who blaspheme* in calling it "a male principle" and the lining of a feminine principle. *Raca* are those who accept the divagations of the "Fathers of the Church" to the "Councils" as the direct inspiration of that Holy Ghost. History shows us those famous Fathers killing each other at their assemblies, fighting and quarrelling among themselves like street porters, intriguing and covering with opprobrium the name of Humanity. The *Pagans* blushed to see it. Every new convert who had permitted himself to be entrapped, but who had retained his dignity and a grain of good sense, returned, like the Emperor Julian, to his old gods. Let us leave these sentimentalities, then, which affect me very little. I know my history too well, and rather better than you know your *Zohar*, Monsieur l'Abbé. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

of the Sermon on the Mount and of the vision of Tabor.<sup>1</sup> It is equally certain that our own Christ, the one of the priests, is held in abomination, alas, by many people. He whose example we have sorely neglected to follow, while he had told us: "*Exemplum enim dedi vobis, ut quemadmodum ego foci vobis, ita et aos faciatis*" (John, xiii, 15)

VIII. I close, for this occasion at least, by bringing to light the religious homage Madame Blavatsky renders, perhaps unwittingly, to our Holy Gospel: "The New Testament," she says, "certainly contains profound esoteric truths, but it is an allegory." The word. *Allegory* will be replaced someday, in the vocabulary of this exegete, by *typal work*. In all questions, types have the peculiarity, according to Plato, of being at the same time an allegory and the exact expression of a historical reality. Then she will realize for herself that wondrous thing she mentioned in a note: "Every act of the Jesus of the New Testament, every word attributed to him, every event related of him during the three years of the mission he has been made to fulfil, rests on the programme of the Cycle of Initiation, a cycle itself founded on the Precession of the Equinoxes and the Signs of the Zodiac."<sup>2</sup>

Yes, indeed, I really believe it! How could it be otherwise? All this not only rests on the programme but fulfils it and must fulfil it. Christian esotericists

<sup>1</sup> Still another mistake. There are good and bad priests in Buddhism, just as there are among the Christians. I detest the sacerdotal *caste*, and always distrust it, but I have absolutely nothing against the single individuals — who compose it. It is the *whole system* for which I have a horror, just as every honest man has, who is not a hypocrite or a blind fanatic. The majority are prudent and keep silent; as for me, having the courage of my opinions, I speak and declare exactly what I think. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>2</sup> I render no homage at all to your "Holy Gospel"; undeceive yourself! That to which I render homage has ceased to be visible to your Church or to yourself. Having become, from the early centuries, the whited sepulchre spoken of in the Gospels, that Church takes the mask for the reality, and its personal interpretations for the voice of the Holy Ghost. As for yourself, Monsieur l'Abbé, you who so vaguely sense the personage hidden under the mask, you will never recognize him because your efforts lead in the opposite direction. You are trying to *mold the features of the concealed unknown upon those of the mask*, instead of boldly tearing off the latter. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

disclose the reason of that harmony;<sup>3</sup> Ill t they know and teach that Jesus Christ is the historical realization of all the virtues and all the spirit of prophecy that had illumined the world before his coming, which had illumined the Seers of 'every sanctuary and which was diffused in Nature herself, speaking through the voice of the Oracles, and the agency of Pythonesses, Sibyls, Druidesses, etc. Listen to St. Paul's words on this subject: "*Multifariam multisque modis olim dues loquens patribus in Prophetis: novissime diebus istis lacutus est nobis in Filio, quem constituit heredem universorum, per quem fecit et saecula*" (Hebr., I, 1-2). The entire admirable chapter should be quoted, and read in the light of the *Zohar*.<sup>4</sup>

We know, moreover, that Jesus Christ was the subject of anticipations, previsions, longings and expectations of all the generations before him, not only in Israel, as Jeremiah says (xiv, 14, 17), but throughout the whole world, among all peoples without exception, as Moses said: "*Et ipse erit expectation gentium*" (Gen., xlix, 10).<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Till now I have only found *cacophony* in the opinions of Christian Esotericists, cacophony and confusion. For proof see your *Ochmah*. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>4</sup> Yes, indeed! Is that "the light of the *Zohar*" which emanates from the lamp of your own Esotericism? That light is rather uncertain, I fear; a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. We have just had proof of it. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>5</sup> A pretty proof, this one! A Jeremiah who said: "The prophets prophesy lies in my name: I sent them not, neither have I commanded them, neither spake unto them: they prophesy unto you a false vision and divination, and a thing of nought, and the deceit of their heart" (*Jer.*, xiv, 14). Now, as the prophets of the Gentiles have never prophesied Jehovah to the people, to whom was the prophesy directly addressed — *if it be one* — if not to your "glorious ancestors, the Fathers of the Church"? Your quotation is not a happy one, Monsieur l'Abbé. Verse 17 speaks of the *nation of Israel*, in saying "the virgin daughter of my people," and not of the Virgin *Mary*. The Hebrew text should be read, if you please, not quotations from the Latin translation disfigured by Jerome and others. It is the Messiah of the Jews, who has never been recognized as Jesus, that was the "subject of anticipations, and previsions," by the people of Israel, and it is the *Kalki-Avatâra*, Vishnu, the Primordial Buddha, etc., who is expected "with longing" throughout the entire Orient, and by the multitudes in India. Against the *Vulgate*, which you quote, I would oppose fifty texts which demolish the edifice built with so much cunning by your "illustrious ancestors." But, really, let us

How would Christ have responded to that universal expectation, how would he have fulfilled the Programme of the ancient Cycle of Initiation, if one text alone, if one point only of the ideal conception had been violated by an *iota* or an *apex*? That is why he said: "... *iota unum, aut unus apex non praeteribit a lege, donec omnia fiant*" (Matt., v, 18).

Certainly, I agree that the Cycle of Initiation, which Madame Blavatsky knows so well, had a foreknowledge of other things than those which have been realized up to the present under the influence of Christ.<sup>1</sup> Yes indeed, but the career of the Redeemer of the world is not yet over; his mission is not finished; it has hardly begun. . . . We are only at the very beginning, in the preparatory stage, of the Holy Gospel. Our theology is quite primitive and our civilization merely outlined and still extremely crude. Let the *Christ-Spirit-Love*, the promised Paraclete, come! He is in the clouds, he approaches, he descends through the thick fog of our understanding and the icy indifference of our hearts. He returns, exactly as he said, and in the vesture he foretold in his language of parables.<sup>2</sup> How many are the souls who already feel, with Tolsti, the gentle breezes of a new springtime! And how many others who, with Lady Caithness, see the dawning of the radiant Aurora of the new era!

The Second Coming is taking place exactly as Jesus has predicted it.

I will stop here. If Madame Blavatsky really wishes it, we will resume, and perhaps I shall, happily enough, be able to furnish her the scientific proofs loudly demanded of me by that fine soul athirst with a holy desire for divine truth, and which, without knowing it, adores the Christ.<sup>3</sup>

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have pity on the readers of *Le Lotus*. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>1</sup> That is excellent, indeed. The confession comes a little late, but, better late than never. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

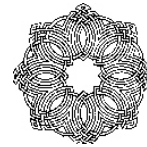
<sup>2</sup> When the "language of the parables" shall be correctly understood, and when all that belongs to Caesar — *pagan* — in the Gospels shall be rendered unto Caesar (to Buddhism, Brahmanism, Lamaism and other "isms"), we may resume this discussion. Awaiting that happy day — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>3</sup> I willingly pardon the Abbé Roca his little *lapsus linguae*, on condition that he studies his Kabalah more seriously. My "fine soul" demands nothing at all from my too petulant correspondent; and if

Dear Madame, let us mutually forgive one another our little vivacities. What would you? Though the Sermon of Perfections and Beatitudes may have been preached to us — to you on the Mount of Gaya nearly three thousand years ago, to me on the Mount of Galilee less than two thousand years ago — nevertheless, it is to fallen Humanity—that our inborn weaknesses are due: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*.<sup>4</sup>

ABBÉ ROCA,  
Honorary Canon.

FINIS



### Quotable Quotes from HPB

Theosophists see in the priest of any religion a useless if not a pernicious being. They preach against every dogmatic and infallible religion and recognize no other deity, which dispenses suffering and recompense, than *Karma*, an arbiter created by their own actions. The only God which they worship is TRUTH; the only devil which they recognize and which they fight against with unabated fury is the Satan of egotism and human passions.

"Misconceptions"

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that soul "loudly" demands anything at all, it is that her convictions should not be distorted and that she should be left alone. I will spare the Abbé Roca his "scientific proofs." Science cannot exist for me outside of truth. Since I impose my beliefs on no one, let him keep his — even that the Eternal Father (*Chochma*) is his feminine principle. I can assure him, upon my word of honour, that nothing he would say of Buddha, of the "Brothers," and of the Esotericism of the Orient would *break my heart*; it would hardly make me laugh.

And now that I have answered all his points and fought all his phantoms, I ask that the meeting be adjourned and the debate closed. I have the honour of expressing my respectful farewell to the Abbé Roca, and of making a rendezvous with him in a better world, in Nirvana — near the throne of Buddha. — H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>4</sup> [Terence, *Heauton Timoroumenos*, I, i, 25: "I am a man; I deem nothing that relates to man a matter foreign to myself."—*Compiler*.{Boris de Zirkoff}]

It is precisely because occult science and esoteric philosophy have “for pivotal function the service of humanity,” because their ardent advocates try to awaken European and Asiatic peoples sleeping under the deathly shadows of clericalism, by reminding them of the lessons of the ancient wisdom....

“Misconceptions”

The absolute “Intelligence-Wisdom” cannot act in the restricted space of a small globe. It is omnipresent and latent in the Kosmos, infinite as itself. We find its only truly active manifestation in *humanity as a whole*, composed as it is of stray sparks, finite in their objective duration, eternal in their essence, issuing from that Hearth without beginning or end. Therefore, the only God whom we should serve is Humanity, and our only cult should be the love of our fellow man.

“Misconceptions”

There are good and bad priests in Buddhism, just as there are among the Christians. I detest the sacerdotal caste, and always distrust it, but I have absolutely nothing against the single individuals — who compose it. It is the whole system for which I have a horror, just as every honest man has, who is not a hypocrite or a blind fanatic. The majority are prudent and keep silent; as for me, having the courage of my opinions, I speak and declare exactly what I think.

“Abbe Roca Controversy”—Final Part.