

THE EARLY TEACHINGS
OF THE MASTERS
1881--1883

EDITED BY

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Needless to say, where a Chela is highly advanced and most closely *en rapport* with His Master, very few mistakes would be made in transmission, and even the Master's idiosyncracies of phrasing might be reproduced in the answer. But we have to clearly understand that, because a letter happens to be in the well-known handwriting of a Master, it is not necessarily always written by that Master himself. In this regard, the following statement of H. P. B. is most illuminating:

STATEMENT BY H. P. B.*

This morning before the receipt of your letter at 6 o'clock, I was permitted and told by Master to make you understand at last, you and all the sincere, truly devoted Theosophists, "*as you sow, so you will reap*"; the personal and private questions and prayers, answers framed in the mind of those whom such matters can yet interest, whose minds are not yet entirely blank to such worldly terrestrial questions, answers by chelas and novices, often something reflected from *my own mind*, for the Masters would not stoop for one moment to give a thought to *individual*, private matters relating but to one or even ten persons, their welfare, woes and blisses in this world of Maya, to nothing except questions of really universal importance. It is *all you* Theosophists who have dragged down in your minds the ideals of our Masters; *you who* have unconsciously and with the best of intentions and full sincerity of good purpose, *desecrated* Them, by thinking for one moment, and believing that *They* would trouble Themselves with your business matters, sons to be born, daughters to be married, houses to be built, etc. etc. And yet, all those of you who have received such communications, being nearly *all* sincere (those who were *not* have been dealt with according to other special laws) you had a right, knowing of the existence of Beings Who you thought could easily help you, to seek help from Them, to address Them once that a monotheist addresses his personal God, desecrating the *Great Unknown* a million of times *above* the Masters, by asking Him (or *It*) to help him with a good crop, to slay his enemy and send him a son or a daughter; and having such a right in the abstract

* The statement is preceded by these words in Mrs. Gebhard's handwriting: "Extracts from a letter from H. P. Blavatsky dated Wurzburg 24-1-86, copied by Mrs. Gebhard. The contents were confirmed verbally by H. P. B. to Mr. and Mrs. Gebhard in Elberfeld in June, 1886."

sense, They could not spurn you off, and refuse answering you if not Themselves, then by ordering a chela to satisfy the addresses to the best of his or her's (the chela's) ability.

How many a time was I (no Mahatma) shocked and startled, burning with shame when shown notes written in Their (two) handwritings (a form of writing adopted for the T. S. and used by chelas, only *never without Their special permission or order* to that effect) exhibiting mistakes in science, grammar and thoughts, expressed in such language that it perverted entirely the meaning originally intended, and sometimes expressions that in Tibetan Sanscrit or any other Asiatic language had quite a different sense, as in one instance I will give. In answer to Mr. Sinnett's letter referring to some apparent contradiction in ISIS, the chela who was made to precipitate Mahatma K. H.'s reply put, "I had to exercise all my ingenuity to reconcile the two things". Now the term ingenuity, used for meaning candour, fairness, an obsolete word in this sense and never used now, but one meaning this perfectly as even I find in Webster, was misconstrued by Massey, Hume, and I believe even Mr. Sinnett, to mean "cunning", "cleverness", "acuteness", to form a new combination so as to prove there was no contradiction. Hence: "the Mahatma confesses most unblushingly to ingenuity, to using *craft* to reconcile things, like an astute tricky lawyer", etc. etc. Now had I been commissioned to write or precipitate the letter, I would have translated the Master's thought by using the word "ingenuousness", "openness of heart, frankness, fairness, freedom from reserve and dissimulation", as Webster gives it, and opprobrium thrown on Mahatma K. H.'s character would have been avoided. It is not *I* who would have used *carbolic* acid instead of *carbonic* acid, etc. It is very rarely that Mahatma K. H. *dictated verbatim*; and when He did there remained the few sublime passages found in Mr. Sinnett's letters from Him. The rest, He would say, write so and so, and the chela wrote, often without knowing one word of English, as I am now made to write Hebrew and Greek and Latin, etc. Therefore the only thing I can be reproached with—a reproach I am ever ready to bear though I have not deserved it, having been simply the obedient and blind tool of our occult laws and regulations—is of having (1) used Master's name when I thought my authority would go for naught, when I sincerely believed acting agreeably to Master's intentions,* and for the good of the cause; and (2)

* Found myself several times mistaken and now I am punished for it with daily and hourly crucifixion. Pick up stones, Theosophists, pick them up, brothers and kind sisters, and stone me to death with them for trying to make you happy with one word of the Masters!

of having concealed that which the laws and regulations of my pledges did not permit me so far to reveal; (3) *perhaps* (again for the same reason) of having insisted that such and such a note was from Master written in *His own handwriting*, all the time thinking *Jesuitically*, I confess, "Well, it is written by *His* order and in *His* handwriting, after all, why shall I go and explain to these, who do not, cannot understand the truth, and perhaps only make matters worse."

Two or three times, perhaps more, letters were precipitated in *my presence*, by chelas who could not speak English, and who took ideas and expressions out of my head. The phenomena in *truth* and *solemn reality* were greater at those times than ever! Yet they often appeared the most suspicious, and I had to hold my tongue, to see suspicion creeping into the minds of those I loved best and respected, unable to justify myself or to say one word. What I suffered Master only knew! Think only (a case with Solovioff at Elberfeld) I sick in my bed; a letter of his, an old letter of his received in London and torn by me, *rematerialised* in my own sight, I looking at the thing; five or six times in the *Russian language*, in *Mahatma K. H.'s handwriting* in blue, the words *taken from my head*, the letter old and crumpled travelling slowly *alone* (even I could not see the astral hand of the chela performing the operation) across the bedroom, then slipping into and among Solovioff's papers who was writing in the little drawing-room, correcting my manuscripts; Olcott standing closely by him and having just handled the papers looking over them with Solovioff. The latter finding it, and like a flash I see in his head in Russian the thought: "The old impostor (meaning Olcott) must have put it there!", and such things by hundreds.

Well, this will do. I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing but the truth*, so far as I am allowed to give it. Many are the things I have no right to explain, if I had to be hung for it.

When these letters were received by Messrs. Sinnett and Hume, copies were sent by order of the Master K. H. to H. P. B. and Damodar Mavlankar. Often extracts from them were sent to C. C. Massey in London, and others. Slowly as the months passed, an accumulation arose of these communications. It is from these original letters received from the Mas-

ters that Mr. Sinnett wrote his *Esoteric Buddhism*. Copies of these letters, sometimes full and sometimes only important extracts from them, have been in the possession of the older and trusted Theosophists of Mr. Sinnett's old circle. One such copy was lying in the possession of C. W. Leadbeater, and I remember, as a boy, often looking at it. When in Australia in 1922, I had a copy made from this manuscript book of Bishop Leadbeater, and brought it to Adyar. It was only after the manuscript had been set up by the printer that, casually asking Miss Francesca Arundale if she had any copies of these early teachings, she brought out three manuscript books, and handed them to me. To my delight, I found that the books of Miss Arundale were far fuller than the book of Bishop Leadbeater. I have very carefully transcribed all that appears in both books, putting together as best as I can, and in as coherent a fashion as possible, these early teachings.

In arranging all these letters in the form of a book, I have thought it wise to group, as far as possible, the many topics under six Sections. The grouping in the book is tentative, and on further study, may be changed in a future edition. I have made no attempt to systematize the transliteration of Sanskrit words. We must not forget that, in 1881, when Sanskrit studies were at an early stage, transliteration and the meanings of technical terms had not crystallised into their present shape. In a future edition, which I hope to bring out at greater leisure than has been possible to give to the publication of this edition, the transliteration of Sanskrit words will be systematised.



THE PATH.

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

THE BROTHERHOOD
OF HUMANITY,

THEOSOPHY

IN AMERICA, AND THE

STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE
PHILOSOPHY, AND

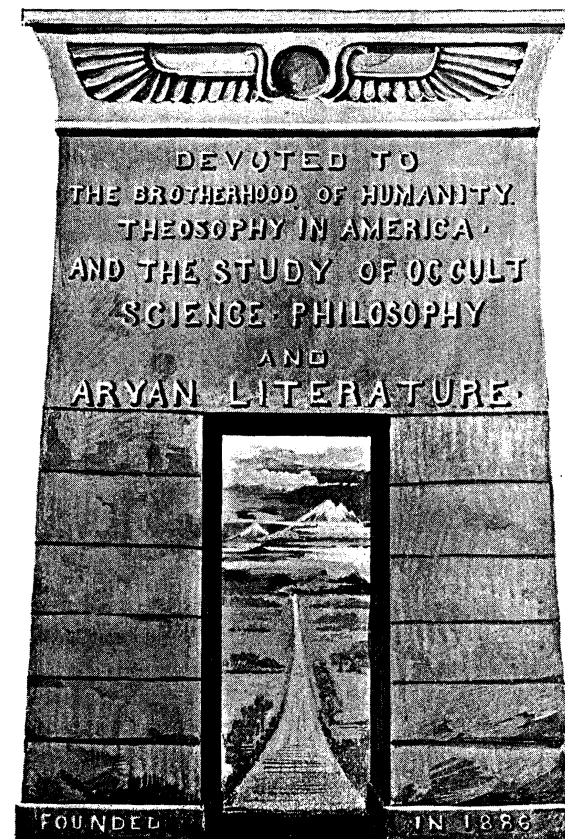
ARYAN LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.—1892-'93.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED AT NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

1893.



CHICAGO BRANCH, T. S.

From Los Angeles she went to San Diego, the extreme end of her Western trip. Stopping with Brother Thomas she had good meetings there. In this city Captain Simpson had guaranteed results for a lecture. This ended her Pacific tour, begun at Portland December 26th. Everywhere, as usual, nothing but praise follows her work. From Los Angeles train for Kansas City was taken *via* the North and Denver. Snow, as feared, again, but fortunately she got through safely and on time for work at Kansas City on the 17th, where she was met by Dr. J. P. Knoche and Claude F. Wright, who is also on a Theosophical lecturing tour among Branches. The next places are St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, and Columbus.

ETCHING OF INDIAN HEADQUARTERS.

A very fine etched plate of Headquarters at Adyar, Madras, has been made by Brother George L. Cowee of Gardner, Mass., as an offering to the T. S. in America, the profits to go to the general fund. Artist's *remarque* proofs, well printed on Japanese paper of special thickness and carefully packed in a tube, will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$3.00. The size of the sheet is 14 1-2 x 18 1-2 inches. The price is absurdly below the value of the picture, but is fixed upon in order to permit all members to feel that they can have it for themselves or to present to others. The *remarque* is the seal of the T. S.

Address the PATH, 144 Madison Ave, New York.

RESPONSE TO THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S APPEAL.

The General Secretary has received not a few generous replies to the circular sent out with December *Forum* to announce the depleted state of the treasury and the immediate need for relief. To and including Jan. 20th, 135 members sent \$713.29. Six Branches sent \$22.45. One member of very moderate means gave \$100. Two members sent at once the \$7.30 which would have accumulated in one year under Mr. Bond's box-scheme. As the yearly dues from Branches are mostly yet to be paid, there is a probability that the accruing income will, with above donations and those contemplated by Branches, secure expenditures for 1893. But this is not yet certain. If all Brethren realized the very small amount actually available from dues, and the propriety of the policy whereby dues are placed at an insignificant figure so as to exclude no one, the generosity of members being relied upon to fill the deficit, almost every one could and would exert himself to contribute. For all the kind help received the General Secretary expresses the most cordial acknowledgment and thanks.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS BUDGET.

Deficiency reported in January Path.....	\$503.50
Contributions since Jan. report:	
Members of Aryan T. S....	\$87.30
J. B.....	4.00
L. H. F.....	5.00
E. S. B.....	5.00
R. O. R. B.....	\$ 1.00
H. L. W.....	10.00
L.....	5.00
	117 30
Actual deficiency Jan. 21st.....	\$ 386 20

Since we see that the harsh word affecteth the brute which knows not language, we are assured that harshness of itself doth pierce.—*Book of Items.*

OM.

A U M

There is in all created beings an inconceivable light by which all good acts are performed, and in it as in a immortal essence is comprised whatever has been past, is present, or will be hereafter.—*Hindu Wisdom.*

Give to him that asketh.—*Udanavarga, 20-15.*

He delights in giving so far as he is able.—*Questions of King Milinda, B. 4, c. 1, s. 9.*

THE PATH.

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MARCH, 1893.

No. 12.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

Seven Years Gone.

THE PATH was started in April, 1886, and with this month completes the first seven years of its life. Many things have happened here in these years.

In April, 1886, we had no sectional organization here; by the next year our organization was completed and became the model for Europe and India. No Headquarters existed then; to-day we have the large General Headquarters in New York, with smaller local ones in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Washington, and elsewhere. Our literature included few books; now enquirers are assisted by many works from the pens of many Theosophists. For some time after 1886 ridicule was our portion day by day; but now Theosophy is a familiar word, our books are constantly sought, our ideas have affected general literature. Even the worthless novels which stream weekly from the press try to catch readers by introducing *quasi*-occult ideas and superphysical phenomena. The newspapers which are written to sell and which used, at the most, to fill a corner with a jeer at the Theosophical cranks, now send their brightest reporters to interview any Theosophical speaker visiting their town, because their public wants to know what the Theosophist has to say. Considering the oppos-

power of perceiving which at last compels nature to furnish the necessary instrument. When the new instruments are all perfected, then the whole race moves on to another plane altogether.

All this supports and enforces the doctrine of universal brotherhood upon which the Adepts have insisted. For the changing of consciousness as to centre is not for the benefit of the individual, but is permissible and possible when the whole mass of matter of the globe whereon the beings are evolving has been perfected by the efforts and work of the most advanced of the whole number, and that advanced class is man. If it were otherwise, then we should see millions upon millions of selfish souls deserting the planet as soon as they had acquired the necessary new senses, leaving their fellows and the various kingdoms of nature to shift for themselves. But the law and the Lodge will not permit this, but insist that we shall remain until the lower masses of atoms have been far enough educated to be able to go on in a manner not productive of confusion. Here again we trench upon the materialism of the age, which will roar with laughter at the idea of its being possible to educate the atoms.

The doctrine of the interpenetration of the planes of matter lies at the root of clairvoyance, clairaudience, and all such phenomena. Clairvoyance would be an impossibility were it not the fact that what for the ordinary sense is solid and an obstacle to sight is in reality for the other set of senses non-existent, free from solidity, and no obstacle. Otherwise clear seeing is impossible, and the learned doctors are right who say we are all deluded and never did any one see through a solid wall. For while the faculty of imagination is necessary for the training of the power to see through a solid wall, we could not so perceive merely by imagination, since objects must have a medium through which they are to be seen. This again strikes against materialistic conceptions, for the "objective" usually means that which can be seen and felt. But in the machinery of the "occult cosmos" the objective is constantly changing to the subjective and *vice versa*, as the centre of consciousness changes. In the trance or clairvoyant state the subjective of the waking man has become the objective. So also in dreams. There, clothed with another body of finer texture, the perceiver finds all the experiences objective as to their circumstances and subjective as to the feelings they produce on the perceiver who registers the sensations. And in precisely similar manner will the race see, feel, and know when it has changed all and begins to function on another globe.

WILLIAM BREHON.

H. P. Blavatsky on Precipitation

AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE following is the greater part of a letter written by H. P. Blavatsky some years ago at a time when, subsequent to the Psychical Research Society's Report on Theosophical phenomena, not only the public but fellow members of the Society were doubting her, doubting themselves, doubting the Adepts. Its publication now will throw upon her character a light not otherwise obtainable. Written to an intimate and old friend for his information and benefit, it bears all the indicia of being out of the heart from one old friend to another. Those who have faith in her and in the Masters behind her will gain benefit and knowledge from its perusal.

Now what you advise me to do, I have for the last three or four years attempted most seriously. Dozens of times I have declared that *I shall not* put the Masters any worldly questions or submit before Them family and other private matters, personal for the most part. I must have sent back to the writers dozens and dozens of letters addressed to the Masters, and many a time have I declared I will not ask Them so and so. Well, what was the consequence? People still worried me. "Please, do please, ask the Masters, only ask and tell Them and draw Their attention to" so-and-so. When I refused doing it — would come up and bother, or —, or someone else. Now it so happens that you do not seem to be aware of the occult law—to which even the Masters are subject Themselves—whenever an *intense desire* is concentrated on Their personalities: whenever the appeal comes from a man of even an average good morality, and all the desire is intense and sincere even in matters of trifles (and to Them what is *not* a trifle?): They are disturbed by it, and the desire takes a material form and would haunt Them (the word is ridiculous, but I know of no other) if They did not create an impassable barrier, an Akasic wall between that desire (or thought, or prayer) and so isolate Themselves. The result of this extreme measure is that They find Themselves isolated at the same time from all those who willingly or unwillingly, consciously or otherwise, are made to come within the circle of that thought or desire. I do not know whether you will understand me; I hope you will. And finding Themselves cut off from *me*, for instance, many were the mistakes made and damages *realized* that could have been averted had They not often found Themselves *outside* the circle of theosophical events. Such is the case ever since . . . throwing Their names right and left, *poured in torrents* on the public, so to say, Their personalities, powers, and so on, until the world (the outsiders, not only Theosophists) *desecrated* Their names indeed from the North to the South Pole. Has not the Maha Chohan put His foot on that from the first? Has He not forbidden Mahatma K. H. to write to anyone? (Mr. — knows well all this.) And have not since then *waves* of supplications, torrents of desires and prayers poured unto Them? This is one of the *chief* reasons *why* Their names and personalities ought to have been kept *secret* and inviolable. They were

desecrated in every possible way by believer and unbeliever, by the former when he would *critically* and from *his* worldly standpoint examine Them (the Beings beyond and outside every worldly if not human law!), and when the latter positively slandered, dirted, dragged Their names in the mud! O powers of heaven! what *I* have suffered—there are no words to express it. This is my chief, my greatest crime, for having brought Their personalities to public notice unwillingly, reluctantly, and forced into it by — and —.

Well, now to other things. You and the Theosophists have come to the conclusion that in every case where a message was found couched in words or sentiments *unworthy* of Mahatmas it was produced either by *elementals* or *my own falsification*. Believing the latter, no honest man or woman ought for one moment to permit *me, such a FRAUD*, to remain any longer in the Society. It is not a piece of repentance and a promise that I shall do so no longer that you need, but to *kick me out*—if you really think so. You believe, you say, in the Masters, and at the same time you can credit the idea that *They* should permit or even know of it and still *use me!* Why, if *They* are the exalted Beings you rightly suppose Them to be, how could *They* permit or tolerate for one moment such a deception and fraud? Ah, poor Theosophists—little *you do* know the occult laws I see. And here — and others *are* right. Before you volunteer to serve the Masters you should *learn Their philosophy*, for otherwise you shall always sin grievously, though unconsciously and involuntarily, against Them and those who serve Them, *soul and body and spirit*. Do you suppose for one moment that what you write to me now I did not know for years? Do you think that any person even endowed with simple sagacity, let alone occult powers, could ever fail to perceive each time *suspicion* when there was one, especially when it generated in the minds of honest, sincere people, unaccustomed to and incapable of hypocrisy? It is just that which killed me, which tortured and broke my heart inch by inch for years, for I had to bear it *in silence* and had no right to explain things unless permitted by Masters, and *They commanded me to remain silent*. To find myself day after day facing those I loved and respected best between the two horns of the dilemma—either to appear cruel, selfish, unfeeling by refusing to satisfy their hearts' desire, or, by consenting to it, to run the chance (9 out of 10) that they shall immediately feel suspicions lurking in their minds, for the Master's answers and notes ("the red and blue spook-like messages", as — truly calls them) were *sure* in their eyes—again 9 times out of 10—to be of that spook character. Why? Was it *fraud*? *Certainly not*. Was it written by and produced by elementals? *NEVER*. It was delivered and the *physical* phenomena are produced by elementals used for the purpose, but what have they, those *senseless* beings, to do with the intelligent portions of the smallest and most foolish message? Simply this, as *this morning before the receipt of your letter*, at 6 o'clock, I was permitted and told by Master to make you understand at last—you—and all the sincere, truly devoted Theosophists: *as you sow, so you will reap*. . . .

It is *ALL YOU*, Theosophists, who have dragged down in your minds the ideals of our MASTERS, you who have unconsciously and with the best of intentions and full sincerity of good purpose *DESECRATED* Them by thinking for one moment and believing that *THEY* would trouble Themselves with your business matters, sons to be born, daughters to be married, houses to be built, etc., etc. And yet, all those who have received such communications being nearly *all* sincere (those who were *not* have been dealt with according to other special

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In answer to Mr. —'s letter referring to some apparent contradiction in *His*. The Chela who was made to precipitate Mahatma K. K.'s reply put, "I had to exercise all my *ingenuity* to reconcile the two things." Now the term "ingenuity" used for and meaning candor, fairness, an absolute word in this sense and never used now, but one meaning this perfectly, as even I find in Webster, was misconstrued by Massey, Hume, and I believe even — to mean "cunning", "cleverness", "acuteness" to form a new combination so as to prove there was no contradiction. Hence: the Mahatma was made apparently to confess most unblushingly to ingenuity, to using *craft* to reconcile things like an acute "tricky lawyer", etc., etc. Now had *I* been commissioned to write or precipitate the letter I would have translated the Master's thought by using the word "ingenuousness", "openness of heart, frankness, fairness, freedom from reserve and dissimulation", as Webster gives it, and opprobrium thrown on Mahatma H. K.'s character would have been avoided. It is not *I* who would have used "*carbolic acid*" instead of "*carbonic acid*", etc. It is very rarely that Mahatma K. H. *dictated verbatim*, and when He did there remained the few sublime passages found in Mr. Sinnett's letters from Him. The rest—he would say—write so-and-so, and the Chela wrote often without knowing a word of English, as I am now made to write Hebrew and Greek and Latin, etc. Therefore the only thing I can be reproached with—a reproach I am ever ready to bear tho' I have not *deserved* it, having been simply the obedient and blind tool of our occult laws and regulations—*is* of having concealed that which the laws and regulations of my pledges did not permit me so far to reveal. I owned myself several times mistaken in policy, and now am punished for it with daily and hourly crucifixion.

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I could not see the astral hand of the Chela performing the operation) across the bedroom, then slipping into and among Solovioff's papers who was writing in the little drawing-room correcting my manuscript, Olcott standing closely by him and having just handled the papers, looking over them with Solovioff, the latter finding it, and like a flash I see in his head *in Russian* the thought "The old impostor (meaning Olcott) must have put it there"!—and such things by hundreds.

Well—this will do. I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing but the truth*, so far as I am allowed to give it. Many are the things I have no right to explain if I *had to be hung for it*. Now think for one moment. Suppose — receives an order from his Master to precipitate a letter to the — family, only a general idea being given to him about what he has to write. Paper and envelope are *materialized* before him, and he has only to form and shape the ideas into *his* English and precipitate them. What shall the result be? Why *his* English, his ethics and philosophy—his style all round. "A *fraud*, a *transparent* FRAUD!" people would cry out, and if any one happened to *see such a paper before him* or in his possession *after it was formed*, what should be the consequences?

Another instance—I cannot help it, it is so suggestive. A man, *now dead*, implored me for three days to ask Master's advice on some business matter, for he was going to become a bankrupt and dishonor his family. A *serious* thing. He gave me a letter for Master "to send on". I went into the back parlor and he went down stairs to wait for the answer.

Now to *send on* a letter two or three processes are used: (1) To put the envelope sealed on my forehead, and then, warning the Master to be ready for a communication, have the contents reflected by my brain carried off to His perception by the *current formed* by Him. This, if the letter is in a language I know; otherwise, if in an unknown tongue, (2) to unseal it, read it *physically* with my eyes, without understanding even the words, and *that which my eyes see* is carried off to Master's perception and reflected in it in His *own* language, after which, to be sure, no mistake is made. I have to burn the letter with a stone I have (matches and common fire would never do), and the ashes caught by the current become more minute than atoms would be, and are *rematerialized* at any distance where Master was.

Well, I put the letter on the forehead *opened*, for it was in a language of which I know not one word, and when Master had seized its contents I was ordered to burn and send it on. It so happened that I had to go in my bedroom and get the stone there from a drawer it was locked in. That minute I was away, the addresser, impatient and anxious, had silently approached the door, entered the drawing-room, not seeing me there, and seen his own letter opened on the table. He was *horror-struck*, he told me later, *disgusted*, ready to commit suicide, for he was a bankrupt not only in fortune, but all his *hopes*, his *faith*, his heart's creed were crushed and gone. I returned, burnt the letter, and an hour after gave him the answer, also in his language. He read it with dull staring eyes, but thinking, as he told me, that if there were no Masters *I was* a Mahatma, did what he was told, and his fortune and honor were saved. Three days later he came to me and frankly told me all—did not conceal his doubts for the sake of *gratitude*, as others did—and was rewarded. By order of the Master I showed him *how* it was done and he understood it. Now had he not told me, and had his business gone wrong, *advice* notwithstanding, would not he have died believing me the *greatest impostor* on earth?

So it goes.

It is my *heart's desire to be rid forever* of any phenomena but my own mental and personal communication with Masters. I shall no more have anything to do whatever with letters or phenomenal occurrences. This I swear on Masters' Holy Names, and may write a circular letter to that effect.

Please read the present to all, even to —. FINIS all, and now Theosophists who will come and ask me to tell them so and so *from Masters*, may the *Karma fall* on their heads. I AM FREE. Master has *just promised me this blessing!!*

H. P. B.

The Coming of the Serpent.

THE white rays shed over all the Island when the Diamond on the mountain* shot forth its last light continued shining until the malignant snake formed from the serpent's blood had fled all across the sea and reached the great Isle beyond. Then all became black as night to the people. Deprived of my body that lay cold and dead beside the altar, I could see the high-priest bending over the corpse until the growing darkness filled him with alarm which changed to terror. As he rose up from his bending attitude I heard a solemn voice that filled all the space around utter these words:

"The cycle is ended. Thou hast completed a part of thy work, leaving a little in the new malignant snake to be done. Thou must follow it to the other Islands until fate shall lead thee elsewhere. Fear not but proceed with a calm courage, for we are ever beside thee, the same in the dark as in the light."

A sudden faintness filled my ethereal body, shadowy forms flitted about me, and I knew I was flying eastward with the vast heaving sea below me. On and on I fled and soon perceived the smell of earth. Over the other Island to the west I was floating in an atmosphere loaded with heavy emanations. I lost consciousness—and then I was born in another land, in the Island to the East, and even as a child I knew that the serpent's blood had come before me, knew full well I should meet it one day. In time I entered in company with the Druids, and one of them told of the coming of the serpent.

My teacher and narrator was a tall old man, over a century in age. A long white beard fell over his breast. Large blue eyes that seemed alive with a light of their own showed his soul gazing at you, but they were strong and fearless in expression. They pierced your being, but carried calmness and hope with them. A calmness born from many lives of struggle and triumph, a hope

* See PATH, Vol. III, p. 313, "The Serpent's Blood".

The Eclectic Theosophist

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H.P.B. AND OUR DUTY TO THE WORLD

H.P. Blavatsky — HPB, how little do we really know her! How judge that Saivic power with which she shattered the calcified mental and moral structure, the entrenched ignorance, the unchallenged hypocrisy of her day! How measure that Buddic intellectual-spiritual outpouring aimed at inaugurating a new "continent of thought"! She was indeed the Messianic Messenger for a cycle of some two thousand years. As so lucidly explained by G. de Purucker in his several writings, in a very special sense she performed an avataric work. "H.P. Blavatsky" *as such* will never return. But because of her that Force, that Power, that Wisdom, that played through her as chosen and willing instrument will be with us for the appointed Cycle of centuries. What a Work she wrought! And oh, how she suffered!

In this *Eclectic* we print a letter, revealing in its poignancy, which she wrote in 1886 to the Countess Constance Wachtmeister. It dwells on three main points: (1) the *modus operandi* of how the thought of the Masters is transferred through chela-amenuensis and elementals to selected recipient; (2) HPB's own unswerving and complete loyalty to her Teachers, and, coupled with that, the suspicion she drew upon herself even from closest friends when she had been *commanded to remain silent*, and then the pain and obloquy public mention of those Masters brought unrelentingly upon her. The only thing, HPB says, she can be reproached with is having used Master's name when occasion seemed to indicate it was for "the good of the Cause"; (3) finally, words which end her letter and bespeak the anguish of her heart: "It is my *heart's desire* to be rid for ever of any phenomena but my own mental and personal communication with Masters..."

No, we do not fully understand and really *know*. But we can give deeper, more penetrating, thought to the titanic Work she accomplished. If we are earnest students, searchers for Truth; if we are in the truest sense friends of the Humanity for which she labored so valiantly, we can go beyond the simple question, What have *we* gained in growth and vision through theosophic association and years of study of the Teaching HPB brought, to boldly challenge, *What therefor is due — not to ourselves, but to the world.*

Despite the shameless horrors of our day which obsessively claim immediate focus, and a world in overwhelming measure preferring darkness or shadow to the sunlight of Truth, let us inwardly bestir ourselves to greater alertness, greater responsiveness, to those shafts of light that here and there declare the dawn of a new Day. Let us ponder who HPB *really* was, probing those inner values revealed by her own devotion to Those whom she so faithfully served; and then with reverence reach out still farther

towards That which is beyond and beyond, aye towards that PRINCIPLE which we may speak of as the very Heart of BEING.

—W.E.S.

THIS WIDER VIEW

Henry T. Edge

Our intuitions are wiser than our minds; for we continue to make efforts and follow purposes, even though our professed belief affords no justification therefor. On the presumption that death ends all, or that death removes us for ever from the sphere of action, life is indeed a senseless enigma, and effort seems futile. But this error arises from the notion that our life is isolated both in space and time; whereas in truth it is neither. Personal separateness does not appertain to the real nature of man; we cannot act alone; we influence each other through invisible channels of communication; we are parts of a whole. Neither is our life isolated in time, but it is linked with other lives both past and to come, so that our present actions are at once consequences and causes, constituting a chapter in a history or a scene in a drama. What a new light all this would throw on the problems presented in any life, whether actual or as portrayed in fiction.

Maggie Tulliver is a typical case of a soul yearning after the realization of an ideal of love and beauty, but continually thwarted by various limitations in her own character... To represent such a struggle as being nothing more than the attempt to achieve some transient happiness, such as a happy marriage, is to perpetuate an anticlimax by making the goal altogether unworthy of the glorious strife. The drama is the unending drama of the human soul, not limited by such temporary experiences, not terminated by any goal within the reach of our poor conceptions. The gradual elimination of selfishness and all personal motives from the character is found to be essential to the realization of the idea; this is the lesson that is being taught and learned.

Under this wider view, old age and the death-bed are no longer terrible closing scenes, capping noble enterprises with an absurd and futile mockery; they are just as much stages and opportunities as any other part of the life.

The longer one has entertained the conviction of man's higher nature, the more readily does he resort to the consoling thought that, however troubled the outer experiences, the soul within is accomplishing its purposes; and that there is a foundation that cannot be shaken.

—Extract from "Maggie Tulliver", pp. 29-30, in *Mirrors of The Hidden Wisdom*, Point Loma Publications Study Series No. 7

H.P.B. TO COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

This is a letter from H.P. Blavatsky to Countess Constance Wachtmeister reprinted *verbatim et literatim* and in full, portions of which only, as far as we know, have hitherto been published.* These were in the Introduction by C. Jinarajadasa to the book edited by him, *The Early Teachings of the Masters*, 1923, The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, and the same year by The Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago. These two are only slightly different in spellings, punctuation and grammar. W.Q. Judge in *The Path*, Vol. VII, March 1893, also published this letter, under the title "H.P. Blavatsky on Precipitation," but the first paragraph was omitted, as well as nine lines later indicated by dots, and certain proper names throughout for which blanks were inserted.

We are indebted to Jean-Paul Guignette Montreuil, France, for sending us a copy which, he informs us, is made from the original edition of *Reminiscences* now in the personal library of the late Jacques Heugel, a nephew of Countess Wachtmeister. M. Guignette also sent us a copy of the letter written in H.P.B.'s own handwriting on paper folded 8¼ x 5½. Of this we reproduce here only the last page.

For the historical researcher, as well as for theosophical readers generally, we should point out that the reference made to this Letter in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, Vol. VII, in the section "Chronological Survey," xxiv, item under Jan. 24, is in error. The "important letter written by H.P.B." — this one to which we are now referring — was not to Mrs. Marie Gebhard but to Countess Wachtmeister. In a letter from Mme. Gebhard to A.P. Sinnett, she refers to this as follows: (*The Letters of H.P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett*, Letter No. CLXXX, p. 346, in the Section titled "Miscellaneous Letters."): "

"The enclosed is from H.P.B. telling how all the phenomena occurred. It is in answer to a letter of the Countess written while here to O.L. saying we did not believe in all the letters coming from the Masters and other phenomena, and if she could refute the charges. Send the letter back to Würzburg to the Countess when you have read it. You must use your own discretion as to whom you had better show the letter to start . . ."

And now let H.P.B. speak for herself. — THE EDITORS

Jan. 24 1896.

My dear Countess,

In the "Coulomb: Blavatsky" letters (first series of Sept 1884) there is one addressed by me to that woman from Paris *the only one* which, with the exception of *mispunctuation* and two or three words that change the sense & make me utter thus *a fib*, instead of making it what it is, — a quotation from *her* letter — I say (as far as I remember the words — "If to *save the Society* (i.e. the *work* of the Masters *Their* creation) and do it good I had to go in a public square & declare publicly & to the hearing of the whole world that I AM AN IMPOSTER and FRAUD I *would do so without one moment of hesitation*. So would I now, at any day.

Now, what you advise me to do, I have for the last three or four years attempted most seriously. Dozens of times have I declared that I *shall not* put the Masters any worldly questions or submit before Them family & other private matters personal for the most part. I must have sent back to the writers dozens & dozens of letters addressed to the Masters & many a time have I declared — I will not ask Them so and so. Well what was the consequence. People still worried me "Please, do please ask the Masters" only ask & tell Them and draw their attention to so & so. When I refused doing it Olcott would come up and bother, or Damodar or someone else. Now it so happens that you do not seem to be aware of the occult law — to which even the Masters are subject Themselves: "*Whenever an intense*

desire is concentrated on their personalities; whenever the appeal comes from a man of even an average good morality, & the desire is intense and sincere even in matters of trifles (and to Them what is *not* a trifle!) — They are disturbed by it, & the *desire* takes a material form & would *haunt* Them (the word is ridiculous but I know of no other) if They did not create an impassable barrier an *akasic* wall between that desire (or thought, or prayer) & so isolate themselves. The result of this extreme measure is, that They find Themselves isolated, at the same time from all those who willingly or unwillingly consciously or otherwise are made to come within the circle of that thought or desire. I do not know whether you will understand me. I hope you will. And finding Themselves from *me*, for instance, many were the mistakes made & dangers *realized* that could have been averted had They not found Themselves *outside* the circle of theosophical events. Such is the case ever since, owing to Mr. Sinnett's suicidal (for all of us) desire to make Their existence, names & deeds public he wrote the *Occult World* & that Olcott like a horse getting rid of the bit in his mouth threw Their names right & left, *poured in torrents* on the public so to say, Their personalities, powers & so on, until the world (the outsiders, not only theosophists) *desecrated* Their names indeed from the North to the South Pole. Has not the Maha Chohan put HIS foot on that from the first? Has He not forbidden Mahatma K.H. to write to any one? (Mr Sinnett knows well all this). And have not since then *waves* of supplications, torrents of desires & prayers poured unto Them? This is one of the *chief* reasons *why* Their names & personalities ought to have been kept *secret* & inviolable. They *were* desecrated in every possible way by believer & unbeliever, by the former when he would *critically* and from *his* worldly stand-point examine Them — (the Beings beyond & outside every *worldly* if not human law!), & when the latter positively slandered, *dirted* dragged Their names in the mud! O powers of Heaven — what I have suffered there are *no* words to express it. This is my chief my greatest crime, for having brought Their personalities to public notice unwillingly reluctantly & forced into it by Mr. Sinnett and Olcott. Well, now to other things.

You & the Theosophists have come to the conclusion that in every case when a message found couched in words or sentiments *unworthy* of Mahatmas was produced either by *elementals* or *my own fabrication*. Believing the latter, Countess, no honest men & women ought for one moment to permit *me* such A FRAUD to remain any longer in the Society. It is not a piece of repentance & a promise that "I shall do so no longer" that you need but to *kick me out* — if you really think so. You believe you say in the Masters & at the same time you can credit the idea that THEY should permit or even know of it and still *use me*? Why, if They are the exalted Beings you rightly suppose Them to be how could They permit or tolerate for one moment such a deception & fraud. Ah poor theosophists — little *you do* know the occult laws I see. And here Bawajee & others *are* right. Before you volunteer to serve the Masters, you should learn *their* philosophy for otherwise you shall always sin grievously though unconsciously and involuntarily against Them & those who serve Them *soul body & spirit* aye — to spiritual & *moral* not only physical death. Do you suppose for one moment that what you write to me now I did not know it for years? Do you think that any person even

*Because, however, of printing technicalities involved, the words underlined by HPB are here given in *italics*, and those doubly underlined by her, are here in SMALL CAPS. —Eds.

cut off

endowed with simple sagacity let alone occult powers could ever fail to perceive each time *suspicion* when there was one, especially when it generated in the minds of honest, sincere people unaccustomed to, and incapable of hypocrisy? It is just that, which killed me, which tortured & broke my heart inch by inch for years, for I had to bear *it in silence* & had no right to explain things unless permitted by Masters & *They commanded me to remain silent*. To find myself day after day, facing those I loved and respected best, between the two horns of the dilemma — either to appear cruel, selfish, unfeeling, by *refusing* to satisfy their heart's desire, or, by consenting to it, to run the chance (9 out of 10) that they shall immediately feel suspicion lurking in Their minds for the Master's answers and notes ("the red and blue "spook-like" messages as Bawajee truly calls them — were *sure*, again 9 times out of 10 — unless relating to some philosophical highly serious question — to be of that *spook* character. Why? was it *fraud*, *Certainly not*. Was it written by and produced by Elementals? NEVER. It was delivered & the *physical* phenomena are produced by Elementals used for the purpose, but what have they, those *senseless* beings, to do with the intelligent portions of the smallest and most foolish message! Simply this, *as this morning before the receipt of your letter*, at 6, o'clock, I was permitted & told by Master to make you understand at last; — you — and all the sincere, truly devoted theosophists: *as you sow, so you will reap*; to personal private questions, & prayers, answers framed in the minds of those whom such matters can yet interest, whose minds are not yet entirely blank to such worldly, terrestrial questions — answers by chelas & novices — often something reflected from *my own mind*, for the Masters would not stoop one moment to give a thought to *individual* private, matters, relating but to one or even ten persons their welfare woes & blisses in *this* world of Maya, to nothing except questions of really universal importance. It is ALL YOU, theosophists, who have dragged down in your minds the ideals of our MASTERS; *you*, who have unconsciously and with the best of intentions, and full sincerity of good purpose DESECRATED Them, by thinking for one moment & believing that THEY would trouble Themselves with your business matters, sons to be born, daughters to be married, houses to be built etc etc etc. And yet, all those who have received such communications being nearly *all* sincere (those who were *not* have been dealt with according to other special laws) you had a right, knowing of the existence of Beings who, you thought could easily help you — to seek help from Them, to address Them, once that a monotheist addresses his *personal* god, desecrating the GREAT UNKNOWN a million of times *above* the Masters — by asking Him (or IT) to help him with a good crop, to slay his enemy, and to send him a son or daughter; and having such a right in the abstract sense, They could not spurn you off, and refuse answering you if not Themselves then by ordering a chela to satisfy the addresser to the best of his or her's (the chela's) ability. How many a time was I, no Mahatma, shocked and startled, burning with shame when shown notes written in Their (two) handwritings (a form of writing adopted for the T.S. and used by chelas only NEVER *without Their special permission or order* to that effect) — exhibiting mistakes in science, grammar and thoughts, expressed in such language that it perverted entirely the meaning originally intended and sometimes expressions that in Tibetan Sanskrit or any other Asiatic language had quite a different sense — as in

one instance I will give. In answer to Mr. Sinnett's letter referring to some apparent contradiction in *Isis* the chela who was made to precipitate Mahatma K H's reply put "I had to exercise all my *ingenuity* to reconcile the two things". Now the term "*ingenuity*" used for, & meaning candour, fairness an *obsolete* word in this sense and never used now, but one meaning this perfectly as even I find in Webster — was misconstrued by Massey, Hume, & I believe even Mr. Sinnett, to mean "*cunning*", "*cleverness*" acuteness to form a new combination so as to prove there was no contradiction. Hence: — "the Mahatma confesses most unblushingly to *ingenuity*, to using *craft* to reconcile things, like an acute tricky lawyer" etc etc. — Now had I been commissioned to write or precipitate the letter I would have translated the Master's thought by using the word "*ingeniousness*" openness of heart, frankness, fairness freedom from reserve & dissimulation", as Webster gives it, & opprobrium thrown on Mahatma KH's character would have been avoided. It is not *I* who would have used *carbolic* acid instead of "*carbonic* acid" etc. It is very rarely that Mahatma KH *dictated verbatim* & when He did there remained the few sublime passages found in Mr. Sinnett's letters from Him. The rest — he would say — write so and so, & the chela wrote often without knowing one word of English as I am now made to write Hebrew & Greek & Latin etc.

Therefore, the only thing I can be reproached with — a reproach I am ever ready to bear though I have not *deserved* it having been simply the obedient and blind tool of our occult laws and regulations — is of having (1) used Master's name when I thought my authority would go for nought, & when I sincerely believed acting agreeably to Master's intentions* & for the good of the cause; and (2) of having *concealed* that which the laws & regulations of my pledges did not permit me so far to reveal. (3) PERHAPS, — (again for the same reason) of having insisted that such & such a note was from Master written in *his own handwriting* all the time thinking JESUITICALLY, I confess: "Well, it is written by *His* order & in *His* handwriting, after all, why shall I go & explain to those who do *not*, *cannot* understand the truth — & perhaps only make matters worse. Two or three times, perhaps more, letters were precipitated in *my presence*, by chelas who could not speak English and who took ideas & expressions out of my head. The phenomena in *truth* & *solemn* reality were greater at those times than ever, yet they often appeared the most suspicious, & *I had to hold my tongue*, to see suspicion creeping into the minds of those I loved best & respected *unable* to justify myself, or say one word! What I suffered, *Masters alone knew*. Think only — (a case with Solovioff at Elberfeld) I sick in my bed; a letter of his *an old letter* received in London & torn by me, *rematerialized* in my own sight I looking at the thing. Five or six lines in *the Russian language* in Mahatma KH's handwriting in blue the words TAKEN FROM MY HEAD, the letter, old & crumpled travelling slowly *alone* (even I, could not see the astral hand of the chela performing the operation) — across the bedroom,

*Found myself several times *mistaken* & now am punished for it with daily and hourly crucifixion. Pick up stones, theosophists, pick them up brothers & kind sisters & stone me *to death* with them for trying to make you happy with a word from Masters!

told me all - did not conceal his doubts for the sake of gratitude, as others did - & was rewarded by order of the Master I showed him how it was done & he understood it. Now he not told me & had his business gone wrong advised not withstanding would not be honest did believe in the greatest impos- ture on Earth! and so it goes.

It is my heart's desire to be rid for ever of any phenomena but my own mental & physical in communication with Master I have no more how anything to do with letters or phenomenal occurrences. This I have, on Master's Holy Names & shall write a circular letter to that effect. Please send the present to all even to Theosophists in all. And now theosophists, who will come & ask me to tell them to go from Master may the Name fall on their heads. I am free Charles has just promised me the key!! v. H. H. H.

on the forehead opened, for it was in Basilea of which I know not the word - when Charles had deigned its contents I was ordered to burn & send it on. He happened that I had to go in my bedroom & get the "stone" then from a drawer it was locked in. That minute I was away, the addresser impatient & anxious had also deliberately approached the door, entered the drawing room not seeing me then & seen his own letter opened on the table. He was horrified & told me later, disgusted ready to commit suicide for he was bankrupt not only in fortune but all his hopes, his faith his heart's blood were crushed & gone. I returned but the letter & on how often gave him the answer, also in Basilea. He read it with dull, staring eyes - but then he & I told us that if there were no Master I was a charlatan, did what would & his fortune & honor were saved. Three days later he came to me, & faintly

then slipping into & among Solovioff's papers who was writing in the little drawing room correcting my manuscript — Olcott standing close by him & having just handled the papers looking over them with Solovioff. The latter finding it and like a flash I see in his head in *Russian* the thought: "The old imposter (meaning Olcott) must have put it there"! and such things by hundreds.

Well — this will do. I have told you the truth, the whole truth & *nothing but the truth*, so far as I am allowed to give it. Many are the things I have *no* right to explain, if *I had to be hung for it*. Now think for one moment — Suppose Bawajee receives an order from his Master to precipitate a letter to the Gebhard family only a general idea being given to him, about what he has to write. Tibetan paper & envelope are *materialized* before him & he has only to form & shape the ideas into his English & precipitate them in Master's handwriting. What shall the result be? Why his English, his "ethics", & philosophy — *Bawajian* style all round — a *fraud*, a *transparent FRAUD* people would cry out. And if any one happened to *see such a paper before him* or in his possession *after it was formed* — what should be the consequences. Another instance I cannot help it it is *so* suggestive. A man *now dead*, implored me for three days to ask Master's advice on some business matter — for he was going to become a bankrupt, & dishonour his family, a *serious* thing. He gave me a letter for Master "to send on". I went into the back parlour, & he went down stairs to wait for the answer. Now to *send on* a letter two or three processes are used: (1) To put the envelope sealed on my forehead & then, warning the Master to be ready for a communication — have the contents reflected by my brain, be carried off to His perception by the *current* formed by Him. This, if the letter is in a language I know; otherwise (2) to unseal it read it *physically* with my eyes without understanding even the words — & that which *my eyes see* is carried off to Master's perception & reflected in it in his *own* language; after which to be sure, no mistake is made, I have to burn the letter with a stone I have (matches & common fire would *never do*) & the ashes caught by the current become more minute than atoms would be *rematerialized* at any distance where Master was. Well, I put the letter on the forehead *opened*, for it was in *Bashya* of which I know not one word — & when Master had seized its contents I was ordered to burn & send it on. It so happened that I had to go in my bedroom & get the "stone" there from a drawer it was locked in. That minute I was away, the addresser impatient & anxious had silently approached the door, entered the drawing-room not seeing me there & seen his own letter opened on the table. He was *horror-struck* he told me later; *disgusted* ready to commit suicide for he was a bankrupt not only in fortune but all his *hopes*, his *faith*, his heart's creed were crushed & gone. I returned, burnt the letter & an hour after gave him the answer, also in *Bashya*. He read it with dull, staring eyes — but thinking as he told me, that if there were no Masters *I was* a Mahatma, did what was told & his fortune and honour were saved. Three days later he came to me, & frankly told me all — did not conceal his doubts for the sake of *gratitude*, as others did — & was rewarded. By order of the Master I showed him *how* it was done & he understood it. Now had he not told me & had his business gone wrong, *advice* notwithstanding would not he have died believing me the *greatest imposter* on Earth? And so it goes.

It is my *heart's desire* to be rid for ever of any phenomena but my own mental & personal communication with Masters. I shall no more have anything to do whatever with letters of phenomenal occurrences. This I swear, on Master's Holy Names & shall write a circular letter to that effect. Please read the present to all even to Babajee. FINIS all, and now theosophists, who will come and ask me to tell them so and so *from Masters may the Karma fall on THEIR heads*. I AM FREE. Master has just promised me *this blessing!!*

Yours, H.P. BLAVATSKY

THE 12 THEOSOPHICAL MANUALS

It is interesting to note the growing demand for these booklets from colleges across the United States, perhaps one or more of them becoming required reading and study in a course they offer. This is not surprising since in truth they form a mini-library of occult philosophy-science-religion. Titles are as follows:

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The following extracts are from the Editor's Preface:

"Nature exists and Man exists, and somewhere, undisguised by man's own sophistry, there must be available the wisdom and learning which tells us *why* and *how*. As we ponder the question it seems an inevitable conclusion that somewhere there must be preserved a recording, a gathering of facts or 'laws', a formulation in human language, of the truth concerning Man and Nature. There must be a basic source from which sciences, philosophies and great religions have sprung.

"H.P. Blavatsky, in her writings of immense intellectual and spiritual force and power — still not fully appreciated — points to that Source. She called it the Ancient Wisdom, the Sacred Science, the *Gupta-Vidyâ*, and gave to it the Greek name of *Theosophia*, Theosophy, knowledge and wisdom such as the gods or divinities live by. This Ancient Wisdom, she declared, has always been in existence, though not always publicly known, having come down the ages tested and checked by generations of Greek Seers. It may be called the Facts of Being, the 'laws' or workings of Nature.

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H. P. BLAVATSKY

COLLECTED WRITINGS

1887



VOLUME VIII

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

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Vol. VI, Nos. 1, 2, 3, May, June, July, 1900]

[This is an account written by Charles Johnston concerning his conversation with H. P. B. when he met her for the first time in London, in the Spring of 1887, soon after her arrival from Ostende. Even though this text is not from H. P. B.'s own pen, it is published here as it contains a great many points of teaching, and bears obvious marks of authenticity.—*Compiler*.]

"I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing new things into religion. And he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there."

—PLATO.

I first met dear old "H. P. B.," as she made all her friends call her, in the spring of 1887. Some of her disciples had taken a pretty house in Norwood, where the huge glass nave and twin towers of the Crystal Palace glint above a labyrinth of streets and terraces. London was at its grimy best. The squares and gardens were scented with grape-clusters of lilac, and yellow rain of laburnums under soft green leaves. The eternal smoke-pall was thinned to a gray veil shining in the afternoon sun, with the great Westminster Towers and a thousand spires and chimneys piercing through. Every house had its smoke-wreath, trailing away to the east.

H. P. B. was just finishing her day's work, so I passed a half-hour upstairs with her volunteer secretary, a disciple who served her with boundless devotion, giving up everything for her cause, and fighting her battles bravely, to be stormed at in return, unremittingly for seven years. I had known him two years before, in the days of Mohini Chatterji, the velvet-robed Brahman with glossy tresses and dusky face and big luminous eyes. So we talked of

old times, and of H. P. B.'s great book, *The Secret Doctrine*, and he read me resonant stanzas about Universal Cosmic Night, when Time was not; about the Luminous Sons of Manvantaric Dawn; and the Armies of the Voice; about the Water Men Terrible and Bad, and the Black Magicians of Lost Atlantis; about the Sons of Will and Yoga and the Ring Pass-Not; about the Great Day Be-With-Us, when all shall be perfected into one, re-uniting "thysself and others, myself and thee."

So the half-hour passed, and I went downstairs to see the Old Lady. She was in her writing-room, just rising from her desk, and clad in one of those dark blue dressing-gowns she loved. My first impression was of her rippled hair as she turned, then her marvellously potent eyes, as she welcomed me: "My dear fellow! I am so glad to see you! Come in and talk! You are just in time to have some tea!" And a hearty handshake.

Then a piercing call for "Louise," and her Swiss maid appeared, to receive a voluble torrent of directions in French, and H. P. B. settled herself snugly into an armchair, comfortably near her tobacco-box, and began to make me a cigarette. The cuffs of a Jaeger suit showed round her wrists, only setting off the perfect shape and delicacy of her hands, as her deft fingers, deeply stained with nicotine, rolled the white rice-paper round Turkish tobacco. When we were comfortably alight, she told me a charming tale of Louise's devotion. She had got away from her base of supplies somewhere, in Belgium I think, and things were rather tight for a while. A wealthy gentleman called to see the famous Russian witch, and tipped her maid munificently. As soon as he was gone, Louise appeared, blushing and apologizing: "Perhaps madame will not be offended," she stammered, "but I do not need money; *enfin—madame consentira . . .*" and she tried to transfer the *douceur* to her mistress.

Louise's entry cut short the story, and H. P. B. turned with a quizzically humorous smile to another theme: "Of course you have read the S. P. R. Report?—The Spookical Research Society—and know that I am a Russian spy, and the champion impostor of the age?"

India over to London. Well, they themselves have perfectly sound evidence of the very same thing. I know one of their Committee, a professor of physics, who really discovered thought-transference and made all the first experiments in it. He showed me a number of their unpublished papers, and among them was an account of just such astral journeys made quite consciously. I think the astral traveller was a young doctor, but that is a detail. The point is, that he kept a diary of his visits, and a note of them was also kept by the person he visited, and the two perfectly coincide. They have the whole thing authenticated and in print, and yet when you make the very same claim, they call you a fraud. I wonder why?"

"Partly British prejudice," she answered; "no Englishman ever believes any good of a Russian. They think we are all liars. You know they shadowed me for months in India, as a Russian spy? I don't understand," she went on meditatively, yet with a severe eye on her secretary, "I don't understand how these Englishmen can be so very sure of their superiority, and at the same time in such terror of our invading India."

"We could easily hold our own if you did, H. P. B.," ventured the patriotic secretary, pulling himself together, but evidently shaky yet, and avoiding her eye. She was down on him in an instant:

"Why!" she cried, "what could you do with your poor little army? I tell you, my dear, when the Russians do meet the English on the Afghan frontier, we shall crush you like fleas!"

I never saw anything so overwhelming. She rose up in her wrath like the whole Russian army of five millions on a war footing and descended on the poor Briton's devoted head, with terrific weight. When she was roused, H. P. B. was like a torrent; she simply dominated everyone who came near her; and her immense personal force made itself felt always, even when she was sick and suffering, and with every reason to be cast down. I have never seen anything like her tremendous individual power. She was the justification of her own teaching of the

divinity of the will. "But H. P. B."—hesitated the secretary. But she crushed him with a glance, and he desperately helped himself to more buttered toast only to be accused of gluttony.

Again I attempted a diversion: "There is one thing about the S. P. R. Report I want you to explain. What about the writing in the occult letters?"

"Well, what about 'it'?" asked H. P. B., immediately interested.

"They say that you wrote them yourself, and that they bear evident marks of your handwriting and style. What do you say to that?"

"Let me explain it this way," she answered, after a long gaze at the end of her cigarette. "Have you ever made experiments in thought-transference? If you have, you must have noticed that the person who receives the mental picture very often colours it, or even changes it slightly, with his own thought, and this where perfectly genuine transference of thought takes place. Well, it is something like that with the precipitated letters. One of our Masters, who perhaps does not know English, and of course has no English handwriting, wishes to precipitate a letter in answer to a question sent mentally to him. Let us say he is in Tibet, while I am in Madras or London. He has the answering thought in his mind, but not in English words. He has first to impress that thought on my brain, or on the brain of someone else who knows English, and then to take the word-forms that rise up in that other brain to answer the thought. Then he must form a clear mind-picture of the words in writing, also drawing on my brain, or the brain of whoever it is, for the shapes. Then either through me or some Chela with whom he is magnetically connected, he has to precipitate these word-shapes on paper, first sending the shapes into the Chela's mind, and then driving them into the paper, using the magnetic force of the Chela to do the printing, and collecting the material, black or blue or red, as the case may be, from the astral light. As all things dissolve into the astral light, the will of the magician can draw them forth again. So he can draw forth colours of

pigments to mark the figure in the letter, using the magnetic force of the Chela to stamp them in, and guiding the whole by his own much greater magnetic force, a current of powerful will."

"That sounds quite reasonable," I answered. "Won't you show me how it is done?"

"You would have to be clairvoyant," she answered, in a perfectly direct and matter-of-fact way, "in order to see and guide the currents. But this is the point: Suppose the letter precipitated through me; it would naturally show some traces of my expressions, and even of my writing; but all the same, it would be a perfectly genuine occult phenomenon, and a real message from that Mahatma. Besides, when all is said and done, they exaggerate the likeness of the writings. And experts are not infallible. We have had experts who were just as positive that I could not possibly have written those letters, and just as good experts, too. But the Report says nothing about them. And then there are letters, in just the same handwriting, precipitated when I was thousands of miles away. Dr. Hartmann received more than one at Adyar, Madras, when I was in London; I could hardly have written that."

"They would simply say Dr. Hartmann was the fraud, in that case."

"Certainly," cried H. P. B., growing angry now; "we are all frauds and liars, and the lambkin from Australia is the only true man. My dear, it is too much. It is insolent!" And then she laughed at her own warmth, a broad, good-natured Homeric laugh, as hers always was, and finally said:

"But you have seen some of the occult letters? What do you say?"

"Yes," I replied; "Mr. Sinnett showed me about a ream of them; the whole series that the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* are based on. Some of them are in red, either ink or pencil, but far more are in blue. I thought it was pencil at first, and I tried to smudge it with my thumb; but it would not smudge."

"Of course not!" she smiled; "the colour is driven into the surface of the paper. But what about the writings?"

"I am coming to that. There were two: the blue writing, and the red; they were totally different from each other, and both were quite unlike yours. I have spent a good deal of time studying the relation of handwriting to character, and the two characters were quite clearly marked. The blue was evidently a man of very gentle and even character, but of tremendously strong will; logical, easy-going, and taking endless pains to make his meaning clear. It was altogether the handwriting of a cultivated and very sympathetic man."

"Which I am not," said H. P. B., with a smile; "that is Mahatma Koothoomi; he is a Kashmiri Brahman by birth, you know, and has travelled a good deal in Europe. He is the author of the *Occult World* letters, and gave Mr. Sinnett most of the material of *Esoteric Buddhism*. But you have read all about it."

"Yes, I remember he says you shriek across space with a voice like Sarasvati's peacock. Hardly the sort of thing you would say of yourself."

"Of course not," she said; "I know I am a nightingale. But what about the other writing?"

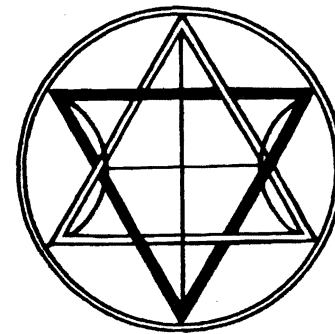
"The red? Oh that is wholly different. It is fierce, impetuous, dominant, strong; it comes in volcanic outbursts, while the other is like Niagara Falls. One is fire, and the other is the ocean. They are wholly different, and both quite unlike yours. But the second has more resemblance to yours than the first."

"This is my Master," she said, "whom we call Mahatma Morya. I have his picture here."

And she showed me a small panel in oils. If ever I saw genuine awe and reverence in a human face, it was in hers, when she spoke of her Master. He was a Rajput by birth, she said, one of the old warrior race of the Indian desert, the finest and handsomest nation in the world. Her Master was a giant, six feet eight, and splendidly built; a superb type of manly beauty. Even in the picture, there is a marvellous power and fascination;

THE MAHATMA LETTERS

To A. P. SINNETT *from*
THE MAHATMAS M. & K. H.
Transcribed, Compiled, and with an
Introduction by A. T. BARKER



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The following article by A. Trevor Barker originally appeared in the January 1938 issue of *The English Theosophical Forum*, London, England. It is included herein because of its intrinsic value to students of *The Mahatma Letters*.

THE WRITING OF THE MAHATMA LETTERS

By A. TREVOR BARKER

I HAVE received a number of requests to publish a reply to two questions that are asked by students over and over again, and these questions may be formulated as follows:

In your Introduction to *The Mahatma Letters* you refer to the letters as having been signed by the Masters with their own hands. You may or may not have intended this to be taken literally, but a careful study of the letters in the opinion of many intelligent people reveals that some of the letters seem to drop below the standard that one would attribute to a supra-mundane or Mahatmic intelligence. What is the explanation for this if the Mahatmas M. and K.H. were actually responsible for them?

The only satisfactory way of answering these very important questions is to see what H.P.B. and the Masters themselves had to say upon the subject. As a matter of fact the Mahatmas M. and K.H. did not use their high intelligence to supervise the whole process of transmitting quite a number of these letters. This H.P.B. states quite clearly on page 480 of *The Mahatma Letters* in these words:

Has Master K.H. written himself all *His* letters? How many chelas have been precipitating and writing them — heaven only knows.

The Master himself writes on page 232:

In noticing M's opinion of yourself expressed in some of his letters — (you must not feel altogether so sure that because they are in *his* handwriting, they are written by him, though of course every word is sanctioned by him to serve certain ends) . . .

To understand the problem properly the whole of Letter CXL (pp. 478–81) should be read carefully and in addition pp. 470–1 and 422–6. In order to save space we only print the more important passages, and draw the reader's attention particularly to the following on page 422:

The letter in question was framed by me while on a journey and on horse-back. It was dictated mentally, in the direction of, and "precipitated" by, a young chela not yet expert at this branch of Psychic chemistry, and who had to transcribe it from the hardly visible imprint. Half of it, therefore, was omitted and the other half more or less distorted by the "artist." When asked by him at the time, whether I would look it over and correct I answered, imprudently, I confess — "anyhow will do, my boy — it is of no great importance if you skip a few words." I was physically very tired by a ride of 48 hours consecutively, and (physically again) — half asleep. Besides this I had very important business to attend to *psychically* and therefore little remained of me to devote to that letter. It was doomed, I suppose. When I woke I found it had already been sent on, and, as I was not then anticipating its publication, I never gave it from that time a thought.

Then on page 423:

Two factors are needed to produce a perfect and instantaneous mental telegraphy — close concentration in the operator, and complete receptive passivity in the "reader" — subject. Given a disturbance of either condition, and the result is proportionately imperfect. The "reader" does not see the image as in the "telegrapher's" brain, but as arising in his own. When the latter's thought wanders, the psychic current becomes broken, the communication disjointed and incoherent. In a case such as mine, the chela had, as it were, to pick up what he could from the current I was sending him and, as above remarked, patch the broken bits together as best he might.

Well, as soon as I heard of the charge — the commotion among my *defenders* having reached me across the eternal snows — I ordered an investigation into the original scraps of the impression. At the first glance I saw that it was I, the only and most guilty party, — the poor little boy having done but that which he was told. — p. 424

and later on the same page:

I transcribe them with my own hand this once, whereas the letter in your possession was written by the chela. I ask you also to compare this hand-writing with that of some of the *earlier letters* you received from me. Bear in mind, also the "O.L.'s" emphatic denial at Simla that my *first* letter had ever been written *by myself*. I felt annoyed at her gossip and remarks *then*; it may serve a good purpose *now*.

These passages from *The Mahatma Letters* prove and confirm H.P.B.'s statement in the letter quoted above from page 480.

In a letter to me on this subject Dr. de Purucker expressed himself as follows:

H.P.B. stated specifically, and more than once, that it was the rarest thing in the world for any one of the Mahatmans, or even for a high chela, *personally to write* a letter, i.e. indite any communication with his own hand. There are very, very few, very rare exceptions, such as one or two, it may

be three, cases of direct precipitation from the Master or from a high chela, and possibly one or two brief notes, maybe a telegram or two, written by the Master's own hand. H.P.B. states positively that not only was such writing in the Master's own hand the rarest thing, but that practically in every case, with the few exceptions named, the Master *impressed* mentally his chela or amanuensis, or chelas or amanuenses, to write thus or so, to such or another person. Then the chela, if the receptivity was good, would get the message clearly from the Master's mind along the etheric currents, and in writing it down, *if* the receptivity was perfect the resulting production would be practically the Master's own words, and actually his own handwriting, real or adopted — whichever Master it might be who was the source, K.H. or M. or some other. If receptivity on the part of the chela or amanuensis was less perfect, there would be the immediate entrance into the psychology of the receiving chela of more or less, usually less, of the chela's own mental idiosyncrasies, ways of phrasing, what Hodgson and the Hare brothers call Americanisms or Gallicisms, etc., etc.

The writing of these letters was a mystery and must remain so for all but the initiates. The last passage we quote however could hardly be more definite.

Another of our customs, when corresponding with the outside world, is to entrust a chela with the task of delivering the letter or any other message; and if not absolutely necessary — to never give it a thought. Very often our very letters — unless something very important and secret — are written in our handwritings by our chelas. Thus, last year, some of my letters to you were *precipitated*, and when sweet and easy precipitation was stopped — well I had but to compose my mind, assume an easy position, and — think, and my faithful "Disinherited" had but to copy my thoughts, making only occasionally a blunder. — p. 296

In conclusion if it is contended that it would have been better if I had not stated in the Introduction that the letters were written by the Masters in their own hands, I agree. When I wrote that sentence I had not had time to assimilate fully the whole content of the letters, and therefore this particular aspect of the matter had not clearly taken shape in my consciousness. One of these days, when a new issue is being printed, it can be corrected.

The above explanation should be sufficient to clear up this problem, for any serious student who will take the trouble to read carefully the page references given to *The Mahatma Letters*.