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THE SOUL'S GROWTH THROUGH REINCARNATION

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THE LIVES OF ULYSSES, ABEL, ARCOR
AND VALE

BY

C. W. LEADBEATER

EDITED BY

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
ADYAR, MADRAS 20, INDIA

1950

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The Lives of Ulysses, Abel, Arcor and Vale form the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth in the Series, "The Soul's Growth through Reincarnation."

The first and second series in one volume are "The Lives of Erato" and "The Lives of Spica". The third series in one volume contains "The Lives of Orion". The fourth series in one volume contains "The Lives of Ursa," "The Lives of Vega," and "The Last Life of Eudox".

There is one more series to be issued.

C. Jinarājādāsa

INTRODUCTION

HENRY STEEL OLCOTT, who in the "*Lives*" was given the name Ulysses, was born August 2, 1832, and died on February 17, 1907. He was the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society. He was specially selected for this task, and we have the following about him and his Co-Founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, in a Letter of the Mahātma Morya, written to A. P. Sinnett in 1881 :

"So casting about we found in America the man to stand as leader—a man of great moral courage, unselfish, and having other good qualities. He was far from being the best, but (as Mr. Hume speaks in H.P.B.'s case)—he was the best one available. With him we associated a woman of most exceptional and wonderful endowments. Combined with them she had strong personal defects, but just as she was, there was no second to her living fit for this work. We sent her to America, brought them together—and the trial began. From the first both she and he were given clearly to understand that the issue lay entirely with

themselves. And both offered themselves for the trial for certain remuneration in the far distant future as—as K. H. would say—soldiers volunteer for a Forlorn Hope.”

There is further the following testimony to his devotion to the cause of the Theosophical Society, given by the Mahātma Koot Hoomi in 1880 :

“ Him we can trust under *all* circumstances, and his faithful service is pledged to us, come well, come ill. My dear Brother, my voice is the echo of impartial justice. Where can we find an equal devotion ? He is one who never questions, but obeys ; who may make innumerable mistakes out of excessive zeal but never is unwilling to repair his fault even at the cost of the greatest self-humiliation ; who esteems the sacrifice of comfort and even life something to be cheerfully risked whenever necessary ; who will eat any food, or even go without ; sleep on any bed, work in any place, fraternise with any outcast, endure any privation for the cause.”

After his death, there was prepared for the Convention of the American Section in the year 1908 a special Souvenir, written by C. W. Leadbeater, which contained the following description of a past life in ancient Atlantis of Henry Steel Olcott and of certain events in later lives, as of King Gashtāsp or Vishtāspa of Persia at the time of the great Prophet,

the last Zarathushtra, and his last previous life when he was the renowned Emperor of India, Asoka, the record of whose philanthropic dreams still remains in his Edicts carved on tall pillars and on rocks in various parts of India, from Peshawar in the north to Mysore in the South.

The lives of Ulysses were not investigated in sequence, but he comes constantly in the series, *The Lives of Alcyone*.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Two hundred thousand years ago, in old Atlantis, in the great City of the Golden Gate, there reigned a mighty King. One day there came to him a soldier whom he had sent out to head an expedition against a troublesome tribe on the borders of that vast empire. The soldier reported victory, and as a reward the King gave him the position of captain of the Palace Guard, and placed specially in his charge the life of his own only son, the heir-apparent to his throne. Not long afterwards the newly appointed captain had an opportunity of proving his faithfulness to his trust, for when he was alone with the young Prince in the palace gardens a band of conspirators rushed upon them and tried to assassinate his charge. The captain fought bravely against heavy odds, and though mortally wounded succeeded in protecting the Prince from serious harm until help arrived, and the two were borne together into the presence of the King. The Monarch heard the story and turning to his dying captain said : " What can I do for you who have given your life for me ? " The captain

replied: "Grant me to serve you and your son forever in future lives, since now there is the bond of blood between us." And with a last effort he dipped his finger in the blood which flowed so fast from his wounds, and touched with it the feet of his Sovereign and the forehead of the still unconscious Prince. The King held out his hand in benediction, and replied: "By the blood that has been shed for me and mine, I promise that both you and he shall serve me to the end."

So was the first link forged between three leaders of men of whom we all have heard; for that great King is now the Master M., the Prince his son has been known to us as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and the Captain of the Guard as Henry Steel Olcott. Through all the ages since, through many strange vicissitudes, the link has been kept unbroken and the service has been rendered, as we know that it will be through ages yet to come.

Since then as Gashtāsp, King of Persia, the captain protected and assisted in the foundation of the present form of Zoroastrianism, and later, as the world-renowned King Asoka, he issued those wonderful Edicts which remain until this day graven upon rocks and pillars in India to show how real were his zeal and his devotion. And when at the end of that long and strenuous life he looked back upon it with sorrow to see how far short of his intentions even

his wonderful achievements had fallen, his Master showed him, for his encouragement, two visions, one of the past and one of the future. The vision of the past was the scene in Atlantis when the link between them was forged ; the vision of the future showed the Master as the Manu of the Sixth Root Race, and our President-Founder as a lieutenant serving under Him in the exalted work of that high office. So Asoka died content in the certainty that the closest of all earthly ties, that between the Master and His pupil, would never be severed.

Having thus taken a prominent part in the spreading of two of the great religions of the world, Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, it was appropriate that he should be so closely associated with the work of this great movement which synthesizes all religions—the Theosophical Society. Never himself the spiritual teacher, he has always been the practical organizer who made the teacher's work possible. In this life as in all those others, his ruling principle was always that of passionate loyalty to his Master and to the work which he had to do. When first I met him a quarter of a century ago that was the dominant feature in his character ; through all the years that I have known him that above all other motives ruled his actions ; it inspires the last letter which I received from him written only a few weeks before his death ; it is still his most salient

characteristic in the astral world in which he is now living.

If we turn to the outward details of this past life of his, we still find the same keynote of devotion to duty. The Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury wrote to him with regard to his public work for the Government :—" I wish to say that I have never met with a gentleman intrusted with important duties, of more capacity, rapidity and reliability than have been exhibited by you throughout. More than all, I desire to bear testimony to your entire uprightness and integrity of character, which I am sure have characterized your whole career, and which to my knowledge have never been assailed. That you have thus escaped with no stain upon your reputation, when we consider the corruption, audacity and power of the many villains in high position whom you have prosecuted and punished, is a tribute of which you may well be proud, and which no other man occupying a similar position and performing similar services in this country has ever achieved."

He showed the same energy and capacity in his work for the Theosophical Society. Few of our European or American members realize the extent and the success of his labours, for much of what he did can be properly appreciated only by those who have travelled in those Eastern lands which he

loved so well. To his untiring exertion was due the rebuilding and enlargement of the Society's Headquarters at Adyar. It was he who founded the great Library there, and on the occasion of its opening gathered together to bless its inception priests of all the leading religions of the world—the first occasion in history on which such representatives had met in fraternal accord, each freely acknowledging the others as standing on an equal footing with himself¹.

To him is due the great movement for Buddhist education in the island of Ceylon, in consequence of which up to the present 287 Buddhist schools have been founded, in which over 35,000 children are being taught. He it was who brought together on a common platform of belief the Northern and Southern Schools of Buddhism, separated for more than a thousand years ; he it was who took up the education of the neglected Pariah class.

Many and great were the difficulties in his way in holding together and directing so complex a movement as the Theosophical Society ; yet in every land he was always popular, by every nation he was eagerly welcomed. His utter devotion to the welfare of his Society and the transparent honesty of his purpose could not fail to impress all who

¹ There were present : a Hindu Brahmin priest, two Buddhist monks, and a Zoroastrian Dastur or priest. But none of the Christian ministers who were invited attended.—C. J.

met him. I speak of him with feeling, for I had special opportunities of knowing him well. I shall never forget his fatherly kindness to me when as a comparatively young man, quite new to Indian life, I first went to reside at the Headquarters at Adyar [in December, 1884]. Since then I have met him in many countries; I have passed weeks alone with him (except for an interpreter and a servant) in a bullock-cart in the jungles of Ceylon; I went with him on the journey which carried Theosophy into Burma in 1885. Under circumstances like these one quickly gets to know a man with far greater intimacy than is afforded by years of ordinary social life, and I can unreservedly bear testimony to the whole-souled devotion of the man—to the fact that during all this time his one anxiety was the furthering of the Theosophical work, his one thought how to please the Master by doing with all his might that which had been given him to do.

His passing from among us is too recent for its details to have been forgotten; we all know how courageously he bore his sufferings, how all through his illness his constant thought was still the welfare of the dear Society to which his life had been devoted. We remember how when the time came for him to leave the body three of the great Masters stood beside him, as well as his old colleague and friend, H. P. Blavatsky; we have all read the

The conversion of Vishtāspa produced a war with Tartary, which lasted a long time and caused much trouble. The Tartars, however, were eventually defeated and driven out of the country. Soon after this, Vishtāspa became jealous of his son, Isfandehar (Deneb of the *Lives*), and imprisoned him—an act which created much popular indignation. The Tartar king now espoused the cause of Isfandehar and invaded the country once more. Vishtāspa on this emergency released Isfandehar on the condition that he would lead an army against the invaders. This Isfandehar did with triumph and success, and consequently he became a greater popular hero than ever.

A little while later Vishtāspa again imprisoned his son, but was again forced to release him to confront another Tartar invasion. This time, however, Vishtāspa had to promise to yield up the kingdom to Isfandehar, before the latter would consent to come forth and save it; but when the invaders were safely disposed of, once more Vishtāspa repented of his bargain, and tried to escape from its fulfilment under various pretexts. He sent Isfandehar to reduce to complete submission a distant and not wholly subjugated part of the kingdom, and in the fighting which ensued Isfandehar was killed by an arrow which struck him in the eye.

stands beside me now, and insists that I shall convey to the members his most earnest advice to give whole-hearted loyalty and support to his noble successor, to put aside at once and forever all pitiable squabbling over personalities, all unprofitable wrangling over matters which are not their business and which they cannot be expected to understand, and to turn their attention to the one and only matter of importance—the *work* which the Society has to do in the world. His message to them is: “Forget yourselves, your limitations and your prejudices, and spread the truths of Theosophy.”

Of his future we can say little as yet. His own wish is to take another body quickly, so as to work along with Madame Blavatsky in her present incarnation, but I do not yet know whether this can be arranged. It depends partly upon the stage of his own development, and partly upon when and where the Masters think that he will be most useful. His great talent is organization, and we have seen that he has already practised it in Zoroastrianism, in the great missionary enterprise of Buddhism, and in the foundation of the Theosophical Society. No doubt he may have similar work to do in connection with the next great religion, and again at the establishment of the Sixth Root Race, but as yet we do not know exactly when these events will take

place. Be they when they may, the great man whom in this life we know as Henry Steel Olcott will be ready to bear his part in them, to lead us as he led us before, devoted as ever to the service of his Master, faithful as ever through life and through death.

C. W. LEADBEATER

(Written for the Twenty-second Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, Chicago, September 13, 1908.)

LIFE I

PERU

IN the life of Alcyone 12,093 B.C., in ancient Peru, when Mars was the Inca and the Head of Education was Mercury, Ulysses appeared as the great-grandson of Mars, with Corona as his father and Pallas as his mother. The father was a stern soldier and the mother a beauty, but vain and weak. While the father was away on military duty, the mother strayed from the path of virtue. Corona on returning discovered the disgrace and killed Pallas and her lover. Ulysses and his brothers and sisters were adopted by the great-grandparents and were placed by the Inca in an orphanage for nobles.

When Ulysses grew up, his bent was for practical work, and he was sent to a technological school; he was deeply interested in agriculture, and at seventeen years he invented a self-feeding sugar-mill which was considered to be ingenious. He did much work in hybridizing plants, and presently had a farm given over to him for experiments. Later he was made the superintendent of an agricultural

district, in which office he produced various cross-fertilized plants and distributed their seeds to the farmers. He was very inventive, and for long worked at a new kind of water-lift for irrigation ; after many failures he at last succeeded. He also evolved a new plant like sorghum, and for this he was thanked by the Inca ¹. He then returned to the technological college to occupy the post of lecturer on machinery and agriculture.

Castor became a student at this college, and was much interested in the models of Ulysses. As the friendship between them grew, Castor began to visit the house of the foster parents of Ulysses, and there he met Herakles. Castor and Herakles married, and had as a son Vajra ².

Ulysses made a great pet of Vajra, who was mischievous, and encouraged him in his pranks. Vajra was distinctly wild and felt settled ways as irksome ; presently he went off wandering to a wild tribe on the outskirts of the empire. Ulysses was sent by the Inca to persuade Vajra to return. Ulysses was now a very old man, but he went and succeeded in his mission. On the return journey, however, the party was ambuscaded and a fight ensued.

¹ It is interesting to note that Colonel Olcott published a work on Sorghum: *Sorgho and Imphee: The Chinese and African Sugar-Canes*. A treatise upon their Origin, Varieties and Culture. (1857) (This work went into seven editions.)

² H. P. Blavatsky.

Ulysses saw a man about to shoot Vajra with an arrow, and rushed in between and so was killed.

Thus once again Vajra was saved by Ulysses at the cost of his life.

LIFE II

EGYPT

IN 2,180 B.C. we meet Ulysses as the son of a Hyksos chief. The Hyksos were a warlike, pastoral people who were excellent riders; they were like the Bedouins of to-day and wore blue robes. At this time they decided upon an invasion of Egypt, and various tribes joining together, the invasion was accomplished. Egypt was discontented and disunited, and this made the conquest easier. The conquests were parcelled out among the various chiefs, and the father of Ulysses obtained one of the towns.

The Hyksos were Sabæans, and felt a tolerant contempt for all who were not like themselves. Ulysses was light bronze in colour and despised the natives. Vajra appeared in this life as a young Egyptian. Ulysses fell in love with Vajra's betrothed and eventually kidnapped the girl. The girl's father was a priest, and the girl protested vigorously and complained to the father of Ulysses ;

not being released, however, she broke her heart and finally committed suicide. Naturally there was a great scandal, and to get him out of the way the father of Ulysses sent him away on a military expedition. Ulysses conquered for himself a province and became its king. He then set to work to show what he could do as a ruler. He also built a great temple, at which great feasts and processions took place. No further particulars have been recorded of this life.

LIFE III

PERSIA

IN 1,528 B.C. Alcione was born in ancient Persia as a cousin of the last Zarathushtra, and Ulysses appeared at this time as the king. His father was Lohrāsp, who ruled over a country having its capital not far from Shiraz. When quite a young man, he quarrelled with his father and left home and wandered away into the west. There he presently obtained the favour of another king, married his daughter, and then returned home to his father's kingdom at the head of an army. It was arranged that the father should abdicate and go into pious retirement, and so Ulysses became king; his name was Vishtāspa (Gashtāsp).

About this time Zarathushtra began to preach, and Vishtāspa became converted to the new faith, which he took up with characteristic energy. He had the sacred books of the religion written out on 1,200 squares of hide, and buried them with elaborate ceremonies in a cave near what was afterwards Persepolis.

The conversion of Vishtāspa produced a war with Tartary, which lasted a long time and caused much trouble. The Tartars, however, were eventually defeated and driven out of the country. Soon after this, Vishtāspa became jealous of his son, Isfandehar (Deneb of the *Lives*), and imprisoned him—an act which created much popular indignation. The Tartar king now espoused the cause of Isfandehar and invaded the country once more. Vishtāspa on this emergency released Isfandehar on the condition that he would lead an army against the invaders. This Isfandehar did with triumph and success, and consequently he became a greater popular hero than ever.

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Vishtāspa then saw his mistake and realized what his jealousy had done for his son ; he died practically of grief and remorse, after a reign of sixty years, and was succeeded by his grandson Bāman.

THE LIVES OF ABEL ¹

THE Very Reverend Monsignor Arthur A. Wells, LL.D., to whom the name "Abel" has been given in the "*Lives*," was a minor dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, when, in some manner that I do not recall, he discovered the Theosophical teachings. He was then living at the Greyfriars Monastery at Chilworth near Guilford, which he had built for the Franciscan order. He had been before for a while a Carthusian monk (an order which observes perfect silence) I think in Belgium, but had later become a Franciscan. After reading some Theosophical literature he contacted Mr. A. P. Sinnett, President of the London Lodge, whose secretary then was C. W. Leadbeater. He joined the Society, of course not intimating the fact to his ecclesiastical superiors. Three years after he decided to leave his Church, but quietly, as he was attached to the traditions of the Roman Church, and did not want to create any particular disturbance by leaving dramatically.

¹ The name first given to this character was Avelledo, but the name having too many letters for the columns in the charts in *The Lives of Alcyone*, the name was condensed to Abel.—C.J.

Dr. Wells mentions his aunt and her husband but not what their names were. Though he never became a barrister, yet he passed the necessary examinations of the University of London and took the high degree of Doctor of Laws. The strain of this work was so very heavy that he was prohibited for a year from doing any work. He told me that during this period of enforced rest, he read through the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, page by page from A to Z merely to keep himself occupied. It must have been after this that he entered the Carthusian order.

His two lives, investigated by Mr. Leadbeater, are recorded by Dr. Wells himself, and among the many "*Lives*" these are especially interesting for the psychological comment about them by the person investigated, Dr. Wells himself. I publish them as he wrote them out. At the end I print three letters of Dr. Wells to Mr. Leadbeater.

Dr. Wells succeeded to much money on the death of his uncle and aunt, and it was then that he built for the Franciscan order the monastery at Chilworth. He arranged for a suite of rooms for himself, with a special passage leading to a gallery at the end, so that he could perform his devotions there unobserved. I recall vividly Dr. Wells inviting Mr. Leadbeater and myself to a luncheon at the monastery, where at a long table the monks

and novices observed silence, while a person deputed read during luncheon to the assembly and stopped when a bell was sounded by the abbot. I recall also later looking out of one of the windows of the monastery, into the monastery grounds and being surprised to see the novices with their gowns tucked up, kicking about a football. My surprise was due to the fact that I had the impression that novices were staid and serious persons, and not supposed to indulge in athletic exercises.

Dr. Wells had invested most of his capital in an annuity. He was generous without ostentation, and I recall that he contributed £100 to my college expenses. Mr. Leadbeater and I were living from the autumn of 1895 to the summer of 1899 in London at 19 Avenue Road, N.W., the home of Dr. Besant, then the Theosophical Headquarters of the English Section. It was at this house that H.P.B. passed away on May 8, 1891. When in 1899 Dr. Besant very suddenly sold her lease of the house, all the residents at the Headquarters naturally had to scatter. It was then that Dr. Wells suggested that he, Mr. Leadbeater and I should keep house together, and a small house was taken at Ealing, now a suburb of London. Dr. Wells had a sitting-room of his own where he kept his books and his piano, for he was devoted to music, though he never went to concerts. However, he

used to play constantly the Fugues of Bach, which fascinated him greatly. He was evidently still very monkish in habit, for I still recall one week when I gathered the household laundry, Dr. Wells gleefully holding up one handkerchief and saying that it was his only contribution for the week to the household laundry ! He was a little man, of kind and gentle disposition. After I left England in 1900, he was elected General Secretary of the British Section for one year, and held office from 1900 to 1901.

One striking and noteworthy fact is that, in spite of 'all that he has written, an ingrained habit of his manifested itself some years later. He mentions in Act II : " My Dominican confessor set the highest ideals before me and I did my best to rise to them. But this was only one side of me ; at other times I would be utterly unbelieving and inclined to throw it all over together." After the disturbance in the Society in 1906, he lost interest in Theosophy, and no one heard anything more of him. So that in spite of his aspiration to tread the Path to the Master, he doubted whether there was any Master towards whom to tread.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

THE LIVES OF ABEL

(The late Very Reverend Monsignor Arthur A. Wells, LL.D. (London), General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in England, 1900-1901).

TWO LIVES

BY ARTHUR A. WELLS

ACT I

I THINK the interest of the visions of Mr. Leadbeater as to my own two previous lives,¹ which I am about to record, will be enhanced if it be recognized that, taken along with certain notes of my present life which I will add for this purpose, they seem to constitute a complete life-drama—the history of one distinct breach of Karmic law and the working out of its consequences, for good and evil, to their final results, almost free from any complicating circumstances—a state of things which can hardly be of common occurrence.

The first of these lives Mr. Leadbeater dated vaguely at about 200 B.C. He saw me then as the

¹ Investigated in 1895.

son of a rich merchant of Bagdad. He saw the two parallel rivers with the canal connecting them, this last falling into decay and the whole country covered with ruins. We seem to be of the Iranian or old Persian stock, our religion a remnant of Zoroastrianism but degenerated into little more than the propitiation of evil spirits, the observance of lucky and unlucky days and so on. I seem to have been a bright lad, I learned to read and write. Leadbeater could not recognize the sound of the language but said it was written in a modification of the arrow-head character. I was a splendid horseman and accompanied my father on his caravan journeys to Damascus and elsewhere, but was rather inclined to despise trade and wanted to be a soldier.

All went well till I was in my 15th year, when one day Arab robbers came down on the caravan and fairly wiped it out. My father and nearly all his men were killed, and I was carried off as a slave with the rest of the spoil, to a tableland called the Hauran. Here I was very roughly used and at last I contrived to get a horse and escape. I rode madly along the hills for many miles, not daring to descend into the plain or approach a habitation for fear of being seized and returned to my captors, till at last my horse fell dead. I wandered on foot for several days tearing the prickly cactus leaves with my bare hands to get the juice to relieve my

thirst, till at last in an indescribable state of starvation and rags, I dropped, completely worn out, before a solitary hut in the desert.

From this a man came out. Leadbeater did not like his looks. But he picked me up and carried me inside. After watching for a minute, Leadbeater said: "This is getting interesting; the man is a magician," and then explained to us that he had been looking round the hut and, seeing nothing to eat but some dried peas, was just wondering what good they would be to a sick and starving boy, when the man clapped his hands uttering some words, and forthwith appeared a plentiful supply of fruit. After some speculation about the man, Leadbeater pronounced him a Druse. He said he did not belong to any of our schools and evidently set him down as one practising the black art. He lived entirely alone, but had occult means of communicating with his fellows in other parts of the desert. However this might be, he was very good to me and nursed me through a long spell of fever and delirium. When I got well I remained with him. I did not quite like him, but I had no other resource, and besides I was grateful to him for his kindness. I did what small services I could for him and begged him to teach me magic, to which I took very kindly. After nearly a year's probation he taught me a good deal—mantrams and so forth.

After about two years he sent me on an errand to a convent of his order some 40 or 50 miles away. I was to carry some metal plates with inscriptions upon them, carefully wrapped up, and to bring back something in return. I had to pass on my way through a small town and to spend the night at the Khan. He gave me something, not exactly money, but lumps of silver, to pay my expenses. On the way I trod on something sharp and hurt my foot, so that when I arrived at the Khan—an old tumble-down square of building—I had to stay two or three days before I could go on, and the Father of Mischief provided that on the other side of the court was staying a merchant with a very pretty daughter! Leadbeater could not give any description of her beyond the oval face, black hair and band strung with coins over her forehead, of every Eastern romance. I was hardly eighteen and, as Leadbeater said, had hardly ever seen a woman before, for not a soul ever came near our hut in the desert; and she on her side had never seen such a strange wild animal as the magician's pupil in her life, and so, my foot got well, but I stayed on!

At last my master made a mysterious appearance to look after me, and succeeded in persuading me that my love was the Devil *in propria persona*, and in getting me fairly (or rather unfairly) started off to the convent, though with my head still full of

my too charming Devil and much inclined to prefer Hell with her ; as I suppose was the way of youths, even 200 B.C.

At the convent I had to wait a week for the preparation of what I had to take back. Leadbeater said that the nuns there were very remarkable people, and that he felt he ought to know some of them, and if we had had time would have tried to make them out, although he evidently considered their holiness not equal to their powers. He wondered much that none of them read what was going on in my mind, but no one did ; and alas ! before the concoction was complete I was back at the Khan without waiting for it ! Leadbeater said my love had been crying her eyes out after me, and received me with open arms, though we had to keep everything very secret from her father, who was not the man to stand any nonsense of that sort.

We hear no more of the magician—he seems to have seen that love was stronger than magic, and given me up as a bad job. I contrived to engage myself in some capacity in her father's service, and we moved down to the coast, apparently Tyre or Sidon, as Leadbeater said there were two cities not very far apart, and afterwards inland. She and I made love together when we got a chance, and I dare say we were happy enough—only (and this is the point where the young Syrian's identity with

me comes out) I was continually haunted with regret for what I had left, and for ever on the point of leaving her and returning to my studies, but could never drag myself away.

But we could not keep our secret very long and soon the end came. Her father found us together and drew his sword upon us, and killed *her*—poor child—on the spot; but I, though wounded, managed to escape and hide myself from him. For some days I lay hid in a vault, only venturing out at night to get fruit for food, in such a state of mind as you may imagine, if you can. When my wound was sufficiently healed, I managed to make my way, apparently from a starting point somewhere near Mount Carmel, through the villages on the coast to a large town which could hardly be anything but Jerusalem, though Leadbeater puzzled a good deal of time over it. He saw the tower of David in its place, and said there *was* a Temple on the other hill and a court round it, but quite a small place—not at all like the description of Solomon's Temple. This discrepancy will not much trouble our members, I fancy! Here, once more thrown alone upon the world, I engaged myself as a clerk to another merchant, in whose service Leadbeater saw me writing and calculating. He thought this man was a Jew, as he had a number of ancient rolls which seemed to be of the Law. But there was to be no

peace for me in the world. I was young still, and soon found myself, to my horror, falling in love with someone else! It is not strange. I don't think my passion, though it had such tremendous results on my future, had been much more than a boy's animal attraction to the other sex, but the lesson I had received was not one so easily forgotten, and promptly "bolted" from my Jew master's service and offered myself to a community living an ascetic life in solitude—we may perhaps call them Essenes—and with them passed the remainder of a fairly long life.

ACT II

The shock of my Syrian love tragedy seems at first sight to have made a complete transformation of my character, so that anyone who has not given as much study to the matter as I have would hardly recognize the identity, which is, however, perfectly clear to me.

The time of my next appearance is in the Middle Ages. Leadbeater had a vague idea that it was the time of the first great schism in the Papacy, but very possibly it was during the time the Popes were still at Avignon. Having occasion to follow a river down to the Tiber, he went on to Rome and observed that St. Peter's was not begun, though I

saw a clearance being made for its building. The fifteenth century will be near enough date.

The place was a city in the south, apparently Genoa. I was the only child of noble, but apparently not very rich parents, spending my life in dreams in a great ramshackle old Palazzo, not half furnished but with a huge coat of arms in stone above the door, with countless quarterings which so took Leadbeater's fancy that we could hardly get him away from it. My parents did not seem to take any notice of me, nor did I seem to have any friends or acquaintances.

I was left as a boy entirely to the mismanagement of an old Dominican friar, very stern and severe. Leadbeater was inclined to hold him responsible for the main part of the mischief that followed. He said I was a strange dreamy child, of strong imagination and devoured by the most morbid introspection. I had an image of my patron saint, St. Francis with the stigmata, and he said I nearly succeeded by dint of poring over them in bringing them out on my own body, but not quite. My Dominican confessor set the highest ideals before me and I did my best to rise to them. But this was only one side of me ; at other times I would be utterly unbelieving and inclined to throw it all over together. Leadbeater said wonderingly there seemed to be two quite different people in me. He watched me one

night (he remarked it was not right thus to betray a soul's secrets) set myself on my knees before my St. Francis, with the resolution not to rise till I had obtained some sign—some actual manifestation—and stay there hour after hour. But nothing came and at last I fell asleep. I woke up in the morning cold and stiff and utterly ashamed of myself.

I never in all my life had so strange an experience as to sit and hear him explaining and wondering over *me*—the same in the minutest detail, in the body of this Italian lad. Not a word he said about him but I understood far better than he. The double life of which he spoke has been my torment all these years. Though I don't *remember* any single detail he gave of that life, everything is as real and true to me as if I did; there was not the very least touch that jarred on the fullest sense of identity.

Leadbeater said I was not a priest, but he saw me going about in a long black habit with a cowl all over my face, which we all, who knew Italy, recognized as the habit of the great lay confraternity of the *Misericordia*, so well known in history and not yet quite extinct. I saw it myself in Pisa. In it he saw me doing much charitable and disagreeable work amongst the sick and dying during a plague which was desolating the city. But all was in vain; for a sensitive hypochondriac nature like

'mine, the duality was too wide apart to be reconciled in that life, and while quite a young man still, I gave up the attempt, and put an end to the life of *that* body with my own hands.

Knowing, as I do, so intimately the soul that dwelt in that body, I do not much wonder nor care to apologize very anxiously ; enough that I did the deed and paid its price—long and heavy suffering in Kama Loka. Leadbeater seemed to think it unusually great even under the circumstances.

ACT III

Here we leave Mr. Leadbeater. The rest I give you on my own responsibility.

The Karmic situation at the end of my Syrian life presents itself thus to my mind. A girl dying at the earliest dawn of womanhood with a debt to Karma for the disappointment of her father's hopes in her which must be paid, and with a heart full of love for me, which must find expression in another life. I myself, by no means so full of love for her, as is a man's way, but owing a life to her in return for the young life she had lost for and through me. How this would have worked itself out in Italy I cannot tell. So far as that life went, no woman had any share in it. But I having prematurely closed that life—having as I said paid the penalty of my

transgression—return to the world in the year 1840 in England, identically the same man as before, to take up and finish the work then abandoned.

Now there is but one woman who has had any influence on my life here, and to her we must look, unlikely as it seems at first sight, for the successor of my murdered love. At three years old, I was adopted by an aunt—my father's sister—married to a Professor at a College, but childless. She was a remarkable woman, of imperious temper, fierce energy and ambition, without a trace of animal passion, and very little capacity for love of any kind. Such love as she could give, her husband had long lost, when I first understood things. He loved her dearly and was a very clever man, but socially a nonentity of whom even she could make nothing, and had had to resign herself to the disappointment of all her ambition, and the waste of all her powers. He was always in his study, and she was left pretty much alone with me, and as I grew up under her care, she came by degrees to love me as she loved no one else in the world. I have often since wondered why.

We were utterly unlike in character—no two people ever more so—and were always quarrelling, or rather to say the truth, she was always quarrelling with me. To begin a quarrel with her was more than anyone dared, for her very affection was

of a fierce order—and a lioness' paw is heavy even on her cub. Through circumstances I need not detail, we lived together for 50 years with small intervals now and then, and in spite of all our differences, the bond, whatever it was, held fast.

From me too she had to endure the disappointment of our dearest hopes—to see me give up one lucrative and important position after another, because of difficulties and scruples of which she herself could form no conception, her soul being as simple as mine was complex. I too had occasions for patience, not few nor small. Whether I loved *her* was a psychological problem I often took up and could never solve to my own satisfaction. It did not seem quite like it, and yet what else could thus hold me to her?

As years went on I came to recognize that even without love she had abundant claims of justice on me—a debt I owed to her for all *her* love and forbearance with me, for I had learnt by this time the meaning of the saying of an old Spanish friar: “Thou wouldst find it much easier to bear with others, if thou wouldst keep in mind how hard they oftentimes find it to bear with thee!” Without knowing of anything more than this present life, the faithful service I rendered her to the end came to take in my mind more and more this very aspect of a debt I owed her. I remember saying to

Mr. Sinnett long ago that on looking back on the sacrifices I had made of my own will and tastes to make her last years happy, her death presented itself to my mind not so much as the loss of an indispensable companionship as the fairly faithful completion of a long and heavy task—a piece of Karma now worked out and ended.

In the light of the revelations this Memorandum contains, I cannot but think my brethren will agree that I was speaking a truth which I then but dimly understood, and that as far as we can judge of such matters, the Syrian boy and girl have indeed worked out and ended the Karma of their youthful fault, and that I stand now once more free to take up again the great Hope I lost for love 2,000 years ago. What say you? At the same time I look with something very like awe on the price we have had to pay! Truly Karma has no anger, but also no mercy! The moral is Robert Browning's:

I admonish me while I may
Not to squander guilt,
Since require thou wilt
At my hands the price one day.
What that price is who shall say?

June 20th, 1895

Postscript

The foregoing was written immediately after the visions it records. In reviewing it nearly a year after, there present themselves some further identifications needed for the complete statement of the affair.

It is impossible not to recognize, in the Dominican friar of my Italian life, the father of my Syrian love, returned to life along with me to get the life he had failed to take then. In this he obviously succeeded (though quite unknown to his new personality) ; but if you ask me what *right* he had to do this I cannot quite answer. It would almost seem as if the law, which in many countries allows a father to act as a husband might, in similar circumstances, had a deeper foundation than mere human caprice, and that retributive Karma actually *required* both of our lives as the penalty of our fault, but this leads us into regions quite beyond my depth.

To identify him with the Professor, my aunt's husband, and my adoptive father in this life will, I fancy, not be quite so easy, but the circumstances require it, and I can do it without difficulty. He was a man of great learning and astute intellect ; but in real development hardly as far as we might fairly conceive the Syrian merchant to have been ; and the Karmic penalty he had to pay in this life

for his cruelty to his daughter (a cruelty, as I have just hinted, perhaps not at all as great as it looks to us) was chiefly to find himself linked for life to a partner so wholly unsuited to his particular idiosyncrasy as she made him. The bond of real love which brought them together as husband and wife was certainly not founded on suitability of character. We pity Pegasus yoked to the plough, but the position of the old horse yoked along with Pegasus has also its semi-tragic side. I, the only living person who knows their life, should certainly hesitate to say he did not fairly "dree his weird" as the Scotch say. And so far as regards my own relation with him, I had observed long ago that notwithstanding the unbroken *love* between us, as a matter of fact, we have been each, so to speak, the other's evil genius. Most of the failures of *my* life have arisen from my parents' utter ignorance of human nature in general, as well as of mine in particular, and in looking back now I can clearly see that many of *his* troubles in life were (quite unknown to us *then*) caused or aggravated by the fact of *my* existence. In the light of these revelations of our previous lives, it seems certain that all these circumstances were not matters of chance; and their arrangement seems to me a really valuable exemplification of a view of Karma often recurring in our earlier writings, but which has not been so

much dwelt on of late—the formation of Karmic links or bonds between the doers and sufferers of the various actions which make up our successive earth-lives.

Even this cannot be treated as entirely “educational” and still less as (in the ordinary sense) “retributive”. The word “remedial” would perhaps characterize them as well as anything; and they correspond precisely with the view of which we were lately reminded—that the action of Karma, both as to direction and extent, is determined towards the re-establishment of the broken harmony, and that *this* restored, its work is ended. In the present case, the Karmic tie between the three persons who take part in it commences with unlawful love, murder and suicide; and when we find that, after various incidental expiations, in this present generation the murderer dies peacefully in the arms of his two victims, now his loving wife and son, and that the son has by fifty years of devotion re-paid his mother year for year and day for day the life she lost for his sake when they were boy and girl lovers in the Syrian desert, we can hardly doubt that the broken equilibrium is indeed restored, the work of Karma in this case ended, and the law of love once more “ruling all in all”.

June 2, 1896.

A. A. WELLS

A. A. Wells to C. W. Leadbeater

Greyfriars, Chilworth, 7 January 1895

My dear Sir,

I made no enquiry about the next meeting. I presume it is Wednesday *next* week; but it has just occurred to me as possible that it was only the *last* meeting which was changed, and that it may be *this* week. If so please let me know at once, as I don't want to miss one—they are too valuable.

Your message¹ has made a new man of me. All my life it has been just that I have been hankering for—I did not want reward in the ordinary sense—but I *did* hunger for some word of recognition of my struggle—*something* to show me that *someone* was looking on, and approving—to make sure to me that it was worth while fighting; and I never could get it—forty years' service (and sometimes hard service) of Jehovah, and never a sign that he cared whether or no; *that* was the real trial of my life. And now the Master has seen my weakness at a glance (for I acknowledge it *is* a weakness) and condescended to it! As I said, you could never have dreamed what a void it was in my heart that his words have filled. I read and

¹ From Mahātma K. H., given by C. W. Leadbeater to Dr. Wells.—C.J.

re-read them many times a day—my most precious treasure.

And I *have* taken courage accordingly to put aside sensual pleasure, to drink no wine, etc., and to try once more to live the higher life as far as I can. I had pretty much given up all hope of it—you were only just in time. Now, I venture further—to ask you to help me a little more. You gave us at the last meeting but one a general idea of the course you went through yourself—would it be permitted you to suggest to me what exercises I might best use to help myself a little forwards in that direction—to draw for me, as it were, a little plan of operations? Something which might perhaps enable me in time, in the Master's words in the *Occult World*, to leave my world and come into "his"; for that has been my secret dream since I first read them.

Sooner or later I think I shall come to live in London. This is a fine place for an adept, but rather too much out of the way for one who has to learn, and hopes to do some work. I am just now putting something together to offer *Lucifer*—two or three papers selected from what I showed you when you were over here—Mead says he shall be glad to see them. If they are accepted and anyways suit, I may make a little book out of it—I begin to see a chance

of a public for it. I never fully understood before how great the world is outside Catholic and Protestant both. I knew neither of *them* would endure it.

I am fastening myself upon you in a very shameless fashion and giving you much trouble, but after all, what claim *can* be better than that a soul needs your help? I *won't* apologise.

With kindest remembrances,

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur A. Wells.

12, Wood St., High Barnet, 20 June 1895

My dear Leadbeater,

I got home about 12.40 this morning, all right. I must tell you how *awfully* indebted to you I feel for the trouble you took for me last night. It was very thoughtful of you to hesitate so long over the catastrophes, but you don't know with what purely philosophic interest I study my past. Of course there is still much left which would be curious and interesting to hear, but you really have answered all the questions I wanted to ask.

Imprimis, we fully understand now the Master's warning against "despair" and his saying, which I found it hard to believe, that "my will was much

stronger than it had been in past lives". I have worried a good deal over this, and should not have been astonished at something much worse. It was perfectly amazing to me to sit and hear you describe *me* in Italy—not a word but threw the most wonderful side-lights over my present life. I seem to have come over the very same being—quite unchanged in the smallest detail. The only philosophical point left is that, coming to think it over, I can hardly think that my Syrian love-tragedy, great as the shock was, could have so completely *bouleversé* my character—even to the present day and probably far beyond, unless there had been a root of weakness and indecision in it *then*, for whose origin we must look farther back still ; unless, what is still more likely it really forms the backbone of the soul I have brought with me "out of the *ewigkeit*".

Should you be able to look at my present life and see if the heroine of the tragedy has turned up in any connection with me there ?

But what made me say I had a reason for wanting to know just now, was that Rhea¹ had told me that I *had* been on her old ray—the 4th—in my previous lives and that *now* the 2nd was predominating over that ; so that it became a very practical

¹ The name given in the *Lives* to this character, in this incarnation a woman.

question if it were something in my *last* life which brought about the change. You seem to have settled that in the negative. But I don't quite know even *that*. I am not so much horrified at the suicide as you seemed to expect. I have had, as you say, to pay a heavy price for it; but that price paid, I can't but think the blind longings and yearnings of that life run over into the blind longings of this to help to form the germs of spiritual aspiration in the true sense which must be the root of the change of ray. The state of things and of the world in general considered, I am not sure that it was not rather creditable to me to despair of any good end coming of it! But all this is matter for a talk, if you can ever manage to come and see me—some Saturday, say.

On the whole the revelation is to my mind distinctly encouraging. That I have always been a *wild* creature, with the exception of my short and highly unsatisfactory experience of Christianity, is an agreeable explanation of much of my trouble in this life. The singular ease with which I fell into the routine of the religious life in the novitiate has its clear explanation. I read it, as I have sometimes already ventured to hope, that this present life has been rather the clearing off of old Karma than the making of new, and that I stand now fairly clear for a start on the right way.

If I can continue for a while to get *light* from you and *power* from Rhea to help me onwards, I think I may do some good ; if I don't, the deuce must be in it sure enough !

With renewed gratitude,

Ever yours,

Arthur A. Wells.

P. S.

When you see Mr. Sinnett you may show him this letter—he will like to know how I take your revelations—he evidently thought last night like you that I should be more shocked than I really was, and gave me, I saw, a sympathy I hardly deserved !

Chilworth, 22 October 1898

My dear C. W. L.

I have gone carefully over the lives with much interest—perhaps not so much profit. Vale's¹ later lives have most personal bearing on mine—his last Roman life and the one before are *very* like me and your criticisms stick into me also. The man “for whom you were sorry—he took no real hold of his ‘life’” is a *very* near relative of mine. Perhaps you don't know, however, that if he had known it, it might not have helped. I have known

¹ The name given to this person later in the *Lives*.—C.J.

it nearly all my life, but my most desperate efforts fail to gain the power. It is as it was with him in Rome and with me in England—everything drops from our hands, not from *liberality*, that is a mistake, but simply for want of *grasp* enough to hold them, and we fail in our higher aspirations simply for the same defect. That is what I was thinking of in what I said to Mrs. Besant—the instrument well enough, but the *player* asleep or drunk. It is so more or less with most of us; my peculiarity is that *I* am conscious all the time, like those grim stories of catalepsy in which the man is nailed down in his coffin, fully alive though able to give no sign of life. One thing is very clear in all the lives, that the premature development of Manas involves a serious destruction of the Kāmic power, so strong in the earlier times; a *degeneration* as Nordau would say, which certainly seems to me to have gone *too far* in the present generation in nearly all our cases, and to suggest that another life or two lived in the same way may find us with a perfect machine indeed, but the fire out and the steam gone. Even (*salvā reverentiā*) Rhea herself seems to me thus disabled. Is not this the actual cause of what we call the decline of a civilization? The “heroic” time, which Nietzsche would bring back, is of course the energetic Kāmic nature, as with Asiatic lives of the two Vale’s

gradually tamed down by the rising Manas into the Egyptiacs¹, but (in the nation or race's case) the Manas power not enough developed to take its *place* as the *life* and so the whole dying out together. Do you take my thought? There is something in it.

Minor notes. (1) The relation of temple virgins and priest is a *very* slippery one—only the one case of Agadé² under the Master's own eye fails to end sooner or later in the flesh. (2) Character. Is there any traceable result from Vale having been in the 5th Race so many thousands of years earlier than any one else? Also F. A.³ never was a Celt and *that* should show distinctly. (3) The *love* relationships are curious. Who is Ram Karanath, Amal's inseparable—I never heard the name⁴? Why should they nearly always have so much trouble to meet? It is curious to note that when he once married her sister they did *not* meet in the next life. The Vale family ties seem to overpower everything else—is that the *Scotch* character? Otherwise it would be strange that after he and Rhea had been so closely

¹ Egyptian.

² For Agadé, an old Greek city in Asia Minor, See *Lives of Ursa*, Life XI, and *Lives of Vega*, Life III.—C.J.

³ The late Francesca Arundale, "Spica" in the *Lives*. See Life IX of Spica.—C.J.

⁴ One of the pupil's of the Mahātma K.H. The close bond between Calyx (Ram Karanath) and Amal will be seen at a glance by examining Fig. 55, "Subjects E and F", in *First Principles of Theosophy*.—C.J.

linked as they were, he should go his way quickly for 8,000 years without her and now meet[rather by accident than otherwise. (4) I note one slip in dates. F. A. in 7095 B.C. is contemporary with Rhea at *her* date of 6000. Poor F. A.! *her* share of the H. P. B. blood brought her to awful grief! The cross relationships come out drolly enough—that Rhea's boy should be *your* uncle, for example. There are many members dropped out, as for example Rhea's wife in Peru and the unnamed second son of F. A. then, who *should* turn up again before this. What a freak conjunction that was—I count at least 25—all indeed but Vale.

Also your stout friend U. is not quite easy for my mind to picture as Mrs. Besant's sister!

I did not know before how much more *Egyptian* than Hindoo the development of Master K. H. and his pupils has been—all his *growth* seems to have been done in Egypt—the suggestions of the *White Lotus* are decidedly more interesting for the knowledge.

I don't expect you to answer these, but keep the letter about and let us have a talk over it if ever we get a chance together. By the bye, please *do* send me a postcard to say if Vale and Rhea know I have had your copy or if I must keep my knowledge to myself when I see them. *This is important.*

Another thing as to all these wicked priests. I see that in the letters I have copied when your friend goes off into denunciations of "priestcraft" and so on, like *Isis*, it is not the mere *Protestant* rant it sounds so much like, and which made much of *Isis*—I don't mind saying it—*suspicious* to me. It is a far wider generalization—over many thousands of years, and the Catholic priests—say your worst, rather favourable specimens than otherwise. That H. P. B. puts it all on *them* in her share and drawn from the New York surroundings—rather from Alex. Wilder. To confess the truth, I am sure he did not *write* *Isis*, in the ordinary sense, but I don't know what part is *not* his !!

But I am confirmed in my view that if I *knew* what they do I should think as they do—even on this point ; though I shall always stand up for my priestly brethren, as a class, against anyone.

Best wishes—have you good news of A. B. ?

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur A. Wells

THE LIVES OF ARCOR

INTRODUCTION

ARCOR is the late Miss Annie J. Willson, an Englishwoman who joined the Society in London in 1884. Very early she became deeply attached to Dr. Annie Besant, and for several years travelled with her, and for more than twenty-five years acted as her housekeeper. Miss Willson, whom Dr. Besant called Nance, had a curious character, which is shown in the Lives of Arcor. She had an element of restlessness in her and did not fit into the English environment into which she was born. When she came to India she was more content.

While she was profoundly devoted to Dr. Besant, there was a certain element of jealousy in that devotion, as she resented others coming near to her leader thinking they would disturb her. Personally I got on very well with Miss Willson, as I think she realized my profound attachment to Dr. Besant. But she was lacking in the understanding of her "Chief," as she was an Ego who seemed to belong in a curious way both to the Third Round and to the Fifth Round, that is to say, curiously limited

in understanding in some respects, yet also with striking flashes of deep penetration.

In the last years of Dr. Besant's life, Miss Willson and I were on duty looking after our Chief all the time, and in the evenings I was on duty between eight and twelve, when Miss Willson, after her rest, came on duty. But she was apt to be somewhat like a "schoolma'am" towards her Chief, so that there were times when Miss Willson found matters difficult, and had to ring for me to come. It was then that Dr. Besant used to say, "Raja dear, I am so glad to see you." Yet Dr. Besant realized how devoted Miss Willson was to her all the time.

Miss Willson was with her Chief to the end, but the departure of her Chief made a great change in her, as she seemed to enter on a period of life without any kind of an anchor. She had some means of her own, just enough to cover her expenses, and presently she left Adyar to stay in the cooler climate of Darjeeling, where she passed away.

The investigations into the Lives of Arcor were by both Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater. I reprint the conversation that took place between them, as the investigations proceeded, as recorded by Miss Willson herself who took them down.

Usually, in the clairvoyant investigations into past lives by Dr. Annie Besant and Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, the process has been to start with some

life far back, and then proceed step by step forwards in time, towards the present life of the person investigated. The *point de départ*, the life from which the investigations started, was not infrequently some vivid personal recollection of a past life in the form of a dream—a dream so vivid and in which the dreamer identifies himself or herself with some character in the dream, that it stands quite apart from the usual run of dreams. On the chance that the dream is really an incident in a past life, it is analysed by the investigators by examining the subject at the actual moment of dreaming, by looking up the Ākāshic record then, just as one might pick out of a shelf a cinema film taken years back. When it is found that the dream is not a dream, *i.e.*, a mere creation of the etheric brain, but on the other hand a glimpse of an incident in a past life, the investigators then follow up the glimpse in the Ākāshic record, and so enter into the record of the life itself. From then, the record is followed up forwards in time.

But in the case of Arcor, there was no such *point de départ*, consisting of some recollection of the past. Therefore the investigators worked *backwards in time*; the present Arcor's birth was noted, and then back into Devachan, and then beyond, into the astral life and the death of the previous incarnation, and then still back into the birth of

that body. After that there follows, going now forwards in time, the examination of the life.

Similarly, after Arcor's death in Benares about A.D. 576, the investigators in order to find the life which immediately preceded that life, proceeded backwards in time into the Devachan which ended when Arcor was born as Friga, about A.D. 520. This brought the investigators to the Devachan evidently of a life in Greece. Thence, going backwards, the life was noted at its beginning, in Greece.

The Lives of Arcor were investigated in 1898, and formed one of the early series. But since then, several other series have been investigated, particularly the long series covering tens of thousands of years recorded in *The Lives of Alcyone*. There is therefore rarely any need now to go backwards in time—at least beyond the foundation of the Fifth Root Race. If it is necessary to-day to investigate an Ego's past lives, the easiest way is to examine some past life of Alcyone, which has already been recorded, and see if the Ego comes anywhere in such a life. Thus a *point de départ* is readily obtained.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

LIFE I

February 17th, 1898

ARCOR'S Viking birth, as a woman, Friga.

Date. A.D. 520 to A.D. 576 (about).

C. W. L. We start on the Devachan of the past life.

A. B. goes back to Arcor's birth in this life, and then back to Rūpa subplanes of the Mental Plane (Devachan) first to see the general life and then to the Arūpa for the Ego. C. W. L. goes to the Arūpa first, and descends.

C. W. L. The Rūpa Devachan is odd ; rather a curious set ; plenty of it . . .¹

We then come down to the astral life ; then the death-bed scene ; then to the baby and work up again.

¹ There were naturally long gaps in the conversation, while the two investigators were examining scenes and incidents. The amanuensis, Arcor herself, notes down these gaps by the stops . . .

What do you want first? A description of the baby? Reddish hair—[it is agreed that all babies are much alike].

Father and Mother?

Father a very energetic person; a big yellow-haired, strong creature; a helmet like a thing out of a pantomime—a bird—I suppose his crest, only he does not wear it like one. The head part is the body of a bird and the wings stand out, silver from its shine; a fine-looking fellow, but blood-thirsty; distinctly a man of war. His club has loose balls of spikes hanging on to it—spikes on the mace part and three balls attached to it with a chain. Another weapon is an axe in front and a punch arrangement behind. If you try to lift it you will find it very heavy; to strike a blow you need both hands.

Date.

C. W. L. No one cares what year it is, . . . this is North . . . I am going down South to find a date . . . France is too early.

A. B. France, Rome or Constantinople will guide us to date . . . I should have said 600.

C. W. L. I should have said earlier . . . Romans are not here . . . This is how we get the date. You go to contemporaneous Rome, or Constantinople, and get the date; because they run over such a long time. If you can't do anything else, you count from some event you know and run through.

A. B. St. Sophia at Constantinople was built by Justinian the Great 532-580.

C. W. L. We will count back from 532 . . . now let's see where Arcor was at that period. If you take that time you will find her 15 or 16.

A. B. Put her down at A.D. 520 then . . . that's near enough.

Country . . .

C. W. L. Narrow steep-sided bays . . . Norway . . . It does not look at all bad . . . at the time of her birth it's exceedingly beautiful . . . a narrow steep bay . . . perfectly calm . . . with pines right down to the water's edge . . . very lovely. Your father chose the spot because the entrance was narrow and his ship could hide there . . . father a chief . . . a big open boat . . . the front of it comes up steeply in a great dragon head . . . They have sails . . . like bed curtains enormously big and heavy—brilliantly colored. Another boat with a bird-head . . . evidently his crest. Another has a snake. Evidently he is not a correct person and has been on a foray . . .

A. B. He'd been to Denmark.

C. W. L. A very curious kind of life . . . look at his moral limitations. A good deal of what we call morality is not there . . . a joyous life. They are eager if they see a ship and go after it at once. When you see a ship, fight it—no matter what it is.

The Mother. Very much on his line too. We first find her delivering an address, standing on the prow of a ship waving a sword and haranguing the men. The sort of heroic thing you read of. A quantity of retainers belong to the father who cultivate the soil. Rye? Curious flat cakes. A roystering life. They go out and fight with anyone they meet and come back and feast. The mother is looking after the girls of her household. She is great on spinning. A good housewife . . . makes "remarks" occasionally . . . heaps of cows . . . She is exceedingly capable . . . Manages the household . . . bangs on a shield to rouse the warriors . . . goes out at midnight and chants. They cut an animal into four and eat it so. Bread and meat are the main things they eat. They make a drink from honey. They have cheese . . . *strong* cheese. A very strange wild sort of life.

Religion. On "happy hunting ground" lines.

The winter is not so brilliant as the summer. It is very bright and clear but there is hardly any daylight. Splendid auroras. But oh! it is cold! The cows go out even in the cold. They have curious long things to call the cows with.

A. B. sees a hunting party with reindeer, going up north after the bear. The sea is frozen. They get them with those spears they have for this purpose.

C. W. L. You get stories of religion round the fire. A sort of folk-lore. A priest saga-man—he looks old . . . delivers trance addresses, furious wild addresses . . . he has an idea of the will of the Gods.

A. B. Not to say the fights of the Gods!

C. W. L. But there is another side, and the mother knows it to some extent. The Norns. Three kinds of Fates, past, present and future. There are several stages of religion. Amongst the men it is merely an invocation to the Gods to help them in war and hunting . . . Walhalla.

Character. They might be quite unselfish about their fighting. One man would save another. They were exceedingly loyal and noble, giving themselves to save others. They were strong in those virtues, but with no idea why it is wrong to take from others. Yet there is universal execration at robbery amongst themselves. They are very barbaric; there is a great deal of wealth, furs, golden drinking cups . . . they make the sign of the cross [Hammer of Thor, the Swastika] over their wine.

The baby is rolling in front of the fire on a bear-skin. It has no other clothes. There is no glass and only a hole in the roof for a chimney . . . no architecture. Baby is a great pet. The father carries it round on his shield and it squawks because the shield is cold. The mother protests,

but the father thinks a warrior's child should not object to the cold of a shield.

At seven years' old . . . Oh, that's nice ! A very pretty little girl. A kind of Turk—long red hair—reddish gold, that floats out behind as she runs along. She is mostly running. She is rather a striking child in some ways. She has brothers—a fine fellow one of them. She can do many things better than her brothers can. She has not taken to the spinning side. She is rolling over and over with a young bear cub, and is going out at eight years old to kill a bear with her brothers, one aged ten, she eight, and a younger one ; they go out to kill a bear with short swords. She steals a magic sword belonging to their father that she thinks will kill by itself. The inscription on it runs round and round the hilt and along it ; it is highly magnetic. She expects it to do something itself and they try it on a wolf. As it does nothing they throw it away. They find their bear. They are not in the least afraid. It is exceedingly difficult to kill. Three lion-hearted children, but it's not common-sense. They do kill their bear, but it has pretty nearly killed some of them.

It occurs to Arcor now that her mother won't like it, as she is very badly hurt. Arcor's eldest brother struck the bear and it turned on him. She tried to kill it, and failed, not knowing where to strike, so

she fell flat and jabbed up with a piece of spear and thus got it off the elder boy whom it was hugging. The bear fell on her. The bear was on his hind legs with the boy in one paw ; it struck and boxed round at her with the other and gave her a bad wound.

Such was Arcor at the age of eight. The eldest brother was nearly insensible ; she has no reason to give to her mother ; night comes on ; they don't like it because of the cold, which is bad for their wounds. Arcor starts telling a story to the younger brother to keep him quiet. They cannot move the elder brother because of wounds. They are afraid of spirits. There is an echo from people shouting in search of them, which alarms the children who think it is demons. They see torches and at first consider them to be wild fire of the woods. The men find them and carry them home in triumph and the bear too. The mother is proud of them, though she appears to be angry. Arcor is very brave about it. The scar will remain for life, but she has got her bear. They name her from it. She is a masculine young person, but she has to keep quiet for a long time on account of that wound all down her side. She has a long bad spell, for their surgery is primitive. They bind it up. While she is recovering Arcor learns to spin and her mother recites things to her. (To A. B.) Can you make

out this language? You see they have written things. There are no schools. The women recite runes, which are also written down. It is curious writing.

A. B. They are only charms.

C. W. L. They think the writing comes from further north still. One character is like the limb of a tree, another like a candlestick turned upside down. It is a thing that could be read. Mainly they tell long stories.

A very curious form of possession takes people in different ways . . . a rocking motion . . . sometimes it comes on a woman, and she will rock and pour out prophesying and telling them who will die in war.

The same influence on a man seems to fill him with maniacal, war-like strength, and he will break things. A man fighting seized the other man's battle-axe—broke it in half—seized the man then and tore him asunder.

The child, Friga (Arcor), has now a nickname connected with the bear—"bear-maid"—or something like that, and she will go through life with it. A good deal is taught to her by her mother then, and to keep her still she chants to her wonderful old stories—wolf Fenris—the whole Norse mythology—the story of the Sun-God, Baldur; but they attach meanings to them, and there is a wonderful

scene in which the end of all things is depicted, the end of the world and of the Gods, and out of it all the Gods appearing again, but purified, and they themselves in the hall of the Gods.

The mother holds that all come through in the end. She teaches all to the child who has had at least one very remarkable vision. She is fretting and worrying about not getting out, and lies awake one night and a lady dressed all in white fur (Herakles) comes sweeping in and stands looking down on her and asks what is troubling her. And the child¹ looks upon the beautiful face and at first won't tell, and then melts and tells all she feels and suffers at not being able to go to her brothers. The lady says, "Take comfort, for there is reserved for you a greater work than that, which shall make you greater than they."

Friga is eager to know more, but the lady vanishes and Friga goes to sleep with a blissful expression on her little face. She tells her mother next day, and the mother says it is the White Lady of——¹ and that those who see her are set apart from the world, and all that she says comes true.

A. B. The young person falls in love ; the happy man gets killed when she is eighteen, in a sea-fight. He was a big man, kind-hearted when not fighting. His death scene is rather curious ; two galleys are

¹ Name not recorded.

locked together, a man is going to try to kill her father, her lover springs on the man and gets locked in wrestling with him and both go overboard ; so he goes to Walhalla. He was an exceedingly fine fellow in his way.

The young woman is despairful ; she takes it to heart in a rather wild, undisciplined way. She is furious with fate and her Gods generally, and goes off with her father on the next voyage and hopes to get killed. They go to England—perhaps Lincolnshire—quite a little fleet. Several days march in, there is a hill and monks on the hill ; it reminds me of Ely, there are swamps below it. They lift their galleys up north at the Humber—or Wash. Friga takes part in the fighting. There is a battle, most are killed and she is wounded and taken prisoner. It was a night attack. The men were surprised because they had taken too much liquor.

Friga is in a very bad temper between the wound and captivity. She expected to be killed, but had not bargained for captivity. Then she thinks that she will bleed to death. She had thought of committing suicide before she left home. The White Lady (Herakles) appears again, tells her to be patient and so on, and that it will lead to good. Friga has pulled a bandage off to bleed to death and the White Lady puts it on again.

They seem to send her southwards to use her as a hostage, as being a Chief's daughter probably. Such an unrecognizable country they go through—great forests all over the place, wild bulls, wolves; St. Albans, Verulam in the Roman time. The great Abbey is not there yet, but there is a sort of church, a fortress; it is all fortress. She is brought through London and sold or exchanged—the people in the north seem to have handed her on as a kind of consideration—a hostage in a treaty.

A man with loose hair and a ring round his head is King inside and outside London town. An arm-band above her elbow has the head of her dead lover, cut as a cameo in relief, set in the great golden circlet. It was cut by a stranger in some sort of stone. The band was welded on the arm with a hot iron and given her by her lover at her betrothal. In spite of its value it was not taken from her.

The kingdom runs down Kent way; they are called Jutes—King of the Middle Saxons. She is handed over to him and is in his court for a considerable time, and is expected to wait on the Queen, but Friga is not very submissive. She is treated well; half as a dependant, half as a guest. They think she will be handy next time her people come. The palace has been a great Roman place—half palace, half fort—on the lines of a castle.

Religion. Odin—like Friga's own people. It is a curious life, somewhat like her previous one, but there is less hunting and more drinking. She despises them all as boors.

Another set of northern people come down, perpetually marauding. The hostage idea does not work, for the people who come are not her people; but still they think they will rescue her. They storm the city, rescue her and treat her with respect. They forage down Channel way and get driven into the Bay of Biscay by a storm, and are shipwrecked in the southern part of Gaul, trying to make the mouth of a river. Near Bordeaux?

All is very upset in this country too, but it is the height of civilization as compared to Norway. She is taken in, on announcing who she is, and they treat her well; and this, apparently, is where she gets amongst the Christians, for they first put her in a nunnery. The whole place is over-run with Goths and people. In the nunnery they look upon her as a heathen; they are kind to her, but consider her hopeless, as she rather fiercely resents being looked upon as a heathen. A rather vinegary old lady—the abbess?—complains of her, and she is taken into the house of the man to whom the complaint is made who is much looked up to. She is in this prefect's house as a companion to his wife, who is very nice and treats her with tact, and she

lives with them quite a time and gets used to the more settled and less wild kind of life. The lady teaches her Latin and to read some quaint old books, and things were settling down very nicely. Friga does not take to Christianity. The lady does not look down upon her as a heathen, but leaves her to her own beliefs. The lady has a good influence and teaches her to control herself . . .

After some years a new stream of invaders attacks the town; there is much fighting; many are massacred and the inhabitants are driven out. The prefect and his wife and all of his men, who can be got together after the defeat, journey eastwards through rich plains and beautiful country to Marseille. Friga has spasms of wanting to get back to her own country, but she has no one left there. Her protector's wife is very good to her and teaches her housekeeping. The strength of the Roman civilization is there.

They are on their way to a relative, a brother of this prefect. They go by ship to Byzantium, pottering along and stopping at all little places on the coast. The vessel is docked. They tie ropes round their ships in a tempest. She (Friga) is scornful of their seamanship. They arrive and find the brother. She meets Markab, then a man much older than she is, born in Spain of a race Visigoth or Vandal, and they do not come into connection particularly.

Markab is made head of a College by Justinian, and Friga hears some of his lectures ; eventually he is turned out of the College.

Here Friga comes into contact with these (T.S.) teachings. She takes to them because her friend, the lady, does. The lady takes considerable interest in the teachings. A great deal of argument is going on here, all are quarrelling. The lady, who is getting old now, takes to the teachings keenly ; they are more or less gnostic. The nearest she gets to true teaching is a reflection of true Platonism and Gnosticism.

Friga's age is now forty and much as she is now (1898) in appearance. The lady dies, leaving her forlorn. It is a very curious time. Friga goes on living there (in Constantinople) looking after the old man until he dies, about seven years after his wife. Friga does not study much. The lady, the prefect's wife, was very good, though very distrustful about herself.

Friga wonders what she shall do, she has money and probably inherited their things, but is not a person who readily makes friends. Then she has a vision of the White Lady (Herakles), who tells her to go eastward. It is a very bad country to travel through ; she goes in a sort of caravan that is travelling that way. Some sort of riot or rebellion is going on, but it is a much more quiet time than

earlier in her life, and is probably impressing her character. Pushing her way along the shore of the Black Sea . . . run along . . . we get to India presently . . . long time . . . travelling bad. Much country that is undesirable now seems flourishing then.

Friga had a certain amount of trouble. The caravan was attacked and robbed, but it was an incident of travel, like your [bicycle] wheel coming off now! Across Persia, Baluchistan, down the Indus to Karachi, on to Benares. Having got there Friga does not know what to do, but she spends most of the rest of her life there.

(C. W. L. now runs back to Byzantium, for it is a new period to him and very interesting, and tries to see what the result of her Constantinople life was on her character. It had really developed her a good deal more than you would expect from the fact that she did not study. She got a lot from the lady and others, and went on to India better than she would have been in a previous life.)

C. W. L. The Mosque now in Benares was not there then. The river front is much the same. A large temple on the river bank is not there now. It is a very fine, beautiful place. Friga settles down in Benares. It is a curious place for a wild person from the north, but she gets taken in. She has lost something in the robbery in the caravan. Oddly

enough, she takes readily to the simple life, but the heat troubles her and does not exactly suit her. She is taken in by a kind of settlement of Buddhist nuns, a set of high born people, all of one caste. They are very friendly people, simple, gentle, quiet. (They seem to be running their incarnations in the same race. I see one born again in India this time, and that is rather strange to me). It is an interesting community rather. She would not have rested so contentedly here in her old days. Even now she has spasms of restlessness, and the old sea-roving life comes out and they don't quite understand. They teach her and try to calm her and bring her more into accord with themselves. Her soul moves by fits and starts. She has not the keenness and subtlety of intellect that they have, and she goes by impulse where they go by reason. They take her in because she has nothing. She studies by fits and starts and does not meditate at all regularly.

She thinks of the mountains and the sea and misses them. She had them at Constantinople. She is tempestuously fond of the nuns now and then, but they are so different. Both are high born in their different ways, but so differently. They have keen intellect and deep refinement, and she is yet tempted to half despise them for their want of activity and motion. She has a kind of panther-like love of motion, and inside does not

feel old at all in spite of her 50 odd years. She feels sometimes that she wants to kick something over to make a change. They—quite content to be quiet—don't understand her fits. One little old lady understands better because she has something of the same kind in herself, and she stumps up and down as she talks. The heat seems to try Friga a good deal. She has a sort of occupation. She does something which is like a kind of weaving, trying to reproduce for them something she used to do in the old days, and chants some of her old runes, which they don't quite like. She picked up languages as she went along.

It is an interesting community. The white-robed ladies are Hindus. They get up a pilgrimage which Friga likes, thinking it would get her out in the open, and so she wants to go.

A pilgrimage in those days was neither easy nor safe. They go northwards and westwards to Rajputana. It looks like Delhi they pass on the way. Then a place of pink stones with walls and gates in a high valley—Ajmere? A place with a University—Ujjain? She visits all the temples and things, and does not get on fast.

A. B. picks out a man to find the name of one town, a person with almost a clothes basket on his head—a great mass of white—a sheet—nearly a foot high. He is a fighting man and the thickness is

good against sword cuts. Nedwara the common people call it. He calls it Nothdwara. Dwara is door, Nāth is lord = Door of the Lord, Nāthdwara.

There is another great city to which this is tributary ; all have Rajahs and Maharajahs, and it is complicated . . . Udaipur.

There is some great shrine at Nothdwara and it is subject to Udaipur temporally. The chief priest at Nothdwara is undoubtedly a person of great power and influence.

They seem to be wandering round generally. There is a great temple not far from the sea that they go to. There is an earthquake but not a serious one.

Friga wanders out into the jungle where she should not go. A tiger goes for her and practically kills her, and she dies . . . The bracelet is still on her arm . . . They burn her. The armlet is now in the treasure of a king, a certain Rajah. They buried treasure when the Muhammadans came (though they do not come here) and dug it up again—diamonds and other things—identical objects for more than 1,000 years untouched.

The White Lady (Herakles) appears quite at the end in a body, and drives the tiger back, but Friga is too badly wounded and dies comfortably with her White Lady beside her. She was 56 at death. (A. B. died in 415, and had another birth immediately and lived to nearly 100. She was born again in 600.)

LIFE II

C. W. L. I wonder what your connection [Arcor's] was with a man who rises up around you whom I used to know ; you could not have been he, I think. Let us plunge back into your Devachan.

That can't be a little life after all. In your Devachan you have a wife. Goodness ! a curious Devachan, more philosophy in this life than in the Viking life. Increasingly odd ! The thing that struck me was that in your Devachan you have a scene with which I am familiar—and you may be that man after all. In that case there were passages in his life which I have never known—but that is exceedingly probable. You were certainly having a restless life. You must have seen Sirius, Vega and Selene in this birth ; so in many ways it will be easier to do.

I am being taken into a land I don't know very well, so I have a little difficulty with the locality . . .

By birth Arcor was this time a Greek of a seaport town in the north-east of Greece. It has no counterpart there to-day—quite on the outskirts of Greece. The father was an old man at the time of Arcor's birth—an old grey-haired man. He seems

to be living on wealth acquired previously. He has gardens whose produce is bartered. I think in earlier years he may have been in the pirate line, but he had retired from that before Arcor's time, and his opinion is looked up to, as he is a man of consequence in his community ; a little of the old sea-dog kind of person, a good open-hearted, honest kind of pirate, open-handed and generous. He is still bold and dashing and a sort of " Father of the Village ". He was about sixty at the time of Arcor's birth.

The mother was not a pure Greek, more oriental, possibly Persian. Languorous, almost indolent perhaps. In many ways she was more clever than the father, but she has been brought up in a country where education was not thought of and so her capabilities were not called out. If she could have shaken off languorous ways, she had a lot in her. She was good to Arcor.

Date. The beginning of 525 B.C.

Arcor is a boy. He has very little education at five years of age. At seven a nice little boy. Neither fair nor dark—hair the colour of his own now, which was unusual amongst the Greeks, who had golden hair as a rule. He does not look like a Greek much. He has no teaching ; the father answers his questions, and the mother also—when she feels like it, and she suppresses him when she does not. Arcor learns to spear fish, is active and

agile and big for his age. He wears very little clothes and is much in the open air. The father teaches him to use the buckler and short spear and promises to teach him more later, and begins blood-curdling tales of his youth and then pulls himself up and gives a tamer ending.

Pirates come and kill Arcor's father, and carry Arcor off. The mother is injured but not carried away. The pirates are settled on an island in the Archipelago and are not Greeks. *

Arcor's elder sister was carried away too; she had been very good to him. The pirates were a mixed lot—renegade and cut-throat Greeks were amongst them. It was a sort of association of cut-throats, outcasts and banished men; some from Asia Minor, some Hittites, as we called the same people in Agadé times, some were Semitic. The captain of them was an Arab, a magnificent swordsman. They all have a great look of the Levantine of to-day and speak a compact of various languages.

An Egyptian captured Arcor; he was a man of considerable power among them—a sort of second to the captain and his aura, etc., is rather better than theirs. He had fled from Egypt on account of a murder that he committed; it was not altogether an unjustifiable act for he was not a villain naturally, but overcome by the heat of passion he planned to kill a man and was exiled from Egypt.

He fell in with these pirates after some wandering years, so he lives with them. He does not like to be away from Egypt and resents his exile on the world at large. The pirates don't like him, but he knows much that is useful to them. They are dreadfully cruel and he has interfered now and then and so they doubt him. This Egyptian saves Arcor's life; he diverts the pirates' attention and puts Arcor in his boat, giving up a share of the spoil; so the others do not mind. He knows surgery and has medical knowledge and thus has power.

Age eight and a half years. There are two or three other forays, but Arcor is left in the ship. At first he was much frightened and horrified at the death of his father, but he got to like the sea-life in the three or four months of the voyage. He seems to have loved the sea and as a small child sat and watched it and liked a storm. The men noticed he liked a storm, which frightened some of them, and they said he would make a bold man and a good pirate when he grew up!

Arcor became reconciled to the life, but now and then he saw brutal and cruel things done and spoke out and said it was a horrid thing. As he was a child they laughed instead of killing him, as they would have done had he been a man.

There is a beautiful island and many people, pirates and their wives, who have been all torn

away from their friends ; but some of them are not unhappy. Here Arcor was taken ashore and the Egyptian carried him to his house. There was a great cave they used as a meeting-place, but they built houses—a rude sort of hut as well. The Egyptian built his rather better than the rest, more in the Egyptian style. He is stern ; rather morose at times. He is not married and gets rather fond of Arcor, and for his sake eventually bought Arcor's sister, who had been carried off in another boat, built like a Thames barge, and annexed by a pirate as a wife and not ill-treated especially ; but she had views of her own and had refused to fall in with those of her captor. One day Arcor saw her and fell upon her with wild joy, and the Egyptian gave gold, etc., for her ; and she, seeing that he was better than the rest, and kind to Arcor, married him and grew fond of him. The Egyptian, finding her intelligent, told her and Arcor about Egypt and its civilization and Arcor sat open-mouthed and listened.

Arcor was in this den of iniquity for years, but he learnt more than he would have done at home—only they were brutal ! He, as a boy, did not go with them on raids.

Age about eleven. Arcor is seen poking carefully at the cheek of his sister's baby to see if it is real. The baby squeals. Arcor concludes it is real—and his sister makes remarks.

He drank in all the Egyptian told of Egypt and Greece, etc. The Egyptian had practically adopted him as his son, and made models of what he talked about.

Arcor was a curious kind of boy. There were days when he seemed to take an unreasoning dislike to all things and went out by himself—inland—to be alone for a day. He would return and say he did not know why. Once on such an occasion I see him go on to a headland, climb a tree and sit for hours in the branches looking out over the sea—thinking—feeling the island a kind of prison—and he had a kind of elemental identification of himself with sea and rock. Another time he goes to the mouth of a cave and throws himself on his face in the sand and remains for hours. He was a curious child. He got used to the piracy idea and did not look on it as such an evil as he did at first.

Age fourteen. He was mainly devoting himself to a small girl—the baby he poked at—now five or six years old and played for hours with it. He had learned much of the Egyptian's knowledge; he employed Arcor in mixing herbs and Arcor was quite skilled in that. Arcor read and wrote demotic Egyptian, and spoke fluently a barbarous Greek, and what was probably the Hittite tongue, for I do not know it. He was educated in the Egyptian language, for the Egyptian

had some papyri which were extracts from *The Book of the Dead*. Part of the extracts were like that, and part we do not now know. The Egyptian had clung to these through his wanderings, and used them to remind himself of the past and of his death. He was supposed to have the art of making charms and seemed to dabble in a kind of spurious magic and was frequently away on expeditions. He changed Arcor's name from Ktesius to Kneft or Knephth.

Arcor's sister and Arcor often talked about home and the life there, and gradually they instilled into the Egyptian the idea of disgust with piracy. The subject came up in conversation when Arcor was fourteen, and the Egyptian said pirates were marked men and the others would kill him if he tried to go away; but evidently he did not like the whole thing, for by teaching Arcor and his sister he had brought up the best side of himself and would be glad to take Arcor, his sister and the small children to a better place.

Age seventeen. The Arab captain thought Arcor ought to go and raid. His protector, the Egyptian, opposed this and prevented it, but he saw that he could not long protect Arcor from going, and contrived to propose in a tentative way that he should retire with his wife and belongings. The pirates did not take it well. They said that a man who

was in their secrets could not be spared ; they were afraid of treachery, so he laughed it off, but he was confirmed in his intention. For a long time he did not see how to carry it out ; but eventually succeeded in making his escape during festivities in honour of the return of the crew from that raid in which Arcor did not go. Persian rugs, etc., had been brought back as loot. The Egyptian took his wife, children and Arcor (Knept or Ktesius) and they all went in a small ship, without much provision, and got off that night. The Egyptian took with him his share of the plunder, which was enough to set him up as a rich man.

The pirates pursued them next day, but not knowing which way to go they wasted time. There was no wind, and they overhauled the Egyptian as he was making his way to the mainland of Greece. He was looking for a place to run his boat ashore when they overhauled him, and he got his boat fixed fast amongst the rocks a little way from the shore. The pirates being two hundred to one massacred them. Arcor escaped. He was very fond of the first baby of his sister, though he had cared for none of the younger children ; and seeing the massacre, this baby, then about nine years old, jumped overboard. Arcor was wounded, but he got a place clear around him for a moment and jumped overboard after the child with a javelin in his hand.

The pirates threw things after him and two of them jumped after him, and as he was wounded they caught him up just as he reached the baby. Arcor killed one pirate with a fortunate thrust, but the other seized the spear and seemed to be having the best of it, when a shark seized him, and Arcor and the baby escaped to the shore. There were many sharks about.

The pirates yelled from the ship, but the child helped to bind Arcor's wounds and they hid amongst the rocks. The pirates landed and searched for them, but could not find them. The two got into a "chimney" in the rocks and wriggled along a ledge and found a way out through a hole with water coming down. When the pirates searched the cave they could not see the two, who got above and lay hidden among the rocks until night. Next morning the pirates searched again, but gave it up and then the two, who were in a bad way, came down to the coast in a sheltered spot and got shell-fish and ate them raw. Arcor was feverish from loss of blood, and the child was most helpful. After resting, they made their way inland and went along the coast. There were coniferæ growing as on the Riviera now and larches amongst them. It was rugged and difficult going, but they eventually came upon some fishing village, and at last got to Eleusis.

At Eleusis there was a big procession going on. Sirius, then about thirteen, was there taking part in it with his father and his mother. He came because an uncle was going through an initiation ; and he saw the child, who was starved and weak. There was a pressure in the crowd and she was pushed over a ten feet high rock and was hurt. Sirius was quick and agile and picked her up. Arcor came and bewailed that he could not get the child's shoulder put to rights as he had no home. Sirius said, " Oh ! come along to my father," and they put the child to bed. Sirius catechised Arcor, as boys will, and thought his story a fine one. They waited till the child was better, put her in a litter and carried her back to Athens, to the beautiful house overlooking the bay, where the father of Sirius lived.

Arcor in those days was scrupulously honourable. There was much joyous immorality amongst the Greeks ; he was very rigid in that. He was an extraordinarily restless person. Sirius and his family felt they did not understand him, but Sirius and his brother Agathocles (Erato) did all they could to make him happy. Arcor was a Greek, and what the Greeks did, did not matter—except drunkenness. That was considered to disgrace the nation and was a slave's action. They did not tell social lies, but—somewhat on the lines of the Indian and Irishman—they said what they thought would give

pleasure. Public opinion is like that in America in the present day ; a successful lie excused itself. It was written : " A lie is a shield for a wise man, but a spear for a fool."

Arcor had at first a subsidiary position in the household, but afterwards was something like the bailiff of a large estate. Difficulties sometimes arose in which Arcor was right, but the family felt, with so many nationalities about, it was wiser to shut one's eyes. Arcor always did what he did on behalf of the family, but on the whole they sometimes thought it had been wiser not to see. Some of the people were devoted to Arcor, because he was kind when they were ill, but some things he set up as fetishes they could not understand. Curious fits swept over him, as in the next life the Berserker influence swept down on him, and he would go off when the grapes were ripe for picking—which was certainly inconvenient. Spasms came when Arcor almost hated the family because they did no work and were nobly born.

Sirius and his brother did not divide the estate, but lived very well together. When Arcor was aged eighteen, Sirius was fourteen, his brother Agathocles twelve, and Arcor's niece twelve. Sirius and Agathocles played with the niece, and Arcor had rooms at the back of the house, looking on the second courtyard. There was a fountain ; but

Arcor felt confined, and preferred the seashore and would sit there and dream about the past pirate times. He hated the pirates. The boys, Sirius and his brother, looked up to Arcor as a great hero, one who had done most gory and gaudy deeds. He was some time recovering from the effects of the journey.

Sirius' mother was very kind to Arcor and would have been glad for him to remain in the household, but it was difficult to find something suitable for him to do. Clerk's work, connected with the disposing of the produce—wine—was the first work given to him. They got rid of their surplus olive oil in ships. Arcor felt the work a tie. He liked to listen to the philosophical talk and drank it in eagerly.

After three years of clerk's work, Arcor wanted to go on a voyage, so he was put in charge of the selling of the cargo. Usually the captain of the ship sold, but the family had a small fleet of ships, and Arcor was sent at his own request to see after the selling and, by luck, came back with a quantity of silk, and it was sold at a high price. This voyaging Arcor did several times a year, or a year and a half would be spent on a voyage. This filled up many years, but he stopped at home now and then to see his niece.

This went on till the time when Sirius and his brother were sent on their grand tour, on board one

of the trading ships, and Arcor went with them.¹ They discussed philosophical questions with him, but the basis upon which they went was not the same. Arcor heard philosophy talked when the whole household sat round—he amongst them—about the time of afternoon tea, in the portico. Then the philosophical conversation was heard by all; visitors came in and discussed. There was a good deal of gossip in Greece.

Kleinias (Uranus) came and settled in Athens, and founded a school of philosophy there after the death of Pythagoras. Arcor heard him when he came, and talked with him and heard some of his lectures.

Arcor certainly saw Pythagoras. He talked with Kleinias, and took philosophy up enthusiastically and went in for it, the social virtues side; but mathematics he could not understand and rebelled at. He worked hard at the philosophy and tried to apply it. He was self-tormenting. I see now a side of his life which we did not suspect then.

Arcor appeared to get on in life, without falling in love, to a later stage than usual. Then his past came before him and he felt his origin. He was rather curious! And I should be inclined to say he did not behave quite well. It never came to anything, and ought to have done; it was hard on the

¹ See *The Lives of Erato*, Life XV.

girl. Arcor took the love fever badly, because he took it late, and then set himself to feel that the young person despised him. She was much younger than he was, and very much attached to him ; but she did not like to show it and was too flighty and off-hand in manner in consequence, though she did not mean it. Arcor flung off ; she tried in a timid way to show him she liked him. He misunderstood and thought her heartless, and then she snubbed him, and there was much unnecessary suffering. Finally she got over it, and Arcor, finding she had transferred her affections, went off.

Sirius and the family generally did not know of all this. The girl was a relative of his wife whom they had practically adopted. She was in fact the half-sister of Sirius' wife Philippa, and she had noted the possibility of marriage, but it came to nothing. Arcor went away with all kinds of expressions of esteem. He wanted to go back to the place he was born in, "to make up for something". He got there, and the place was all different, and he left it with an accession of disgust.

Arcor was aged 45 at Salamis and was wounded badly in the battle. He was in the galley or boat with Sirius' family, and Vega as a small child was down below. The family would have been glad if Arcor had remained, but after Salamis he would go ;

there was no reason why he should leave, but he would go.

I don't for the moment see why Arcor is going inland to the mountains . . . Oh! he heard of some people—a vague account of hermits in the mountains—men of great wisdom and power and he determined to go to them. Arcor was rather misanthropic. He had plenty of money and need do no business, but he thought he would devote his life to the hermits. He fitted this into Pythagorean teachings.

Brigands on the way killed him because he would carry all his worldly wealth with him.

In Kama Loka the White Lady (Herakles) came in as a man.

The philosophy and the Athens life came in the Devachan.

I am not sure that it was not the White Lady who tried to get Arcor and the child to Eleusis to Sirius' family.

LIFE III

AGADE, ASIA MINOR 1500. B.C.¹

ARCOR was born this time at Agadé, a city in Asia Minor, on the shores of the Dardanelles, with a population which was partly Greek and partly Hittite. The Greeks represented the more advanced civilization and centred round the White Temple on the hill, where Heraclitus (Mercury) was a priest ; while the Hittites belonged to the conquered race and their temple service had remains of an older and darker form of worship.

The two races were ruled by two Greek Archons or governors.

Arcor was the younger son of one of these governors, Yajna, a fine man, by his second wife, Mona, a Hittite slave woman whom he married. The first wife, a Greek, had three children : Crux, Fort, and Aletheia.

¹ These investigations were in 1898. Many of the gaps in the narrative were filled up later in investigations into the lives of other characters. Many characters are here mentioned, as they were noted for the first time in 1898, and more time was spent on recording their relations than on following up fully the life of Arcor.—C. J.

The other governor's four children were : a son, Gem, and three daughters : Herakles the eldest, then Capella, and some years younger, Rhea, who was about the same age as Crux and Arcor.

Vega belonged to a wealthy merchant's family of three brothers, one of whom is recognized as Camel who had two daughters, Flora and Concord, and two sons, Laxa and Atlas. Concord married Proteus, and Selene was their son. Atlas married a Hittite and their daughter was Vega.

Another of the three brothers Hebe, had Amal as his daughter ; the third brother, Dolphin, who was wild and too fond of wine and good living, though not ungenerous when it pleased him, married Capella ; and their children were a daughter Pomo, who attracted the undesirable attentions of Crux, and a son, Cyr, who was Arcor's friend.

Arcor comes erratically on to the scene ; he was much away and his connection was chiefly with Crux, Camel and Herakles ; all our people were drawn closely together and all met, though they belonged to different sets and families.

The White Temple was the point of union and Herakles was a vestal there. On certain days, probably the full and new moons, she sat in a particular place and spoke to the people.¹ On especial festivals they crowned the statue of the goddess Pallas

¹ See *The Lives of Ursa*, Life XI.

Athené with flowers, and each brought fruit or curious little cakes of oil or corn as an offering with some petition or wish. Then they stood and talked outside, until the time that the vestal took her seat, and then they all flocked in and stood in picturesque groups, or leaned against the pillars. There was first of all a procession of the vestals round the temple grounds, and then the chosen vestal went suddenly into a trance and delivered a general ethical address, bringing in personal allusions. When that was over, but while still entranced, she called up individuals from the crowd and gave them advice. It was a very pure and good religion, and was connected with good priests.

Capella, against the advice of her sister, Herakles, and also against the wishes of her parents, who looked higher for her, married Dolphin, and, as a consequence, was a much disappointed woman, for she had hoped to reform him, and failed. Dolphin was 'not particularly vicious, but he loved entertainments and he did not come up to Capella's expectations; she had given a great deal up for him—for, as Herakles' sister, she might have gone into the temple also, as indeed her sister wished her to do. Capella, under these circumstances, was more unhappy than most ladies of the time would have been, though she still saw a great deal of Herakles. She was sorely troubled about her children; and Crux, who

was the son of the other Archon and lived a free and easy life like her own husband, annoyed her by pressing attentions to Pomo, her young daughter.

Crux had high qualities when he let them have fair play, but he was much courted and flattered by the young men who followed him, and he did not always distinguish between parasites and real friends. He had good chances. He was rich and his father a man of importance and he was deeply interested in Occultism ; but he would fall in love and attended the temple " pointedly ". The life was a fast one amongst the gilded youth of the period and not all that he did then would he do now. He had great fluency of speech and was a leader of all the young men—often into mischief—for he was a daring person whose imagination did not stop at running off with a priestess or two.

Crux had a younger brother, Fort, who was very devoted to him and copied him.

The end of it all was that the Scyths (a non-Aryan tribe) came from down the mountains and wiped out the place ; there was no standing army, only a kind of Pretorian Guard that attended the Archons, but every man in the city fought when required.

The Scyths sacked the city and destroyed the temples, killing or enslaving all.¹

¹ No other lives of Arcor were investigated.—C.J.

THE LIVES OF VALE

INTRODUCTION

THE investigations into this series of lives was conducted by two, C. W. Leadbeater and a lady now no longer living, to whom the name Rhea was given in the *Lives*. This lady had a certain clairvoyant ability but was not trained ; she was never a vegetarian, nor did she abstain from wines. Bishop Leadbeater had developed his faculties under the direction of a Master. Rhea appears in Agadé, in Asia Minor, as one of the Vestals who sat in the chair to deliver addresses given through her by a Deva or one of the Masters. Soon after these investigations, Rhea married Vale and her clairvoyance seemed to function no longer.

Some of these Lives were investigated by Rhea, others by Bishop Leadbeater. Wherever the description of a life is by Rhea, the narration of events is not infrequently with the phrase "I see". But where the life is related merely as a historian would, as was the habit of Bishop Leadbeater, the investigation was by him.

Vale himself took down the notes and later wrote them out. The transcriber therefore is Vale, who

I think often puts the story in a setting of his own, according to his understanding of what happened. The Lives as transcribed by Vale were copied into a book by the late Bértram Keightley, and it is his copying that I am using for Vale's Lives.

This series is interesting because the character of Vale has a duality, one aspect, a longing to reach up to and attain an ideal, yet at the same time there was another aspect of himself, where he seems to get easily tired of any exertion to live up to his ideal. There is also a strong streak of selfishness which, as is evident from these Lives, makes him care little for the rights of others. The want of balance in the Ego is shown by the way its personality murders others without compunction, or itself commits suicide. The attraction to poetry manifested itself in this incarnation, and Vale published one small book of poems.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

LIFE I

ATLANTIS. MALE. 16,000 B.C.

THERE is a city on the coast, surrounded by high hills ; cliffs rise up on one side towards the sea. On the other side there is a bay and a low shore.

I see two young people walking hand in hand in the grounds of some school where boys and girls are taught together. The girl is almost a child, the boy is a little older. I see them often together. In that country education was continued much longer than it is with us. I see them now grown up. The young man loves the girl dearly and she is fond of him.

There is a distant country that had been at war with the city on the coast. The inhabitants belong to the same nation (race ?) though they are under different rulers.

I see the King surrounded by wise men and counsellors. He is choosing Ambassadors to go to make terms with the city. Three are chosen. The youngest of them, Vale, is of gigantic stature and is fairer than the people in that other land. He is

young for such an embassy but he has a ready wit. The King looks to his smooth tongue and pleasing ways to aid the other two who are more experienced.

I now see them starting in their airboat¹. They reach the city, are well received and are escorted to different houses to be entertained. The master of the house at which the young man is received as a guest is a stately, bearded man—a chief in council. The young man is very attentive to the old man for a time and he succeeds in influencing him to give his vote as the embassy desires.

This is the house of that girl, Rhea. She is being betrothed to the young man we saw first. The tall stranger is present at the betrothal. He rather despises the young man, and thinks the girl too fair a prize for him. He is attracted by the girl himself and he desires her. I see them together from time to time. He is neglecting his work of the embassy. There is evidently a streak of lack of purpose in him. Also he hates anyone being before him, so he spends all his time in winning the girl's affections. She is like a bird fascinated. She has never known much of love, though she was fond of her early companion. The stranger twists her round his finger. She goes to her father and says she will not

¹ A type of air vehicle used by Atlanteans which did not use any gas, but used a force flowing through tubes which, impinging on the earth, pushed the boat upwards and kept it in movement.—C.J.

marry the other young man, though in that country betrothal was looked upon almost like marriage. There is now great anger between the families. The strangers from the north had been tolerated, but were not liked.

The tall stranger and the girl are now husband and wife. He has deserted his country, failed in his duty, broken all ties for her sake without regret.

I see no clear picture now. I only hear words. He has done wrong in staying there. An angry voice is speaking to them both out of the dark, prophesying evil to her for broken faith, to him for broken faith in other ways.

They live on there, he working at the business of the State. As time goes on there is great fear in the country, strange rumblings, landslips, earthquakes, whole villages swallowed up. Ships leave the ports with emigrants for other lands.

I see the woman in a Temple, praying for safety for herself, her husband and children; day after day she goes there. One day a priest passing through the Temple sees her, and tells her of a body of people he is leading to some other land. He is one of the good Adepts, one of the few who are left. She goes home and tells her husband. Here again his weakness of character comes out. He hesitates; he cannot take action quickly. He still goes out hunting and daily attends to his work.

The old priest day by day warns them that they must soon set sail.

Now I see him starting on a hunting expedition. There is a horrible din ; the earth is shaken and some over-hanging rocks fall upon the party. Some of them are killed, though one—a half-sorcerer—narrowly escapes. But *he* is lying under a mass of stone with a broken leg and ribs crushed in. With great difficulty he is extracted by some of the party and taken home.

Soon after the priest again comes and says that the last moment for escape has arrived ; but *he* is unable to move, and unfortunately it is not possible for him to be carried on board ship, for owing to the great dread and dislike by the rulers of the country of these priest-led emigrations, it is necessary to elude the watch kept and slip away secretly. He then urges her to go and take the children, for the priest tells them that within three days fate will overtake the city, and sweep away its evil with a flood. But she cannot leave him ; death is sweeter to her with him than life without him ; she cannot let him die alone. She gives the children into the care of the old priest. The ship sails and night falls and these two are left waiting for death.

Two days pass and there arises a terrible storm. The wind howls ; the rain falls in torrents ; the earth heaves and quakes ; a water-spout rises at sea,

while far inland a great volcano bursts out and shakes the land. The waves rush over the city, the surrounding villages and miles and miles of country.

The two went down together.

And this was not their first meeting; it was only the harvest of some life before.

LIFE II

INDIA. MALE. 14,700 B.C.

AFTER his life in Atlantis, he spent a long period on the Astral Plane tortured by vain regrets and influenced to some extent by an inferior black magician. In Devachan, which lasted about 1,200 years, his enjoyment consisted in the love of his wife and children.

He is born again in a town in the north of India (Jodhpur?). It is a walled city built of red sandstone. His father, Mars, is a Kshatriya chief, a great Lord, and rides magnificently. He is seen to be Him whom we now know by the name of Mahātma Morya. The birth is evidently an event of great importance. The whole city is garlanded with flowers; white male elephants are led about, and masquerades take place in which men imitate tigers.

At the age of fourteen he is skilful with weapons and fond of hunting. On one occasion having outstripped his retinue in the chase, he encountered a leopard single-handed. He speared the animal, but

his spear broke and the animal sprang on him. With the broken shaft however he managed to kill the leopard from where he lay below it, badly clawed. His servants presently rush in, extricate his body, bandage up his wounds and help him home.

A pundit teaches him slokas.

His marriage soon becomes a question of state and his father wishes him to marry Laxa, the daughter of a neighbouring chief, but there is a tinge of romanticism in him, and he has fallen in love with an ideal. An interview with the lady is arranged at which she shows a decided liking for him, which however he does not return. The lady eventually in despair takes poison and dies.

The first streak of the old indecision of the past now shows itself. At times he repents of his coldness towards her and feels remorse at having caused her death. But fits of wild romantic feeling follow the fits of depression. Though terribly disappointed at not finding his great ideal, he is deeply devoted to his mother who is of a loving, dignified and noble nature. The instability of her son's character causes her much anxiety as she sees him easily swayed by every passing emotion.

The complication of war, however, now ensues. Hostilities have broken out between the Northern Aryans and the Dravidians who occupied the southern portion of the peninsula. The great

suzerain at Baranasi (Benares) calls to his aid all his Kshatriya feudatories, and amongst them our chieftain who is accompanied by his son. The latter is now about twenty-three and still unmarried. In one of the battles he is taken prisoner and carried a long way south. He is eventually lodged in a fortress somewhere in the Mysore district, where he is closely guarded as a valuable prisoner. He makes friends to a certain extent with the Captain of the fortress, Calyx, who does his best—though ineffectually—to induce him to change sides and fight for the Dravidians. On his giving his parole not to escape, he is allowed greater freedom and is able to go in and out of the fortress. This happened about six or eight months after his first arrival.

Meanwhile during his daily exercise on the battlements, he has seen and fallen in love with Concord, the daughter of the Captain of the garrison. A clandestine correspondence is carried on with her. She provides opportunities for interchanging messages and eventually also for secret meetings. She is very fond of him and also tries to induce him to change sides. He only wants to carry her off, but is unwilling to break his parole.

Months pass and they both realize that her condition cannot for very much longer be kept a secret from her friends. Then, though with many qualms of conscience at breaking parole, he decides

to fly and to carry her off. One night they elude the guards, mount on an elephant and make for the hills, probably the Nilgiris. At dawn the elephant is abandoned so that they might not be tracked. A terrible time now ensues. They take refuge in caves during the day, pursuing their journey by night on foot. But the poor girl cannot walk much. Then comes a night when they try to climb a little higher up among the hills. He is half supporting and half carrying her, but she breaks down under the pains of a premature birth. He carries her with difficulty into a thicket of trees. It is a heart-rending scene; she dies the next day. Fever is in him too. His brain is affected, he becomes delirious and wanders on insanely, taking almost no food and wearing away to a skeleton.

He reaches a lonely valley where the inhabitants, having heard him give expression to some disconnected utterances, at once reverence him as an inspired being. This state of things goes on for months. Sometimes he imagines that he sees his wife, indeed so acute on one occasion becomes the exaltation of his senses that he rushes forward to clasp her. He falls from a great height and lies there unconscious for a day and night. The shock of the fall has however restored the equilibrium of his brain and he wakes in his right mind, but with a defect in his memory, for the time since his wife's

death, which is now a year, remains a blank to him. He is also of course terribly weak and worn-out.

Now that he is again sane he makes an effort for life; he settles for a time as a hermit in a cave and on recovering a certain amount of strength, starts for his own country. The old indecision however again attacks him. He doubts whether it is worth while. He is really not strong enough to travel; he catches fever; sinks down, does not care. He is found by some people of a light-coloured race who are neither Aryan nor Dravidian. They carry him to their huts which are very primitive in construction, and there an old man, Myna, nurses him through his illness.

The people are polyandrists and have none of the arts of civilization, and although much magic is practised among them they are not evil-minded. Descendants of these people are still to be found today living among the hills.

On his recovery he learns a good deal from the old man, who has wide philosophic views, and evidently some glimmering of what Karma means, and who tries to wean him from his pessimistic views of life. He stays a long time among these people and makes himself of considerable use by teaching them some arts.

His face now shows the aged drawn look that comes from long suffering. He cannot be more

than thirty, but he looks fifty at least. However he is gradually getting more settled in mind. His old friend, who is a man of great dignity, puts himself into a trance one day and delivers a prophesy about him, referring to his father and his home, and adding that somehow through trouble he will eventually reach light. The old man finished by saying that though he might be separated from him, they would from that very separation be nearer together. This was the old man's leave-taking.

Strong now with the mountain air, he starts on his homeward journey, turning aside to visit important places of pilgrimage, but steadily pursuing his journey for months. He finds on his way that his Aryan kinsfolk have greatly extended the limits of their sway.

At last he reaches home. The meeting with his father was very affecting for he had long been supposed to be dead. His father is anxious that he should settle down and marry and carry on the family. He does not like the idea of marriage, haunted as he is by memories of the lady he had lost. Eventually however he marries Crux, a girl of fifteen, whose family are honoured with the alliance. At first she fears rather than loves her husband—she had had an affection for someone else which she had crushed down ; but she comes to appreciate her husband better, wrapped up though he is in the

past to a great extent. They have ten years of quiet life during which two little boys, Theo and Bee, are born, and then another child, Capella. The father's younger wife, however, who is of a domineering nature, makes things unpleasant for the son's wife.

The father is now very old. He has made himself King of all the surrounding country which he governs well but sternly. He dies at a good old age and is cremated.

The son becomes the ruler of the country for about a year. He is little over forty then, but having sowed the seeds of bad health he knows that he is dying of cancer in the throat. So he puts forward his eldest son and makes all swear fealty to him (this son is ambitious and hot-tempered and wants to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom) Cut short by disease he ends his life revered among the people.

He has a long but pleasant time in Kāmaloka, chiefly on the higher levels. The predominant feature for him in Devachan is his first wife and the ideas he got from the old man.

LIFE III

ALGERIA. FEMALE. 12,500 B.C.

THERE is now a change of sex. She is born among the mountains of Algeria or Morocco, which was then an island with the Sahara Sea lying to the south. In the cool pleasant valleys of the Atlas Range she lives amongst beautiful scenery from her infancy.

Her parents belong to a not uncivilized race of Aryan Semite—a lawless robber race too—this mountain tribe who despise the civilizations of the plain below. Her father has flocks and herds and many slaves of a different race, a fierce-looking but just old man to whom the tribesmen come for the decision of their disputes. Her mother, a handsome woman, walks with a swinging stride carrying the baby swung in a little bale over her shoulder.

Later on the little girl is trotting about with bare feet but covered with jewels. She is proud of her father and lords it over her playmates. Given to day-dreaming, she seems to have half-recollections of the last life, and pictures herself as a great lady

in a hot country. She is taught nothing in particular, though she learns spinning and weaving and is fond of bright colours. These people do not trouble themselves much with any religion.

Ten years later she is a handsome young woman of twenty, she knows she is handsome and knows its value. The ten years have also made her more imperious and also more calculating. She has lost the dreaminess and is now very decided in character.

There are three young men of the tribe who came as suitors to her father, but it is a fourth who lives at a distance who is the successful candidate. The marriage ceremonies are rather crude. It is the custom for the wooer to make a present of cattle, etc., to the father, then he and his friends carry off the young woman as if by force.

Her home is now in another valley about fifty miles off. She does not get on well with her husband. They are both of an imperious nature. Also she and her husband's mother do not hit it off. Her husband has a younger brother of whom she is fonder than she is of him. There is too an undercurrent in her of rebellion against sex-restrictions. She is on the eve of eloping with the younger brother, when the birth of a daughter distracts her attention. The younger brother, seeing that the infant gets all its mother's regards, entertains the

idea of kidnapping the baby, hoping that she will again show him favour when the child is out of her sight. His plan is successfully carried out but the result is not quite what he expects. She is indefatigable in her investigations about the child, and on getting a clue as to its whereabouts, she starts off with two servants to find it, walks all night, breaks into the house, seizes the infant and carries it off. The husband then sends servants to bring to justice the people in whose possession the child had been found. They had however disappeared, so the servants burnt down their cottage.

She presently begins to suspect that the younger brother had had a hand in the kidnapping of the child; but as time goes on she passes it over, and he begins to make love to her more successfully. The husband eventually discovers something compromising. This results in a quarrel between the brothers, and in the fight which ensues the husband is killed.

On the facts becoming known, the populace shows signs of disapproval. The lovers fly by night, but she insists on taking the two children. They go down to the plains where live the Phoenicians, and take up their abode in one of the cities on the coast. The proceeds of the jewels they took with them provide for some time for their expenses, but not

speaking the same language as the people of the coast, the new husband can get no work to do and they begin to be in want.

An acquaintance that they had made, however, who was the captain and owner of a ship in the port, suggests that they would be able to do better in his own country, and offers to take them in his ship. So they sail eastwards, calling on their way at an Egyptian port. (The coast line was much further to the south then than it is now. This was about 14,500 years ago, and before the founding of the first Dynasty known to Manetho). On leaving Egypt they sail northwards along the coast of Syria and finally reach their destination. The people of the country here are more like the Atlas tribes than the Phoenicians. The captain now gets her husband employment in connection with the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. This merchant has estates inland, and wants an overseer to superintend the servants who look after his flocks and herds. This employment is willingly accepted.

She is now beginning to get tired of her second husband. Her cause of complaint is that he does not care for the elder children as much as for his own ; but she is always expecting too much. She has recently had another child.

About this time she has another love affair. A dashing warlike chieftain, belonging to one of the

inland races, rides up one day with two attendants and asks for hospitality for the night. This is given with pleasure and he enjoys himself so much that he stays for several days. He makes friends with her by showing admiration for her son who is then about ten years old (her eldest daughter is twelve). On his return from the seaport, he pays her another visit. This makes her husband very jealous. She is now about 34 years old but is still a very handsome woman. She now takes a positive aversion to her husband. Presently the Chief sends a message asking if she would come to him. She replies in the affirmative, but with the proviso that she must bring her children. He soon appears as a robber chieftain with a large following, attacks the house, leaves her husband wounded, and carries her off to his mountain home in the Anti-Libanus. She begins to get a good deal of real influence over all the surrounding tribes, becomes in fact a sort of Queen among them. She has advised the Chief—her third husband—wisely on many occasions, and so she gets a reputation for wisdom. She is happy in her life too. It is a life of reckless profusion and then of want. Her character is not improving.

As time goes on she gets jealous of her third husband. He has now a younger wife—a girl he had carried off in one of his raids. She is also annoyed with her son who had married a girl she

did not wish him to marry. She is now about 55, is imperious and impetuous still; she gets unscrupulous too, for she poisons the Chief's younger wife, who realizes the position when in the pangs of death, and turns upon her saying that she is happy to depart but that she will be revenged on her. The Chief imagines his younger wife to have committed suicide.

She is now chiefly bent on preserving the influence she has over the tribe. She is tired of her third husband, and is beginning to wish to dispose of him also, hoping to dominate her son who would then be Chief. But the mountain tribes have been carrying their raids too far, and the people of the plain are collecting an army, one of whose leaders is the second husband. There is fierce fighting in the passes of the hills, and the Chief—the third husband—is killed by the second in a hand-to-hand encounter. Two days after, her eldest son is also killed in the fight. She is now in a state of despair. The tribes have to retreat further among the mountains, but the army from the plain steadily pursues them. She has still her daughter with her, and her younger son, whose father it will be remembered was the second husband. These two find themselves placed opposite to each other in the fight. The father naturally does not recognize the son who has grown up since they parted, while

a heavy turban hides the features of the father from the son. In the encounter the son kills the father, but seeing the face uncovered as he falls, realizes that it is his own father, and is so overcome with horror that he kills himself. She is now in such despair that she throws herself from a rock and so dies.

A long and bad time in Kāmaloka follows, tortured by unfulfilled desires. She has not a long period of Devachan; her thoughts then chiefly reverting to the aspirations of her childhood.

LIFE IV

(Probably there is a life between this and the next Iranian, but it was not investigated.)

LIFE V

IRAN. FEMALE. 10,800 B.C.

SHE next returned as a girl on the borders of Assyria and Persia. Her father belongs to the Third (Iranian) sub-race. He is an old man of considerable wealth and lives in a large house with a great courtyard.

She was carried off in a raid by a Turanian chief, Rhea. /

One of their daughters was specially attached to the mother.

She died a natural death at old age near Pekin.

LIFE VI

THE CASPIAN. FEMALE. 8,700 B.C.

SHE is next born among a fair, red-haired people in a mountainous country on the southern shores of the Caspian Sea. They are small and dark as well as tall and fair, all living together as one nation. It is an early migration of the Fourth (Keltic) sub-race of the Aryans. She is one of the red-haired race with blue eyes.

They are a musical people, continually singing and chanting. Their worship is carried on in the open air under great trees. They have an extensive literature of runes and ballads, but only the priesthood can read and write. Great deference is observed among them to the old. Their trade consists chiefly in the barter of skins of wild animals and of various kinds of valuable woods for produce brought in caravans from the south. The men who lead these caravans are Fourth Race Akkadians. Some of these Akkadians settle in the north, where the country is rich in minerals, and gold is found in the river-beds.

Her father is a great hunter. At the age of twenty she has many suitors, but he has hitherto prevented her accepting any of them as he does not think them good enough. One of the suitors, with a view to making himself more eligible, engages himself to some of the Akkads in the mining district. He acts as overseer and engages workmen to help in digging for the gold.

She eventually marries him, and they live amongst the hills in the small settlement of Akkads with whom the young man becomes a prime favourite. His special friend is the youngest of the Akkads, a man of importance among them and of great intelligence. This young Akkad, having occasion to visit his own country to the south, brings back with him his father, Rhea, a man of 50 years of age and endowed with great learning and experience.

A great friendship now springs up between this old man and the young Kelt's wife. He teaches her many things, and she longs to see the wonderful cities and civilizations he tells her of. Up to this time she and her husband have lived a quiet happy life—prosperous too as he has acquired a share in one of the gold-mines, and four children have been born to them. But about this time trouble begins. Wilder Keltic tribes from the east make raids and incursions, and harry the inhabitants to such an extent that they begin to think of migrating again.

The Keltic wife is now about 35, the old Akkadian about 65. He advises the Keltic family to move down with him into Assyria. It is so decided, and they start in a caravan with the children and all the household goods.

They prosper exceedingly in the new country, and all goes well for about ten years, when the old man dies—a deep grief to all connected with him.

The Keltic children are now growing up, the daughters being considered very beautiful by the Akkad people. One of them¹ however is wilful and troublesome. The mother treats her with harshness, and finally she runs away. The husband dies at about 54. The wife mourns continually for his death, and for the daughter's disappearance, and refuses to be comforted by her other children who are all well married and well-to-do. She dies at about 54 in a great city on a plain, which was identified as Persepolis ages after.

¹ A sister in Vale's life over some twenty years ago.—C. J.

LIFE VII

TURKESTAN. FEMALE. 7,200 B.C.

AFTER 1,400 or 1,500 years of Devachan, she is again born on the steppes of Turkestan, among a wandering tribe of Aryan stock. They are a ruder race than the Kelts. They are yellow-haired and great fighters, evidently an early Teutonic clan. Great honour and respect are given by them to women. Prophetesses address the tribe under inspiration.

At the age of 18 she fixes her affection upon a very unworthy young man. She idolizes him. He seduces her and then disappears. She is left in disgrace and develops a vindictive feeling towards him. (C. W. L. suggested that this might be someone whom the Kabyle woman had disposed of!). She continues to live with her father and mother who are people of importance in the tribe, and she also goes on nourishing vengeance.

Ten years pass before the man comes back. She meets him outside the house and threatens to kill

him, but he succeeds in persuading her that he had been under the influence of witchcraft when he went away with another woman. He offers to marry her, but does not mean it. He is a scoundrel. He keeps out of sight of the elders of the tribe, fearing punishment.

She trusts him again and goes off with him. But in a year she finds out his intrigues, murders him, and commits suicide. She is then about 30.

LIFE VIII

INDIA. MALE. 6,300 B.C.

ANOTHER change of sex now takes place. He is born in India. His father, who is of Kshatriya blood, is a Rajah in Orissa. His mother is fair as a Punjabi.

At the age of 10 he is generous to his playfellows but imperious and proud. He is not fond of learning and prefers sword-play, riding and using his bow and arrows. As he grows older, he has a love affair with a slave-girl at his father's court. At eighteen he is engaged to be married to a lady whom he had never seen. The marriage contract has been arranged between his father and a neighbouring chieftain. He dreams about it, feeling drawn sometimes towards the idea of marriage, and at other times doubting whether it will not limit his freedom.

He and his father undertake the long journey to the bride's home with a great retinue and many pack animals. The bride, Rhea, is about 14 years of

age. Her father is a Rajah in the neighbourhood of Benares. She is shy and rather haughty, but with a very buoyant nature and strong likes and dislikes. The marriage ceremonies are of a very elaborate nature, including auguries regarding the future. These seem to point out that one will dominate the other, and also indicate a catastrophe which will drive them into a religious life.

The bride has a young brother who is much attracted towards the Yogis who flock round the temple. He takes up Hatha Yoga, enfeebles his body with ascetic practices, and wastes many years. This was Spica.¹

The young husband falls deeply in love with his bride almost at once, and she has unbounded influence over him. They return to his house, and the dependants of his father's court take a malicious joy in seeing their imperious young master held in the chains of love.

The bride is a young woman with ideals as to government, etc., and tries to induce her husband's father to share her views. At first he only smiles at what he thinks her fancies.

A feud exists between him and a neighbouring potentate, and at this time depredations accompanied with fighting occur on the frontier. The neighbouring chieftain sends an ambassador to the

¹ See *The Lives of Spica*, Life VII.

Rajah's court to complain about the quarrel, but he gets little satisfaction.

The young wife persuades her husband to start off with her to the frontier where the fighting had taken place, and on reaching it to insist on his father's subjects making compensation, when it was proved that they were in the wrong. The young wife actually crosses the frontier to interview the Rajah of the hostile people. She quite wins him over, brings him with her to her husband and eventually to her father-in-laws's court. The feud is made up amid great feasting and rejoicing. After this her influence becomes paramount in the kingdom.

A son is born to them shortly after (identified as Alces) and soon after this the old Rajah dies, and his son succeeds at the age of twenty-one.

The Queen practically governs the country. She has excellent intentions, but is somewhat too impulsive, and gives umbrage to the courtiers from her absence of diplomatic tact and downright ways of speaking. They both take great interest in the welfare of their subjects, and make many improvements in agriculture and irrigation.

The kingdom lies in the great plain of Orissa, but it is traversed by a belt of hills and among them lies a great lake which has been dammed up for purposes of irrigation.

A season comes when heavy rain-fall takes place, and the officer in charge reports that there is danger of the dam or bund being carried away. The Rajah and his Queen accompanied by officers of state hasten to the scene of danger.

The great bund, which has been built across the valley, has a sloping path leading to its centre. On the hillside to the right, far below the level of the reservoir, have gathered about 2,000 people to see the Rajah and the Queen. These are now standing on the centre of the bund facing the long, dammed up valley. The embankment stretches to right and left in a curved line. To the left are the sluice-gates to let out the water for irrigation ; but something has gone wrong with their machinery. Stretching out into the lake, from the centre of the embankment where the Queen and the retinue are standing, is a great wooden shield like the rudder of a ship, only much larger. Ropes and pulleys are so arranged that it can be slowly pulled round so as to divert the greatest pressure of the water from one side to the other. The embankment with the sluice gates to the left, being the side most threatened by the flood, is the one now protected by the wooden shield.

The Rajah seeing that the failure of the machinery at the sluice gates is the chief source of danger, orders one of his attendants to go and put it right.

The man starts to go, but there is some slight hesitation on his part, for the errand is manifestly one of danger. Whereupon the Rajah pushes him aside, and says he will go himself. He calls the old officer in charge, who had given the warning, to follow him; but presently realizing that a younger and more energetic man would be better able to help him, he sends back the old officer with word for one of his personal attendants to follow. The two pursue their course with difficulty, and are now busily engaged in trying to free the sluice-gates machinery.

At this moment, the old officer raises a shout addressed to the crowd who had assembled below, telling them that the water is beginning to breach the embankment to the right, so that they may get out of the way of the impending flood.

The Queen now sees the danger, seizes the rope, and pulls round the wooden shield so as to protect the newly-threatened quarter. This sends the greatest current against the blocked sluice-gates where the Rajah is working. A breach is immediately effected, and the Rajah and his attendant are swept away in the flood.

His body is eventually recovered and a great state funeral follows. The Queen is heartbroken at losing her husband, for he had been kind and tender to her and there was a deep affection between

them. Her feelings are still further intensified by the knowledge that she had been the cause, however unwittingly, of his death.

The effects, however, among the people were twofold. Some greatly admired her act, knowing that it was done to save the lives of the people. Others thought she wanted to get rid of her husband in order to reign alone. Some of the Rajah's older Ministers helped to give currency to these false rumours, and stories of witchcraft about her were also circulated.

For two or three years she continues to govern the country for her son. But the Ministers of State, who had formerly resented her downright way of speaking, want now to seize the opportunity of enriching themselves, which a minority would naturally give, and they continue to spread stories about her among the people.

Seasons of drought have now set in ; sufficient water for irrigation purposes is not obtainable ; the crops are lost and famine stares the people in the face. They begin to get clamorous. The Queen's enemies foment disturbances among them, and finally she is obliged to fly. The Ministers want to keep the boy in order in due time to proclaim him King ; but aided by one of the younger Ministers (who has been identified as a friend now of Rhea) she flies by night, taking the child with her.

On foot she reaches the frontier of the Kingdom. Tired and worn out, she takes refuge with her child among poor people across the border. But in this Kingdom also a famine has been imminent, and now comes on. And the Rajah here has laid by no store of grain against bad times. Twice has the harvest failed for want of rain, and the poorest are now starving. On her flight from her Kingdom, she had taken off her own ornaments. She now takes her gold anklets to some soldiers, and prays for a little food for her child. They give her some grain in exchange. Both mother and child are terribly emaciated.

The next monsoon arrives and rain now falls, but the poor people have not even any seed to sow in their fields. By this time she has given up all hope of regaining the Kingdom she had lost, her only hope now being to reach her childhood's home. Now that rain has come, she trusts to get sufficient sustenance from the wild fruits of the jungle. It is a terrible journey. They meet with kindness, but not much help can be given them by those who have scarcely sufficient to keep life in their own bodies. At last they get across the edge of the famine-belt, and rest for some time among villagers who are kind to them.

Eventually she reaches her own country. Her father is dead, and her eldest brother is now on the

throne. He is not very glad to see her, but she and her son are taken in and provided for. The Ministers try to persuade the Rajah to reinstate his nephew, but he is lethargic about it.

The terrible trouble the Queen has gone through has softened her character, and she has become more spiritually-minded. She visits her younger brother who still lives in a cave, dirty and with matted hair, following the practices of Hatha Yoga. She does not approve of his mode of life, and with the help of a Brahmin attached to the temple, Herakles, with whom she has become great friends, eventually succeeds in persuading him to come out of his retirement. Convinced by the Brahmin that there is a "more excellent way" than Hatha Yoga for the attainment of his desires, he comes out of his cave, washes himself, and again enters the world of men.

She is now about 35, her son being a tall, slim, studious youth about nineteen or twenty. She dies at the age of 38 or 39 of lung disease, and is posthumously venerated as a holy woman.

A few years after, her son got back his Kingdom. Things had not improved there after the Queen's flight. The Ministers fought among themselves for power, and the Kingdom was rent with civil war. The young Minister who had aided the Queen's escape sent messengers more than once to the distant Rajah (the heir's uncle), pointing out that the

arrival of the rightful heir would at once put an end to the dissensions. Urged also by the Brahmin, the Rajah at length collected an army and reinstated his nephew on his throne. The Brahmin, Herakles, and Spica, the (late) Yogi uncle, accompanied the expedition, and remained as the young man's advisers. The late Rajah's Minister who had sent the invitation was of course also in high favour, but between him and the Brahmin there was always an under-current of hostility, for each was jealous of the other's influence over the young Rajah; the Brahmin's power, however, as spiritual adviser, which he used without any scruples, gave him a decided advantage.

The late Rajah, it will be remembered, had been drowned at the bursting of the bund. A long period in Kāmaloka follows, but it all appears like a pleasant dream. It is a most abnormal case. He is not allowed to become fully conscious till he is passed on to Devachan.

Having been intent during his life on governing his people well, his thoughts now take the form of successful experiments and improvements for their benefit. But his love for his wife and child and their little girl who died are the prominent features of this Devachan. Curiously enough, too, he pictures the slave girl previously mentioned as being in attendance on his wife.

LIFE IX

BRITAIN. MALE

HE is next born in a Keltic tribe in Britain. There is a great hall, low-roofed, with a fire in the middle of the floor, the smoke from which blackens the ceiling and escapes through a hole in the roof. It is a strange wild hall, hung with the skins of beasts. Along one side of the hall are sleeping places with bolts inside the doors, so that the sleepers might not be suddenly surprised.

They are gathering for a feast, when one of the clan—a young man who has been away on foreign service—is to be welcomed back. He is a tall, strong, tawny-haired man with the reputation of being a great warrior. This comes from a strange peculiarity. Timid almost at the beginning of a fight, when the fury of battle awakes in him he fights more fiercely than them all.

There is a broil at the supper table. In a moment his short sword is in his hand. He is a strange impulsive creature, violent but soon pacified. He loves beauty too wherever he sees it. His mind is

always full of the enjoyment of his life, and yet he tires of one enjoyment after another.

He is twice married, and has a son and a daughter. He has cared for nothing but to grasp at every pleasure that has presented itself. One day in a foray he is struck down and gets his death-wound. He is now an elderly man. He dies alone.

LIFE X

EGYPT. MALE. 4,000 B.C.

HIS next appearance was in Egypt under the name of Ra-en-nefer in the days of Unas, in whose service he was. His duties were to make plans and designs of tombs, temples and other buildings for the Pharoah.

He had a beautiful house of his own, with gardens and fish ponds and fine hangings. But he did not live there regularly. He moved about with the court.

As a young man he often met Benalmah (identified as Rhea), who lived with her parents in the city of Karnak. She eventually married a soldier whose home lay on the other side of the river near Medinet Habu. Vale eventually had two wives, but neither counted for anything in his life, although one of them was very much in love with him and was a very passionate woman.

Being curious about some occult ceremonies he had heard of, he hid on one occasion in the shadow

of the Memnon, and saw part of a ceremony of initiation in which a neophyte was brought back to life. So much was he impressed by it that he came out from his hiding place, and acknowledged to the assembled priests what he had done. Most of the priests took his avowal in good part and would have let the matter pass. But one old priest was very indignant, and nothing would satisfy him but that the full penalty of the law should be exacted, which was that he should be blinded in both eyes and have his tongue cut out. The old priest appealed to the Pharoah, but the Pharoah found Vale so useful that he would not allow it. A friend of his too (identified as Castor), who was also a friend of the Pharoah's, interceded for him, so the priests were only allowed to torture him a little with hot irons, and he willingly took the oath never to reveal what he had seen. The Egyptians then had great knowledge as to the exact position of all the nerve centres in the human body, so the result of the application of the hot irons was that he remained somewhat crippled to the end of his life.

Besides his friend (Castor) he also knew one who has been identified as Sirius. A friend of Vale¹ too comes in in this life; he was then a little girl. She *may* have been Ra-en-nefer's child.

¹ In the present, the last incarnation.—C. J.

Ra-en-nefer used sometimes to accompany his friend Castor to Benalmah's house at Medinet Habu, where she lived with her soldier husband.

He lived to a considerable age. He was a restless and discontented man, who tried many things and found nothing satisfying.

London, 23rd October 1896. Rhea, with a piece of alabaster taken from the interior of the Pyramid of Unas, in her hand :

I see a man, small and yellow-faced, proud and arrogant but a great King, oh ! vain and arrogant beyond words. He knows of the chamber in the great Pyramid, since by his office as King he is also Priest. But he does not know *all*. He desires to be buried like an initiate and to reign with the Gods after death. So he calls to him a man who is his builder to fashion a tomb and sarcophagus to be ready for his last sleep. But he never lies there.

I see the man—the builder—taller and fairer than most of the Egyptians. I have seen him before at Thebes and Memphis. Yes, it is he—Ra-en-nefer—and with him is another, but oh ! he is cruel, cruel, that man under him. They beat them like dogs, and their deaths are nothing to them—no more than the flies. Yet Ra-en-nefer knows something, he knows how to deprive those heavy stones of their weight. But no ! I won't look ! When he

knows how to do it, why does he make them toil and drag those heavy stones? He cares no more than if they were beasts! less! The stones are cemented with blood. A death! A death! for every stone laid!

And then! the slain body of a King thrust into the sand! and the body of a slave placed in the sarcophagus and tomb that had cost so much blood.

LIFE XI

ETRURIA. MALE. 2,000 B.C.

I SEE a boy lying on his back on a mountain with a view over a beautiful sun-lit sea. He is tending sheep and he is singing or chanting to himself in some strange The verses he is singing are his own composition. He is the son of a priest who officiates in a small temple. While he is lying there, some galleys come in sight. The boy springs up and sees men landing from the galleys on a flat part of the beach below. He thinks of going down to the town to give warning, as he fears they are from a neighbouring tribe of enemies and have come to attack the town. But he hesitates and delays, until suddenly some of the fighters from the galleys are upon him. They had climbed the other side of the hill he was on. They seize him and want him to show them the way to the town, but he refuses to do this, so they drag him along. They reach the town and there is great fighting. The enemy from the galleys are victorious and they carry off many captives, and all the plunder they can get, chiefly gold ornaments.

Shortly after they put to sea, there was a sickness among the slaves and several of the rowers died, so the captives of war for whom ransoms were least expected were fastened in their places to the oar. Among them was the shepherd boy in a state of furious indignation and rage. Presently a storm comes on and the steersman loses control of the galley. They are being driven on to a rocky shore, and every one sees that they are doomed to be wrecked.

The shepherd boy had a friend among the chiefs on board, and this man now comes down among the galley slaves to set him free, and give him a chance for his life. With difficulty he managed to set free his foot, but failing to untie the knot that fastened his arm to the slave next him, he drew his sword and cut the slave's arm off.

It was a pandemonium of fear and horror there, for all the poor creatures knew that they would be drowned. They besought the chief to cut their bonds also, and he did so for several, though with a haughty scorn as if it would have gratified him equally well to have cut off their heads.

The galley was soon on the rocks. Many went down with her, and many more perished in the awful surf. Few were saved, but among them was the shepherd boy whose body was thrown up insensible on the beach.

It was on another part of the coast of Italy that the shipwreck occurred, and many people from a large town near were watching it. Among them was an old man, who saw in the shepherd boy a likeness to a son he had lost, so he had him carried to his house. The old man is not rich, but he is very learned and much respected. The young man continues to stay with him, and helps him in his work. The old man loves him. It is a pleasant, easy, dreaming life. The young man composes verses. The old man is proud of them. He takes and reads them to other people in the city, also to the Chief and his Court. They are admired—there is a ring about them. He is now much at the Court, and they get him to repeat and chant his verses. I see him feasted and made much of there. Ah! that is not well of him. The old man is ill and lonely now, and wants him to stay with him. He comes and is very nice to him sometimes, but I see him gaily dressed. The old man asks him to stay, but he says it is important to go and read some verses to the Court. Ah! poor old man! This is what he says: "My son, the Gods have given you everything but a heart capable of love."

The old man dies. He is with him at the end, but he now lives altogether at the Court.

He never marries. When there are so many, he says to himself, why should he tie himself to one!

So he just plays about, but he is not altogether happy. Sometimes he gets very tired of his life, though at other times he is satisfied with his dreaming existence.

He writes songs for them when they go to war, songs when they come back in peace, and songs for their feasts. Life goes on the same as he grows older, but he gets tired of it. Then they get a little tired of him. Younger singers spring up. He gets morose and subject to outbreaks of anger. Then they get more tired of him. I am sorry for him. He took no real hold of his life. So the life passes away and he dies between 60 and 70.

LIFE XII

JUST before the following Roman life in the days of Claudius and Nero, he was born again ; but he died in early childhood so there is nothing to record.

LIFE XIII

ROMAN. MALE. A.D. 50

I SEE a garden. Two men both young are talking, leaning against a balustrade round a fish pond. They are throwing bread to the fish. One is a tall man, very dark, olive-tinted with fierce, black eyes, but handsome. This is the poet Lucan. The other is neither so tall nor so dark. He has regular well-marked features and dark blue eyes—good eyes. He is a splendidly made man with great vigour and strength, fair rather than dark, with a very intellectual face and a bright eager expression. This is Lucius Quintilius Varus (Vale). These two are great friends through life. They are now walking up to the house, a very fine house. Ah! what a beautiful room! room filled with books, books everywhere, rolls and rolls of them, some on great gilded sticks with purple silk covers. What beautiful tables of inlaid woods, vases, couches inlaid with ivory! The house evidently belongs to that tall man with dark grey hair. He is accustomed to giving orders. He seems stern, cynical and worldly, but

he is not a bad man. One of the young men is evidently a relation of his. They have come to supper. Other guests are arriving, among them is a very ugly man but with a nice good face. He seems to be the only one of the party who is not well-born. Now they are all laying their togas by.

What a brilliant lot of talkers! All clever men! They evidently care for learning and philosophy much more than for their supper, though it is a most sumptuous one. The host is talking best! Who is he? What! Why! He is a great man. Why! This is the well-known philosopher Seneca, and the young poet Lucan is his nephew.

They are now speculating about the soul and its persistence after death. Seneca argues against any continuance of existence (he ought to have known better!). Lucius, who wants to believe in some state after death, disagrees with the arguments. The ugly man sides with him. The others laugh. Seneca whose counsel is to make the best of the goods the Gods provide, sums up his opinion with the words: *Vita esse—mors non esse*, "Life is to be, Death is not to be." These men meet very often to sup and talk.

Now I see Lucius going home, thinking of what he *wishes* he had said, picturing in his mind further arguments he might have used in the discussion.

Now he is talking to a woman. He is making love to her, and yet I do not think he really loves her very much. He has always loved an ideal, and he imagines he has found her, but he has really dressed her up in fancies of his own. Now he is marrying her. Her name is Petronilla. She is a tall handsome woman, and looks as if she could be very angry. Now she is begging him to do something and not to do something. He is waving his hand—waving her off. She is very angry. I see this going on over and over again.

There is a road leading out of the city past villas and gardens well into the country, but not very far off. There is a house with pretty grounds round it and a lot of land, but the house and grounds look rather neglected. The owner cannot be *very* rich. Surely not! This must be a long time after. It's that woman again. She looks quite changed, older and ill. She is sitting spinning in a hall and has a lot of girls spinning there also. Is that music I hear? Oh! what a handsome boy just come in from the school or from the lecture room. Petronilla's son. He has a fine open face but is passionate and wilful.

I see another room. Lucius is sitting there. He has grown older too. There are lots of books and papers and statues. And the music? Yes, there is a child playing an instrument sitting on a low stool

near him. He is writing; he gives her a kindly little pat occasionally. This is his daughter Quintilia. He studies in this room a great deal; he writes poetry and philosophy. He is alone now in the room with his little daughter, but a good many people come to see him in this room.

The ugly man who had been present at Seneca's supper is the philosopher Cornutus. Lucius' friendship and admiration for him had always been great. He attended his lectures, called his son Cornutus after him, and eventually sent his son to the school which Cornutus managed.

But the boy has been getting into evil ways with bad companions. Petronilla's appeals, which Lucius had waived aside, had (doubtless) reference to their son. But instead of taking an interest in and making a companion of the young Cornutus, Lucius, intent on his own writings and ideas, had allowed him to do exactly as he liked.

Lucius now cannot bear to think that his son should fall into such evil ways—drunkenness and all the vices of the city! And he such a fine lad! But no! it's no use to be so angry with him now. Why did he not look after and influence him before?

I see a lecture hall. Oh! that ugly man lectures there! But I don't see him there now! What! Who is it? A Master! It is! It is an Adept! a

great Adept! Apollonius of Tyana! There are a great many people there and he is addressing them. Now they are gone and only a handful remain, picked out by the philosopher Cornutus. Apollonius again addresses them. He makes their hearts burn within them, and they ask him how they may reach the goal. He is now speaking to them one by one—telling them about themselves. Lucius is there, his face flushed and full of enthusiasm. And this is what Apollonius says to him: "And thou too shalt tread the Path, but not yet. Thou shalt reach the portals through pain, suffering and disappointment. Thou shalt pass them when thou hast slain self—but not yet—for in the book of the Recorders is written against thy name, 'a wasted life'."

The first of these pictures represents Lucius in the early days of the Emperor Claudius, the later time under Nero.

He was not well off latterly. He did not take enough trouble about his property. Some of the lands had been his wife's, and they had been seized by some members of her family who had been mixed up with some sedition or conspiracy. He did not care. He took no trouble. He wanted the world to run smoothly always.

He was frequently urged to assist in forming a party to stem the evil government of that age.

Chief among those who tried to rouse him were his friends Caius Lepidus Amna, the poet Lucan, and Seneca. The last named it is true was a time-server, but he had great ideas and often gave good advice. On one occasion Lucius was urged to accept an appointment in which he could have done something, but he hated trouble, and when practical work came before him, he pushed it aside. He constantly dreamed of an ideal Empire or Republic, but did not help with the little he could.

I see him now—his whole soul wrapped in aspiration, and what I can only call prayer for light and truth. He did not see that within himself was "the way, the truth and the life". It always seemed far away for him.

Now it is near the end of his life and it was not happy. Neither his son nor daughter was with him. (Cornutus indeed was dead. Having got drunk with his companions, who attacked some of the Emperor's guards in the street, Cornutus was wounded in the fighting, and died of his wounds soon after.) Petronilla, however, though she had ceased to love him, attended on him to the end. He is an old man now, and is a long time ill. He died of some sort of intermittent fever.

Self-absorbed and wrapped in vain longings for empty ideals, Lucius let his life slip idly by, disregarding the clear and simple path of duties that lay before him. Dreaming of great deeds to be done, and great words to be written and spoken, he neglected the plain ties and duties of family, of the State.

Yet because he remained honest and free in an age of lies, and well nigh pure in an age of vice, because there were in him aspirations towards truth and virtue, it has come to pass that his product, so to speak, has in this life been brought close to the fountain of Truth and Purity, and he has *not* passed by unheeding.

Postscript by C. Jinarājadāsa

Though Vale played a certain role in Theosophical circles in London (I was acquainted with him), yet when the testing came for him and for his wife Rhea, both became confused in the temporary darkness which surrounded them, and both failed to see the right path to the Goal which they hoped to win. After they (and others, too) had cast aside great opportunities *twice*, C. W. Leadbeater asked whether another opportunity could not be

given to them in this life. The great Adept, the Mahā Chohan, to whom he proffered the request, replied: "For this day their sun is set, but there will be many other days for them in the future, and you can help them then."

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

HOW THE LIVES WERE WRITTEN

BY C. JINARĀJADĀSA

It is perhaps useful that I should put on record all that I recollect concerning the *Lives*. As I have mentioned in the Introduction to the *Lives of Erato*, I was present when Bishop Leadbeater investigated the sixteen *Lives* of the late Mr. John Varley. Some of the investigations were made after dinner in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Varley's home, but I recall that some took place also on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon when we were seated in the small open space or park at Wormwood Scrubbs in the west of London. The *Lives* were then written out by Mr. Varley, and from his original manuscript I copied them all into a book which is here at Adyar.

Then one by one other *Lives* were investigated, and I have narrated something concerning each series in the three books so far published : (1) *The Lives of Erato and Spica*, (2) *The Lives of Orion*, and (3) *The Lives of Ursa, Vega and Eudox*. As the *Lives* were being investigated, not by Bishop Leadbeater alone, but in some cases also by

Dr. Besant with him (as in the case of *The Lives of Arcor* and in two *Lives* of Alcyone, and with "Rhea" in some of *The Lives of Vale*) naturally many Theosophical workers were seen as related to some of the principal characters noticed in the *Lives*.

As the various relationships were noted, Bishop Leadbeater jotted them down, usually on scraps of paper, and finally all these scraps were systematized and copied into a small ledger. Soon after, six very large and heavy ledgers of stout paper were printed, giving columns headed as follows: Chart Number, Date, Place, Sex, Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Husband or Wife, Sons, Daughters, Grandparents, Remarks. On various occasions in India, at Taormina in Sicily, and at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kirby near Genoa, several of us wrote down from dictation, each in a book. I recall Dr. Besant at Taormina writing in a small book of her own from the dictation.

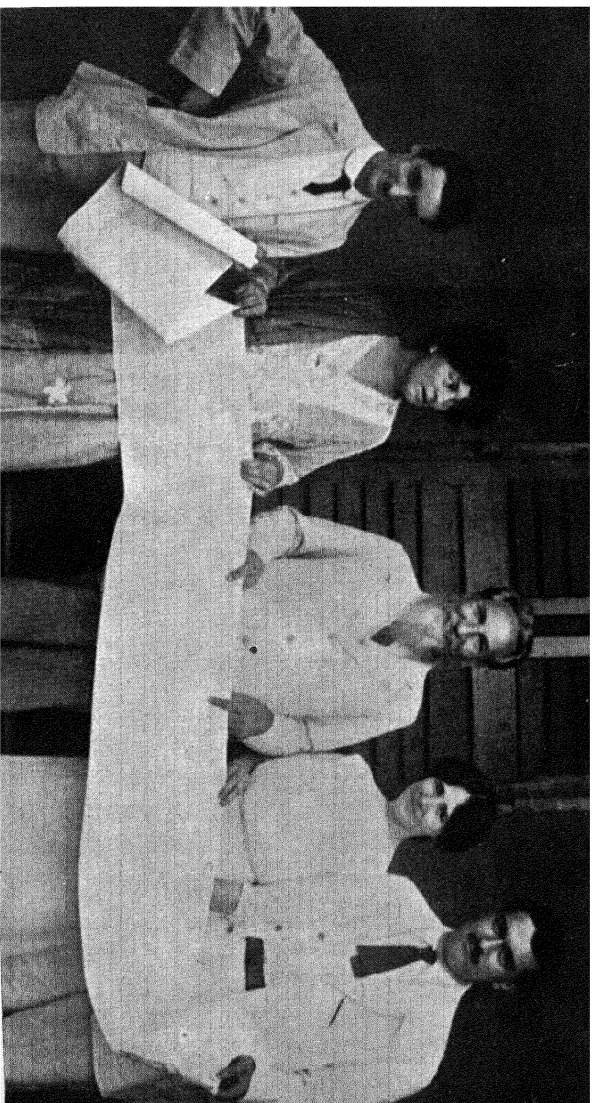
Some of these preliminary relationships, mainly those in *The Lives of Alcyone*, were first published in *The Theosophist* from April 1910 till February 1911. When it was determined to publish *The Lives of Alcyone* in book form after they had appeared in *The Theosophist*, Bishop Leadbeater made further investigations into the long past. Most of the *Lives* of Alcyone were dictated to Mr. Ernest Wood or written by Bishop Leadbeater

on scraps of paper, and then typed out by various of his helpers. Mr. Wood mentions that, in *The Lives of Alcyone*, it was Dr. Besant who investigated two of them. Certainly *Life* No. XXVIII, quite different in style from anything Bishop Leadbeater could have written, is by her. It is narrated in an intensely dramatic manner. After writing it, Dr. Besant read it at one of the "Roof meetings" at Adyar. I was told by the then Treasurer, Mr. Albert Schwarz, that as she read the story (in which she and Alcyone as sisters were the principal characters), it was with streaming eyes that she read the horrible and tragic end of the two sisters. I have not been able so far to identify the second *Life* written by her.

In preparing for the publication of *The Lives of Alcyone*, it was determined to publish at the end of each *Life* a chart listing all the individuals discovered at the period and showing their relationships. These were written down on the usual scraps of paper; then Bishop Leadbeater, in order to help the printer set them up in columnar form, to serve as genealogical trees, had them all re-copied on long lengths of paper. Several people were called upon to do the heavy task of making these lists, and it is from these that the printer set up in columnar form what appears at the end of each of the *Lives* in *The Lives of Alcyone*.

The next stage was to have these lists in an easier form for consultation, and Bishop Leadbeater arranged for a band of helpers to work out genealogical charts, one for each of the *Lives* of Alcyone, and for any other *Lives* that might be briefly mentioned in the work. This was done on ruled foolscap paper pasted end to end to make very long rolls. The longest roll was seventeen and a half feet (five and one-third metres). A special box was made to contain these rolls, and in order to preserve them for future generations I had the Vasanta Press paste all the 56 rolls on cloth. The box is kept in Bishop Leadbeater's room, now mine. I reproduce a photograph of one of these rolls, shown with a group which consists of Ernest Wood, Mrs. Gertrude Kerr, C. W. Leadbeater, Miss Dorothy Graham (Mrs. C. Jinarājādāsa), and Dr. Raimond van Marle.

It should here be mentioned that the fact a person is found to appear in one of the "charts" of the *Lives* is no indication that he has been selected, and is specially noteworthy for his service to the Theosophical Movement today. There were many excellent and worthy workers in the Society, whom Bishop Leadbeater knew, but whom he did not "investigate". The number whose appearances in the *Lives* was noted is only two hundred and eighty-one, and the real Band of Servers is at least ten



ONE OF THE GENEALOGICAL CHARTS DISPLAYED IN 1913 BY
Ernest Wood, Mrs. Gertrude Kerr, C. W. Leadbeater, Miss Dorothy Graham (Mrs. C. Jinarajadasa),
Dr. Raimond van Marle

times that number and even possibly a hundred times.

After the charts had been prepared and *The Lives of Alcyone* published up to the end of *Life XII*, 28,129 B.C., it was found necessary to add a few more characters. This was early in the year 1914. Miss Dorothy Graham (whom I married in 1916) had come to Adyar at the end of 1913, and was helping with the work on the charts in Bishop Leadbeater's room. He had noted her as coming in the *Lives*, and the character-name Sita was given to her. Another lady who was working with the others was quite well known as a devoted follower of Dr. Besant. When she found that she had not been "noticed," she asked him one day, "Oh, Mr. Leadbeater, don't you think you could find me?" He replied, "Well, well, we will see what we can do." Of course, as an old worker she was in the *Lives*, but he had not before made a particular point of following her incarnations. When he located her, the name Ushas was given to her.

Similarly, in 1913 I was particularly keen that Bishop Leadbeater should trace certain persons, two in England and one in the United States, to whom I was attached, and see if they were not also in the *Lives*. They certainly were, and when I came to Adyar in January 1914, I myself gave them the names Naiad, Una, and Eros.

Special pages had then to be written by hand for all the additions in charts I to XII, and these latest names were incorporated into the long rolls. These additional names were printed separately by me at the end of Volume I of the *Lives*, as additions to charts I to XII.

One character, Fons, who is found in the charts, is a person whom Bishop Leadbeater never met. This gentleman was a military man, keen on sports and a good rider and shot. He wrote to Bishop Leadbeater a letter explaining certain difficulties he had in his life. For some strange reason, he had a warm sympathy for all crippled children, even when he was only five; later, after marriage, he was closely associated with an organization to help them. He helped one crippled boy to be apprenticed to tailoring; this lad became deeply attached to him. But the sight of a cripple always roused his sex nature, and this troubled him for years. During some three years before writing to Bishop Leadbeater, he said that he had “gradually felt an *unaccountable desire*, which has culminated quite recently, that in my next incarnation I should be born of quite humble parents, though not of quite the lowest class, and lose a leg while quite a child”. The case interested Bishop Leadbeater, who investigated two past lives of Fons, and the following is what he wrote on the matter :

“The curious feeling that you have so long experienced is a legacy from a past life, or rather from two past lives. The story is too long and complicated to give in detail. Put briefly, an inconsiderate act of yours crippled in one life one who loved you dearly—a slave who was wholly dependent upon your pleasure, and was, I fear, regarded merely as an instrument for it. In the next life you had in turn the most intense devotion (with, I fear, a very strong sexual element in it) for the same person, reincarnated as a boy to whom the same accident happened again, though this time by no fault of yours. Your love and devotion was even intensified by the accident, and that very same feeling has come over into this life. In that last incarnation you confessed the circumstances to a seer or prophet for whom you had the greatest respect, asking him how you could atone for what had happened. He told you that there were two ways of atonement: either you yourself might be born in humble circumstances as had been this other boy, and might suffer as he had suffered; or you might devote a whole life to helping and caring for those who were similarly afflicted. Since you have accepted the latter alternative this time, it seems to me hardly necessary that the other should come to you in your next life; but it is no doubt the unconscious memory of those two

alternatives that has caused the thoughts which you describe, while the other and more earthly feeling is simply the persistence into this life of the impulse given long ago. It seems to me that it would be wise to follow as fully as possible your charitable impulse in this life, and to leave what may happen in your next incarnation entirely to the working of the great law of cause and effect."

On the strength of all this, Fons joined the Theosophical Society, and started a Crippled Scouts corps and on one occasion took twenty of the boys into camp, and became a patron of a Cripples Club. But he did not develop his Theosophical interests or his aspiration to serve the Masters. He "faded out of the picture," so far as my information went twenty years ago. Nevertheless, he is one of the Band of Servers, and it is a part of the general mystery in connection with Egos why some of them lose the opportunities presented to them in some lives. The fact that Fons was noted in the various *Lives*, but that dozens of more devoted workers for the Society were not noted, is purely a matter of chance, and not of selection on the part of Bishop Leadbeater.

It should be remembered that the families of the characters in the *Lives* are not necessarily confined only to those who have been listed as the children and grandchildren. Only those were noted down

who had been recognized up to the time when the charts were closed. In two previous visits to Australia and New Zealand, Bishop Leadbeater had met many members and some of them had been observed in the *Lives*. But when he made a third and longer visit in 1914, he came into touch, especially in Java and Australia, with a very large number of the Band of Servers who had come into the Work since his earlier visits to these two countries. His work was too heavy, however, for investigating fully even the more important of these characters, or listing their relationships in the already prepared charts. Hence, there certainly are probably several hundreds who do not appear in the charts.

Similarly, on one occasion when Dr. Besant investigated the group of Egos round her in Alexandria when she was Hypatia, she noted among her following many who were in the Theosophical Movement in England. But she did not trace their earlier incarnations.

It certainly is evident that around the principal Theosophical leaders there are certain groups of workers who have been helped by them in past lives, and therefore naturally congregate round them now. There certainly was quite a band round H.P.B., and similarly round Colonel Olcott; there surely must have been similar bands round W. Q. Judge and others. But when the investigations into the *Lives*

began, not many of these were either living or known to either of the two investigators. The large bands round Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater are among the characters who have been listed.

In all the investigations it will be noted that, with very rare exceptions, only one wife is mentioned. But it is quite likely that in many of the earlier races monogamy was not the rule, and that certain of the characters may have had more than one wife. But unless these wives and their children had been noteworthy, from the standpoint of the *Lives*, they would not have been entered in the charts.

Though the first series of *Lives* were investigated in 1894, it was only in 1907 at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden where Dr. Besant, Bishop Leadbeater and others were staying for about a month and some further investigations were being made into *Lives*, that it was settled that some character-name should be given to an Ego whose *Lives* were investigated. It was at my suggestion that the names of the Greek Muses and some of the stars and constellations were selected. The names of the planets were reserved for those who are now at the stage of the Adepts, though later when several others of the Great Ones appeared in the *Lives*, there was a difficulty, since all the planetary names had been utilized. Thus, certain other names were used, as Athena ; Dhruva, the Sanskrit name for the Pole Star ; Brihaspati,

(later changed to Brihat), the Sanskrit name for the planet Jupiter. When the present World-Teacher was found to appear in certain of the *Lives*, the name that would normally have been given to him—Helios, the sun—had already been selected for herself by the late Mrs. Marie Russak Hotchener. Therefore, the Sanskrit word for the sun, Sūrya, was selected. Similarly, when a name had to be selected for the Lord Buddha for the few occasions when He appeared in some of the *Lives*, the most suitable name appeared to be MAHĀGURU (the Great Teacher). Later on as the number of characters grew, various other names were selected for the Egos which were in some manner related to the individual's name in the present life, in order to enable Bishop Leadbeater quickly to identify the person. A Latin and a Greek word signifying "wood" were given, for example to F. L. Woodward and Ernest Wood.

Dr. Besant selected the name Herakles for herself. The reason she gave for her choice was that just as Hercules or Herakles had as one of his tasks that of cleaning out the "Augean stables," so when she became President in 1907 there were several elements in the Society which were very hostile towards her, and she considered that dealing with them was similar to the work of Hercules.

I think that Bishop Leadbeater was named Sirius by me, because Sirius is one of the very large and

bright stars seen in particular grandeur in the tropics. I selected for myself the name Selene, the moon, as having reference to the Lunar Dynasty, well known among the Rajput warriors in contrast to the Solar Dynasty, also of the Rajputs. I also selected for H. P. B. the name Vajra, which is the well-known name of the emblem of the Divine Thunderbolt held in the hand of one of the Tibetan gods. In my mind H. P. B. had distinctly the quality of a thunderbolt.

When the *Lives* were first investigated, there were certain Egos noted as coming again and again, but these were not recognized as being in incarnation. To these were given the names of the Greek alphabet—Alpha, Beta, etc. Later as certain of these were recognized, other names were given to them. There was one character to whom the letter Mu was given, but later he was identified and the name was changed to Muni. The following had not been identified up to the time the charts were closed—Epsilon, Eta, Iota, Kappa, Nu and Zeta. One striking character is Philippa, for whom later the shorter name of Koli was given. This individual was the wife of Sirius in Athens and appears in the *Lives* on all occasions, yet this Ego has not been recognized as being born with any of the members of the Band in this incarnation.



It will be noted by anyone who reads the names given to various characters, and specially in the lists of family relations as published first in *The Theosophist*, that some names have been changed in the book of the *Lives* as finally published. For instance, Andromeda becomes Andro; Ophiucus changes to Ophis. This is really to allow the shorter name to be entered into the narrow columns in the printed lists.

About the year 1912 Bishop Leadbeater had decided that there should be certain illustrations of the appearance of Alcyone in the earlier *Lives*. He himself was in no sense an artist and could not draw. How then was it possible to produce pictures in colour of Alcyone at the various epochs? Mrs. Maria-Louisa Kirby, an excellent artist, was staying at Adyar at the time, and Bishop Leadbeater drew in very rough outline the figure that he wanted illustrated, and then put into the mind of Mrs. Kirby the picture of the character as seen by him in a particular *Life*. She was then allowed perfect freedom to develop and paint the image according to her best judgment. A certain number of illustrations were painted and the colour-printing done in England. The sheets were then sent to India and deposited with the Theosophical Publishing House. The plan was that they should be incorporated into the book, as making the whole story of *The Lives of Alcyone* more vivid.

Bishop Leadbeater left for Java and Australia in April 1914. Up to then the Vasanta Press had printed up to page 488, and the remainder of the work was left under my charge. Originally the book was intended to be one large volume of 738 pages, but it was my decision that it should appear in two volumes, as being easier to utilize for purposes of study.

But an unusual circumstance arose which prevented the immediate publication of these *Lives*. Dr. Besant had planned that both Alcyone and his brother Mizar should be entered at Oxford. After Alcyone's visit to England in 1910, much had been said in the newspapers about a possible great future for him, and when the time came to consider entering the names of the two boys in a college at Oxford, Alcyone felt nervous about the amount of "ragging" or ridicule to which he would be subjected at college. Therefore, when he expressed his fear on the matter, Dr. Besant immediately gave an order to hold back publication of *The Lives of Alcyone* till the Oxford period was over. The original plan had been that the work should be issued early in 1915, at the latest, but owing to the orders received from Dr. Besant the book was not published until 1924. In the meantime, much publicity had appeared about Alcyone, and the college at Oxford, New College, to which the names of the two boys had been presented, refused to admit Alcyone because

of the publicity that he was “a reincarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ”.

One regrettable element concerning the book, *The Lives of Alcyone*, is the paper which was selected for it. Certainly the printer, the late A. K. Sitarama Shastri, selected the best paper available in India, but he never could have dreamt that a few years later the paper would crumble badly into fragments. The book has been out of print for over twenty years. Whenever it may be reprinted, care will be taken to see that the best possible and most lasting paper is selected.

When in 1911 I first read the series of the last thirty *Lives of Alcyone*, I was so deeply impressed by certain elements of the working of the Law of Karma that I have since then wished that I might have the time and the opportunity to write a commentary on this series, and on some of the others, but this is impossible. Nevertheless, one value in a study of the *Lives* has always been, to me, the realization that character has been slowly built up towards an ideal, in spite of various set-backs, and also that the Law of Cause and Effect operates incessantly.

“ So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end ;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end.”

I have also noted that it does not follow that the really deep and eternal bonds of affection between soul and soul are necessarily as between husband and wife. They may be between parent and child, and in some instances between grandparent and grandchild. More remarkable is the fact that in matters of the deep bonds of love, the element of sex is not a predominant factor. If two people in a long past have been husband and wife, or *vice versa*, and there has been a true bond of love, they will come together again and again, but sometimes are born in the same sex, as father and son, or as brother and brother, as mother and daughter or sister and sister. There may sometimes be no family relationship at all, but merely friendship of such a deep nature that sometimes it plays a more powerful role in the life of one or other of the individuals than the closer family relationships.

Another element that has attracted my attention in a study of the charts is that in taking the fairly intimate relationships of parent-child, husband-wife, or *vice versa*, two Egos do not seem to meet more than fourteen to seventeen times in such relationships in the course of the incarnations recorded. Nevertheless, the individuals may be born in the same clan or group of workers at the same time. I have wondered over this particular mystery, and it occurs to me that there is some plan whereby a certain group of Egos is being made to fit in

together into some larger scheme of workers, like some great mosaic, such as was suggested by Dr. Besant in the phrase, "The Heavenly Man," formed from the efflorescence of a Root-Race, with the Manu as the head chakra, the Buddha as the heart chakra, and other Adepts as the remaining chakras. Round each chakra would be grouped the appropriate group of workers. For this larger purpose it is necessary that they should discover each other to some extent through such relationships as I have mentioned, and, as it were, have their corners polished off by the interplay of character in the intimacy of these relationships, eventuating in an adaptability required in the Great Work.

One interesting point which emerges from a close study of the *Lives*, if one knows the characters, is the fact that the death of an individual is in no sense really "accidental". We have two interesting cases of this general principle, the first being that of Vega, the late Basil Hodgson-Smith. In his last incarnation he was born in 1887; but about ten years earlier he had been born as the child of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson-Smith, but the boy died shortly after. Naturally the grief of the parents over the death of the little boy was very great. The same Ego then came back to them in 1887; but why had there been the previous brief incarnation without much fruit?

First, when a child is born his birth has been necessitated at a particular time, because the period in Devachan has come to an end and the Ego must be reborn. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the true "links" which an Ego has have perhaps not come into incarnation, and in such case the Ego must have a short intervening incarnation somewhere, where there is enough happiness experienced to give a brief Devachan, at the end of which he will return among his real comrades in the Work.

(In the foregoing, I do not mean to imply that great numbers of children, who die young, therefore necessarily return later to the same parents. It *might* happen for some particular purpose, but such cases would be rare indeed, the exception rather than the rule, and then only with the permission of the Mahā Chohan. Nor do I intend to imply in any way that the death of all children is "intended in the Plan". The terrible infant mortality in some countries is in no way a part of the Plan, but is due to the ignorance and carelessness of the parents, who thereby make a Karma with the Ego whose life ends fruitlessly.)

In the case of Vega, the remarkable thing is that when he returned to his parents the second time, he was then born into the environment which was really necessary for him. During the first birth,

both his parents had been agnostics, though the father in particular was deeply interested in the writings of Herbert Spencer. But in the intervening period of ten years both parents had become Theosophists, so that the whole atmosphere of the family was quite different. It was into this atmosphere that Vega was born again, one which enabled him at the age of nine to respond fully to the ideals of service to mankind in general, and particularly to the ideal of following the Master.

The second striking instance is that of Selene, who was born in India at the time of the Lord Buddha, whom he met as a boy. Soon after, as recorded in the Buddhist legends, his incarnation ended when he was waylaid and slain by robbers for the gold which he was taking back to his teacher. On three occasions in earlier *Lives* Selene had met the MAHĀGURU, and in two of them he had been formally consecrated by the Lord to a work initiated by Him then, to be done after He left. But on all the three occasions to which I refer, the MAHĀGURU was not yet the Buddha, that is, He had not taken the Initiation of the Buddha, which completes the work of a World-Teacher. As mentioned by the MAHĀGURU Himself in the first of these three *Lives*, in Arabia circa 40,000 B.C., Selene was one of the five selected by the MAHĀGURU and addressed as belonging to the "Brothers of the

Glorious Mystery"—those who in a far-off future life are intended to take office as Buddhas of Humanity. But it seems to be an occult law that before this can happen, the Egos selected to be of this band must formally take the great "Vow" before a Buddha living on earth. It was therefore necessary that Selene should be born in India for this single purpose of appearing before the Lord Buddha and formally giving Him the Vow, as did also Alcyone.

The Buddhist books give a very picturesque story of the meeting of Selene with the Lord Buddha, an account which in details may be purely imaginative, to evoke devotion in the listeners. The account narrates that the Lord taught the boy three verses concerning the ideals of Buddhahood, the Great Law, and the Great Brotherhood. These verses, in the ancient Pāli, used to be sung at the end of the day's work by the schoolchildren in the Buddhist Schools under the direction of the Buddhist Theosophical Society in Ceylon. I have translated the episode, with the verses, as narrated in the ancient books, in a small pamphlet called *The Story of Chatta*. It is mentioned by C. W. Leadbeater in *The Masters and the Path*, that at the famous appearance of the Lord Buddha before the assembled Adepts at the full moon of Vaisākh (Wesak), these three verses are repeated in the ancient Pāli.

After this occult event of the giving of the Vow had taken place, there was no further need for Selene's incarnation to continue, even in the wonderful environment of the Lord's mission. The next place where Selene was required was in Athens in the family of Sirius, and therefore after the natural period in the Heaven World, Selene returned as the son of Sirius.

I have wondered much whether the departure from the Work of all four of the Holbrook family, within a comparatively short space of time, may not possibly have an inner meaning. The Holbrooks were a Theosophical family in the United States, led by Vesta (Mrs. Minnie C. Holbrook), with Psyche (Miss Phoebe Holbrook), Mira (Carl Holbrook), and Clara (Mrs. Clare Holbrook Spenceley). Soon after the death of Mrs. Holbrook these three children died, Phoebe at the age of about 35. I recall Carl Holbrook as a splendid character, who even as a boy showed the rare and striking capacity of leadership, and who certainly would have grown into a leading personality in the Theosophical world; but at about 21 he developed acute diabetes, for which there was then no cure, and he died a few years after. It was quite natural that Mrs. Holbrook should pass away at her time of life, but why should the three children, all interested in the Work, pass away within a few years afterwards? Is there some

scheme where all the four, so closely related, are wanted together once again in the Work, in some close association? Is it because of this need in the Plan that they died in this incarnation, to appear together quickly somewhere in the Great Scheme?

A further interesting fact is that sometimes certain Egos go together almost like a miniature group-soul, that is, they are found life after life in fairly close relationships. This is particularly the case of the French family Blech composed of Charles Blech, sisters Madame Zelma Blech (who took her maiden name after divorcing her husband), Mademoiselle Aimée Blech, and the two daughters of Charles Blech, lovely girls of about fourteen and sixteen, Lili and Geneviève. The family was Protestant and, except for Mademoiselle Blech who secretly attended a few Theosophical meetings, were not interested in Theosophy. But a very tragic event took place when the two daughters, Lili and Geneviève, were both drowned in the Lake of Como, one sister going out of her depth while bathing and the other sister going to her rescue. The shock of this sudden tragedy brought the other members of the family into Theosophy. This group of five nearly always appear in fairly close relationship, whenever one member appears.

A similar minor group-soul is the Varley family, composed of John Varley (Erato), Mrs. Isabella Varley

(Melete), and the two daughters Cecilia (Concord) and Ida (Auson). Not infrequently I am found as a member attached to this particular subgroup, my links being with Melete, Concord and Auson.

Another interesting feature in these charts is that there are evidently two types of workers, one which might be called senior, and the other, junior. A certain number seem continually to appear among the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but not in an earlier generation. Very rarely we find that some of the Adepts appear in a very late generation, that of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. In such a case it is evident that some new impulse was to be given by Them. One striking instance of this appears in chart II, after the "massacre," *circa* 70,000 B.C. We find then the Manu and several others of the Adepts appearing in the twelfth generation. There are one or two other instances far later when something similar happened, and in each case, once again it was to give some new impetus, but in these cases our particular Band of Servers was not called upon for the work.

Noteworthy is the fact that our Band was not called upon in connection with the work of the later Shri Krishna, the Teacher of Bhakti, about the third or fourth century B.C., nor in connection with the work of the Lord Jesus Christ in Palestine.

The Adept Koot Hoomi has stated that Jesus Christ preached a secret doctrine "a century before his birth". It is also noteworthy that when the Lord Buddha appeared "the last of many times" in 630 B.C., very few of the Band of Servers appeared in connection with His work. Alcyone appeared among the few who were closely associated with the Lord. Similarly, Selene also appeared, as mentioned previously, but only for the special purpose of giving the "Vow" to the Lord Himself. It was a year after the death of Alcyone in this particular *Life* that there appeared a small group led by Mars, with his son Herakles. Herakles became one of the missionaries of the Lord, and after His death carried the Law into Burma and the East.

We were informed by an Adept teacher in 1894, that the usual law of Reincarnation is that an Ego is born into the various Races almost in sequential order of the sub-Races. There are certain exceptions, but this sequence is found in the chart of Erato, in *The Lives of Erato*. Similarly we find such a sequence in *The Lives of Orion*. It seems that there are certain races, for instance, the Burman, where after one incarnation the next one follows immediately, and the period in the Heaven World comes only after two or three incarnations have taken place. It may be that owing to brain characteristics, race temperament, and

environment, not enough material of experience is gathered in one single lifetime to give an adequately long period in the Heaven World.

It was also mentioned that usually there are not more than seven nor less than three incarnations in one sex, before a change-over into the opposite sex. There is, however, one striking exception in the case of Aquarius, where there are nine successive female incarnations before a change to the male. We were also informed quite early that Mars, the Manu-to-be of the Sixth Root Race, has not had a single female incarnation since his appearance on earth in the middle of the Third Root Race, after the planetary Nirvāna that intervened between the Moon Chain and the beginning of the work by our Band of Servers on the Earth Chain.

One fact observed in the investigations conducted by Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater in 1912 into the work on the Moon Chain and that of the earlier Rounds of this Earth Chain, is that there are two types of Egos, who are representatives of the highest types of individualization. For reasons we have not yet understood, one type has a period of about 700 years intervening between lives, and the other about 1,200 years. All that was noted is that these two types individualized somewhat differently, the first through the descent of the Monad at the call of the power of Will, or the power of Love or

Devotion, and the second type at the call of the Higher Mind, which was slowly developed in the life in which individualization took place. In the first type, the individualization seemed to be sudden at the call of a supreme act of Will, or of a sudden rush of Love and Devotion.

It would be quite mistaken to imagine that, because a person appears in a feminine incarnation, therefore the Ego is more femininely inclined. A striking instance was brought to my notice in the case of the late Miss Phoebe Holbrook. She was as feminine as one could wish and full of real charm, and yet much to my surprise I found her in one of the migrations led by Mars into India, when she was a man and, more than that, was a comrade of the leader of the hosts, riding by his side and consulted by him on various matters. I liked her simplicity and charm so greatly that I suggested for her the name Psyche.

CONCLUSION

THERE remains yet to be published, after this volume, one more volume containing some more *Lives* in this series which I have entitled, *The Soul's Growth through Reincarnation*. When I planned to publish in book form the several series of *Lives* that had appeared in *The Theosophist*, I chose for them all the general title just mentioned, because to me such a "Soul's Growth" is the meaning of Reincarnation. Millions in the East, in India, Tibet, Ceylon, Burma, Siam and Japan believe in Reincarnation as a part of their faith; hundreds of thousands in Europe and the three Americas have also begun to profess a belief in Reincarnation. But very few inquire into the purpose of such a long process. It is well known that most Christians are repelled by the idea of a return to earth again, in order to endure another life of trouble and disappointment; it never occurs to them to inquire if the belief in Reincarnation means that. For, on the contrary, since there is a Law of Cause and Effect, a return to earth again, after living rightly, implies a life with fewer handicaps, and more full of opportunities for happiness and self-expression.

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It is true that Hinduism and Buddhism proclaim the *summum bonum*, the final end of Reincarnation, as Moksha or Nirvāna. In both systems of thought, the individual, as such, ceases to be; the graphic simile has been used, comparing the individual soul to a dew-drop, that "the dew-drop slips into the shining sea". In the Christian system of thought, when after the Day of Judgment the soul is finally "saved"—and we need to remember that not all souls will be "saved"—the soul at last begins his life of eternal bliss in Heaven. But not a word is said as to any soul's *growth* as a part of that unending blissful existence.

It is obvious that "life," here on earth or in any Heaven, can never be static; such a state is contrary to all that is observed in nature. There must be either growth, that is, evolution, or decadence, that is, a de-volution. But if all life-processes have any meaning at all, and if the soul of man is immortal and eternal, and not a mere phenomenon in time, then logical thought inevitably postulates a growth of the soul, always and unending. The question then arises, How does such a growth take place? Reincarnation offers the solution. And the reading and pondering over these *Lives* offers a clue to the process of the soul's growth.

It is not here necessary to explain the process whereby the soul comes into being. That is done

in other Theosophical works. The main principle on which I desire to dwell is, that within every soul are latent attributes, dormancies, of all good, truth and beauty, as of every other virtue. But they have to be awakened from latency to active manifestation by the process of living—that is, of thinking, feeling and doing. Teachers and teachings are given the soul as to what is right thinking, right feeling, and right doing. But since at the beginning of the soul's growth there is little understanding and little self-control, the soul is led into evil, scarce knowing that it is evil. He is driven by the "thirst" for life, and by the hunger for sensation which are in the "vehicles" or bodies through which the soul must act, especially his physical and astral (or emotional) bodies. But in doing evil (as also in doing good) he puts into operation forces of nature, whose action and reaction are guided by the Law of Karma, which has been well stated as,

*Sow a thought and reap a habit,
Sow a habit and reap a character,
Sow a character and reap a destiny.*

Reincarnation implies an unfoldment. It was well said by an American philosopher that "experience is becoming expert by experiment". It is to become an expert in the revelation of the Divine Nature within the soul that the soul must grow slowly by experiences gathered from

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experiments in living. An Adept teacher stated in 1884 :

“ The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit.”

Along what lines do souls grow ? Here we have the general teaching concerning the types of growth illustrated in the diagram. The Source of all Being, the Unity, the “ One without a second,” reveals Itself in a manifested Cosmos as a Trinity of Will, Wisdom and Activity. No one Aspect is superior to the other two, there is “ no first nor last ”. But as the three Aspects operate, they function in seven primary modes. Each soul has one of these modes, or “ Rays ” as they are called, specially characteristic of and “ dominant ” in him. The other six modes are also in him but “ recessive ”. It is for the soul to decide through experiment if his “ dominant ” factor shall remain as it began, or if a “ recessive ” factor in him shall become instead the “ dominant ” factor.

The diagram is offered merely to suggest the types of souls which are in humanity, when they grow into self-realization and take their unfoldment into their own hands. There is always a supervision, and guidance when needed, by certain Agents of the Divine Plan, called the Lords of Karma. They adjust the reaping by a soul of his good and evil generated in the previous lives, so that in a

TYPES OF SOUL UNFOLDMENT



POWER	WILL	1	CHIEF. ORGANISER.
WISDOM	WISDOM	2	TEACHER. HEALER.
LOVE	ACTIVITY	3	PHILOSOPHER. STATESMAN.
"	"	4	ARTIST. REVEALER.
"	"	5	SCIENTIST. DISCOVERER.
"	"	6	SAINT. MEDIATOR.
"	"	7	RITUALIST. TRANSFORMER.

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given life there shall be shown, at the end of the life, a nearer approach to the " Archetype ".

The word " Archetype " comes to us from Platonic philosophy. It signifies the Divine Model of the perfected soul, as of all organisms which appear in the process of evolution, existing " on high " from the beginning of time, towards which each evolving object—flower, tree, animal, human form, the soul of man—is drawn to become. It is akin to the image of the perfected statue which is in the sculptor's mind as he stands before the block of marble before beginning his work. Truly therefore did Michael Angelo say, " the more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows ".

Throughout the whole series of lives in Reincarnation, even when the soul seems aware only of evil and not of any good, and plunges into a life of evil, there is within the soul a dim consciousness of the good. It was said by the great philosopher Plotinus : " Vice is at its worst still human, being mixed with something opposite to itself." ¹ No man does evil, knowing it is evil. In a confused state of mind, he thinks that what he plans to do will issue in good. This is beautifully stated to Dante by Beatrice in *Paradiso* :

" I see full well how already within thy mind
shines that Eternal Light which, seen but

¹ Enneads, 1. 8. 13.

once, ever kindles to Love. And if aught else doth seduce thy loving, 'tis but a ray, ill-understood, of that same Light which therethrough gleams."

No soul struggles alone or unhelped to become his Archetype. His sowing and reaping, his Karma or "work" is meted out to him by the Agents of Karmic Adjustment, in order little by little to release his hidden nature from the Karmic chains which bind him. His life may seem to be more full of temptations and frustrations than of achievements and happinesses. Yet there is no blind fate at work, but a Plan for his benefit which is being put into operation, even if he knows nothing of it. It is a sign that he is evolving, that is, releasing the Hidden Divinity imprisoned in chains, when he intuits and affirms, "God's Will be done"; "Islam! Resignation!"; "It is the Law of Karma at work"; "The Law is always just to me." Beautifully was it said by Goethe in *Faust*, as Faust is to be tempted to enjoyment and to the suffering that follows, so as to reveal the hidden Faust:

"Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while he buds his
tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years
adorning?"

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What is that future flower and fruit ? Goethe's drama reveals it. Faust desires to plunge into every form of pleasurable sensation, and offers his soul to the devil, and the devil can take it when Faust shall find an experience so full of satisfaction that he can say to that moment, " Ah, tarry a while, thou art so fair ! " The devil provides everything Faust asks for ; yet Faust does not speak the words, and the devil cannot yet get his soul. After years have passed, Faust is an old man, and *blind*. But he has put into operation great schemes in the lowlands of the Netherlands, to reclaim the sands covered by the sea, by building dikes and making dry land. As the work proceeds slowly, there arises in the blind man's mind the picture of the tilled lands, and the villages of happy people living upon them. It is a happiness which he cannot share, for he will be dead before it can happen. But that happiness, *for others*, is inevitable. So exquisite is the joy that Faust feels in contemplation that he has *acted for others*, so intense is the joy-to-come of others, that he exclaims at last, " Ah, tarry a while, thou art so fair ! " and dies.

It is only as the soul *acts* in order to reveal his Archetype, and each action of his is *for others*, that he experiences what is true Liberation, Moksha, or Nirvāna. He will act as Chief, or Organizer ; as Teacher, or Healer ; as Philosopher, or Statesman ; as

Artist, or Revealer ; as Scientist, or Discoverer ; as Saint, or Mediator ; as Ritualist, or Transformer, according to the Ray on which he determines to be for eternity. His " self " has cast off its limiting boundaries till he knows himself only as the Great Self. Apart from that Great Self he has no self-hood. Little need to specify by name what the Great Self is. Every attempt to describe THAT must be met with the famous aphorism of Hinduism, " Neti, Neti "—*It is not that, It is not that.* He who knows, remains silent. Not for nothing did Hinduism call such an one the " Muni," the Silent One. But while " silent," he is not inactive or passive. Far rather is he like a powerful dynamo that transforms the waters of a river or lake into motive energy. The " Liberated One," the *Mukta, liberates others.* It is for this, that out of the infinite he became a soul.

When the soul knows himself as the Archetype, the process of Reincarnation ends. But it ends only to open to the soul untold ages of bliss as a doer, in this Earth or in Heaven or in a far-off star, with no " self " within him to cling to, since within him he holds the joys and sorrows of all other selves.

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Printed by C. Subbarayudu, at the Vasanta Press,
The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras

