



THE SEVEN PORTALS

Be of good cheer, Disciple; bear in mind the golden rule. Once thou hast passed the gate Srotapatti, 'he who the stream hath entered'; once thy foot hath pressed the bed of the Nirvanic stream in this or any future life; thou hast but seven other births before thee, O thou of adamant Will.

Look on. What seest thou before thine eye, O aspirant to God-like Wisdom?

"The cloak of darkness is upon the deep of matter; within its folds I struggle. Beneath my gaze it deepens, Lord; it is dispelled beneath the waving of thy hand. A shadow moveth, creeping like the stretching serpent coils. . . . It grows, swells out, and disappears in darkness."

It is the shadow of thyself outside the PATH, cast on the darkness of thy sins.

"Yea, Lord; I see the PATH; its foot in mire, its summit lost in glorious light Nirvanic. And now I see the ever narrowing Portals on the hard and thorny way to Jnana."

Thou seest well, Lanoo. These portals lead the aspirant across the waters on "to the other shore". Each Portal hath a golden key that openeth its gate; and these keys are:

1. DANA, the key of charity and love immortal.
2. SHILA, the key of Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for Karmic action.
3. KSHANTI, patience sweet, that nought can ruffle.
4. VIRAGA, indifference to pleasure and to pain, illusion conquered, truth alone perceived.
5. VIRYA, the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal TRUTH, out of the mire of lies terrestrial.
6. DHYANA, whose golden gate once opened leads the Narjol toward the realm of Sat eternal and its ceaseless contemplation.
7. PRAJNA, the key to which makes of a man a God, creating

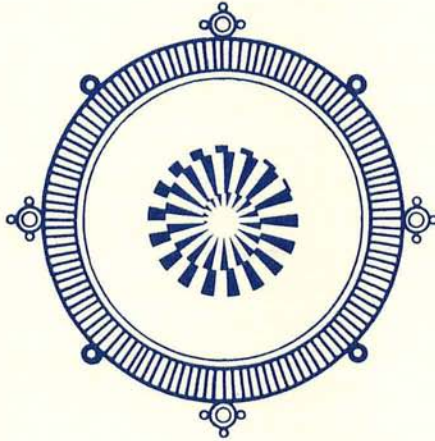
him a Bodhisattva, son of the Dhyanis.

Such to the Portals are the golden keys.

Before thou canst approach the last, O weaver of thy freedom,
thou hast to master these Paramitas of perfection — the virtues
transcendental six and ten in number — along the weary Path.

The Voice of the Silence, 50–53

H. P. BLAVATSKY



Think, then act.

When first thou dost from soothing sleep arise,
Hasten about thy day's intended work;
Nor suffer sleep to fall on thy soft lids
Till thrice thou hast each act of the day recalled:
How have I sinned? What done? What duty missed?
Go through them first to last; and, if they seem
Evil, reproach thyself; if good, rejoice.
Toil at and practise this: this must thou love;
This to the Path of Heavenly Virtue leads.

PYTHAGORAS