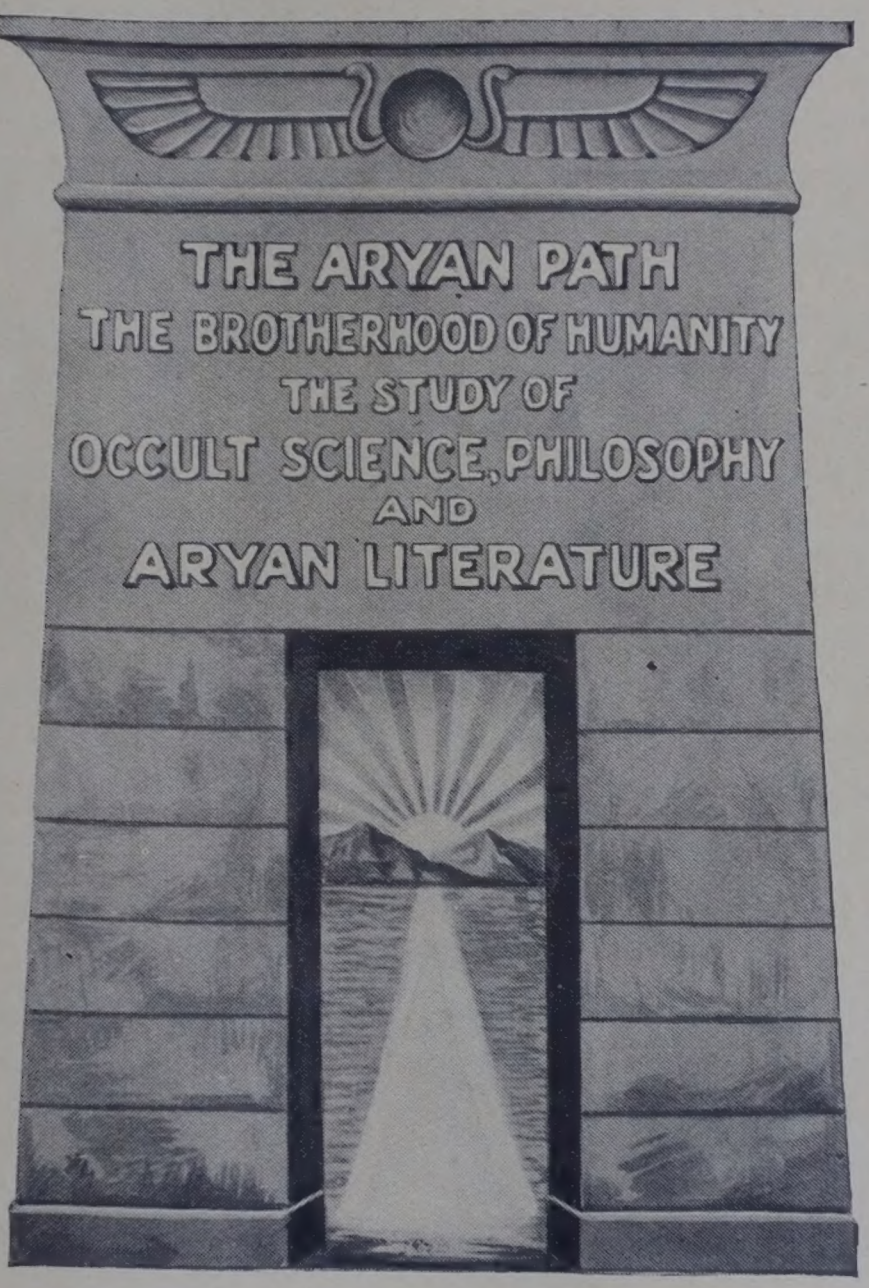
THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

THE ARYAN PATH
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY
THE STUDY OF
OCCULT SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY
AND
ARYAN LITERATURE



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It is not physical phenomena but these universal ideas that we study, as to comprehend the former, we have to first understand the latter. They touch man's true position in the universe, in relation to his previous and future births; his origin and ultimate destiny; the relation of the mortal to the immortal; of the temporary to the eternal; of the finite to the infinite; ideas larger, grander, more comprehensive, recognising the universal reign of Immutable Law.

—MASTER K. H.

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(a) To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour ;
(b) The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study ; and
(c) The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

There is no Religion Higher than Truth

BOMBAY, 17th November, 1939 VOL. X. No. 1.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th November 1939. VOL. X. No. 1.

NEEDED COMPANIONS

"It is the Master's work to preserve the true philosophy, but the help of the companions is needed to rediscover and promulgate it"—W. Q. JUDGE.

"Every pledge or promise unless built upon four pillars—absolute sincerity, unflinching determination, unselfishness of purpose, and *moral power*, which makes the fourth support and equipoises the three other pillars—is an insecure building. The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of the fourth alone are recorded."—H.P.B.

This is the first number of our tenth volume. Recently a correspondent from the U. S. A. described the periodical as "the Theosophical organ *par excellence* for companions". It has always been our aim to assist the scoffer to become serious, the doubter to become sincere, the enquirer to become earnest, the student to become a server, and an ardent helper of humanity to become a companion—one of the group of those whose minds are directed towards the Shining Ones, and whose hearts throb with love for Orphan Humanity. These companions are spoken of in the *Gita* as enlightening one another, as constantly speaking of the Presence of Divinity everywhere, and consequently as full of enjoyment and satisfaction.

In the darkest of hours the Light of Wisdom shines and the seeker finds it near at hand if his confused and befogged mind can receive intimations of the existence of that Light.

The United Lodge of Theosophists has Associates in the four quarters of the globe; in a few places they are sufficiently energized to organize themselves for public activity; others function remembering Mr. Judge's phrase—"each member a centre". But alone or with others in a group, there are those among the Associates who feel the need of companionship, as there are those who feel that they are companions doing what they can to rediscover the truths of the Esoteric Philosophy and to promulgate them. For both kinds of Associates THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT tries to provide nourishment. It is consecrated to the cause of Those who are the Preservers of the True Philosophy and whose Message H. P. Blavatsky recorded for this cycle. Compared to other eras the task of the companions in this one is less difficult. Because of the sacrifices made by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, the task of rediscovering the age-old truths is comparatively easy. Those truths were becoming obscured by the faithlessness of some who were unable to overcome the impediments of their own karmic and other precipitations; but at a very opportune hour Robert Crosbie prevented the obscuration from taking place; and now the number of true companions is on the increase and the task of those who aspire to be companions is still less difficult.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT brings nourishment for would-be companions, which is provided by a few who have assumed the responsibility of being companions. It is endeavouring to build a bridge on which an increasing number may walk to the Occult World of the Great Ones—a Bridge of Thought; for it is written:—

WHERE THOUGHT CAN PASS THEY CAN COME.

"WHEREIN IS LOVE, THEREIN IS GOD"

[The following story by Count Leo Tolstoy is reprinted from *Lucifer*, Vol. V, p. 310.—EDS.]

Once there dwelt in a city a bootmaker, Martin Avdeyitch. He lived in a small basement room with one window. The window looked on the street. Through the window one could see the people passing; though their legs alone could be seen, yet Martin Avdeyitch used to recognise the owners by their boots. Martin Avdeyitch had lived in his room for a long while and had many acquaintances. Rare was that pair of boots in the neighbourhood that missed his hands. Some he soled, others he patched, some again he trimmed afresh, putting on occasionally a new heel or two. And often he used to see his work through the window. Of orders he had plenty, for Avdeyitch's work was solid; he always furnished good material, putting on it no higher price than he should, and stuck punctually to his promises. Whenever sure of being ready at the time fixed, he would accept an order; if otherwise, he would never deceive a customer, but would warn him beforehand. So Avdeyitch became known and had no end of work. Avdeyitch had always been a good man, but toward old age he took to thinking more of his soul and approaching nearer his God. In the now old days, when Martin yet lived as a journeyman, he had lost his wife. A boy about three years old had been all that remained of her. Their elder children had all died. At first Martin thought of sending his boy to the village, to live with his sister, but pitying the child, he changed his mind— "too hard for my Kapitoshka to grow up in a strange family", he said to himself, "I'll keep him with me." Asking his master to discharge him, Avdeyitch went to live together with his little boy in a lodging. But God had not given him luck with children. Hardly had the child grown up sufficiently to be of help to his father, than he fell sick, burnt with fever for a week, and died. Martin buried his son and fell into despair. So much did he despair that he murmured against God. Such weariness got hold of Martin that more than once he implored God for death, and reproved Him for not taking him, an old man, instead of his beloved and only son. Avdeyitch even ceased to go to Church. Once an old village neighbour visited Avdeyitch, on his way from Troitza Monastery—a pilgrim in the eighth year of his travels. After conversing awhile Avdeyitch complained to him about his sorrows. "No desire, man of God, do I feel for life", he said. "Death alone do I covet, and pray God for. Here am I, a hopeless man in all?"

And the Pilgrim answered :—

"Thou speakest not well, Martin, for it behoves us not to judge the acts of God. 'Tis not as we fancy but as God decrees! And if God so willed that thy son should die and thou shouldst live, therefore must it have been for the best. As to thy despairing, this is only because thou seekest to live for thine own comfort alone."

"And for what else should one live?" asked Martin.

Quoth the old man—"For God, Martin, thou shouldst live for God. He giveth life, for Him then we should live. Once thou livest for God, thou shalt cease fretting, and life shall seem to thee but a light burden."

After a short silence, Martin asked :—"How should one live for God?"

Saith the old one: "As for this, Christ Himself showeth us the way. Canst thou not read? Well, buy the Evangels and read them, and thou shalt learn therein how one can live for God. It is all there."

And these words found their way into Martin's heart. And he went and bought a New Testament, in large print, and set himself to study it.

Avdeyitch had intended to read only on holidays, but no sooner had he begun, than he felt his soul so overjoyed that he read daily. At times he would go on reading so late at night that the oil in his lamp would be all burned out, and he still unable to tear himself away from the book. Thus Avdeyitch read every evening. And the more he read, the more it became clear to him what God expected of him, and how one should live *for God*; and he felt the burden on his heart becoming lighter and lighter. Hitherto when retiring to rest, he used to begin groaning and moaning for his Kapitoshka, but now his last thoughts became, "Glory to Thee, glory, O Lord! Thy will be done." And now all the life of Avdeyitch was changed. Hitherto, as a Sunday offering, he used to visit the inn, to get a glass of tea, and to occasionally indulge in liquor. He, too, had drunk with casual friends; and though never enough to get drunk, yet often retired in too good humour, talking nonsense, and even shouting to, and abusing people on his way home. But now all this had gone by; his life had become quiet and full of contentment. From morn till eve at work; and when the task was done, taking his little lamp from the hook on the wall, placing it on his table, and then getting his book from the shelf, opening it, and sitting down to read. And the more he read, the better he understood it and the lighter and

happier he felt in his heart.

Once, it so happened that Martin sat up later than usual. He was reading the Gospel according to St. Luke. He had read the sixth chapter, and had come upon the verses: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy shirt* also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Then he read those verses wherein the Lord saith:—

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the sand; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Read Avdeyitch these words and his soul felt overjoyed. Taking off his spectacles, he laid them on the book before him, and leaning on the table fell into deep thought. He tried to fit his life to the precepts. And then he asked himself:

"Is my house built on rock or on sand? If on rock, well and good. Aye, it is easy enough, sitting here alone to fancy that one has done everything as God commands; but forget this for a moment and there's sin again. Nevertheless, I'll try. Too good, not to—and may God help me!"

Thus ran his thoughts; he half rose to go to bed, but felt unwilling yet to part with the Book. So he went on reading the seventh Chapter. He read about the centurion, read all about the son of the widow, read the reply to John's disciples and came to that place, where a Pharisee asked Jesus to eat with him; and finally read how the woman "which was a sinner" anointed His feet and washed them with her tears and how He forgave her sins. At last he came to verse 44 and began to read: "And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; and since the time I came in, she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but she hath anointed my feet with ointment." And having read these verses he repeated to himself: "*Gave no water for the feet, gave no kiss, nor did he anoint His head with oil....*"

He took off his spectacles once more, placed them on the Book, and fell into deep thought again.

"That Pharisee, there, must have been one of my sort. I too never used to remember anyone but myself: how to indulge in tea, to sit in warmth and comfort, and no thought of others. Thought of himself only; as to his guest, no care did he feel for him. And who, that guest? Why the Lord Himself. Would He but come to me now, could I ever act as he did?"

Placing both arms on the table, Avdeyitch fell unconsciously into a half slumber.

"Martin!" he suddenly heard, as if something had breathed near his ear.

Startled in his sleep, "Who's here?" he cried.

Turning round he looked at the door—and saw no one. He fell asleep again. Suddenly he heard distinctly a voice saying:

"Martin, I say, Martin! look out on the street to-morrow for me. I will come."

Then Martin awoke, arose from his chair and began to rub his eyes, not sure whether he had really heard these words, or only dreamed them. Then he turned off his lamp, and took to his bed.

On the morrow Avdeyitch arose before twilight, said his prayers, kindled his fire, put his *stshy*† and *kasha*‡ into the oven, made his *samovar* § boil, donned his apron, and taking his seat under the window commenced his work. There sat Avdeyitch, working, but thinking all the while of what had happened. And his conclusions were twofold: one moment he thought that it was all fancy, at another that he had heard a voice, truly. Well, he argued, such things have happened before.

Thus sat Martin at his window, working less than looking out of it, and no sooner would a pair of boots of foreign make pass by than, straining his body, he would try to catch a glimpse through the window, not of the legs alone but of the face too. There goes the *dvornik* (porter) in new felt boots,** there comes the water-carrier, and finally an old invalid soldier of the Nicholas period, in worn-out and mended felt boots and leggings, armed with a snow-shovel, stood before the window. Avdeyitch recognised him by those leggings. Stepanitch was the old man's name, and he lived with a neighbouring merchant, on charity. His duty was to help the porter. Stepanitch commenced to shovel away the

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* In the Slavonian text the word is "shirt", not "coat", as in the English texts.

† Cabbage broth.
‡ Thick porridge of buckwheat.
§ Brass tea-urn to boil water in.
** *Valenki*, thick felt boots without soles.

snow from before the window; Avdeyitch looked at him and then returned to his work.

"I must have lost my senses in my old age!" laughed Avdeyitch to himself. "Stepanitch is cleaning away the snow and I am here fancying Christ is coming to visit me. I must be a doting old fool, that's what I am." Nevertheless, having drawn his needle through about a dozen times, Avdeyitch was again attracted to look through the window. And, having looked, he saw Stepanitch who, placing his spade against a wall, was trying to warm himself or perhaps get a rest.

"The man is old, broken down, perchance too weak even to clean off the snow", said to himself Avdeyitch, "warm tea might be welcome to him, and, as luck has it, there's the *samovar* ready to boil over." So he stuck in his awl, rose, placed the *samovar* on the table, poured boiling water over the tea, and tapped with his finger on the window-pane. Stepanitch turned round and approached the window; Avdeyitch beckoned to him and went to open the door.

"Walk in and warm thyself", he said. "Feel cold, hey?"

"Christ save us, I do, and all my bones aching!" In walked Stepanitch, shook off some snow, and, so as not to soil the floor, made a feeble attempt to wipe his feet, himself nearly falling.

"Don't trouble to wipe; I'll scrub it off myself; that's our business. Come and sit down", said Avdeyitch. "There, have some tea." Filling two glasses, he placed one before his guest, and pouring tea out of his own glass into his saucer, proceeded to blow on it.

Stepanitch emptied his glass, turned it upside down on its saucer, and placing on it the bit of sugar he had not used*, he rendered thanks for the tea. But he evidently longed for another glass.

"Have some more", said Avdeyitch, filling the two glasses again, for himself and guests. Thus he talked and drank, yet never losing sight of the window.

"Art thou expecting anyone?" enquired the guest.

"Do I expect anyone? Seems queer to say—whom I keep expecting. Not that I really expect anyone, only a certain word stuck in my heart. A vision, or whatever it was I cannot say. Hearken thou to me, brother mine. Last night I was reading the Gospel about Father Christ, all about how he suffered and how he walked on earth. Thou hast heard of it, hast thou not?"

"Aye, heard of it, we have heard," answered Stepanitch. "But we are dark people† and have not been taught to read."

"Well, then, I was reading just about this very same thing, how he walked the earth, and I read, you know, how he visited the Pharisee and the Pharisee failed to give him a reception. And I was reading this last night, thou brother mine, and, while reading, fell a-thinking. How is it that he could receive Christ, our Father, without any honours. Had this happened as an example to myself or anyone else, methinks nothing would have been too good with which to receive him. And that other one, offering no reception! Well, that's what I kept thinking about, until I fell a-napping like. And while napping, brother mine, I heard my name called, lifted my head and heard a voice, just as if someone whispered, 'Expect me, I'll come tomorrow', and that twice. Well, believe me or not, but that voice remained fixed in my head from that moment—and here I am, chiding myself for it, and still expecting Him, our Father."

Stepanitch shook his head wonderingly and said nothing, but emptying his glass, placed it this time on its side,‡ but Avdeyitch lifted it up again and poured out more tea.

"Drink more and may it give thee health. So then I think to myself, when He, the Father, walked the earth, He scorned no man, but associated more with the common people, visiting rather the simple folk and selecting his disciples out of the ranks of the poorer brethren, the same as we sinners are ourselves, journeymen and the like. 'Whosoever shall exalt himself', says He, 'shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. You call Me Lord', says He, "and I', He says, 'will wash your feet for you. If any man desire to be first, the same shall be servant of all. Because', says He, 'blessed are the poor, the meek and the merciful.'"

Being an old, and soft-hearted fellow, Stepanitch forgot his tea. And there he sat listening, big tears running down his cheeks.

"Come, have some more tea", said Avdeyitch.

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* Though they drink tea immoderately, the lower classes of Russia do not sugar it, but bite a piece off from a lump which serves them for several glasses, the guest leaving his remaining piece in the manner described.

† The Russian peasant, and the lower classes call themselves "dark" or ignorant people. They also often use the plural pronoun "we" instead of the pronoun "I" when speaking of themselves.

‡ An act of politeness, denoting that he had enough tea.

But Stepanitch, crossing himself,* rendered thanks. pushed away his glass and arose to depart.

"Thanks to thee, Martin Avdeyitch", he said; "thou hast entertained me well and fed both soul and body."

"Pray thee come again; a guest is ever welcome", replied Avdeyitch. Stepanitch departed, and Martin pouring out the last drop of tea, cleared away the tea things and sat down once more to his table under the window, to backstitch a seam. There he sat backstitching, but still looking out through the window, awaiting the Christ, thinking of Him and His doings, his head full of Christ's various discourses.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimentals, the other in his own boots; passed the proprietor of a neighbouring house, in brightly polished overshoes, and finally the baker with his basket. All passed and vanished, and now a woman in woollen stockings and village shoes walks past the window and stops at the partition wall. Looks up at her from under the window panes Avdeyitch, and sees an unknown female poorly clad, with a baby in her arms, placing herself with her back against the wind and trying to wrap up the baby but having nothing to wrap it in. Her garments are thin and worn. And Avdeyitch through his window, hears the child crying, and she trying, but unable, to hush him. Arose Avdeyitch, opened the door, passed up the staircase and called: "Goody; hey, my goody!" The woman heard him and turned round.

"Wherefore standest thou with that little child in the cold? Come into the warm room, where thou canst wrap him at thine ease. Here, come down here!" The woman looked surprised. She sees an old man in his working apron, and with spectacles on his nose inviting her into his shop. She followed him. Reaching the bottom of the landing, they entered the room, and the old man led the woman to his bed. "Sit down here, my goody, nearer to the oven—just to warm thyself and feed the baby."

"No milk left; had nothing myself to eat since morning:" sadly muttered the woman, preparing nevertheless to feed the babe.

Shook his old head Avdeyitch, upon hearing this, went to the table, got some bread and a bowl, opened the oven-door, poured into the cup some *stshy*, got out from the oven a pot with *kasha*, but found it had not steamed up to the proper point yet, returned with the *stshy* alone, and placed it on the table with the bread; and taking a wiping-cloth from a hook, he laid it near the rest.

"Sit down", says he, "and eat, my goody, and I'll take meanwhile care of thy infant. I had babes myself—so I know how to deal with 'em."

The woman crossing herself, went to the table and commenced eating, and Avdeyitch took her place on the bedstead near the baby, and began smacking his lips at it, but smack as he would he smacked them badly, for he had no teeth. The little child kept on crying. Then it occurred to Avdeyitch to startle it with his finger; to raise high his hand with finger uplifted, and bringing it rapidly down, right near the baby's mouth, and as hastily withdrawing it. The finger was all black, stained with cobbler's wax, so he would not allow the baby to take it into its mouth. The little one at last got interested in the black finger, and while looking at it, ceased crying and soon began to smile and coo. Avdeyitch felt overjoyed. And the woman went on eating, at the same time narrating who she was and whence she came.

She was a soldier's wife, she said, whose husband had been marched off somewhere eight months before and since then had never been heard from. She was living as a cook when her baby was born, but since then, they would not keep her with it.

"And now it's the third month that I am out of a situation", she went on. "All I possessed is pawned for food. I offered myself as wet-nurse, but didn't suit—was too lean, they said. Tried with the merchant's wife, yonder, where a countrywoman is in service, and she promised to have me. I had understood it was from to-day, and so went, but was told to come next week. She lives far. I got tired out and wore him out too, the poor little soul. Thanks to our landlady, she pities the poor and keeps us for the sake of Christ under her roof. Otherwise I know not how I would have pulled through."

Heaving a sigh, Avdeyitch asked: "And hast thou no warmer clothing?"

"Just the time, my own one, to keep warm clothing! But yesterday I pawned my last shawl for twenty copecks."

Approaching the bed the woman took her child, and Avdeyitch, repairing to a corner in the wall, rummaged among some clothing and brought forth an old sleeveless coat.

"There", he said, "though it be a worn-out garment, still it may serve thee to wrap him up with."

The woman looked at the coat, looked at the old man and began weeping. Avdeyitch turned away too, crawled under the bed and dragging out a

* Making the sign of the cross, which people in Russia do before and after every meal.

trunk rummaged in it and sat down again, opposite the woman.

And the woman said: "Christ save thee, old father, it is He perchance, who sent me under thy window. I would have had my child frozen. When I left the house it was warm, and now, behold the frost is beginning. It's He, the Father, who made thee look out of the window and take pity on hapless me."

Smiled Avdeyitch, and said: "Aye, it's He who made me. It's not to lose time, my goody, that I keep on the look-out."

And then Martin told the soldier's wife also his dream, how he had heard a voice promising him that the Lord would visit him that day.

"All things are possible", remarked the woman, and arising put on the coat, wrapped up in its folds her little one and bowing, commenced again to thank Avdeyitch.

"Accept this for the sake of Christ", answered Avdeyitch, giving her a twenty copeck piece, to get back her shawl from the pawnshop. Once more the woman crossed her brow, and Avdeyitch crossed his, and went out to see her off.

The woman was gone. Avdeyitch ate some broth, cleaned the table, and sat down to his work again. His hands are busy, but he keeps the window in mind and no sooner a shadow falls on it than he looks up to see who goes by. Some acquaintances passed along, and some strangers likewise, but he saw nothing and no one out of the ordinary.

But suddenly, Avdeyitch sees stopping opposite his window an old woman, a fruit-seller. She is carrying a wicker basket with apples. Few remain, she must have sold them all, for hanging across her back is a bag full of chips, got by her no doubt, at some building in construction, and which she now carries home. But the heavy bag hurts her, it seems; trying to shift it from one shoulder to the other, she drops it down on the kerb, places her wicker basket on a street post, and proceeds to pack the chips tighter in the bag. As she is shaking the bag, there suddenly appears from behind the street corner a small boy, in a ragged cap, who seizes an apple and is in the act of disappearing unperceived, when the old woman abruptly turning round, grasps him with both hands by the coat sleeve. The boy struggles, trying to get away, but the old woman seizing him in her arms knocks off his cap and catches him by the hair. The boy cries at the top of his voice, the old woman swears. Losing no time to put away his awl, Avdeyitch throws it on the floor, makes for the door, runs up the steps, stumbles and loses his spectacles, and reaches the street. On runs Avdeyitch, on goes the old woman, shaking the small boy by his hair, cursing and threatening to drag him to the policeman; the small boy kicking and denying: "I did not take thine apple; why shouldst thou beat me, let go!" Then Avdeyitch endeavoured to separate them, and taking the boy by the hand, said: "Let him go, *babooshka* (grandmother), forgive him for the sake of Christ."

"I'll forgive him so that he won't forget it till the next switches! I'll take the rascal to the police." And Avdeyitch began to entreat the old woman.

"Let him go, *babookska*," he said. "He won't do it again. Let go, for Christ's sake!"

The old woman let the boy go, who prepared to run away, but now Avdeyitch would not let him.

"Beg granny's pardon", he said, "and don't do it again. I saw thee take the apple." The boy burst into tears and begged the old woman to forgive him.

"Now, that's right. And there, have the apple now." And Avdeyitch, taking an apple out of the basket, gave it to the small boy. "I'll pay thee for it, grandmother", said he to the old woman.

"Thou wilt spoil the dirty urchin" said the woman. "His best reward should be of such a nature that he could not lie on his back for a week."

"Nay, nay, mother", said Avdeyitch, "not so. This may be according to our law, but it is not according to the law of God. If he deserves flogging for a stolen apple, then what should be the punishment for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Avdeyitch told the old woman the parable about the Lord who loosed his servant and forgave him his debt, the servant going forthwith and laying his hands on his debtor, throttling him and casting him into prison. The old woman stood and listened, and the boy stood and listened. "God commands that we should forgive our brothers their trespasses", said Avdeyitch, "that the same should be done unto us. Forgive all, let alone an unreasoning child."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

"That's so, that's so", she said, "but children have become too unruly nowadays."

"Just why we old people should teach them better!" said Avdeyitch.

"I say so, too", replied the old woman. "I had seven of them, myself, but only one daughter is left to me out of them all." And the old woman began telling where and how she lived with her daughter, and the number of grandchildren she had. "See", she went on, "my strength is almost gone, and still I work, pitying the chicks, for my grandchildren are very good and none love me better than they. As to Aksyutka, she won't leave my arms for anyone. 'Granny, dear granny, my heart' ....says she." And the old woman softened entirely. "Of course, that's a child's doings. God be

with him", she added, looking at the boy.

As she prepares to hoist the bag of chips on her back, the little boy, making up, says,

"Let me carry it, granny, for you : I am going your way." Shook her head reflectively the old one, nodded and placed the load on the boy's back.

And both went along the street, the old woman actually forgetting to ask Avdeyitch for the price of her apple. Avdeyitch stood looking at them and kept listening to their dying voices, as they went on holding converse together.

Having seen them off, Avdeyitch returned to his room, found his spectacles on the steps unbroken, picked up his awl and sat at his work once more. After working for a little time he could no longer thread the bristles through the holes, and saw the lamp-lighter passing on his way to light the street lanterns.

"Time to light my lamp", he thought ; so he trimmed it, hooked it on to the wall and continued his work. One boot was now ready ; he turned it on all sides and examined it ; it was all right. He gathered his tools, brushed off the parings, put away the bristles, stray bits and strings, took down his lamp, placed it on the table and got from the shelf his Gospels. He tried to open the book on the page which he had marked the night before with a bit of morocco leather, but it opened at another place. And no sooner had Avdeyitch opened it than he remembered his last night's dream. And no sooner did it come back to him than it seemed to him as if someone moved about behind him, softly shuffling his feet. Turns round our Avdeyitch, and sees something like people standing in the dark corner—men of whom he is yet unable to say who they are. And the voice whispers into his ear :

"Martin ! Hey, Martin. Knowest thou me not ?"

"Know whom ?" cried Avdeyitch.

"Me", said the voice, "it is I." And out from the dark corner emerged Stepanitch, smiled, vanished cloud-like, and was no more.

"And that is I", said the same voice, the woman with the little child coming out of the dark corner ; and the woman smiled and the little child cooed, and they too were gone. "And that is I", said the voice, followed by the old woman and the little boy with the apple, and both smiled and forthwith vanished too.

And great joy crept into Martin's heart, and making the sign of the cross he put on his spectacles and began reading there where the Book had opened. And on the top of the page he read :

"For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in." And further down the page he read ; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matt. xxv)

And Avdeyitch knew that his dream had not deceived him, but that on that day the Saviour had indeed come to visit him, and that he had indeed received Him.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"Let us compare all things, and, putting aside emotionalism as unworthy of the logician and the experimentalist, hold fast only to that which passes the ordeal of ultimate analysis."—H.P.B.

चित्रं वटतरोर्मूले वृद्धाः शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।
गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु च्छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

"Ah ! the wonder of the Banyan Tree. There sits the Guru Deva, a youth, and the disciples are elders ; the teaching is silence, and still the disciples' doubts are dispelled."

Q. Mr. Judge quotes Professor Huxley (*The Ocean of Theosophy,* Chapter I) who is reported to have made the assertion about intelligences in the universe "as much beyond ours as ours exceeds that of the black beetle" etc. Will you please give Huxley's actual wording ?

Ans. The enquirer will find it in the following passage from Huxley's *Essays upon Some Controverted Questions* :—

"Looking at the matter from the most rigidly scientific point of view, the assumption that, amidst the myriads of worlds scattered through endless space, there can be no intelligence, as much greater than man's as his is greater than a blackbeetle's ; no being endowed with powers of influencing the course of nature as much greater than his, as his is greater than a snail's, seems to me not merely baseless, but impertinent. Without stepping beyond the analogy of that which is known, it is easy to people the cosmos with entities, in ascending scale, until we reach something practically indistinguishable from omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience. If our intelligence can, in some matters, surely reproduce the past of thousands of years ago, and anticipate the future thousands of years hence, it is clearly within the limits of possibility that some greater intellect, even of the same order, may be able to mirror the whole past and the whole future."

THE NEW STYLE OF THINKING

I.—THE ENEMY AND HIS ALLY

"All life is probationary", says H. P. B. But not all human beings consider themselves probationers. Even when people contact Theosophy and begin to study the great philosophy of the rational explanation of things they do not always enter the path of practice. The very entrance to that path implies that we have begun to look upon ourselves as probationers and are ready to be tried by life, to be tested by Karma.

Those who only listen to or read Theosophical teachings keep their knowledge and their modes of living in two separate compartments. Those who undertake to practise Theosophy bring thought and action into harmony, adopt "a new style of thinking" for themselves and present it to others.

Why so many act in the first way and but a few—their number, however, is not negligible—in the second, is explained by W. Q. Judge :—

> Some of us have asked this many times before, in ancient births of ours in other bodies and other lands ; others are making the request now ; but it is more than likely in the case of those who are spurred on to intense effort and longing to know the truth, and to strive for unity with God, that they have put up the petition ages since.
>
> —*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita*, p. 20.

The success of the probationer depends upon his constancy in thinking according to Theosophy ; uniformly he must seek the rational explanation to solve the puzzles and the problems of his own life. Application implies the use of the rational explanations of the Esoteric Philosophy in the affairs of daily living.

The first step on the path of practice is not a new style of acting, but a new style of thinking. Actions are the children of ideas and will-power ; false actions result from our false ideas ; absence of actions from our non-exertion of will. When students preach Theosophy to others before *some* application in themselves has been accomplished, they may be said to be adopting a new style of acting rather than of thinking, and thus they frustrate their very purpose in preaching, for the latter does not carry much weight or conviction to those who listen to it.

The first and immediate result of adopting this new style of thinking is dissatisfaction in our environment, discontent within ourselves—our better nature finding our animal nature rebellious and very difficult to curb, even sensitive to any handling ; then, despondency because of the feeling that it is so very hard, so very hopeless—what's the good of it all ? And yet there is something within, which will not allow our withdrawal from the plane of mind, our mind awakened and influenced by Theosophy. The glimpse of the Vision Splendid urges us on not to fall, to rise if a fall has occurred.

Probationers will do well to remember that absence of this divine discontent spells lack of earnestness and of constancy in practising the new style of thinking. When the heart is troubled, when the mind is confused, when the hands refuse to act, and yet when the memory of the Truth of Theosophy persists, it is a sure sign that we are on the right track. If that memory has vanished then we will act impelled by our lower nature. We should note the elements in Arjuna's despondency : (1) a heavy heart, (2) a confused mind, (3) the throwing down of the bow and sitting down—the gesture and the posture of inaction ; but there is (4) the sight of Krishna. Sometimes it is overlooked that Arjuna would have quickly withdrawn from the fight if Krishna had not been there to help him in overcoming his mood. So, attacks on the heart matter not and confusion of the mind counts for nothing. The very spirit of inaction itself is not altogether bad, for it is the last which symbolizes the search for the realization of the facts of Theosophy learnt, of the Vision Splendid glimpsed, however dimly. Says Mr. Judge :—

> Reliance and pressure upon our own inner nature, in moments of darkness, are sure to be answered by the voice of Krishna, the inner guides.
>
> —*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita*, p. 27.

At this stage failures arise because the influence of the Inner God and of Theosophy the Outer Awakener has ceased to operate. Such cessation, generally speaking, results from the combined attack of our own animal nature, which feels its force opposed and in defending its position takes the offensive, and secondly, is brought about by those friends and kin who do not view life Theosophically, who are wedded to the "established order". The latter

> instinctively array themselves against one who is thus starting upon a crusade that begins with his own follies and faults, but must end in a condemnation of theirs, if only by the force of example.*
>
> —*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita*, pp. 18-19.

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* *Cf. Raja-Yoga or Occultism*, pp. 6-7.

Nobody who feels the influence of his own Inner God and who therefore leans naturally on the philosophy of Theosophy will be affected by such outer attacks. These latter may at most strengthen the offensive launched by one's own lower nature. Other men and women can never be our enemies directly ; they can, however, become allies of the only enemy we have, and that is our own lower nature. It is to this lower nature or Personality that we present a new style of thinking when Theosophy is listened to, and it is on that Personality that we impose it when we attempt in practice to apply Theosophical rules and principles.

The very first result of practising the new style of thinking is described by Mr. Judge in these words :—

> The other opponents are far more difficult to meet, because they have their camp and base of action upon the Astral and other hidden planes ; they are all his lower tendencies and faculties, that up to this time have been in the sole service of material life. By the mere force of moral gravity, they fly to the other side, where they assist his living friends and relatives in their struggle against him.
>
> —*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita,* p. 19.

> The student may, perhaps, with ease face the crowd of friends and relatives, having probably gone through that experience in other lives and is now proof against it, but he is not proof against the first dark shadow of despair and ill result that falls upon him. Every elemental that he has vivified by evil thinking now casts upon him the thought, " After all, it is no use ; I cannot win ; if I did, the gain would be nothing ; I can see no great or lasting result to be attained, for all, all, is impermanent." This dreadful feeling is sure in each case to supervene, and we might as well be prepared for it.
>
> —*Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita,* pp. 20-21.

And so we come upon the subject of Elementals, so largely concerned in our adoption of the new style of thinking. Very little information is given out about the elementals, though very many hints are to be found. Mr. Judge has written, " The world of the Elementals is an important factor in our world and *in the course of the student.*" Note the words italicized. The whole subject of Elementals is highly important but here we are dealing with only one aspect and that very roughly.

It is said that Elementals are vivified by evil thinking and that they present to us images which influence us. The way in which this is done is instanced by Mr. Judge :—

> Elements who would, if they could, implant suspicion and distrust about those whom he reveres, or, if they fail there, will try to cause physical ills or aggravate present ones. In his case these have succeeded in part in causing darkness. . . .Now —, while not just in that case, is surrounded, while not strong, by those who inwardly deplore his beliefs. . .and hence the elementals are there and they quarrel with those of—and bring on despair, reduce strength, and so on.
>
> —*Letters That Have Helped Me,* p. 96.

Mr. Judge explains at some length the nature and the function of these elementals in the same priceless book of practical occultism, at p. 98.

Now, to face and conquer the " two sets of forces "—the enemy within and his allies without—a special kind of knowledge has to be acquired, which modern universities do not give, whose very existence they deny or which they dismiss as a farrago of nonsense. In olden days Religion imparted the necessary instruction, but for long centuries now religions have usurped the place of Religion and the masses of men have been left in the dark. To the darkness of ignorance brought about by priestcraft is added the more dangerous blackness of false knowledge, very widely spread in modern times. Nowhere, outside the recorded teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, is that special knowledge available in a form suitable to the modern mind. That knowledge is not merely an extension of ordinary knowledge of science or philosophy ; it is totally different in kind.

We would advise the would-be learner of this special knowledge to read the passage about the Lodge of Adepts written by Mr. Judge in *Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita,* pages 49-53.

The special kind of knowledge is to be acquired by a special method of learning, and to that we will next turn.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

There is really no conflict between religion and science....It is through the acceptance of the idea of evolution in the spirit as well as in the body of man that the partition which formerly separated religion and science is being dissolved....The dogmatism of a few generations ago, both of scientists and theologians, is giving way to a more liberal spirit; and all who are searching earnestly for truth are considered to be worshippers at the same shrine.

These hopeful words were spoken on the 3rd of September by no less eminent a scientist than Sir Richard Gregory, Bart., F.R.S., at the Dundee meeting of the British Association, when he addressed the Division for Social and International Relations of Sciences on "Contacts of Religion and Science".

For the sake of the truths which Sir Richard recognizes, we can afford to overlook the antinomy represented by the agnosticism of Sir Richard the scientist in regard to the purpose of existence and the immortality of the Soul and the pro-Christian bias of Sir Richard the product of an environment coloured by centuries of theological teaching. The latter leads him to laud the more immediate antecedents of Christianity by such *obiter dicta* as that "as a record of spiritual development, the Holy Scriptures are far in advance of the sacred writings of any other early peoples", and that it is in the Greeks of the sixth century B.C. "that we first find the idea of Person tacitly set aside or limited, and an impersonal Nature conceived as a subject of study", statements which ignore the spiritual riches of the Indian scriptures and the spirit of early Aryan religion and science. We shall pass over also his acceptance of the popular theory of the gradual evolution of religious thought from the primitive worship of natural objects and phenomena and his assumption that scientists have finally quashed the idea of a relationship between the human frame and the order of the universe, remarking merely that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Sir Richard's philosophy.

Instead, we shall turn to some of the truths which this well-known scientist recognizes :—

> Belief in the existence of such an Omniscient Power behind the universe as that to whom Aratus dedicated his poem, or as the God whom St. Paul declared to the Athenians [the Unknown God], is universal....

Referring to the implications of Newton's discovery of gravitation, Sir Richard said :—

> Consider the tremendous revolution involved in this substitution of permanent natural law for the conception of a world in which all events were believed to be reflections of the moods of a benign or angry God. The doctrine of daily supernatural intervention meant that men regarded themselves merely as clay in the hands of the potter, and did nothing to shape their own natural destiny. They accepted disease as an act of God instead of cleansing their houses....Instead of a few thousand stars supposed to exist to influence the earth and affect the purposes of man, we now know there are many millions which can never be seen without telescopic aid, and millions more that are not visible with any optical means. ....The intellectual expansion thus brought about, together with the sense of justice which resulted from the existence and permanence of law in Nature, profoundly influenced human thought....
>
> Though science may not be able to contribute much to the ultimate problems of spiritual beliefs, it does teach that every action carries with it a consequence—not in another world, but in this—to be felt either by ourselves or by others in our own time or the generations to come.

What are these but partial formulations in the language of science of the first two of the Fundamental Propositions of *The Secret Doctrine*? The quotation with which this article opens embodies a condensation, correct as far as it goes, of the Third.

But though these statements by Sir Richard remind the thoughtful student of H. P. B's prophecy in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 442) : "It is only in the XXth century that portions, if not the whole, of the present work will be vindicated", yet we must point out that even the distinction between religion and science which Sir Richard makes, while denying their conflict, has no real existence. Religion he defines as "the reaction to an inner impulse as to what is conceived to be sacred and arouses awe or reverence", and science—"also the product of an inner urge"—as "a spirit of inquiring into all things visible and invisible in the universe", a broader field, incidentally, than modern science can justly claim.

The two divine abstractions, true religion and true science, Theosophy insists, are and must be one. They have their meeting-ground in the recognition of the One Divinity, the One Life, in and behind all objective manifestation and in the very perception of the majestic working of immutable Law to which Sir Richard pays tribute. A scientist without reverence is the most impious of men. The truest religion, on the other hand, is the worship—in the silence and the sanctified solitude of man's own Soul—of the eternal and uncreated spirit of Nature itself, the omnipresent, omnipotent and even omniscient creative potentiality, the ever Unknowable, the Causeless Cause of all causes.

The Theosophist could not admit Sir Richard's implication that all scientific and religious concepts must be held permanently in a state of flux. "In

science", declares Sir Richard, "there are no final interpretations or unchangeable hypotheses; and when the same principle is recognised in theology, religion will share some of the vitality of the natural sciences."

No less than the findings of physical science are the teachings of Theosophy based on observation and experience.

There is this difference, however, that while the observation and experience of physical science lead the Scientists to about as many "working" hypotheses as there are minds to evolve them, our *knowledge* consents to add to its lore only those facts which have become undeniable, and which are fully and absolutely demonstrated. We have no two beliefs or hypotheses on the same subject. (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 72)

Scientific hypotheses change but, regardless of what hypothesis is in current favour, Truth IS. The reality of any fact remains unaffected by the erroneous ideas in regard to it. Granted that the finite mind of man cannot grasp Infinite and Absolute Truth, still the human being is not wholly dependent on his finite mind. He has his roots in the Absolute Itself. In proportion as man elevates his consciousness is he able to assimilate more and more of Truth Itself.

Science is certainly less materialistic to-day than in 1888, when H.P.B. wrote her article on "What is Truth?" reprinted in *U. L. T. Pamphlet No. 17*, but few of its votaries would take intuition seriously as an instrument of knowledge. As, however, its field of operation lies largely outside their range of observation, they have no more right to repudiate its assertions than a blind man would have to dispute a seeing man's description of the sunset hues.

ABOUT KILLING ANIMALS

[The following answer by W. Q. Judge is reprinted from *The Path*, Vol. VI, p. 397, for March 1892.—EDS.]

A correspondent asks: "Will you kindly explain why, if you think it wrong to kill a water bug, that you should consider it right to slay larger animals for food?"

I do not remember having said it was *wrong* to kill a water bug; hence there is no conclusion to be made from that to the question of feeding on animals, so far as I am concerned.

The questions of right and wrong are somewhat mixed on this subject. If one says it is morally wrong to kill a water bug, then it follows that it is wrong to live at all, inasmuch as in the air we breathe and the water imbibed there are many millions of animals in structure more complicated than bugs. Though these are called *infusoria* and *animalculæ*, yet they are living, moving beings as much as are bugs. We draw them in and at once they are destroyed, slain to the last one. Shall we therefore stop living? The whole of life is a battle, a destruction and a compromise as long as we are on this material plane. As human beings we have to keep on living, while in our destructive path millions of beings are hourly put to death. Even by living and earning a living each one of us is preventing some one else from doing the same, who, if we were dead, might step into our shoes. But if we abandoned the fight —were we, indeed, able to do so—then the ends of evolution could not be attained. Hence we have to stay and endure what Karma falls from the necessary deaths we occasion.

So the true position seems to me to be this, that in certain environments, at certain stages of evolution, we have to do an amount of injury to others that we cannot avoid. So while we thus live we must eat, some of flesh and others of the vegetable. Neither class is wholly right or wrong. It becomes a wrong when we deliberately without actual need destroy the lives of animals or insects. So the man who was born in a family and generation of meat-eaters and eats the meat of slaughtered animals does less wrong than the woman who, though a vegetarian wears the feathers of slaughtered birds in her hats, since it was not necessary to her life that such decoration should be indulged in. So the epicure who tickles his palate with many dishes of meats not necessary for sustentation is in the same case as the woman who wears bird's feathers. Again as to shoes, saddles, bridles, pocketbooks, and what not, of leather. These are all procured from the skins of slain animals. Shall they be abolished? Are the users of them in the wrong? Any one can answer. Or did we live near the North Pole we would be compelled to live on bears' and wolves' meat and fat. Man, like all material beings, lives at the expense of some others. Even our death is brought about by the defeat of one party of microbes who are devoured by the others, who then themselves turn round and devour each other.

But the real man is a spirit-mind, not destructible nor destroying; and the kingdom of heaven is not of meat nor of drink: it cometh not from eating nor refraining—it cometh of itself.

"EDUCATE YOURSELVES"

"New ideas have to be planted on clean places".—MAHATMA K. H.

It is amazing that the modern world, supposed to be so civilized, does not properly evaluate what is implicit in the truth that an individual's or a nation's thoughts, soon or late, concretize in actions. Theoretically all admit that as a man thinks so will he speak and act, and that not for long does camouflage or pretension last. The cleverest of diplomatists is found out in time; not for long can hypocrisy strut in the garb of the good. It is crystal-clear that man's desires impel his thoughts, then his will, then his deeds. What is true of a person is equally true of a nation, the chief difference being in the time-element—a nation's ideation takes a longer time for actional concretization.

On this principle the United Lodge of Theosophists stresses the great importance of study, which colours a man's ideation. We say, pay attention to the ideas of Theosophy. But only through regular and repeated study can we acquire the faculty of attention to Theosophical ideas. Any student whose good Karma prompts him to undertake work on the U. L. T. platform has this experience: When, energized by his resolve to do full justice to the platform, to the audience and to himself, he learns any particular assignment as thoroughly as he can, he has wrought a change in his consciousness which otherwise would not have taken place. He notices a difference between his ordinary study and the special attentive study done for his assigned platform work. The change which the latter brings about, however imperceptible it may be, is not impermanent. But even this is not as lasting as the effects of attention to Theosophical ideas which results in practice and application of those ideas in his own life and to his own conditions.

It is known that so long as one does not understand the philosophy he cannot arrive at right conclusions. Individuals and nations err because philosophical principles are not considered. It is not recognized that if the mind is focussed in the wrong direction it will never see the truth, for the sight of the mind is not the same as that of the eye, and the mind finds its bars to knowledge in the errors it makes in philosophical basis. So long as any one holds the false mental position—the philosophical formula—just so long will all his efforts and thoughts be diverted to ends which are not desired. This will occur in a subtle manner, hiding itself from perception, but surely producing false conclusions and adding darkness to the original obscurity.

The world of to-day is suffering from confusion of thought. Individuals are confused in regard to their own duties, to themselves and to others. A similar confusion prevails in the national mind of more than one country in regard to motives for and methods of carrying on the present war. It was confusion in regard to ideals and principles which brought on the war, and which, unless removed, will bring on many more wars.

In a volume as remarkable as it is important, edited by Sir S. Radhakrishnan and entitled *Mahatma Gandhi*, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Professor of International Relations, writes on the subject of "Patriotism and Public Spirit"; he quotes President Roosevelt's statement that "Ninety per cent of mankind desire peace" and says:—

> The figure is probably an understatement. Why, then, is the world in a turmoil? Why cannot the peaceable ninety per cent impose their will on the turbulent ten per cent, who, as is the way with the turbulent, are not likely to be in close or cordial association in their bellicose designs?
>
> The answer is *wrong thinking*. The ninety per cent no doubt have many faults. Some of them are lazy, others are cowardly, most are selfish. But these faults, some of which cancel themselves out, would not have had such disastrous results as we are witnessing if, behind them all, there was not a state of *intellectual* confusion. It is this that paralyses the attempts to form a unity among the so-called friends of Peace. It is that that enables the turbulent few to seize and keep the initiative and causes the ninety per cent to play so despicable a role.

By their study and their steady application of ideals and principles students of Theosophy are purifying and elevating their own minds, and through their study-classes are helping others to cleanse and to ennoble their minds.

It is appropriate to reprint here an article from *The Path* of August 1891, Vol. VI, p. 137, which runs as follows:—

"INGRATITUDE IS NOT ONE OF OUR FAULTS." WE ALWAYS HELP THOSE WHO HELP US. TACT, DISCRETION, AND ZEAL ARE MORE THAN EVER NEEDED. THE HUMBLEST WORKER IS SEEN AND HELPED. ∴

To a student theosophist, serving whenever and however he could, there came very recently—since the departure from this plane of H. P. Blavatsky—these words of highest cheer from that Master of whom H. P. B. was the reverent pupil. Attested by His real signature and seal, they are given here for the encouragement and support of all those who serve the Theosophical Society—and, through it, humanity—as best they can; given in the belief that it was not intended that the recipient should sequestrate or absorb them silently, but rather that he should understand them to be his only in the sense that he might share them with his comrades, that his was permitted to be the happy hand to pass them on as the common right, the universal benediction of one and all. The Divine only give to those who give. No greater cheer could well be vouchsafed to earnest workers than the assurances of which these sentences are full. Not a sincere helper, however obscure or insignificant in his own opinion, is outside the range of that watchful eye and helping hand. Not one, if he be sincere, fails to commend himself to the "gratitude" of the highest of the hierarchy thus far revealed to us. Every deed is noted; every aspiration fostered; every spiritual need perceived. If in some dark hour the true helper imagines himself forgotten, supposes his services to be slight in value or too frail for remembrance, these sentences reassure him in all their pregnant significance; they send him on his arduous way refreshed and strengthened with the knowledge that he can "help" Those who help all. Nothing but ourselves can shut us away from Them. Our own deeds are our Saviours.

How, then, can we best help? Another and much beloved Master—He who first communicated with the western world through Mr. Sinnett—once wrote that there was "hardly a member unable to help" by correcting prevailing misconceptions of Theosophy and by clearly explaining its teachings to outsiders. There are comparatively few of our members yet able to do this, and reasoning along this line we see that the great want in the theosophic ranks to-day is

A THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION.

At the present juncture the theosophical movement exhibits, both in England and the United States, an astonishing activity, a tenacious and all-embracing vitality. Never before in its history has numerical growth been so rapid: one hundred applicants in ten weeks in the dull season here, and four new branches already since the "death" of H. P. Blavatsky. The moment of depression upon the departure of our great Leader from the objective world was so brief as to be scarcely noticeable. Then, all at once, as if inspired by gratitude, by fidelity, by all the promptings of full and loyal hearts, the Society made a bound forward, impelled by the efforts of its individual members towards Solidarity and increased usefulness. The tide of popular opinion is turning. Press comment has become more favourable and more reasonable in the better newspapers; more virulent and extreme in the lower ones, sure sign of our steady—and to them irritating—advance. Each day a swifter momentum is discernible. And on all sides theosophists are found saying and writing, "What can I do for the Cause?" This question is put forward out of lives hampered by care, limited in opportunity, wherein ease is scant and leisure brief, yet it comes so earnestly, so frequently, that reply must be made.

The pressing need of our Society to-day is a theosophical education, a sound grounding in theosophical teaching. Our members require clearer comprehension of theosophic truth. They lack, in large part, ability to explain the groundwork of the theosophic scheme in simple, direct language to inquirers. They are not able to give a terse, plain account of the faith that is in them, nor their reasons for holding it. Dazzled by the vastness of the universal plan which theosophic works reveal in glimpses only, they have not realized the desirability, the necessity, in fact, that they should be able to give a clear account of our belief, to themselves in first place, and afterward to others. The composite nature of man, for example, in itself so explanatory of the problems of life, they do not wholly grasp and cannot expound. They are vague,—and Theosophy is con-

sidered vague. They are tongue-tied,—and theosophical thought is believed to halt. Their shortenings are all attributed to Theosophy. Most of our students read discursively. Many are unable to present a few fundamental ideas to the understanding of the average man, who inquires or listens, on the trains, or on the streets, at the close of a hard day and with brains already weary with headwork, —a man whose life of fevered haste and effort at money getting is so crowded that he has not ten minutes to give to eternal salvation itself, if it were offered to him, while he is often as unconscious as a child to the importance of his thought as affecting his future destiny. Nor can we dispel this unconsciousness, or arrest his attention, until we are able to set before him a few well-digested and apposite facts. Practical, applied Theosophy appeals to him. Basic truths he is ready to understand. He does not yet aspire, perhaps. His devotion slumbers; his mental need is stifled ; but give him plain facts, and he listens. The unity of Religion, the Law of Action and Reaction, the necessity for Reincarnation along the line of the persistence of Energy—here are things he will grasp, retain, augment, if they are explained in their bearings upon daily life and its inexplicable, haunting sadness and misery.

Here is a service more needed than any other, which any student can render. The study of the *Key to Theosophy*, as one studies a grammar, the mastery of some one given subject, followed by an effort to write it out, or to speak it, in one's own language for one's self only at first, would assist the student to fix the chief points in his own mind, as well as to express them clearly. A few moments of such study daily, even weekly, would be of immense use to all. We do not need to read so widely, to think so discursively, to have knowledge so profound, or to run so far afield after occult mysteries and laws. We do need, and that urgently, to simplify our thought, to express it lucidly, briefly ; to clarify our knowledge *and to live what we know.*

The opportunity thus afforded for doing good is incalculable. All about us are persons straining at the tether of their creeds, eager to break away to pastures of living Truth. Before the great mysteries of Life they stand dumb as the brute, but with enlarged capacity for suffering ; endowed with the reason which in the brute is lacking, but which in the man of to-day receives little support, scant sustenance from all that he has been taught heretofore. If such a man be met, at the critical moment, by a theosophist willing and able to explain and give reason for what he believes ; to indicate the bearings of theosophical truths upon the mental, social, and other conditions of the present time ; to point out the relations of Karma and Reincarnation to universal law as partly known to the average mind ; the value of the service rendered thus becomes evident the need of self-education among our members is perceived.

The subject must be studied as we study any other. One branch after another may be taken up, each being the object of meditation and reading until we can render a clear account of it to ourselves in our own words, illustrated by our own experience. It is better to know a little very thoroughly, and to frankly say that we know no more (which always placates an inquirer and inspires confidence in our sincerity), than to seek to impress others by the wide range of our thought. We may incite wonder but we shall not convince or aid. It may seem an insignificant path to point out when one says, "Educate yourselves." It is, in fact, an initial step which is also the final step, for it never ends. And if the enlargement of our own minds, the amplification and serenity of our thought, the clarification of the nature, the knowledge that we have helped others towards these priceless advantages were not sufficient reward for the faithful lover of his kind, reward for labour, inducement for further endeavour, then surely the greatest, the final incentive comes when he remembers that he can help Those who "build the wall" to protect humanity, that he may become Their co-labourer, himself a part of that living wall. The truest way to help is by clearly learning and clearly imparting theosophic truths. It is only done by not straining too far, by educating one's self gradually and thoroughly from the root up, with frequent trials of our own definiteness of idea. Classes may be formed wherein the members examine each other : there are many ways when the wish and will are strong.

Hand in hand with this effort goes the higher Education. It is Patience. With Patience and knowledge he develops his full power of helpfulness ; he becomes great by becoming a greater servant of his fellow-men.

> Life is a sheet of paper white
> Whereon each one of us may write
> This word or two—and then comes night.
> Greatly begin ! Though thou have time
> But for a line, be that sublime :
> *Not failure, but low aim, is crime.*

Duty is the proper use of the present hour. This calls upon us to train ourselves that we may come to the assistance of our fellows who founder in quagmires of thought, in the musty accumulations of centuries. If we would help them, we must show ourselves masters of our ideas and ourselves. There is a way to it :—that way is in steady self-education.

JASPER NIEMAND

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

"Dare We Break the Vicious Circle of Fighting Evil with Evil!" demanded Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick in a remarkable sermon in New York early this year. Jesus insisted that two wrongs cannot make a right: "How can Satan cast out Satan?" which is another way of putting what the Buddha had described centuries before as "the Law Eternal" that "Never in this world can hatred be stilled by hatred; it will be stilled only by non-hatred."

"The most shameful aspect of our present international situation, I think", Dr. Fosdick declared, "is the way we ape the enemies we hate."

They make war! We make war! They build vast armaments! We build vast armaments! They use poison gas! We use poison gas! They say, All restrictions off on the most brutal instincts of mankind! We say the same, until once more, fighting evil with evil until we are the evil that we fight, far from conquering our enemies we let them make us after their own image.

How apt is Dr. Fosdick's comparison of vindictiveness in international and personal relationships with the behaviour of dogs.

For one dog barks and the other barks back and the first barks more loudly and the second becomes more noisy still, in a mounting crescendo of hostility.

Jesus has been called "a visionary idealist". So has Gandhiji, who advocates the same age-old technique of non-violence and who has probably done more than any other living man to prove its potency in practice.

Dr. Fosdick rightly maintains that the ethic of Jesus "shows a more realistic insight...than does our boasted hard-headedness".

"When two blows must be given to take both rather than give one"—it is as simple as that.

A review of *Moses and Monotheism* in the October issue of *The Aryan Path* examines its author's view that Moses was not a Hebrew but an Egyptian. The view advanced by Sigmund Freud was put forward half-a-century ago. The reviewer points out:—

Students of Theosophy will be aware that Madame Blavatsky accepted the fact of Moses' Egyptian origin and that she made many references to it in her various works. Professor Freud maintains a complete silence concerning this authority, which is surprising in view of the fact that both *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled* contain much corroborating evidence for several of his theories.

The reviewer then furnishes references from *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. Other references in point are: *Isis Unveiled* II, p. 367; *The Secret Doctrine* I, pp. 312 and 314.

In connection with the article by Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks in *The Aryan Path* for November, in which he established convincingly the close relation between alcohol consumption and prostitution, Theosophical students will be interested in his recently published Hyslop Memorial Lecture, delivered last February, on "Personality: Its Making and Marring". After analyzing the untoward social and economic conditions, the unworthy ideals of life and other factors which mar personality and cause and maintain crime, insanity and poverty, he states "without any equivocation or hesitancy" that "alcoholic indulgence is the most potent and prolific single agent in the production and perpetuation of broken personality."

He marshals ample evidence that "the action of alcohol on the internal environment may mar the personality generally at all stages of its development", from the injury to the developing embryo by the mother's indulgence in alcohol to the effects of alcohol upon the adult under its influence, which include loss of judgment, paralysis of the higher centres of the brain and of the critical faculty, the blurring of moral twings and the impairment of self-control.

All incontrovertible facts—but all, because they are negative, lacking the motor force which only a positive ideal in process of realization imparts.

A remarkable anonymous publication, *Alcoholics Anonymous* (Works Publishing Company, New York. $3.50), is devoted to the thesis that the most potent defence for the alcohol or drug addict lies in the utter suffusion of his mind by an ideal which shall exclude any idea of alcohol or of drugs—the usurpation, in other words, of the entire ideational tract by one idea to the exclusion of every other, so that every "willed" action flows from and is the result of the former.

The world's religions are not devoid of noble and high ideals. And yet from professedly Christian nations come such disgraceful statistics on alcoholism and crime as were quoted by "A Lover of Truth" in *The Bombay Chronicle* for 19th Sep-

tember. For example, the Swiss spend more on alcohol than on milk and bread together and over twice as much as that country spends on education. In the U.S.A., with an annual per capita consumption of more than fourteen gallons of alcoholic beverages, murders average thirty-three a day ; in 1938 there was one offence against the law for every nine persons in the country. No man or woman of sound mind in the West is unfamiliar with the ethical ideals which Christianity has in common with all religions. The obvious failure of millions to feel their quickening power does not prove the ideals false, but it does prove that they require to be supplemented by the technique which Theosophy offers—the technique of realizing ideals through dwelling upon them and through constant practice.

The Observer (London, 20th August) adds another instance to the many on record in which a man pronounced dead has revived in time to avert burial. The report comes from Budapest, where medical circles are reported to be puzzled by the case of an octogenarian vineyard guard named Kövecs, who has three times " died " to all appearances and each time has come to life again.

During the world war Kövecs suffered from concussion after the bursting of a shell. His heart stopped, death was medically certified, and he was on the point of being buried when he came to life again. Six years ago he was found " dead " by his relatives, but came to life again after having been " dead " thirty-six hours.

Last week Kövecs " died " again. His relatives believed that this time he had really died, but by way of precaution they left his coffin open, and after two days he sat up and asked for a meal.

The Aryan Path for April 1938, commenting on Dr. Georges C. Murols's important book, *Ne M'enterrez Pas Vivant* (*Do Not Bury Me Alive*), recalled H. P. B.'s strong warning against disposing too soon of seemingly dead bodies and her explanation of the possibility of resuscitation of an apparent corpse by the re-entry of the astral body—that possibility existing until decomposition of the vital organs has proceeded so far that if reanimated they could not perform their customary functions ; until, in other words,

the mainspring and cogs of the machine, so to speak, are so eaten away by rust, that they would snap upon the turning of the key. Until that point is reached, the astral body may be caused, without miracle, to reënter its former tabernacle, either by an effort of its own will, or under the resistless impulse of the will of one who knows the potencies of nature and how to direct them. The spark is not extinguished, but only latent—latent as the fire in the flint, or the heat in the cold iron. (*Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, pp. 483-4)

In the activity of the Great Lodge there is an alternation between periods of outgiving and of public or mass quickening and periods when all that can be done, except with individuals here and there, is to preserve the Teachings against the day when men's minds and hearts shall be sufficiently open to permit a restatement of the age-old Truths.

In the world of ordinary mortals there are times of advance all along the frontiers of the mind ; under the same law of action and reaction there come also times when all that can be done is to defend the territory already wrested from Philistinism and the other enemies of the human spirit.

Such a period as the latter is upon the world to-day. The shadow of its approach was recognized in a significant editorial, " The Strongholds of the Mind ", which appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* on the very eve of England's formal entry into the war.

One of the hardest-won conquests of civilization is the measure of independence of thought and of expression which has been attained in the more democratic of the Western countries. Liberty is dear to every man but none sets a more conscious value on it than the writer, whose " essential faith . . . is in freedom ".

Recognizing that, if war broke out, submission to a much disliked regimentation would be inevitable, the leader-writer rightly maintained that, whatever the decision in the field, to become " capable of nothing but standardized reactions—responses of thought and feeling according to prescriptions and edicts. . . . would be to lose the war ".

In view of the only too likely coming of an immensity of bitterness and unreason, the writer dwelt upon the special duty of literature to keep before men the gulf between the ideas that carry forward and those that turn back on life, and to safeguard the treasures of the spirit.

There is a spiritual fortress to guard, a spiritual treasure to preserve, or we are lost in an utter darkness of the mind. It shall be our purpose to keep it as a shrine, exempted from the wrongs of time. The evanescent gleam of beauty must not perish from the world. Against the poisoning of human relationship we oppose the spirit of Europe, against human passion, the passion of humanity.

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The United Lodge of Theosophists

DECLARATION

THE policy of this Lodge is independent devotion to the cause of Theosophy, without professing attachment to any Theosophical organization. It is loyal to the great founders of the Theosophical Movement, but does not concern itself with dissensions or differences of individual opinion.

The work it has on hand and the end it keeps in view are too absorbing and too lofty to leave it the time or inclination to take part in side issues. That work and that end is the dissemination of the Fundamental Principles of the philosophy of Theosophy, and the exemplification in practice of those principles, through a truer realization of the SELF ; a profounder conviction of Universal Brotherhood.

It holds that the unassailable *Basis for Union* among Theosophists, wherever and however situated, is "*similarity of aim, purpose and teaching*", and therefore has neither Constitution, By-Laws nor Officers, the sole bond between its Associates being that *basis*. And it aims to disseminate this idea among Theosophists in the furtherance of Unity.

It regards as Theosophists all who are engaged in the true service of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, condition or organization, and

It welcomes to its association all those who are in accord with its declared purposes and who desire to fit themselves, by study and otherwise, to be the better able to help and teach others.

"The true Theosophist belongs to no cult
or sect, yet belongs to each and all."

Being in sympathy with the purposes of this Lodge as set forth in its "Declaration", I hereby record my desire to be enrolled as an Associate ; it being understood that such association calls for no obligation on my part other than that which I, myself, determine.

The foregoing is the Form signed by Associates of the United Lodge of Theosophists. Inquiries are invited from all persons to whom this Movement may appeal. Cards for signature will be sent upon request, and every possible assistance furnished to Associates in their studies and in efforts to form local Lodges. There are no fees of any kind, and no formalities to be complied with.

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