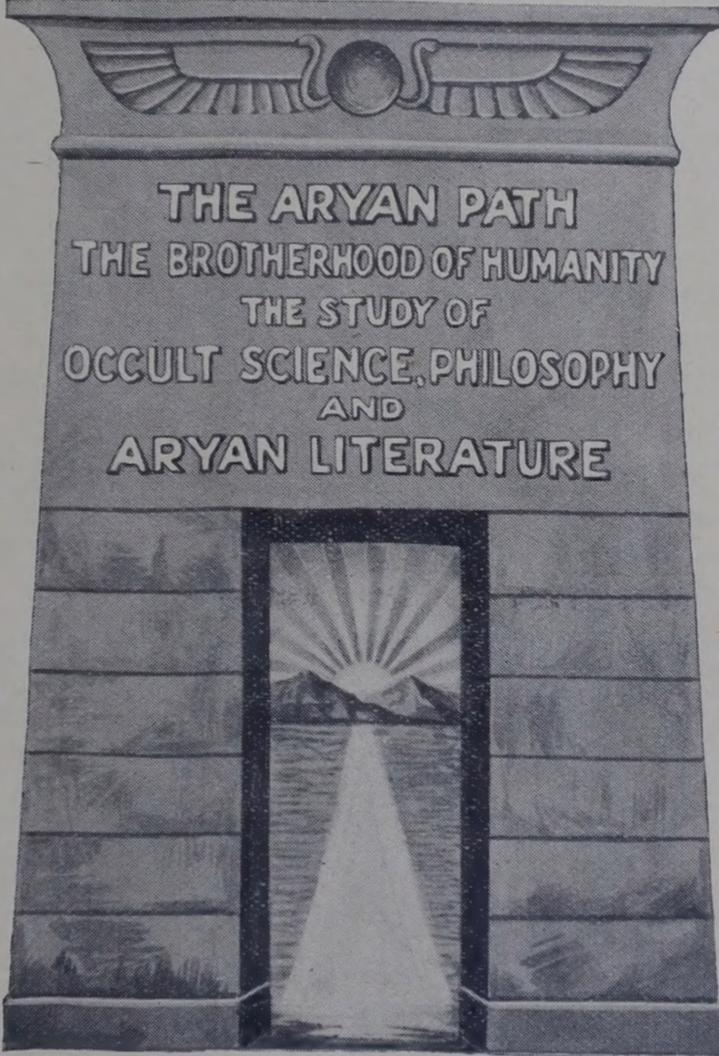




THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO



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

Vol. VIII No. 8

June 17, 1938



Each one of us contains within himself the same possibilities as exist anywhere and everywhere in the universe. The lines that we have hitherto taken have brought us to whatever pass, conditions or surroundings that may obtain at the present time. But we might have gone another way and produced an altogether different environment. We ought to see that even now, however hampered we may be as the result of mistaken actions in the past, we have not lost and can never lose our power to set other and better causes in motion. The path toward all knowledge lies before us: "All nature lies before you—take what you can."

—ROBERT CROSBIE

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- (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 psysical powers latent in man.

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



There is no Religion Higher than Truth

BOMBAY, 17th June, 1938

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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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ROBERT CROSBIE HIS WORK GOES ON

On the 25th of June 1938 all associates of the United Lodge of Theosophists will, and all lovers of Theosophy should, pay homage to the memory of Robert Crosbie. He founded the United Lodge of Theosophists in 1909; for a full decade he laboured to resuscitate Theosophy which was not happily forgotten by the world, but remembered and talked about as a false philosophy with a name blackly besmirched.

Look round the Theosophical world of 1900: Theosophical organizations with headquarters in India and the U. S. A., had been weakened and the one Society founded by H. P. B., W. Q. Judge, Colonel Olcott and others was split into several bits. These organizations had different programmes of activity, were engaged in various pursuits, some of which were good, but hardly anything was being done to study and grasp the doctrines of the Wisdom-Religion for the study of which the Society was founded, as is clearly evident from the very dedication of *Isis Unveiled* published in 1877. Which of the Theosophical organizations was dedicating itself "to study the subjects on which they [the two volumes of *Isis Unveiled*] treat"? United effort to study the philosophy stopped by 1900, and in the first decade of the twentieth century only stray individuals were genuinely interested in the contents of *The Secret Doctrine* which H. P. B. dedicated in 1888 to all Theosophists who "called it forth", and for whom "it was recorded". Such genuine Theosophists were a handful—stray and scattered students.

Robert Crosbie himself shared the Karma of the Movement but saved himself by the living power of Theosophy, keeping close company with the Holy Writ of the Wisdom-Religion, the writings of H.P.B., and especially of his own physical-plane guru—W. Q. Judge. He tried to work for Theosophy through more than one organization but found personalism barring the way to any propaganda along right lines. Organizations were teaching

their members to worship their respective leaders which resulted in the loss of memory both of the philosophy taught by the Masters, and of the very mission of H. P. B.

In 1909 Robert Crosbie found it necessary to build a school for Theosophy and with humble but sound beginnings he started work with a handful of learners. That school is the United Lodge of Theosophists. What did the school do? It not only enabled those who had erred and gone astray to return to the Fold of H. P. B., but it also made it possible for entirely new generations of men and women to drink at the fount of crystalline waters of pure Wisdom. Many of the former class humbly took advantage of Mr. Crosbie's efforts while literally thousands have come to contact genuine Theosophy because of his endeavours.

He passed away on the 25th of June 1919 but the Work continued and one of its effects has been to bring some sense of appreciation for the "Original Impulse" and the "Original Programme" of the Masters among members of sundry theosophical organizations. No other single body of students has contributed so substantially to bring about a unified Theosophical Movement as the United Lodge of Theosophists. By guarding against sham methods of fraternization and unity, and by going on steadfastly with the task of study and service of the Philosophy of Theosophy, the United Lodge of Theosophists has brought about a change in the mind of all interested in Theosophy. In a twofold way the process of unifying the Movement is going forward. First, an increasing number of students are practising Theosophy and are building up a spiritual family in the United Lodge of Theosophists. Second, the work carried on by the United Lodge of Theosophists is affecting members of various theosophical organizations: U. L. T. meetings and publications are not only giving correct precepts but U. L. T. methods are setting a correct example. Not over cups of tea and pleasant discussions can real unity

be established ; similarity of aim, purpose and teaching are cementing the bricks of the Living Temple of Divine Wisdom. This is not said to detract from the efforts of other organizations ; within their ranks are earnest and sincere men and women, who will, if they but learn, help their own societies to shed false attitudes and sham poses and to learn to swim with the tide.

Robert Crosbie once wrote of the various Theosophical organizations :—

These various stripes must have their place in the great economy of consciousness—they must have, or people would not be attracted by them, would not seize and hold on to them. When the particular “stripe” does not bring the devotee the expected result in knowledge, then a further search is indicated to the mind so caught. Every person really waked up by such claims or exponents will touch us sooner or later, if we hold to the straight line. On this, Mr. Judge once wrote : “By our not looking at their errors too closely, the Master will be able to clear it all off and make it work well.”

What was his attitude towards them ?

We sympathize with *all* efforts to spread broadcast the teachings of Theosophy pure and simple, without expressing preference for any organization or individual so engaged—recognizing that while methods differ, the Cause of one is the Cause of all. Meantime, we go on with our own line of work which, because of its freedom from any complications of organization, presents a catholic spirit. We are not drawing attention to ourselves as a body, but to the principles that, as a body, we hold. The *Declaration* is a summation of the stand that all Theosophists should take—toward the work and toward each other. We all need to cultivate that charity which sympathizes with every effort to spread Theosophy, even if methods and other things do not appeal to us : any effort is better than no effort at all.

And with prophetic insight he wrote :—

As the years go on, and “U. L. T.” becomes better known by its fruits, it will be more and more difficult for those who have an axe to grind to label us anything but straightline Theosophists, resolutely declining any connection with any theosophical organization, but always in full sympathy with our fellow-Theosophists of all organizations or of none.

In this spirit the work of Robert Crosbie is carried forward—a blessing to many individuals and to the world at large.

For years I sought the Many in the One,
I thought to find lost waves and broken rays,
The rainbow's faded colours in the sun—
The dawns and twilights of forgotten days.

But now I seek the One in every form,
Scorning no vision that a dewdrop holds,
The gentle Light that shines behind the storm,
The Dream that many a twilight hour holds.

—EVA GORE-BOOTH

KARMIC VISIONS

[The following “story” contributed by H. P. B. to *Lucifer* for June 1888 over the signature “Sanjna” is reprinted here. She referred to it in *Transactions* (p. 64) and asked the student to “note the description of the real Ego, sitting as a spectator of the life of the hero, and perhaps something will strike you.”—Eds.]

Oh, sad no more ! Oh, sweet *No more !*
Oh, strange *No more !*

By a mossed brook bank on a stone
I smelt a wild weed-flower alone ;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears,
Surely all pleasant things had gone before.
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee, NO MORE!

—TENNYSON (*The Gem*, 1831)

I

A camp filled with war-chariots, neighing horses and legions of long-haired soldiers

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance—his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee—justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbour :

“Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hands of Clovis !”

The captive, who stands between two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white dishevelled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect ; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

“Aye, King”, she says, in a loud, ringing voice. “Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of

thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in open warfare, dagger, poison and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!"¹

"Ha, ha, ha! . . . old hag of Hell!" chuckles the King with an evil, ominous sneer. "Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations . . . I, a baptized Christian!"

"So, so", replies the Sybil. "All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Allimani he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . ."

"Woman!" fiercely cries the King—"Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!"

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

" . . . the gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . ."

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the "Holy One" of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

¹ "The Nourishing" (Tacit. Germ. XI)—the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

"I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! . . . May the Great Law avenge . . ."

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim's throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

II

Time—the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in mankind—time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through æons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of the night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father's kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honours; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all—what could the Soul-Ego desire more for the Form it dwelt in.

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows—the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

III

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-

Ego. It leaves its dreamland amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its windows on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring. . . .

IV

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came—the invisible realms.

“How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . .”

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in the funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

V

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, rugged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their granite breast to the fierce blows of the north-west wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the

inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sundial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

“Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!” sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. “Shall ever mine?”

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright, cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

“And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more”, soliloquizes the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life, in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sundial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze

falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters—salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths . . .

“Without a grave,
Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown . . .”

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and condoling messages to those left behind . . .

“One point gained, over those ‘uncoffined and unknown’”, is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birthplace, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . .

VI

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the seashore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now

seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night.
But—

“When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's
flickering light,
When all we love is fading fast—how terrible
is night. . . .”

VII

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that overpowering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosoms, tears and mental torture, all and one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches,

cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valorous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood; thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore. . . .

VIII

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The nightmare shows him men expiring on the battlefield with a curse on those who led them to their destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a lifelong sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained! . . .

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror.

A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking back on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice—the voice of the Soul-Ego—saying in him:

"Fame and victory are vainglorious words . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed—wicked lies and blasphemy!" . . .

"What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories!" . . . whispers the Soul in him. "A population clad in iron armour", it replies. "Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen's duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit, thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other. By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expectation. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . It comes nearer and nearer. . . . Oh woe and horror! . . . I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe's youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see—

'The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . .'

"I will not hear—

' . . . robb'd mothers' shrieks

While from men's piteous wounds and horrid gashes
The lab'ring life flows faster than the blood! . . ."

IX

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colours the long hours of solitude and meditation; like

the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns on this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise"; whither he now speeds to reign and—speeds to die.

X

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heartsore Form, to sleep . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery

trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through æons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. "Why does man suffer?" enquires the Soul-Ego. "Because he would become one", is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the Soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms, on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. . . . It feels itself dying more than once in those Forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another Form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beauteous Elves of Light into another body—the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus "Death" becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . .

"What is my Past?" enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norm sisters. "Why do I suffer?"

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognizes one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders. . . .

. . . Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

"What is my immediate Present?" asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

"The decree of Orlog is on thyself!" is the answer. "But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it."

"What is my Future?" asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn sister, the Soul-Ego. "Is it to be for ever dark with tears, and bereaved of Hope?" ...

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds itself on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite to the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

"Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! ... Oh, never more. ..."

XI

Strange sight and change. ... The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds *himself* as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know*, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity", chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects,

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy—miscalled *Patriotism*—exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences—social and religious—all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration! ...

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body ... Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. ... Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

"NEW ERA: 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNO-VRIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD ..."

He makes a strong effort and—is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days—in his own country, at least.

* * * * *

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction—ready for the battlefield.

DUTY, THE TALISMAN

The injunction of the *Gita* that we should perform our own duty is stressed in the other instruction which states that another's duty is full of danger. The primary difficulty which a student experiences in discerning what is action and what inaction—and what action in inaction and inaction in action mean—is raised by this : which are one's own duties that have to be performed and which are the duties of another that have to be eschewed ?

The word "duty" is the English rendering of Dharma, a much more comprehensive term which includes not only the doing of deeds but also the expressing of the properties of our own real nature. To do is only one aspect of man's life-process. Just as the physical body is the least important of our constituents, so also are visible deeds—from one point of view—our most ephemeral expressions. Desires, thoughts, words exist at the back of every deed and these are more important. But without a physical body the gathering of experience is not possible and we perceive its importance in the fact that Great Ones incarnate or embody Themselves for the fulfilment of Their mission. Similarly deeds which embody pure desire and noble thoughts should be the avatars of our own Spirit-Being.

Numerous are the objects which lure us from the path of duty ; among these are three which are most general—the lure of soul-progress ; the lure of helping others ; the lure of self-satisfaction, which in reality is self-righteousness. Overcoming these three is of course possible and the force which conquers these lures is the force of Duty.

When a student understands the vast scheme of human progression and perfection and sees the place of the Great Guides of human evolution his feelings of gratitude and reverence are aroused and he, most naturally, desires to change his life so that he may offer himself to Them in the service of all. Recognizing that soul-progress is essential he sets about finding ways and means of self-improvement. In doing so he often overlooks the path of congenital duties. The Westerner, for example, thinks of leaving his duties at home to visit India ; the Indian of leaving his home to mount the Himalayas : both, in themselves, represent a grand objective ; they are but symbolic of the journey to the East—that of the human consciousness to the Cave of the Heart. Many a Westerner coming to India has failed to find the Light ; many a pious Hindu ascending the Himalayas has returned disappointed. They undertook the pilgrimage on a false perception. The prior psychological going to the Heart was not undertaken. Similarly, many Theosophical students adopt outer rites and habits of body, like vegetarianism, forget-

ting H. P. B.'s remark that elephants and cows are that ; or sitting for meditation instead of meditating ; or doing this or that without the inner perception and inner understanding. These latter are not born of head-learning, *i.e.*, through the reading of Theosophical text-books. They unfold in us when our own congenital duties are performed and not shirked, but performed with a new attitude which Theosophical knowledge begets.

Soul-progress is not made because we possess Theosophical books but because we use the teachings they contain. Soul-progress is not achieved because we regularly attend our Lodge meetings and classes but because we re-energize ourselves at each of them so that outside of the Lodge we are able to practise Theosophy. Soul-progress is not attained because we volunteer to speak from the U. L. T. platform but because we have made a serious and a sincere attempt to fit ourselves to help and teach others impersonally. In all these, and in other directions also, it is by the Talisman of Duty that soul-progress takes place. No one ever made real advance on the spiritual path by abandoning congenital duties, or by their half-hearted performance. Rapid strides on the Path of Holiness are made by him who attends to the small plain duties of life when done with a chastened and tranquil attitude ; who does his duty by every duty but with the conviction and the faith that within dwells the Inner Ruler, the Immortal King.

The second lure is the lure of helping others : this naturally follows the lure of progress. Service being *the* channel named in Theosophy for progress and for drawing Masters' attention, students move here, turn there, forcing themselves to be helpful. Often in attempting to aid others a student interferes in the duties of another. This has a double disadvantage : in trying to force himself to adopt the way of service of another the student not only mixes himself in the affairs of another, which are none of his business, but also runs the risk of neglecting his own Dharma. Mr. Judge has said that to seek conditions so that service may be done is not the right way. In another place he writes :—

It is not that you must rush madly or boldly out *to do, to do*. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying anything out but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice that another had been so fortunate as to make such a meritorious Karma. Thus, like the rivers running into the unswelling, passive ocean, will your desires enter into your heart.

Of the three lures, that of self-satisfaction is the most dangerous. Sometimes self-righteousness causes dissatisfaction with oneself ; at other times even

Theosophical failures do not arouse the student to take himself in hand and discipline himself. "With all that I have faced and gone through, who could have done so well as I have?" The conceit of this position is not perceived. One suffers one's own Karma, and the Theosophical method of right suffering is to use it to arouse us to better and nobler endeavours. Students often say that they have done their best; this is done somewhat automatically in the manner of saying "good morning" or "good evening". He who attempts to do his best is not cast down by failures and hardships, is not dissatisfied with whatever cometh to pass, does not rest on his oars wearing his laurels, but calmly goes on with the duties in hand, hour after hour. Self-righteousness watches the rate of progress and the extent of service rendered and wants to enhance both. Self-satisfaction notices both but desires not to do more. Both attitudes are wrong for is it not said "Look not behind or thou art lost."

The panacea for these three diseases is Duty—that which Karma brings us to do. Theosophy teaches not that we should change our duties, but that we change our method of fulfilling them. In the following words of Mr. Judge the student, whatever his obstacle, will find not only consolation, but also the right Line of Action:—

The Past! What is it? Nothing. Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as now you exist, lies *all* the past. So follow the Hindu maxim: "Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubts with the sword of spiritual knowledge."

CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY

The Association for Education in Citizenship takes a step in the right direction. It seeks to

advance the study and training in citizenship by which is meant training in the moral qualities necessary for the citizens of a democracy, the encouragement of clear thinking...and the acquisition of that knowledge of the modern world usually given by means of courses...

A Conference on "The Challenge to Democracy" was organized by this association in July 1937. The proceedings which have been published indicate that great stress was laid on the right of the ruled in home, state or religious institution to criticize and even oppose the ruler; on the importance of active participation as against passive submission to totalitarian governments and on the disintegrating effect of nationalism.

Its leaders, men prominent in British education and politics are not theosophists. Many of them may know nothing about the Movement or the philosophy behind it, and yet one is struck by the em-

phasis put on certain Theosophical doctrines. This is not surprising. Since 1875 when H. P. B. came with her Message these doctrines have leavened the thought and literature of the entire world. Teachings hoary with age which for long centuries have lain fallow like dessicated pansies pressed in books of unread poetry, have been emerging here and there. Prominent among these is the importance of the individual as an integral part of society. His responsibility to purify and integrate himself has yet to be stressed, but this must follow if the doctrine of brotherhood is once popularized.

"Brotherhood of man to-day" said Lord Balfour to the youth of the Empire "is often denied and derided and called foolishness... We may evade it, we may deny it, but we shall find no rest for our souls, nor will the world, until we acknowledge it as the ultimate wisdom.

Independent action has been glorified out of all proportion, yet action *qua* action is as dangerous as it is simple. Any fool can act. The world suffers from over activity. But it takes a wise man to remain still, to think and meditate on great universal ideas and *then* act.

Sir William Beveridge, sensing this danger wants to organize

a group of civil servants...with nothing whatever to do except to think about the future and plan about the future; with no daily functions at all...not allowed to do anything but think...

An excellent idea. To sit down and calmly go back to first principles—that is what is needed, if our world-problems are to be correctly solved. But such tranquil meditators will need a basis of thought *i.e.*, proper and adequate knowledge.

If our leaders have been chasing mirages these many years it is not that they have no ideals. It is that they have not known *how* to realize their ideals. We have had too many over-busy political leaders who are speechifiers. What we want are spiritual leaders who can think and ideate in the exalted yet simple terms of the soul, and then advise the masses to act.

Spiritual thoughts are simple and universal. They know no creedal barriers, racial boundaries or class limitations. At present national leaders are so nationalistic that they do not think of the good of the world; often they are disabled from thinking from the truly international *i.e.*, from humanity's point of view; their country is all they trouble about and the world as a unit is beyond the scope of their ideation.

Nationalism and Democracy are incompatible ideas, in the final analysis. Only on the basis of right Internationalism can Democracies in different territories arise and flourish.

THE WANDERING EYE

[The following allegory by Mr. W. Q. Judge under the pen-name of Bryan Kinnavan, was published in *The Path*, Vol. IV, p. 49, for May 1889.—Eds.]

This is not a tale in which I fable a mythical and impossible monster such as the Head of Rañu, which the common people of India believe swallows the moon at every eclipse. Rahu is but a tale that for the vulgar embodies the fact that the shadow of the earth eats up the white disc, but I tell you of a veritable human eye; a wanderer, a seeker, a pleader; an eye that searched you out and held you, like the fascinated bird by the serpent, while it sought within your nature for what it never found. Such an eye as this is sometimes spoken of now by various people, but they see it on the psychic plane, in the astral light, and it is not to be seen or felt in the light of day moving about like other objects.

This wandering eye I write of was always on the strange and sacred Island where so many things took place long ages ago. Ah! yes, it is still the sacred Island, now obscured and its power overthrown—some think forever. But its real power will be spiritual, and as the minds of men to-day know not the spirit, caring only for temporal glory, the old virtue of the Island will once again return. What weird and ghostly shapes still flit around her shores; what strange, low, level whisperings sweep across her mountains; how at the evening's edge just parted from the day, her fairies suddenly remembering their human rulers—now sunk to men who partly fear them—gather for a moment about the spots where mystery is buried, and then sighing speed away. It was here the wandering eye was first seen. By day it had simply a grey colour, piercing, steady, and always bent on finding out some certain thing from which it could not be diverted; at night it glowed with a light of its own, and could be seen moving over the Island, now quickly, now slowly as it settled to look for that which it did not find.

The people had a fear of this eye, although they were then accustomed to all sorts of magical occurrences now unknown to most western men. At first those who felt themselves annoyed by it tried to destroy or catch it, but never succeeded, because the moment they made the attempt the eye would disappear. It never manifested resentment, but seemed filled with a definite purpose and bent toward a well settled end. Even those who had essayed to do away with it were surprised to find no threatening in its depth when, in the darkness of the night, it

floated up by their bedsides and looked them over again.

If any one else save myself knew of the occasion when this marvellous wanderer first started, to whom it had belonged, I never heard. I was bound to secrecy and could not reveal it.

In the same old temple and tower to which I have previously referred, there was an old man who had always been on terms of great intimacy with me. He was a disputer and a doubter, yet terribly in earnest and anxious to know the truths of nature, but continually raised the question: "If I could only know the truth; that is all I wish to know."

Then, whenever I suggested solutions received from my teachers, he would wander away to the eternal doubts. The story was whispered about the temple that he had entered life in that state of mind, and was known to the superior as one who, in a preceding life, had raised doubts and impossibilities merely for the sake of hearing solutions without desire to prove anything, and had vowed, after many years of such profitless discussion, to seek for truth alone. But the Karma accumulated by the life-long habit had not been exhausted, and in the incarnation when I met him, although sincere and earnest, he was hampered by the pernicious habit of the previous life. Hence the solutions he sought were always near but ever missed.

But toward the close of the life of which I am speaking he obtained a certainty that by peculiar practices he could concentrate in his eye not only the sight but also all the other forces, and wilfully set about the task against my strong protest. Gradually his eyes assumed a most extraordinary and piercing expression which was heightened whenever he indulged in discussion. He was hugging the one certainty to his breast and still suffering from the old Karma of doubt. So he fell sick, and being old came near to death. One night I visited him at his request, and on reaching his side I found him approaching dissolution. We were alone. He spoke freely but very sadly, for, as death drew near, he saw more clearly, and as the hours fled by his eyes grew more extraordinarily piercing than ever, with a pleading, questioning expression.

"Ah", he said, "I have erred again; but it is just Karma. I have succeeded in but one thing, and that ever will delay me."

"What is that?" I asked.

The expression of his eyes seemed to embrace futurity as he told me that his peculiar practice would compel him for a long period to remain chained to his strongest eye—the right one—until the force of the energy expended in learning that one feat was fully exhausted. I saw death slowly creeping over his features, and when I had thought him dead he suddenly gained strength to make me promise not to reveal the secret—and expired.

As he passed away, it was growing dark. After his body had become cold, there in the darkness I saw a human eye glowing and gazing at me. It was his, for I recognized the expression. All his peculiarities and modes of thought seemed fastened into it, sweeping out over you from it. Then it turned from me, soon disappearing. His body was buried; none save myself and our superiors knew of these things. But for many years afterwards the wandering eye was seen in every part of the Island, ever seeking, ever asking and never waiting for the answer.

BRYAN KINNAVAN

APPROACHING THE BORDERLAND

Over fifty years ago H. P. B. proclaimed the reality and the substantiality of an unseen world governed by laws and forces subject to the control of the will of man. At the end of *Isis Unveiled* is a terse summary of the fundamental propositions of Oriental Philosophy which, though unacknowledged to-day by psychic investigators, are none the less gradually gaining ground, albeit in different words. Wearing new marks the old Ideas come one by one upon the scientific stage.

The age of miracle never existed outside man's fancy. "‘Chance coincidence’", says Professor J. B. Rhine in his *New Frontiers of the Mind* "is a convenient answer to most reports of mysterious, puzzling and apparently inexplicable occurrences", corroborating H. P. B.'s first bold proposition that "There is no miracle"—a proclamation which brought on her devoted head the ire of the church. But because the Ancient Teachings have not been studied, the West remains without any philosophy of psychology. How else could Professor Rhine say:—

One question about our fundamental nature remains conspicuously unsolved. It is the greatest of all

puzzles about the nature of man: What is the human mind? Where does it belong, if anywhere, in the scheme of our knowledge as a whole?

Exhaustive and exhausting experimental investigations are being carried on by Professor Rhine at Duke University. He says:—"The urge to explore our inner nature, to know where we belong in the cosmic system about us, will not let us rest until we find out the truth, *whatever it is.*" (*Italics ours.*) One is at once saddened and encouraged by the painstaking methods of the professor. So much valuable time and brain energy seem wasted trying to establish already proven laws of the mind.

If the professor turned his eager intellect to *Isis Unveiled* and with an open mind studied *The Secret Doctrine*, or Mr. Judge's *The Ocean of Theosophy*, he would discover the groundwork already done. Here as in H. P. B.'s "The Dual Aspect of Wisdom", "Kosmic Mind" and "Psychic and Noëtic Action" are presented both the scientific *rationale* and the philosophic *raison d'être* underlying all psychic phenomena, all normal, subnormal and supernormal brain activities.

Professor Rhine recognizes the degrading effect of drugs on the mind; the importance of health for the command of the superphysical senses. He has noted the moral disintegration consequent on taking money for psychic manifestations. He now seeks to separate telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience and establish a scientific *explanation* of the fact that distance and intervening walls play no part in the exercise of extra-sensory perception. Facts are there. They swamp the professor's study—yet toward the close of his scholarly work he must still ask "How does ESP [extra-sensory perception] work?"

The primitives and ancients evidently had relied greatly on the strange occurrences...in forming their concepts of man, his spiritual make-up, and his powers over nature. I wondered if we were throwing away too much in outgrowing these old beliefs.

And yet—western educational methods dull the soul's perception and the vision of the mystic is blurred by the activity of the brain. But as said in THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT (March, 1938):

Mysticism is coming to the fore as the one reliable source of Knowledge—that Knowledge which, based on the Soul's direct perception, cognizes the Light behind life's many shadows as the only Reality.

Let Professor Rhine postulate as a working hypothesis only, the existence of the Astral Body within the physical, and the Astral Light as the "cosmic reservoir" whose existence he more than suspects, and his labours will yield him the just fruits of his research. For in the Astral Body are

the real organs of the outer senses. And it is with these that extra-sensory perception has to do. In it, not in the body, are the sight, hearing, power to smell, and the sense of touch. It is the real personal man, while the Astral Light is the tablet of the unseen universe on which is the record of all things that ever were, that are, or that will be. Here lies the key to the solution of Professor Rhine's difficulties. The mechanics of brain action also are explained in the Theosophical teachings about the Perceiver, the Actor, for whom brain, senses and organs of action are but vehicles. Given the knowledge of the Dweller in the body and extra-sensory perception is explained. The wonder is that its manifestations are not more general.

Professor Rhine's experiments have brought him face to face with the "wave theory" and the necessity of some primal causative energy. In Sir William Crookes' radiant energy he sees "the only known physical principle that might conceivably apply to extra-sensory perception". The next logical step for so honest a researcher as Professor Rhine is the investigation of the "theories" of Theosophy. Western learning can give him nothing more. That is clear. He finds :—

Physics has not yet approached the threshold of the nature of life. In spite of the brilliance of recent researches, the principal physics of the nervous system is still a great mystery. A mere sensation, the simplest element of mind—if we can thus arbitrarily speak of it—is too far beyond the present frontiers of physics for us even to conjecture how great the gap may be. And the physics of sensation is probably relatively simple, relatively easy in contrast to the physics of higher mental processes. . . It is well to be open to the possibility that expanding physics may some time be prepared to deal with the phenomenon of ESP even though it seems at present to have none but the remotest intercourse with it. The concept of a nonmechanical energy for a nonmechanical physics which might include the phenomena of mind is little more than a logical category.

But he would have to abandon the idea prevalent in the West that the science of physics began with Galileo and at once acknowledge the Ancient Source in whose stream flows the knowledge he has thus far sought in vain.

Professor Rhine is fearless in the face of prejudice and criticism. He must be, for he faces the now unknown though once universally understood Wisdom. "It is difficult", wrote H. P. B. in a footnote in *The Secret Doctrine*, "to find a single speculation in Western metaphysics which has not been anticipated by Archaic Eastern Philosophy."

TO UNDERSTAND THE EAST

In *The Key to Theosophy*, Madame Blavatsky gives broadly speaking the second object of the Theosophical Society thus :—

To promote the study of Aryan and other Scriptures, of the World's religion and sciences, and to vindicate the importance of old Asiatic literature, namely of the Brahmanical, Buddhist and Zoroastrian philosophies.

This object has too often been considered as an academical proposition. Although subsidiary in a sense to the first object—Universal Brotherhood—it is obviously an auxiliary clause for the furtherance of such brotherhood. But since H. P. B.'s death in 1891, there has not been much Theosophical activity directly in the matter. It is true that as far as the outer public is concerned the interest in Eastern religions has increased, and that the philosophies of the East are better known through translations of the ancient texts and the popularizing of these. But the interest too often is academical and philological. How much the activity of translation and study is due to the impulse of the Theosophical Movement can probably never be known. What H. P. B. in her lifetime foresaw as *necessary* for the welfare of humanity, is now beginning to be perceived by others (perhaps too late to avert another world war), and the ancient scriptures of the East are being recommended as a vital study, vital for the welfare of mankind.

This is clearly seen in Mr. H. N. Spalding's article in the April *Hibbert Journal*, wherein he discusses the far-reaching possibilities of Lord Nuffield's immense benefactions to Oxford University. Lord Nuffield has endowed a Medical School and a School for Social Science, and on the latter project Mr. Spalding has much of value to say. And he has a right to speak, for with Mrs. Spalding he founded at Oxford the Chair of Eastern Religions and Ethics now held by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, an appointment that has "given pleasure from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin".

Mr. Spalding recognizes the utilitarian value of a study of contemporary living civilizations, Eastern and Western. Such study lies at the root of all social science. But Mr. Spalding's chief contention is that without religion and ethics no real unifying work can be accomplished.

A new civilisation is, in its scientific and technical aspects, already world-wide; but if it is not to lead mankind along the hideous road to economic self-sufficiency and war, it must involve the development of a world conscience and a world culture. In a community that is materially one but morally a jungle, all social

reform rests upon a quagmire, and will presently sink into the bog of distrust, enmity and war. Moral unity can be brought about only through mutual understanding, respect and appreciation.

Hence the necessity for studying other civilizations. Mr. Spalding makes an interesting and practical point in the case of China. As Western civilization of the present day is disintegrating, China under the Chou dynasty disintegrated; "she too turned to dictatorships (the living images of our own) to get her out of her troubles." These failed "just because they ignored that temperance, intelligence and kindness, rooted in the Unseen and Eternal which the Chinese maintain to be the true nature of man". And under the Han the Chinese "turned from the teaching of the dictators to the Confucian teaching that the harmony of society depends upon the moral quality of the men and women who compose it and especially of the ethically educated 'scholars' who rule and lead it".

Again, Mr. Spalding says: "Social institutions without character are like machines without power." And as society, as such, must necessarily be the sum total of the units that compose it, it follows therefore that "no system of education can be complete that does not culminate in the study of morals and religion".

If man would attain his true nature and become like God, he must take pains to study the thinkers and mystics both of East and West. If religion is indeed the central and most fundamental motive power in man, and in its absence (as to-day shows with such terrible distinctness) life and purpose fall into confusion, is it not absurd not to re-study and re-examine the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds on the Greatest of all objects?

Mr. Spalding therefore envisages a "School of Religions and Ethics for the study of the Divine Nature and of human nature in the lights that have been thrown upon them as well in the East as in the West". This would run parallel, so to say, with the present School of Theology at Oxford, the traditions of which latter, he thinks, would be enriched and not destroyed. Should some such provision be made for the study of Religions and Ethics and for post-graduate work, Mr. Spalding urges very strongly "the translation in as scholarly and beautiful English as may be, of the great books of the East, especially its ethical and religious classics"—and these books to be placed where students can easily get at them, not "entombed in a university library".

Mr. Spalding certainly has "done his bit" for the better understanding of East and West by his practical and cultural approach to India. How much more he may be able to effect lies in the

future, but something really seems to have been set going at last in Oxford.

Thus Mr. Spalding from Europe. From America comes the voice of a Sanskrit professor, Professor William Norman Brown, in *The Aryan Path* for April, insisting in the very title of his article that "The West Must Learn About India". And this from the point of view of practical politics, India's status having changed much in the last years.

Only if each knows the other can they meet without unprofitable disagreement and mistrust and co-operate to build a better and a peaceful world.

Professor Brown considers practical means to effect what he desires. He wants more Chairs in American Universities "specifically devoted to Indic studies". He would have certain American students present their thesis for their Doctorate in the subject of Indian Philosophy, afterwards proceeding to India to study Sanskrit for a couple of years. Professor Brown is conscious that "perhaps being in academic life" he sees "in education the most feasible and systematic means of helping the West to learn about India". But he is wise withal. Whatever schemes are formulated for a better understanding between India and America—the aim is definitely *understanding*, not proselytism:—

Just as it is indefensible to try to make Indians think and behave like us, so too we should not aim to make Occidentals believe and act like Indians.

One final quotation from Professor Brown to show that he realizes fully the importance of the spiritual approach to such better understanding:—

Need we dwell on the message of Indian ethics, the emphasis unequalled elsewhere, which it puts upon the doctrine of *ahimsā* ("non-violence"), a doctrine which it and the world must join in applying to group action instead of individual, as has traditionally been its use in India? Or, again, should we speak of thought in its purest sense? Indian philosophy, almost completely ignored by the West in its educational institutions, is at once the chief expression of India's mentality and the most powerful force in shaping her future character, and joined with western thought and science it should move into new creative effort that will contribute to our highest intellectual life.

Conceding all that has been said above and much that could easily be added, we may ask ourselves what are the practical means of bringing the West to learn about India. It is not enough to point out the needs and advantages of acquiring such knowledge and then to leave it to chance or the unassisted efforts of our public or our leaders to find the necessary and valuable information. Those who are interested in seeing India and the West understand each other, and who have some measure of specialized information about India, should try to think out a programme of specific and definite means for accomplishing that end.

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

Theosophical students should be especially interested in the June number of *The Aryan Path*, which may be rightly called a "Reincarnation" number as nine articles deal with that subject from what may be termed an "outside" point of view. This makes it very valuable for students. Among the writers may be mentioned Professor Mahendranath Sircar and Dr. Raj Narain from India; John Middleton Murry and J. S. Collis from Europe, and Merton S. Yewdale from America. As is said in the Editorial and as can be easily discerned from these various presentments of the theory of Reincarnation—

There is vital interest in Reincarnation but the desire to learn about the doctrine is vague and the effort to understand it in detail is somewhat rare.

The recently issued Forty-Second Annual Report of the National Anti-Vaccination League (London) brings out some points of interest to opponents of the dangerous inoculation superstition.

For three years in succession no death from smallpox was recorded in England and Wales, while the population becomes less and less vaccinated. . . Only one case of smallpox was notified in England and Wales during the year, a *vaccinated* man at Hythe.

The deaths of several babies following vaccination are reported, one having died of inflammation of the brain, another of generalised vaccinia and a third of septicæmia and septic pneumonia. A boy of fourteen years died of encephalitis following vaccination.

The League points warningly to the indisputable fact that "Medical officials claim and are given more and more control over the lives of the people, *while themselves ignorant of or blind to the truth regarding health and disease*". (Italics ours) It is not a very long step from that situation in so-called free countries to the law in Nazi Germany which makes anti-vaccination propaganda illegal and so deprives people of the right to defend themselves against this menace to life and health.

Theosophy stands unalterably opposed not only to vaccination in principle but especially to compulsory vaccination as an inexcusable trespass upon individual free will. To the extent that a man is deprived of his freedom of action to that extent is his development interfered with and the purpose of life frustrated. Furthermore it avers that the best

and only sure protection against smallpox or any other disease is physical sanitation, moral purity and right thinking.

The Yoga practices described by Mr. Mircea Eliade in "Cosmical Homology and Yoga" (*Journal of the Indian Society of Oriental Art*, June-December 1937) are dangerous but he makes some interesting points about the aim of Yoga being "to unify man, to place him in his own centre, in the 'real'", which cannot be found in plurality. He refers to the "old, universal thirst of man for the 'real', his wish for integration into a cosmical rhythm".

As every spiritual act—religious, mystical or metaphysical—is nothing else but a retrieving of the "centre", the placing of man in the centre of reality, the analogy between this ascetical itinerary of Yoga and the meaning which the faithful give to the pilgrimages to a sanctuary is not at all surprising. "An Indian temple is, built in stone, a journey to the world's axis, and the processional entrance through its gates is a 'ritual of entrance'". . .

The journey to the centre may be done in many ways and if the yogin gives no more importance now to the pilgrimage to a temple, his technic is still a "substitute" of these visits.

Mr. Judge brings out in Chapter XIII of *Echoes from the Orient* the fact that the place of pilgrimage symbolizes man's own nature. "The enshrined object of the journey is the soul itself."

Of interest also is Mr. Eliade's insistence that "the human body is a microcosm in the real sense of the word". He treats of the power of sound, also, and has much to say about the "life" of the moon governing the whole of nature and the importance, for man seeking integration into the cosmical rhythm, of the rhythm of the moon.

In "Some Remarks on the Doctrine of Cosmic Cycles" (*Journal of the Indian Society of Oriental Art*, June-December 1937) M. René Guénon analyzes suggestively the cosmic cycles of the Hindus, which "save trifling and most evidently *intentional* exaggerations—are. . . almost identical with those taught in esoteric philosophy". (*The Secret Doctrine* II. 67)

H. P. B. declared 432,000 "the true key of the secret cycle". (*Isis Unveiled* I. 32) M. Guénon uses 4320 as his clue and gets interesting results but misses figures necessary to complete his computation. He assumes deliberate intent in their withholding, because if the Manvantara's duration were

known and its starting point could be exactly determined the futuré could be calculated, which would present "far more inconveniences than real advantages".

As all things, in the universal Existence, are connected by the law of correspondence, there is always and necessarily a certain analogy either between the different cycles of the same order or between the principal cycles and their secondary divisions.

Manvantaras and their sub-divisions, he declares, have a historical as well as a cosmical character, for they concern more specially terrestrial humanity, while at the same time they are closely bound up with events that happen in our world outside humanity. . . . Traditions. . . unanimously affirm a necessary and constant correlation between the two orders, the cosmical and the human.

Or, as Madame Blavatsky writes :—

The revolution of the physical world, according to the ancient doctrine, is attended by a like revolution in the world of intellect—the spiritual evolution of the world proceeding in cycles, like the physical one. (*Isis Unveiled* I. 34)

M. Guénon mentions too that according to all traditions we are in the Kali-Yuga ; "the descriptions of this phase as they are given in the Puranas answer moreover in the most startling manner to the character of the present epoch".

The Listener (9th March), under the caption, "Efficiency and Liberty—Great Britain" records a discussion between Mr. E. M. Forster, champion of democracy, and Captain A. M. Ludovici, advocate of authoritarianism. Mr. Wilson Harris, who presided, summed up their differences succinctly :—

You, Forster, think the less people are governed, and the more they are left to live their own lives in their own way, the better ; while you, Ludovici, believe in people being very thoroughly governed for their own good.

Captain Ludovici was right up to a certain point in claiming that individual freedom of thought is conditioned by the standardised ideas in the mental atmosphere. "The average man can hardly have a thought that is not in the air about him." But he went on to maintain that "it is the freedom of action in fundamental matters which in democratic states produces chaos".

Men are not the best judges of their own interests. Even in the matter of correct feeding, hygiene and so on, this is not so. . . . In a democracy, where people are free to go wrong in the most important concerns of their lives, there is nothing to protect them against their own bad taste, their own indiscriminating choice.

Mr. Forster urged several advantages of liberty—it makes for variety of character, permits free

criticism, keeps force in the background and discourages a follow-my-leader mentality—but he overlooks the strongest argument against authoritarianism—that it deprives man of his birthright as a freewill being to make mistakes and learn by them and to progress by his own self-induced and self-devised efforts. Even if totalitarian state leaders were quasi-omniscient and their decisions sounder in every case than the people could make for themselves, Theosophical students would still deplore the lost opportunities for growth and the general weakening of moral fibre which such vicarious regulation of others' lives inevitably entails.

The recently published bulletin of the U. S. Children's Bureau, *Development of a Leisure-Time Program in Small Cities and Towns*, shows the importance which is attached to recreation in the West. Play has an important rôle, particularly in the life of children and young people. It should be educative, but much that goes under the head of wholesome recreation is a sheer waste of valuable time.

Recreation is properly neither the mere pursuit of pleasure nor the filling of every spare moment so that no time is left for self-examination and quiet reflection. Nor is it merely to afford relaxation from sustained effort at work or at school. The tired business man, for example, could get more genuine relaxation and recreation from a few quiet hours in the country than from the organized entertainment to which he traditionally turns. Recreation at its best gives physical exercise or æsthetic enjoyment, character training or mental stimulus, or a combination of these. At its worst, as in unwholesome activities, immoral books and trashy films, it is definitely subversive.

From the Theosophical point of view, games of skill are better than games of chance ; games developing the team-spirit are better than games with one player on a side ; and participation, however unskilled, is better than watching the most brilliant playing by others. When we go to a cinema or even to watch an athletic contest, we go passively and wait to be entertained. When we participate in a game or work at a handicraft we are affecting our environment and developing not only facility of action but the positive attitude so indispensable to human happiness and well-being. What Miss Storm Jameson in her stimulating article on "Leisure" (*The Aryan Path*, April 1935) called "the deep excitement of creation" may be shared by the tyro at the simplest craft.

Let us have recreation, by all means, but let it contribute its quota to the individual's growth, to what Dr. L. P. Jacks has called in the title to one of his books, "Education of the Whole Man".

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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.

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