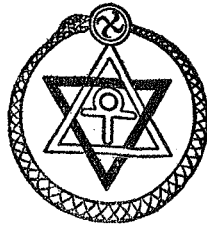


सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



There is no Religion Higher than Truth

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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WHITE LOTUS DAY—1935 8TH OF MAY

The Theosophical world will commemorate on Wednesday the 8th of May, the forty-fourth Anniversary of the Passing of the Greatest Theosophist of this era.

The Theosophical student will prepare himself to participate in that holy festival. To help him in his task we have devoted this April number of THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT to thoughts and teachings which will give him hints and indications, as well as guidance and inspiration, in the performance of that duty.

The main task of the student is the acquiring of some perception about H. P. B.—the teacher who passed on to all of us the light of Great Teachers. She ever disclaimed exaggerated praise of herself, and one of the warnings she gave may be quoted here. Commenting on high praise to herself expressed in an article "Yoga and Kalpa" in *The Theosophist* for December, 1883, (Vol. V, p. 77.) H. P. B. makes the following comment :—

We fully appreciate the kindly feeling in which we are referred to in the following article. But there should be a limit even to sincerely-felt expressions. We have no desire of following in the steps of Kesub C. Sen, and never have or will lay claims to being classed with Sadhus or Gurus, "who have attained the whole truth," least of all with "gods". We warn our kind Brother : too much of enthusiasm degenerates generally into fanaticism.

Unwise as such an error may be it is not so bad as that blunder which damns H. P. B.'s message and work with faint praise. Every student should guard against a false estimate of the Messenger of the Masters and the Friend of all learners—avoiding both extremes. Whoever or whatever she was she was not an ordinary being. To try to understand H. P. B., save and except through the philosophy she taught, is a task fraught with risk. To try to visualize H. P. B. with the aid of portraits painted by those who surrounded her is worse than profitless. They depicted incidents and events, heard of or seen, the hidden motives of which were more or less unfathomable to them ; and this, not because H. P. B. wished to hide anything but because they had not the minds to understand what their eyes saw, nor the hearts to appraise what their ears heard. How could such people who had not the all-round perception needed for the task be relied upon? The very fact that they drew conflicting pictures ought to make thoughtful students pause and ponder.

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Leave such alone and turn in the other direction : The most remarkable portrait is the one which emerges from the letters of those Masters whose servant H. P. B. was ; but even that portrait requires expert knowledge and high discrimination for a true evaluation. These virtues have been

conspicuous by their absence in theosophic interpreters. What is present? Mostly rash and impulsive pronouncements by those who arrogate to themselves the power to know what the Masters surely and unequivocally meant! Numerous students of H. P. B. have indulged in this folly for many many years. Instead of quietly meditating on what the Masters said, so that their own perception may grow and their own insight deepen these people perused what the Masters wrote, "explained" what They meant, and laughed about H. P. B.'s "whims and fancies," H. P. B.'s "lack of control over herself," and so forth. People who were not worthy of unlatching her shoe-laces fancied themselves sufficiently progressed entities to judge and criticise her. Thousands in the Theosophical world have been taken in by such talk of deluded "pupils" and self-styled "successors," some of whom proclaimed themselves—albeit in whispers—of having taken initiations which H. P. B. was not able to take! The ruin of the Theosophical Movement to a considerable extent is due to this. Let the student of this generation read the following statements of the Great Ones. If they desire to understand their real significance let them maintain reverent silence—and meditate.

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The following is from a letter written by a Master to Col. H. S. Olcott in 1888 and was received by him on board ship; Col. Olcott's own mistaken opinion about H. P. B. has a lesson for every one; very few had or have the devotion Col. Olcott had for the Masters and the Cause of Theosophy, and yet he blundered in a fashion which necessitated no less a personage than Master K. H. to adjust his mind. This letter is by no means a unique one; Col. Olcott had other such correctors; nor is he an exception—others equally highly placed in the exoteric movement have been guilty of such folly, but alas, were not deserving of such help.

One of the most valuable effects of Upasika's mission is that it drives men to self-study and destroys in them blind servility for persons. Observe your own case, for example. But your revolt, good friend, against her "infallibility"—as you once thought it—has gone too far, and you have been unjust to her, for which I am sorry to say, you will have to suffer hereafter, along with others. Just now—on deck, your thoughts about her were dark and sinful, and so I find the moment a fitting one to put you on your guard.

Try to remove such misconceptions *as you will find*, by kind persuasion and an appeal to

the feelings of loyalty to the Cause of truth, if not to us. Make *all* these men feel that we have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and humanity as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the past thirty years, the chief has been the personality known as H.P.B. to the world (but otherwise to us). Imperfect and very troublesome, no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come, and your theosophists should be made to understand it.....

With occult matters she has everything to do. We have *not* abandoned her. She is *not* given over to chelas. She is *our direct agent*. I warn you against permitting your suspicions and resentment against "her many follies" to bias your intuitive loyalty to her.....

I have also noted, your thoughts about the "Secret Doctrine." Be assured that what she has not *annotated* from scientific and other works, we have given or *suggested* to her. Every mistake or erroneous notion, corrected and explained by her from the works of other theosophists *was corrected by me, or under my instruction*. It is a more valuable work than its predecessor, an epitome of occult truths that will make it a source of information and instruction for the earnest student for long years to come.

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In the exoteric world Mr. A. P. Sinnett, favoured perhaps the most by Masters with Their advice and instructions doubted H. P. B.'s bona fides in the company of others. He heeded not the many warnings given in the eighties of the last century; he strayed away from the Path of the Adepts seeking Them through sources who would discredit H. P. B.; then he mixed and mingled with clairvoyants and psychics of his London Lodge, and finally began walking the way of mediums—to his own undoing. From the many letters of the Masters to Mr. Sinnett and others we extract a few statements to aid the student in his task referred to above.

Incessantly and intensely engrossed with one ever working thought—the *cause* and Society—even her carelessness and lack of memory, her forgetfulness and distraction are viewed in the light of criminal acts.

The Old Woman is accused of *untruthfulness, inaccuracy* in her statements... Were she more of a natural born *liar*—she might be happier and won her day long since by this time. But that's just where the shoe pinches, Sahib. She is *too truthful, too outspoken, too incap-*

able of *dissimulation* : and now she is being daily crucified for it. Try not to be hasty, respected Sir. The world was not made in a day ; nor has the tail of the yak developed in one year. Let evolution take its course naturally—lest we make it deviate and produce monsters by presuming to guide it.

However crazy an enthusiast, I pledge to you my word of honour, she was never a *deceiver* ; nor has she ever willfully uttered an untruth, though her position often becomes untenable, and that she has to conceal a number of things, as pledged to by her solemn vows.

While fathering upon us all manner of foolish, often clumsy and suspected phenomena, she has most undeniably been *helping* us in many instances ; saving us sometimes as much as two-thirds of the power used, and when remonstrated—for often we are unable to prevent her doing it on her end of the line—answering that she had no need of it, and that her only joy was to be of some use to us. And thus she kept on killing herself inch by inch, ready to give—for our benefit and glory, as she thought—her life-blood drop by drop, and yet invariably denying before witnesses that she had anything to do with it. Would you call this sublime, albeit foolish self-abnegation—“dishonest” ? We do not ; nor shall we ever consent to regard it in such a light.

Yet the feeling that dictates all this ridiculous effusion, is too ardent, too sincere and true, not to be respected or even treated with indifference. I do not believe I was ever so profoundly touched by anything I witnessed in all my life, as I was with the poor old creature's ecstatic rapture, when meeting us recently both in our natural bodies, one—after three years the other—nearly two years absence and separation in flesh.

You see the surface of things ; and what you would term “virtue,” holding to appearances, we judge but after having fathomed the object to its profoundest depth, and generally leave the appearances to take care of themselves. In your opinion H. P. B. is, at best, for those who like her despite herself—a quaint, strange woman, a psychological riddle : impulsive and kindhearted, yet not free from the vice of untruth. We, on the other hand, under the garb of eccentricity and folly—we find a profounder wisdom in her *inner* Self than you will ever find yourselves able to perceive. In the superficial details of her homely, hard-working common-place daily life and affairs, you discern but

unpracticality, womanly impulses, often absurdity and folly ; we, on the contrary, light daily upon traits of her inner nature the most delicate and refined, and which would cost an uninitiated psychologist years of constant and keen observation, and many an hour of close analysis and efforts to draw out of the depth of that most subtle of mysteries—human mind—one of her most complicated machines,—H. P. B.'s mind—and thus learn to know her true *inner* Self.

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Even these direct words of the Great Ones are not as helpful as her own philosophical and ethical writings in affording us a glimpse of the real H. P. B. In the *Voice of the Silence* we obtain a sketch map of the discipline through which she herself passed ; from *Isis Unveiled* we learn a little of her hard task and long travels to gather knowledge ; in *The Secret Doctrine* we get an idea of the sweep of her vast learning with numberless details—of which she gave only a partial expression. In *The Key to Theosophy* and many articles her devotion to humanity, her zeal to serve her fellowmen, her power to teach others to tread the path of sacrifice and service manifest themselves. It is in her writings that we have the means to carry out the solemn injunction of H. P. B.—

“Follow the Path I show, the Masters that are behind—and do not follow me or my path.”

H. P. B. showed the Path to the Masters and while the homage of our hearts in devotion and gratitude go to those Suns of Light how can we forget the Window through which the Light poured in and continues to pour in ? In a darkened house of thick walls of Kaliyuga ignorance we live, and but for the window that H. P. B. provided where would students of Theosophy be ? Wise are the words of Robert Crosbie, Founder of the U. L. T. and they may be taken as a direction by every genuine student of to-day :—

I and every other was thought of in the message and the directions They gave. It was and is not to be trimmed by interpretations, nor special mediums. It stands as Their message as it was left by Them, and no one has the right to change it. WE WILL NOT. Let others do as they please—assume authority if they think well of it ; but we reject every authority except that of our expanding spiritual perceptions, and we recognize and give our devotion to the cause of Theosophy, and are loyal unto death to the great Founders of the Movement.

CAN THEOSOPHY BE DESTROYED?

Since H. P. Blavatsky, assisted by H. S. Olcott, W. Q. Judge and others founded the Theosophical Society, numerous attempts to crush the philosophy she came to promulgate have failed. It is one of the fundamental Teachings that as a Body of Knowledge, the Wisdom-Religion is ancient, constant and eternal, and like the Immortal Soul of Man reincarnates periodically in the world for the benefit of the human race. As such, it cannot be destroyed, though the ignorance and folly of mortal minds may drive it for centuries into the background where it lives in secrecy and silence.

A very serious event which occurred in 1884-1885 seemed to many students not only to be fraught with danger to the Movement but even more—to be deadly to it. “A Theosophical Fable,” which we reprint elsewhere tells the tale. But at the time the greater danger to the Wisdom-Religion did not come from the ignorant and arrogant traducers outside, but from some of the timid and indiscriminating students and officials of the Movement, who thought more of the flesh-pots of organization called The Theosophical Society than of the “Genius” which worked behind it—the Wisdom-Religion, or Theosophy, and Its Custodians. How the Power of the Snowy Range passed away quickly like the glory of the tropical sky after the sun goes down is a tale in the history of the Movement with which we must deal on another occasion.

After that sad event of disunity and faithlessness which culminated in the exile from India of H. P. B. in 1885, Theosophy quickly manifested its Wisdom and Power in Europe where she went. A new phase in the Life of the Movement began. The Custodians of Knowledge, the “Genius” of the Fable, leaving the organization to its own sad Karma, concentrated all efforts in producing a new vessel of honour, a vehicle and an organization of a real esoteric character. This was a book in two volumes—*The Secret Doctrine*. It was the Magic Mirror in which all who wished to know and aspired to achieve might look at their own faces and all that passes in their universe. It was also a Token—a priceless Talisman which protected him who used it against the snares and the delusions of false knowledge or changing knowledge, and constructively proved to him the truth and validity of Theosophy, of Its Custodians, the Masters, and Their accredited Messenger—H. P. B. Thirdly, it was the last Will and Testament which contained particulars of the Legacy left to those who would remain true to themselves and to Masters’ Programme.

While the Magic Mirror was being fashioned, while this Token was being prepared, while this Will

and Testament was being printed—the “Genius” and Its Living Hand, H. P. B., kept on labouring, facing minor attacks and making steady progress. One such incident is recorded in Lucifer II, p. 341, for July 1888, in its opening editorial headed, “Forlorn Hope” reprinted here. It is more than of historic interest, for the past projects itself into the future and Karmic and cyclic law affects the Theosophical Movement and its student-servers.

FORLORN HOPE

“Should a wise man utter vain knowledge and fill his belly with the east wind?”

(*Eliphaz, in Job xv. 2.*)

In days of far, far away Antiquity, namely, in 1886, a suggestive Theosophical Fable went the round of our circles, and found room in the March number of the *Theosophist* for that year. Its subject was a Society named “Harmony,” born to investigate the music of the Spheres, and established in the far East. It had, ran the fable, a queer, “instrument,” to attune which a great genius descended occasionally from the upper realms and made the instrument repeat the music of the spheres. It possessed also a president, who, in the great honesty and innocence of his heart, had been imprudent enough to boast of his possession, and had made the instrument sing to whomsoever came within the range of his vision: so much so, that finally the instrument was made quite cheap.

Then the *fabula* showed how the learned men of the West—who believed in neither genius, spheres nor the instrument—put their wise heads together, and finding that even if the instrument was no fiction, yet, as it was not built on any rules of the modern science of acoustics *known to them*, it had, therefore, no right to existence. Forthwith they concluded not to permit the music of the spheres to be played, least of all, believed in. So, goes on the fable, they “selected a smart boy, gave him a penny and asked him to go across the big water” and report upon what he would see in the “Harmonial Society”.

The smart boy went and looked at the instrument. But when he came there, it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it. . . . Then the President took out his book of incantations and tried every conjuration to force the genius of the spheres to play a tune for the smart boy. But the genius would not come. So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home, and told his fathers in learning that he had not seen the great genius and did not hear the music of the spheres. The learned men put their heads together a second time. . . and the result was they said that the smart boy was wise, and that the President of the Harmonial Society was—mistaken.

Or, in less polite, but still more untruthful words, the president, his society, and his "instrument" especially, were all either fools, frauds or both. The charge of "humbug and imposture" against the "Harmonial" Society was thus proven, and became *un fait accompli*... Henceforth that idea was photographed in the shallow drums that public opinion mistakes for the heads of its leaders, and it became indelible.

From that time forward adjectives such as "fraud, deception and imbecility" became attached to the "Harmonial" Society and followed it everywhere, like a tail follows its comet. The theory struck deep roots in the hearts and minds of many non-theosophists and became at last part of the very being of the British public. This proverbially "fair minded" body had heard one side of the question and—felt satisfied. Its pioneer-gossips, full of Christian charity and 5 o'clock tea, had ransacked the contents of the "smart boy's" travelling bag. Having greedily fed themselves upon the adulterated food which was like heavenly manna for their insatiate stomachs, they differentiated, and then shared it with all who were hungry and thirsty for such celestial nourishment. Thus, Grundy's cackle-twaddle was kept up in loud and authoritative tones for some three years, until gradually it succeeded in making "Theosophy" a byword synonymous with every kind of iniquity. Theosophy was set up as a target for daily slander, verbal and printed; it was proclaimed a fallen idol whose feet of clay had at last given way, and it was hourly advertised dead as a door nail and buried for ever. But, lo and behold! a dark shadow has suddenly fallen across the face of this sweet and secure hope....

It is quite touching to read certain jeremiads in the daily papers, to learn the pathetic regrets expressed with regard to the suspected instability of public opinion. The attitude of certain social circles is visibly changing, and something will have to be done once more to bring Theosophy into disrepute, if we would not see it resurrect like Lazarus out of his tomb. For, as time goes on, more than one enemy begins to express grave doubts. Some suspect that the theosophical Jezebel may, after all, have been merely a victim: Job, visited by permission of KARMA—or if so preferred, by that of the enthroned Almighty, granting to his Son-Satan full liberty to test the endurance of his "uprighteous servant" of the land of Ug (Job, ii. 1-8). Others perceived that though Satan-Grundy, using the venomous tongues of the multitudes, had covered "Job" with sore boils, yet the patient had never collapsed. Theosophy was neither knocked off its feet by the mighty wave of calumny and defama-

tion, nor did it show any signs of agony. It was firm on its legs as ever. *Mirabile dictu* and acme of impudence!—cried its enemies. Why here it is again, and it begins to raise its voice louder than ever! What does the creature say? Listen.....

"Aye, right honourable, as well as right dishonourable opponents and enemies. Your Mrs. Grundy has filled me with *wrinkles* as Satan filled Job, but these are witnesses only against herself. 'He teareth me in his wrath, who hateth me'—but I hate no one and only pity my blind slanderers. 'He gnasheth upon me with his teeth'—and I only smile back. 'Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me,' and I offer to lend him mine to allow him to see clearer. 'They have gaped upon me with their mouth wide open'; and, like Jonas swallowed by the whale, I have found no uncomfortable quarters for philosophical meditation inside my enemy, and have come out of his voracious stomach as sound as ever! What will you do next? Will you smite me 'upon the cheek reproachfully'? I shall not turn to you the other, lest you should hurt your hand and make it smart and burn still worse; but I shall tell you a story, and show you a panoramic view, to amuse you....."

See how the enemies of the Theosophical Society and its leaders look disconcerted! Hear how in the bitterness of their heart, for sweet hopes frustrated, they writhe and have not even the decency to conceal their bad humour at what they foolishly regard as the *triumph of theosophy*. Truly has the east wind filled their—brains, and vain knowledge has disagreed most decidedly with the learned men of the West! For what do *they* do? Listen once more.

Fearing lest their appetite for devouring and assimilating carion food snatched from the beaks of the Bombay ravens by the "smart boy" should slacken, the wise men of learning have devised, it appears, a fresh little plan to strangle Theosophy. If one can believe the *Birmingham Post* (the very sincere *daily* which lets out the secret), the big-wigs of the very Christian "Victoria Institute" have not forgotten the fable of the "monkey and the cat". The "monkeys" of science, had selected for some time past the paws of their ablest cat to draw the chestnuts for them out of the theosophical fires, and had hoped thereby to extinguish the hated light for ever. Read and judge for yourself the bit of interesting information contained in the above mentioned *daily* for June 15th of the present year of grace. Says the loquacious writer:—

Even science herself, generally so steadfast in her progress, so logical in her conclusions, so firm in her pursuit of sure result, has been made to tremble on her lofty perch by the shock given her by the discourse of

Sir Monier Williams at the Victoria Institute, last Monday. Sir Monier Williams is Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, and regarded as the first Sanskrit scholar in the world. The announcement of the choice made by the learned professor of the subject of his discourse as being that of "Mystical Buddhism in Connection with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindoos," had created an immense degree of interest amongst the learned portion of the Society of London. It was firmly believed that Sir Monier Williams had chosen the subject for the express purpose of demolishing the errors and superstitions of a creed which has crept in upon us by degrees from the intrigues of sundry impostors who have worked upon the love of the marvellous so inherent to human* nature to establish themselves as prophets of a new doctrine. This was the opinion of all learned men in general, and they had been watching with great eagerness for a refutation from the pen of Sir Monier Williams of all the "sleight-of-hand principles," as the experiments of the Theosophists were called. This refutation in writing had never come, and therefore it was with redoubled interest that the speech which would demolish the audacious pretensions of the conjuring philosophers was waited for. What, then, was the surprise of the assembly of wise men when Sir Monier Williams instead of denying, almost confirmed the truth of the assertions made by the Theosophists, and actually admitted that, although the science of modern Theosophy was imperfect, yet there are grounds for belief which, instead of being neglected as they have been by students of philosophy, ought to be examined with the greatest care.

A DEFENCE OF BUDDHISM

A wise man, for once in his generation, this newly knighted lecturer! The greater the pity that this "first Sanskrit scholar in the world" (Professors Max Müller, Whitney, Weber and the *tutti quante*, hide your diminished heads!) knows so little of Buddhism as to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Perchance, there was a *raison d'être* for making them. Both his lectures, at any rate those about which some fuss has been made, and one of which was noticed in the 8th number of *Lucifer*—both these lectures were delivered before very Christian audiences at Edinburgh and before the "Philosophical Society of Great Britain," whose members *have to be Christians*. Nevertheless, one fails to see why a little more correct information about the difference between *Raja Yoga* and *Hatha-Yoga* should not have been offered to that audience? Or why again it should be told that, in the days of Gautama Buddha, Buddhism "set its face against all solitary asceticism," and "had no occult, no esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men"—both of which statements are historically untrue. Worse still. For having just mentioned at the opening of his lecture, that Gautama had been "reborn as Buddha, the enlightened,"

that he had reached *Parinibbāna* or the great, *highest Nirvāna*; that he had passed through the highest states of *Samadhi*, the practice of which confers the "six transcendent faculties," *i.e.*, clairvoyance, or "the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world," "knowledge of the thoughts of others, recollection of former existences...and finally the supernatural powers called *Iddhi*," the professor coolly asserted that it was never stated "that Gautama ever attained to the highest... Yoga of Indian philosophy—union with the Supreme Spirit!" Such a statement may flatter the preconceptions of a few bigots among a Christian audience, but we question whether it is not one entirely unworthy of a true scholar, whose first duty is to be impartial in his statements, lest he should mislead his hearers.

While Theosophists should feel deeply thankful to Sir Monier Williams for the excellent advertisement their society and philosophy have received at his hands, the Editors of *Lucifer* would fail in their duty were they to leave unnoticed several self-contradictions made in this lecture by "the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world". What kind of definite idea can an audience have on Buddhism when it hears the two following statements, which directly contradict each other:—

"He (Buddha) was ever careful to lay down a precept that the acquisition of transcendent human faculties was restricted to the perfected Saints, called Arhats". This, after just stating that Buddha had never himself "attained to the highest yoga," that he was no Spiritualist, no Spiritist,* but "a downright Agnostic"—he, the "Buddha," or the Enlightened!!!

The outcome of this extraordinary lecture is that Gautama Buddha had never reached even the powers of a simple modern Yogi. For such transcendent powers are allowed by the lecturer even in our present day to some Hindus. We quote again from the *Birmingham Post* :

The word Yoga, according to Sir Monier Williams, literally means union, and the proper aim of every man who practices Yoga is the mystic union of his own spirit with the one eternal soul or spirit of the universe, and the acquisition of divine knowledge by that means. This was the higher Yoga. But the lower practice seeks to abstract the soul from the body and the mind, and isolate it in its own essence. So may be acquired the inner ear, or clair-audience, by which sounds and voices may be heard, however distant; the inner eye, or clairvoyance, the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world, and a knowledge of the thoughts of others. These acquisitions have become developed

*The writer in his grief seems to have forgotten his commas. The subject, also, to produce the desired effect should have been handled in more grammatical English.

*Let us fondly hope so; and that Allan Kardec will not be placed by Sir Monier Williams one day on a higher level than Buddha.

into demonology* and various spiritual phenomena connected with that esoteric Buddhism which every school-girl is studying in secret nowadays. Long and persevering study of the great science will lead to the practice of twisting the limbs, and of suppressing the breath, which latter faculty leads to the prolongation of existence under water or buried beneath the earth. Many Hindoo ascetics have submitted to interment under this influence. Colonel Meadows Taylor once assisted at the burial of a man who professed to be able to remain nine days beneath the earth without drawing breath during that time. Colonel Taylor, determined that no deception should be used, was present during the ceremony of interment, and, after seeing the man duly covered with earth, sowed seed upon the grave, which, being duly watered, sprang up with luxuriance long before the expiration of the nine days† probation. More than this, the grave was watched day and night by two English sentinels, so that there really appears no reason to suppose that any deception could possibly be practised, the more so that Colonel Taylor himself had chosen the place of burial, which circumstance precludes all idea of subterranean passages, which had been suggested in other cases of the like nature. At the end of the nine days the grave was opened with all due solemnity. The buried man was found in the same position in which he had been laid down, and when he opened his eyes his first enquiry was for his bowl of rice, adding that he felt hungry, and that he would be glad to eat. Professor Monier Williams did not quote this example—he dwelt more lengthily upon the absorption of the mental faculties rather than on that of the physical powers. He went on to explain how internal self-concentration may lead to the acquisition of supernatural gifts, and enable a man to become invisible at will, to appear at any spot however apparently distant, to gain absolute power over himself and others, to bring the elements into subjection, and to suppress all desires. A Yogi, when thus befitted, can float in the air, fly through space, visit the planets and stars, create storms and earthquakes, understand the language of animals, ascertain what occurs in every part of the earth, and even enter into another man's body and make it his own. The Professor then related how a powerful Yogi had once entered into the dead body of a King, and had governed the country for three whole weeks. It is still believed that certain of the Eastern sages can eject the ethereal body through the pores of the skin, and render this phantasmal form visible in distant places. The effect produced by the Professor's discourse may readily

* This is *entirely false*. Any one who would like to acquire the proofs that this statement is a gratuitous calumny has only to read theosophical literature, and even the last number of *Lucifer*. The methods described belong to *Hatha Yoga*, and are very injurious and dangerous; still, even this is no *demonology*, but simply a lower form of Yoga. The Theosophical Society has fought from the beginning against these methods. Its teachers went dead against it, and even against some forms of mediumship, such as sitting for materialization—the necromancy of the Bengal Tantrikas!

† We have always believed the period to have been 40 days, and this is borne out by the planting of the seed. Surely for seed to sprout and grow "with luxuriance" in *nine* days would be almost as great a "nine days' wonder" as the interment of the Yogi!

be imagined. Here was justification in full of the theories, hitherto so scorned and abused, of Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky. Here was almost an avowal of belief in the possibility of the truth, if not in the truth itself, of the realisation of that recognition of the powers of darkness from which all Christian souls are taught to shrink with horror and dismay. The Professor seemed so well aware of the impression produced by his discourse that, as if feeling himself compelled to add a few words by way of excuse for the extreme lengths to which he had been led, he added by way of conclusion that he was induced to doubt whether the practices assumed to be possible to the Theosophists would stand the light of European science. "But nevertheless the subject must not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. 'It furnishes,' said Sir Monier Williams in conclusion, 'a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called Spiritualism, neo-Buddhism, and Theosophy of the present day. The practices of magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system of the Hindoos prevalent in India more than two thousand years ago'. At the end of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by the Bishop of Dunedin, who undertook, as it were, the apology of the doctrine expounded (scarcely to the satisfaction of all present), and who thought it his duty to point out the distinction between Christianity and Buddhism the former reliant upon God's mercy, the latter on the efforts of man to work out his self-deliverance from evil. I have dwelt thus long upon the subject of the great professor's discourse because the world of thought—of scientific research—having found at last a footing in London society, these things are talked of and examined with reflection, and without detriment to the flow of small-talk which used formerly to occupy the whole attention of the world of fashion.

Thus ends the plaint of the Birmingham Jeremiah. It speaks for itself, and we thank the writer for letting, so naively, the cat out of the bag. The real "cat" however, the one on which the "monkey" of the "Victoria Institute" and other scientific establishments had placed such optimistic hopes, has played its colleagues false. It has turned tail at the last moment, and has evidently declined the loan of its paw to draw from the fire the too hot chestnuts for the benefit of the scientific "researchers" of the day. Like Balaam, whom the King of Midian would willingly have bribed to curse the Israelites, Sir Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Boden Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Oxford (where, "for reason of ill-health," he can no longer lecture, but lectures for our benefit elsewhere)—has not cursed the Theosophists and their teachings—but has blessed them, Alas! Alas!

"Compelled to praise!" It cannot be

By prophet or by priest;

Balaam is dead?.....yet don't we see

And hear, perchance—his beast?.....

W. Q. JUDGE ON H. P. B.

[The following is extracted from Mr. Judge's "Two Years on the Path" in *The Path* for March, 1888.—Eds.]

We would have no one misunderstand how we look upon H. P. Blavatsky. She is the greatest woman in this world in our opinion, and greater than any man now moving among men. Disputes and slanders about what she has said and done move us not, for we know by personal experience her real virtues and powers. Since 1875 she has stood as the champion and helper of every theosophist; each member of the Society has to thank her for the store of knowledge and spiritual help that has lifted so many of us from doubt to certainty of where and how Truth might be found; lovers of truth and seekers after occultism will know her worth only when she has passed from earth; had she had more help and less captious criticism from those who called themselves co-labourers, our Society would to-day be better and more able to inform its separate units while it resisted its foes. During all these years, upon her devoted head has concentrated the weighty Karma accumulated in every direction by the unthinking body of theosophists; and, whether they will believe it or not, the Society had died long ago, were it not for her. Next to the Brothers, then, we pin our faith on her: let none mistake our attitude.

ROBERT CROSBIE ON H. P. B.

Neither Jesus nor H. P. B. lived and died that a book or books should be swallowed wholesale, nor even that men should become disciples, but that all men should become brothers. So we have to hold to that which eliminates differences, not to pander to any form of religion near or far.

We have been accused of following a person because we speak so much of H. P. Blavatsky as we knew her. That is not, with us, the following of a person; it is the recognition of a great Fact in Nature, and that fact has to have a name. The fact is valuable because it points to the Source of Message. Many others have sprung up since she passed from among us, who have taken to themselves the credit of her message, who have used and misused what she brought to them, and have sought to elevate themselves by virtue of its delivery. So it is essential that the one who brought the message of Theosophy should be recognised, should be known, by all Theosophists, should be presented to all those who would study Theosophy, for in no other way can the truth of that Message be obtained, undiverted and uncorrupted.

WHITE LOTUS DAY—1935

Programme of the Bombay U. L. T.

I. Welcome to New Members.

II. Readings :—

(a) *The Bhagavad-Gita*—Chapter II, Verses : 54-72, pp. 17-20 (Mr. Judge's Rendition)

"What, O Keshava . . . Nirvana in the Supreme."

(b) *Light of Asia*—Book 8th

"As one who stands on yonder snowy horn

Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit."

"Ah, Blessed Lord ! Oh, High Deliverer !

The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

(c) *The Voice of the Silence*, pp. 13-16.

"The Self of Matter and the Self of Spirit can never meet of the Silence can be heard."

III. Speech on "The Mission of H. P. B."

SAITH A MASTER

"Lead the life necessary for the acquisition of such knowledge and powers, and Wisdom will come to you naturally. Whenever you are able to attune your consciousness to any of the seven chords of 'Universal Consciousness,' those chords that run along the sounding-board of Kosmos, vibrating from one Eternity to another; when you have studied thoroughly 'the music of the Spheres,' then only will you become quite free to share your knowledge with those with whom it is safe to do so. Meanwhile, be prudent. Do not give out the great Truths that are the inheritance of the future Races, to our present generation. Do not attempt to unveil the secret of being and non-being to those unable to see the hidden meaning of Appollo's HEPTACHORD—the lyre of the radiant god, in each of the seven strings of which dwelleth the Spirit, Soul and Astral body of the Kosmos, whose shell only has now fallen into the hands of Modern Science. . . . Be prudent, we say, prudent and wise, and above all take care what those who learn from you believe in; lest by deceiving themselves they deceive others . . . for such is the fate of truth with which men are, as yet unfamiliar. . . . Let rather the planetary chains and other super- and sub-cosmic mysteries remain a dreamland for those who can neither see, nor yet believe that others can. . ."

HOW AN AGNOSTIC SAW HER

[Many paid tribute to the memory of H. P. B. when she laid aside her body on the 8th of May, 1891. Most came from the lips and the pens of her own pupils and helpers. A few came from friends outside the Theosophical fold. One of these we print below. "Saladin" of the *Agnostic Journal* was a friend not a follower, an admirer whose views, on many subjects, were at variance with those of H. P. B. "Saladin" was the pen-name used by Mr. Stewart Ross.—Eds.]

From stale, grey London we were whirled out among the green fields and through masses of fruit trees white as the vesture of Soracte's* hill, that day we followed to the furnace the mortal remains of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Away we were whirled through plains grazed by fat oxen that would have made a holocaust worthy to have celebrated the victory of Platæa, and through a gloomy plantation of resinous pine that would have made a funeral pyre for Patroclus. And, from among the bushes, the birds sang as merrily as they did erst in Eden, and the primroses prink the green slopes as fragrantly and daintily as in the old romantic days, when they bore up the dancing feet of Titania and Oberon beneath the light of the moon.

And on we sped with our dead through that blue-skied afternoon in the month of May. We bore no warrior to the pyre. We needed no oxen and resinous pine. We hasted to a mortuary furnace more intense than ever reddened the heavens round Ilium, or rendered Gehenna hideous with unctuous smoke and the odour of smouldering bones.

We were accompanying to the flames an oracle, a sphinx, or a sibyl, rather than anything that the world commonly produces in its ordinary villages and towns. We accompanied the remains of what erst was the madcap girl of Ekaterinoslow, who, with nuptial withes, had, as a freak, tied her wild and impetuous young heart to that of tame and frosty age; and had since, in every realm of this planet of ours, thought and toiled and suffered, and had been misunderstood and calumniated. She felt her strength, and knew the weakness of the chattering imbeciles that, in the census-return, make up the millions of a country's population. Mabel Collins tells the truth when she says that Madame Blavatsky had a contempt for mankind; but forgets to say that it was an affectionate contempt. She was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and felt the contrast, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it. But she did not call even those who reviled and wronged her by a more bitter epithet than "flapdoodles". Such assailants as even the Coulombs

*Vide Hor., Ode ix.

and Dr. Coues she referred to with expressions equivalent to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even when these assailants were doing their best to cut her, soul and body, with numerous and ghastly wounds, and to fill them with salt and salve them with vitriol.

She had no more rancour against the "flapdoodles" than I have against my butt, "Mr. John Smith, nonconformist and cheesemonger"; and my ill-will towards him is shown by my working away for him year after year barring up my path to literary renown and worldly success, and becoming prematurely blind and grey-haired, wrinkled and old, for his sake. If Madame Blavatsky, like every other ambitious man and woman, had flattered the "flapdoodles" and catered to their prejudices, they would have paid her for her services and awarded her the kind of excellently stale character that would obtain one a situation as a Methodist preacher. But she was not one of the Methodist preacher type, and they give her a character (*vide* Coues and others) that would obtain for the very devil a more exalted position in hell. She declined to place her feet in the very marks in which Mrs. Grundy trod, even as an eagle could not be made to walk for leagues on the hoof-prints of an ass. She at one time amused some gapers and gazers with specimens of home-made "miracles"; and these "miracles," light as a game at Nap, they elected to associate with Theosophy, which, compared with a frivolous game at Nap, is serious as the cannonading at Trafalgar. They judged her on the testimony of a snake she had warmed in her bosom, a Madame Coulomb, a renegade friend, the most venomous viper the world knows of, especially if the viper be a female one. And on the coilings and wriggings and hissings of this adder they are mean enough and mediocre enough to base devilish aspersions against the strong, brave, and simple woman with the remains of whom we travel on to the furnace at Woking. Such was the tenor of my contemplations by the way.

One in a wagon-load of uncraped mourners, I reached the crematorium. It is a red-brick building, which, in appearance, seems a mongrel between a chapel, a tile-kiln and a factory chimney. You enter by a mortuary chapel, passing through which you emerge through heavy folding doors of oak, and find yourself in an apartment, in the middle of the floor of which, and end to you, there is a great iron object like the boiler of a locomotive, but supported by and embedded in masonry. The Theosophists crowd round this boiler-looking object with anxious but decorous curiosity, to grati-

fy which one of the attendants turned, on the end of the object, an iron snib, which left a circular orifice about the size of a crown piece. Those present looked in succession into this opening; most, I, noticed, gave one quick glance, and turned away with an involuntary shudder. When it came to my turn to peep in I wondered not that my predecessors had shuddered. If Virgil or Milton or Dante had ever seen such an Inferno, they would never have written about the Inferno at all, relinquishing the theme as utterly ineffable. Inside that furnace was filled with towels of fire whisked by the arm of the very devil himself. I can look on a common furnace; but I shall never again peep through that iron eye-let into the viscera of hell.

As I was so contemplating, the hearse arrived and drew up on the gravel in front of the door of the mortuary chapel. Into the chapel the coffin was borne and laid upon an oaken tressel, and we all stood up and uncovered. The coffin was literally laden with and hidden in flowers, and a heavy perfume pervaded the air. Under those flowers lay the mortal remains of her who was dear to all of us, and had wielded a personal influence such as mere mediocrity, however amiable, could never have exercised. The *glamour* with which she evoked towards herself human respect and affection was a greater "miracle" than any her traducers have drawn our attention to. It was equalled only by the envenomed hate towards her with which she could apparently inspire her enemies. And how she could have enemies at all is a "miracle" to me; for, in spite of her tremendous attainments and unrivalled talent, she had not a vestige of pedantic assumption, and had the simple heart of a child. "Imposter" indeed! She was almost the only mortal I have ever met who was *not* an impostor. And the flagrant and apparent ignorance of those who style her so is contemptible. They allege that she "founded a new religion". Where and when did either she or hers make such claim? On the authority of mendacious popular gossip, they allege that the "new religion" like the baleful old mockery of a religion that is in this country, by law established, was attested by thaumaturgy and miracle. They are ignorant of the very element of Theosophy who make such a charge. Even if you were to take it for granted that, by a clever juggle, Madame Blavatsky found a tea-cup under the ground and mystically mended a trayful of broken china, the fact would have no more connection with Theosophy than Tenterden Church has with the Goodwin Sands, or lawn tennis with Christianity. Ye sneerers of cheap sneers, read "Isis Unveiled," "The Secret Doctrine," and the "Key to Theosophy," and you will find that Theosophy is, most likely, something too high for your com-

prehension, but something that is immeasurably removed from the possibility of being assisted by the legerdemain of a charlatan or the jugglery of a mountebank.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead, a young gentleman of refined features and much *spirituelle* of expression, stepped forward to the head of the coffin of her to whom he had been private secretary and attached friend. There, in the most solemn hush, he read an impressive address impressively. As his silvery voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence, I was wafted away as in a vision to the glen where—

"In accents soft and calm,
Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,"

among the heathery hills of my own loved land, to sterner and less literate heretics who were persecuted with fire and steel, even as the heretics among whom I now stood were persecuted with sneering and calumny.

But, while thus musing, the door from the crematorium into the chapel opened, and four employees, who did not look exactly like either stokers or butchers, but had some resemblance to each, entered, and in a business-like manner, went two to each end of the tressel, and, raising it by its four handles, moved off with it through the doorway. Four Theosophists who had known and loved Madame Blavatsky, and had, like myself, found the grandest and the worst-abused woman in the world identical, followed her remains through that wide doorway down to the furnace. The mass of flowers wafted us another wealth of fragrance as they disappeared, and the great doorway was slammed and bolted with a decisive mastery suggestive of the fall of the portcullis in Hades.

Tressel, coffin, and flowers had gone. They were now behind that inexorable door, as also the mortal remains of the strongest, bravest, and noblest woman that shall ever grasp this poor trembling hand, all too mean and weak to write her obsequies. "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live.... Before he cast his shadow off his mortal coil, that pregnant course of anguish and illimitable pain, in him will men a great and holy Buddha honour..... When to the Permanent is sacrificed the mutable, the prize is thine: the drop returneth whence it came. The OPEN PATH leads to the changeless change—Nirvâna, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought.*"

Since Madame Blavatsky's arrival in England the Theosophic movement has made steady progress, principally among the influential and educated; for, like Positivism, it offers no haven of

* "The Voice of the Silence", translated and annotated by H. P. Blavatsky.

mental indolence and moral lethargy for the unlettered and unthinking. The most notable English convert is Mrs. Annie Besant, whom we always predicted would, in time, relinquish the cold *This-worldism* of the Secularist.

Anyone with the capacity to recognise human greatness and to discern the *Shekinah* light of Genius—and this is written by one who has looked in the face of Carlyle—could not fail to know that the world held only one Madame Blavatsky. There was a charm in the sublime simplicity of her manner which drew her followers to her as the horse-shoe magnet attracts the steel filings. She struck you as a square-headed, rough-featured, stout, carelessly-draped, Oliver Cromwell-looking personage, as you sat alone with her over coffee and smoking with her cigarettes of her own making; but she had that overflow of soul which falls to the lot of few, and such as might, but for superior mental fibre and balance, have impelled her, like Wiertz and Blake, to ride on steeds of fire while the multitude deemed their genius dashed with madness. Hers had been a life of storm, toil, and unrest, which had left their autographs written cruelly upon her face, and had originated or accentuated incurable illness. She kept herself among us by taking doses of arsenic which would have killed the strongest. And yet she was cheerful and sociable, incapable of an ungenerous thought, and she had not a mean drop of blood in her veins.

Her manners and mode and matter of speech were far too unconventional for the drawing-room. She could use expressions of expletive force which are compatible with dashing dragoons rather than with simpering dudes. She had that tremendous strength of idiosyncrasy which can dispense with receiving lessons in deportment from the dancing-master. The feeble yew looks best when clipped and pruned; but the forest oak appears to most advantage in the possession of the full length and strength of his great arms with which he has grappled with the roaring storm.

Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday the world had one Madame Blavatsky—to-day it has none. The matrix of heredity environment in which she was moulded has been broken. Through the coming ages of time or eternity shall the shattered fragments of that matrix be gathered up and refixed, and another Helena Petrovna Hahn be born upon the earth, when the earth is sane enough not to misunderstand her, to persecute her, and seek to bury her name in a cataclysm of falsehood, hatred, and slander?

Any discriminating person who came in con-

tact with her could easily understand why she was so dearly loved, and no less easily conjecture why she was so bitterly hated. She wore her heart upon her sleeves. Unfortunately for anyone who hopes to "get on" in this world, she did not possess even a single rag of the cloak of hypocrisy. She rattled away rather than conversed upon persons and principles in merry sarcasm and happy cynicism, but, to those who could understand her, without even a suspicion of bitterness or malevolence. She had none of that restrained precision in utterance in regard to friends and contemporaries which ladies in society adopt. She meant no ill, and so it did not occur to her that she could speak any evil. She was, if you like, too simple and ingenuous and straightforward; she wanted in discretion; she was entirely lacking in hypocrisy; and thus she became an easy butt for the envenomed arrows of her traducers.

Now, through dark death and the crematorium fire, she has passed from among us, ye slanderers. Apart from the nobility of her soul and the magnitude of her achievements, I cherish dearly the memory of one I loved, of a misunderstood one whom I understood, and one of the very few who ever understood me. The mystery to which we are passing may be the richer for her presence; but this mediocre world of ours is all the poorer for her loss. Her demise falls heavily upon me who was of her brotherhood, but who do not share in the stoical consolations of her creed.

To her followers she is still alive. The Madame Blavatsky I knew "can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for but one brief incarnation". But I lay not firm enough hold upon this doctrine for it to give consolation to me. The Madame Blavatsky I knew is *dead* to me. Of course, all that might be permanent or permanent of her still whirls in the vortex of the universe; but she lives to me only as do others on the roll of the good and great, by the halo of her memory and the inspiration of her example. Her followers are gnostic on grave issues of teleology on which I am only agnostic. They have unbroken communion with their dead; but I am left to mourn. It is not for me to altogether overleap the barriers of sense, and, by the divine light of spiritual perception, behold help extended to me from that awful bourne from which no traveller returns. To me Madame Blavatsky is dead, and another shadow has fallen athwart my life, which has never had much sunshine to bless it.

SALADIN.

(From the *Agnostic Journal*.)

GURUS AND CHELAS

[This is the concluding portion of a lecture delivered in the Bombay U. L. T. on 19th March, 1933 ; the first part was published in our last issue.—Eds.]

Now the one characteristic of this mission of the Adept-Fraternity is Unity. Its Message is for all—Brahmana and Chandala, Jew and Zoroastrian. The Philosophy of the Great Gurus recognizes Souls, and all men and women are Souls whatever their station in life, whatever the colour of their skin. And that immediately gives us the first necessary qualification for any one who aspires to be a chela. When a man or woman has sufficiently absorbed and assimilated the Ancient Teaching so that he attempts sincerely and earnestly to kill in himself pride of race, religious exclusiveness, social snobbishness, he is taking the first step towards the Path of Chelaship. Only a man, manushya, a thinking Soul, is fit to be the chela of a Great Guru ; men or women as Souls are wanted, not Christians or Hindus, Indians or Europeans, rich or poor ; real men or women are Souls who have in some measure risen above these distinctions of caste, class, community and creed. When a man raises himself to the place of a brother and a helper to other men without any distinction, he has taken the great step. He has come out from among the warring, clashing kingdom of animal-men and has entered that of the human. By such a transformation the Light of the Soul is lighted in the Heart. It is worth noting that not by some mysterious practices does the ordinary man or woman come near to the Great Gurus, but by this inner change, by this courageous recognition of oneself as a Soul above all distinctions and differences of personality.

What is the second purpose of the Adept-Fraternity ? To draw near to Itself those human Souls who have by Soul resolution come out from among those who live a sense-life ; who, rising above the differences of their own personalities, are aspiring and endeavouring to live not as bodies but as Souls. But the great Gurus look not only for this resolution and action, but also for the motive behind it—why does a human Soul desire to live the higher life ? If it is for the purpose of gaining emancipation or Mukti then for such the real Path of the Great Fraternity is closed. But if the motive is service of humanity, service of human Souls, irrespective of any distinctions and conditions, then the Adept-Fraternity is interested in such an aspirant. What the Fraternity is looking out for are aspirants willing to forego and to renounce the bliss of Mukti, the joy of Nirvana, and willing therefore to be trained for effective service of humanity. Therefore even when a man tired of the worldly life desires to lead the higher Soul life, that desire *per se*

is not sufficient. He must see the ideal which is this : our humanity is called "Orphan Humanity" ; it badly needs father and mother, and the aspirant to Divine Wisdom must perceive that he needs training to become a father and a mother to all human Souls. Just as a father labours and toils for his children, just as a mother suffers and sacrifices for them, so must the aspirant and the would-be-chela prepare to labour and to toil, to suffer and to sacrifice. Therefore it is the Inner Ego of the aspirant which goes under training. When any one of us come out from among the rank and file of worldly men and women, and resolve to give our all, our very life to the spiritual service of human Souls regardless of consequences to ourselves, ah ! then even though unknown to ourselves we kindle a light in our heart which shines forth and is seen by the Great Gurus, just as we would see a light in a dark valley when we are standing on the mountain top. The principle task, the chief work of this Lodge, is to bring men to this spiritual resolution.

Let us study in short and in a simple way the plan of training of the chela by a real Guru. What is under training ? Not the body and the brain ; not the lower self ; but the Incarnated Soul, the Spirit in the body. By his own resolution and altruistic motive the aspirant has taken the first step in the direction of the great Adept-Fraternity and one or another of Its Members, a Perfected Mahatma, makes a response, that is, takes a step in the direction of the aspirant. Remember always Their Promise—"If you take one step in our direction, we will take one in yours." Now the aspirant is no more aspirant, he has become a chela,—called "lay-chela". At this stage the lay-chela does not know which particular Master has drawn him nearer to the Heart of Reality. As a lay-chela there is no interference, no direct instruction from the Guru : help or inspiration is given as is deserved, from the inner planes of being. On the purity of life, on the power of virtue, depends the aid a lay-chela commands. The Guru never never abandons a chela ; but disciples of all ranks and degrees go away from the Guru. Please understand this point. A lay-chela, by his own impurity, may throw himself out of the range of spiritual help, but whenever he regains the status he finds the connection intact on the side of the Gurus. So a lay-chela's sole weapons are purity and virtue of life. While he is gathering knowledge, while he is learning, his test is a pure and a virtuous life, and definitions of purity and virtue are to be found in the philosophy he studies. Slowly he learns to live within himself and the task before him is to blend his mind and Soul.

By virtuous living he separates the mind from all passions sufficiently for that mind to become the

vehicle of his Soul. In an ordinary good man the mind and feelings have become one : a bad man has bad feelings to which the mind falls prey ; a good man has good feelings but to them also the mind falls prey. Do distinguish between goodness and spirituality. A good man is a man of good feelings, and often and often because of lack of knowledge he blunders. A spiritual man has nought to do with feelings ; he has separated his mind from feelings and it is the Soul who uses the mind creating virtues and all good feelings. So the inner training of the lay-chela is never to give way to vice, but also never to act by mere feeling however good. Knowing himself as the Soul he must initiate action by reason and thought, and learn to use the mind as his own instrument. Of course he will not succeed all at once, but every effort draws him nearer to the Invisible Guru whose presence he may and should and will feel though he does not see the Guru or hear the Master's voice. "Fix thy whole attention upon thy Master whom yet thou dost not see but whom thou feelest," says *The Voice of the Silence*. In this training all life is a school. The lay-chela makes his own record day by day as he thinks and feels, by what he says and does. Life-events are all tests, and he patiently and silently learns from them. The one and only right of a chela is the right to be tested and tried by the Guru. Thus it is the Soul who is under training who unfolds slowly opening its petals. Nine great stages there are corresponding to the nine-gated city of the Soul's abode mentioned in the *Gita*. When all the nine petals of the Soul open within, at the centre and the core is the Jewel—the Real Chela, building himself in the likeness of his Divine Guru. Now enough has been said in Theosophy for any one of us to rise to the height of our grand opportunity. Who is there here whose heart does not respond to the cry of human pain ? Who is there here who does not wish to live nobly, to sacrifice gloriously ? Who is there here who does not aspire to make virtue his life-partner and wisdom his life-friend ? Who among you can be so dull and unhuman that he wishes not to glimpse the vision of the Mighty Ones ? "Arise," says the Upanishad ; "arise, awake, seek the Great Teachers !" Have faith that your sincere effort will be answered, your earnest endeavour will receive a response. Do you remember, my brothers, the story of Shri Krishna, the Great Guru ? Let me tell it to you, you will find it in the *Shanti Parva* of the *Mahabharata*.

It was after the Great War. Bhishma was lying on the field of battle on his bed of arrows and anguish. Yudhishthira was already on the throne. The King went to visit Krishna. The Great Lord of the universe was meditating. Yudhishthira found Krishna, like a blue and resplendent cloud, robed

in yellow silk and decked with celestial gems ; He looked like a mountain blazing with beauty and splendour when the sun rises from behind it—still, motionless, in uttermost repose, was the Lord ; so much so that Yudhishthira got nervous and enquired if everything in the universe was propitious. He wanted to know why the Lord of Yoga, Yogeshwara, had to make Tapas ? What do you think was the answer ? The Lord said : "Yudhishthira, what do you think ? Bhishma who is now like unto a fire about to go out, has been thinking of me. And so, I also was concentrated on him."

What a wonderful and inspiring piece of knowledge ! When a chela in his agony and sorrow, when a chela bewildered about the right way of service, thinks of his Guru and Master, promptly the response comes. Our pride and selfishness alone shuts the door ; but our consecration opens the door of the heart and the blessed influence of the Guru flows in and floods that heart. Not lack of knowledge only, but lack of consecration, is the bar. Inner adaptability results from true consecration. What is adaptability ? The power to meet any and every situation, the power to turn to good the forces of evil. The chela's progress depends upon increasing consecration and his growth shows in his capacity to adapt himself to any and every circumstance—not by giving way before difficulties, but by overcoming them. Not passive resignation to do with whatever is, but an active effort to change for the better everything which surrounds us. So you see that it is not outer things, not so-called powers but the inner stability, the inner stamina to live purely, to help knowingly, to consecrate completely, which makes for real chelaship.

Be assured, my friends, that to seek and find a real Guru, to do His bidding and be devoted to the Cause of Humanity for His sake, is not only the most powerful of blessings, it also is the most peace-feeling experience. For him who in his heart has felt the Touch of his Guru, death loses its terror, fear its very existence. Peace is wedded to strength, Wisdom is wedded to Compassion, Sacrifice is wedded to Action. Difficulties become matters of joyful discipline ; labour and recreation become one ; past and future lose their glamour as the chela works in the Present—the Eternal Now. Like lightning comes the answer when clouds of difficulties foregather and make a reverberating thunder. Not that troubles cease and pain is nought ! No ! But troubles and pains become stepping stones to Peace and Glory and Repose. And so in closing, let us evoke, each one within himself, that deep gratitude for the ceaseless service of the Compassionate Ones. Like the Ganga flowing to the ocean, Their Wisdom-Compassion issuing forth from the Head of Shiva, the Maha-Guru, assuages the thirst

of millions of Souls. These Great Ones are high Souls, calm and magnanimous who regenerate the world like the coming of Spring. Having crossed the sea of doubt and death, They are like the Beauteous Full Moon cooling the earth parched by the heat of the day. May Their Eye as it sweeps over slumbering earth fall on many of us; may Their Hand extended in protective love rest over our heads!—A U M.

A THEOSOPHICAL FABLE

[Our readers' attention is drawn to the article on "Can Theosophy Be Destroyed?" in which this Fable is referred to. It was originally published in *The Theosophist* in March, 1886.—EDS.]

Once upon a time, in a country far across the Indian ocean, there was a society of people who wanted to hear and investigate the music of the spheres. They called their society "Harmony," but there was very little harmony among them; on the contrary, they quarrelled a great deal amongst each other, for their society was made up of men and women of different nationalities, different characters and different opinions. But to make up for this deficiency, they had in their possession a musical instrument, upon which—if it was properly tuned—the music of the spheres could be heard. This instrument however was almost constantly out of tune, and the winds from the four corners of the earth would then blow into it and it would give forth on such occasions very discordant sounds. To attune it, it was necessary that a great Genius from the upper spheres should descend and put it in order, so that the music of the spheres could be heard.

It was indeed a very queer instrument, and what is still more remarkable about it, is the fact, which will hardly be believed by *sensible* people, that if a person whose mind was very unharmonious, would come near it, it would begin to make a very disagreeable noise.

The safe-keeping of that instrument was entrusted to the president of that society, and that president was so proud of its mysterious qualities, that he wanted to show it to everybody, and asked everybody to come and listen to the harmony of the spheres.

Now there was a society of non-musical but learned men in a country not far from here, and the president of the harmonial society went to them and told them about his mysterious instrument. They however did not believe him and said that

there was no such thing as a "music of the spheres." The intrepid president however insisted that there was, and he promised, that if they would send some one to look at that instrument, he would show them how it was constructed, and he would ask the great Genius of the upper spheres to come and play a tune—for their instruction and edification.

Consequently the learned men of the West put their heads together and consulted with each other, and the result was that they selected a smart boy and asked him to go across the big water to look at the great Genius from the upper spheres, and to report the result of his observations to those whose heads had grown to be grey in the acquisition of scientific opinions.

The smart boy went and looked at the instrument, but when he came there it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it, and the more he worked with it, the more discordant did it become. The president then took out his book of incantations and tried all kinds of conjurations to force the Genius from the upper spheres to come and play a tune for the smart boy, but the Genius would not come.

So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home again and told his fathers in learning, that he did not see the great Genius and did not hear the music of the spheres, and the learned men stuck their heads together a second time and consulted with each other, and the result was that they said the smart boy was wise and that the president of the harmonial society was—mistaken.

Now, when the members of the harmonial society heard that important decision, they became very much distressed and they went and destroyed the instrument, because they said that if they could not have an instrument upon which the music of the spheres could be heard at all times, they would rather have no instrument at all. Consequently the society dissolved and the members went their way, some of them attempted to attune their own souls to the harmony of the spheres, others believed that the great Genius had never existed; but the keeper of the instrument sat down and wept bitterly.

H.

"A calumnious lie is sure to receive welcome and hospitality in every human mind, if only a little prejudiced."

H. P. B.

THE U. L. T. 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 given to Associates in their studies and in efforts to form local lodges. There are no dues of any kind, and no formalities to be complied with.

Correspondence should be addressed to :—

THE UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
51, Esplanade Road,
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