

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



There is no Religion Higher than Truth

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th February 1934.

VOL. IV. No. 4.

SOMETHING NEW

The craving for something new—a mild sensation at least, if not a positive thrill—is almost universal. “To see, to sense something new, that is progress,” says the man whose motto itself proclaims: “Try everything once.” To see a new sight, to hear a new speaker, to contact a strange person, or to visit a strange place are all described as new experiences.

The word “experience” is very thoughtlessly used. If simply *going through* incidents of life were experience, this world would be full of sages. Is there a life, a single human life, that is not crowded with incidents? Even if we leave aside the incidents of routine, are there not sufficient major incidents in the life of any man or woman to make him or her wise if they were experiences and not merely incidents? An incident is not an experience, it is but passing through an experience without learning its lessons; therefore we have to go through similar incidents again and yet again.

People's lives are crowded with incidents—daily, hourly. The eyes do not behold any sight twice—every time it is a new sight. Not the same tone of voice has the speaker twice—each time it is different. People eat more than once a day through a whole lifetime, but how many register the difference in their own palate which has actually taken place with every meal? And if this is true of sense-incidents, what shall we say of mind-incidents? Even the reading of a newspaper could yield experience, but people go

through their newspaper to register a few reported incidents, and then forget all about them. People read novels to kill time or to enjoy sensations. The art of reading leisurely so that the reader feels the joy and uplift of that experience, is little known. To keep up with the new publications, people run through volumes.

This going-through process is mechanical. People in their passage through life have gathered a vast collection of incidents when the hour of death strikes. The meaning of those incidents, the message and the lesson of each, are learnt after the death of the body. In bodily existence the soul passes through experiences; after death it actually assimilates those experiences. *Devachan*, the Land of the Gods, is the name given to that state of consciousness in which the soul assimilates the incidents of earthly life. That assimilation is the real work of Gods, *i. e.*, human souls freed from desires which vitalize the senses and organs.

Theosophical philosophy teaches that man progresses more quickly if, instead of collecting incidents to be sorted out and learned from after death, he endeavours to experience the incidents now and here. Life becomes very rich once this possibility is seen; routine is not routine, for the mighty magic of *Prakriti* ever produces new phenomena, and never, never repeats itself. One of the lessons of Chelaship is to forgo the bliss of *Devachan*; and that can only be done if we cease to crave for something new for the senses

and begin to see the freshness and the newness of the old familiar things by the power of the soul. The finding of spiritual values in the commonplace yields a joy that is not of this earth. New faculties are built and old ones are made more capable when, by study and practice of the Immemorial Philosophy, we learn to experience every incident, to assimilate every experience. This is to live in a world full of new surprises, new adventures—all the time something new.

And each new thing is old, old, very old.

OUR ATTITUDE TO RELIGIONS

[Is this magazine a friend or an enemy to the many religions? No better answer can be given than the following, extracted from H. P. B.'s *Lucifer* I. 340.—EDS.]

Since our journal is entirely unsectarian, since it is neither theistic nor atheistic, Pagan nor Christian, orthodox nor heterodox, therefore, its editors discover eternal verities in the most opposite religious systems and modes of thought.

It is evident that when toleration is not the outcome of indifference it must arise from wide-spreading charity and large-minded sympathy. Intolerance is pre-eminently the consequence of ignorance and jealousy. He who fondly believes that he has got the great ocean in his family water-jug is naturally intolerant of his neighbour, who also is pleased to imagine that he has poured the broad expanses of the sea of truth into his own particular pitcher. But anyone who, like the Theosophists, knows how infinite is that ocean of eternal wisdom, to be fathomed by no one man, class, or party, and realizes how little the largest vessel made by man contains in comparison to what lies dormant and still unperceived in its dark, bottomless depths, cannot help but be tolerant. For he sees that others have filled their little water-jugs at the same great reservoir in which he has dipped his own, and if the water in the various pitchers seems different to the eye, it can only be because it is discoloured by impurities that were in the vessel before the pure crystalline element—a portion of the one eternal and immutable truth—entered into it.

There is, and can be, but one absolute truth in Kosmos. And little as we, with our present limitations, can understand it in its essence, we still know that if it is absolute it must also be omnipresent and universal; and that in such case, it must be underlying every world-religion—the product of the thought and knowledge of numberless generations of thinking men. Therefore, that a portion of truth, great or small, is found in

every religious and philosophical system, and that if we would find it, we have to search for it at the origin and source of every such system, at its roots and first growth, not in its later overgrowth of sects and dogmatism. Our object is not to destroy any religion but rather to help to filter each, thus ridding them of their respective impurities. In this we are opposed by all those who maintain, against evidence, that their particular pitcher alone contains the whole ocean. How is our great work to be done if we are to be impeded and harassed on every side by partisans and zealots? It would be already half accomplished were the intelligent men, at least, of every sect and system, to feel and to confess that the little wee bit of truth they themselves own must necessarily be mingled with error, and that their neighbours' mistakes are, like their own, mixed with truth. . .

Justice demands that when the reader comes across an article in this magazine which does not immediately approve itself to his mind by chiming in with his own peculiar ideas, he should regard it as a problem to solve rather than as a mere subject of criticism. Let him endeavour to learn the lesson which only opinions differing from his own can teach him. *Let him be tolerant, if not actually charitable*, and postpone his judgment till he extracts from the article the truth it must contain, adding this new acquisition to his store. One ever learns more from one's enemies than from one's friends.

Steps on the Ladder!—Qualities, being neither good nor bad in themselves, take their colouring from the use made of them. We speak of limitations and weaknesses, yet those same "handicaps" are as valuable to the soul as the so-called virtues and powers—if used rightly. An inspiring example of how to climb by the help of one's imperfections is to be found in the latest biography of Dr. Johnson, by Hugh Kingsmill:—

As every handicap, if met with intelligence and resolution, produces counterbalancing benefits, Johnson's fear of insanity immensely strengthened his innate truthfulness and sense of reality, for the lies and illusions which make life more comfortable for ordinary men appeared to him as the first step towards madness. The feeling of deadly guilt (a common symptom of melancholia, as in Cowper's case), which caused him to fear everlasting punishment, may have distracted him with reasonless terrors, but it also prevented him from writing or even talking against his conscience. So he came to show a kind of Roman *gravitas* in his sayings as well as his doings. That was why he could so often give to mere words the mass and momentum of things and actions. He fought against his fleshliness with such success that continence, a cold quality with the untempted, became in him a warm and human virtue.

"The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one, as they are surmounted," teaches *Light on the Path*.

WHOM DO WE MEET AFTER DEATH?

AN ALLEGORY

The trinity of nature is the lock of magic, the trinity of man the key that fits it. Within the solemn precincts of the sanctuary the SUPREME had and has no name. It is unthinkable and unpronounceable; and yet every man finds in himself his god. "Who art thou, O fair being?" inquires the disembodied soul, in the *Khordah-Avesta*, at the gates of Paradise. "I am, O Soul, thy good and pure thoughts, thy works and thy good law . . . thy angel . . . and thy god." Then man, or the soul, is reunited with ITSELF, for this "Son of God" is one with him; it is his own mediator, the god of his human soul and his "Justifier."—H. P. B., *Isis Unveiled*, II, 635.

Zarathushtra asked Ahura Mazda: "Thou Pure Spirit, the unfolder of all that is beneficent, when one of the impure dies where does his soul abide?" Ahura Mazda answered: "Zarathushtra, that soul desiring his desires, wailing his dirge of despondency cries—'To what land shall I turn? To whom shall I go?' and this on the first night, and the second and the third and, through it all, suffering is his, the suffering he caused to all.

"At the end of the third night as the dawn rises that Soul wends its way inhaling the stench of impure corpses and contemplates—'Whence that stench, the worst I ever inhaled?' And he sees a hag approaching, foul, loathsome, gaping, of demoniacal lineage, of the seed of passion; and the unfortunate Soul questions her, 'Who art thou, O ugly witch?'

"'I am thou, thy self,' answers the hag, 'thou man of evil thoughts, evil words and evil deeds, and evil faith, I am thy self. Clad in hideous vice thou didst show thyself to mortals down on earth as I now show myself to thee. Thou didst deride the teaching about the Inner Self and pray to idols of greed and passion and pelf, strewing poverty all around, destroyer of beings on their upward way, causing consternation to the good and despair to the righteous. I was not beautiful and thou madest me ugly, I was not fair and thou madest me hideous; I had not a forward seat and now I am fallen backwards. Henceforth mortals will remember me with fear and dishonour.'"

Then first through the hell of bad thought and then of bad word and then of bad deed the Soul plunged himself in the gloom of darkness.

And one of the wicked who had arrived there previously, asked him, "How didst thou depart, O wicked man, from the life, of the material world unto the spiritual, from the decaying unto this, the undecaying one?"

Angre Mainyu interposed: "Ask him not, who has just finished the dreary way, the life of the body." Then the bad soul and his passion

spouse feasted on experience like unto the poison and of poisonous stench.

Zarathushtra asked Ahura Mazda: "Thou Pure Spirit, the unfolder of all that is beneficent, when one of the pure dies where does his soul abide?" Ahura Mazda answered: "Zarathushtra, that soul, engaged in his ideation, sings the *Ustavaiti Gatha*: 'Prosperity to him through whom prosperity comes to all,' on the first night, and on the second, and on the third; he enjoys the peace which comes to all mortals through his chanting.

"At the end of the third night as the dawn rises that Soul wends his way, inhaling the fragrance of orchards and the scent of flowering shrubs and he contemplates—'Whence that fragrance, the sweetest ever breathed?' And he sees, approaching him, a pure Virgin of fifteen summers, as fair as the fairest thing of earth, handsome, radiant, heroic, stately, of appearance that attracts, of divine lineage, of the ancient seed of the Spirit; and the good soul questions her: 'Who art thou, the fairest maid I have ever seen?'

"'I am thine own Daena, inner Spirit-Self,' answers the Maid, 'thou youth of good thoughts, good words, good deeds, good faith, I am thy Self. Clad in those virtues bright thou didst appear to others on earth as now and here I appear to thee. When some derided the teachings about the Inner Self and prayed to idols, and some shut their door against the poverty-stricken, and some were engaged in destroying growing plants and trees, thou didst sit singing the Gathas praising the waters of life and the Fire which is the Soul, the Son of Ahura Mazda, and made happy the righteous from near and afar. Oh, radiant youth I was lovely and thou madest me lovelier; I was fair and now I am fairer; I was desirable and thou madest me still more desirable; I used to sit in a forward place and now thou madest me sit in the foremost place; henceforth mortals will worship me for thee having sacrificed long in converse with Ahura Mazda.'"

Then first through the paradise of good Thought, and then of good Word, and then of good Deed, the Soul reached, found himself in, the Heaven of Light.

And one of the faithful who had arrived there previously, asked him, "How didst thou depart, O holy man, from the life of the material world unto the spiritual, from the decaying unto this, the

undecaying one?" Ahura Mazda interposed, "Ask him not, who has just finished the dreary way, the life of the body." Then the Good Soul and his Spirit Spouse feasted on the food of experience like unto the butter skimmed from the fresh milk of spring.

[The above is condensed from the Zoroastrian Avesta Texts—Yasht XXII. The extract from *Isis Unveiled* with which this rendition begins offers the key to the passage which allegorizes the post-mortem conditions of man.—EDS.]

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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

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

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

Q. In the November THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT (pp. 3-4) is printed "The Parable of the Ocean". The story related tells of how the great Buddha refused to preach to his Bhikkhus because the assembly was not pure, and how he would not speak until the impure man had been put out of the assembly. Was this not unjust? Should we not give help and teach everyone regardless of his sins?

Ans. In ordinary circumstances of life help and teaching have been and should be given without distinctions between the sinful and the righteous. A true Theosophist never gives up hope, and he casts no one out while help can still be given. To take an example from the United Lodge of Theosophists itself: All people are welcome, whether they be pure or otherwise, and the teachings of Theosophy are presented to all who care to hear them. No one is deprived of this privilege because he is indulging in wrong and sinful actions. The very signing of the membership card is not restricted. Anyone who cares to may sign, and the pledge is between himself and his ideals and perceptions. Whether he remains true to his determination is his own concern. If he is true to himself he will have his reward. If he is untrue to his determination, he also will get his due. Rigid Justice rules the world. None can force

him to leave the Lodge. None can stop his listening to the tenets of the philosophy. For, as *The Voice of the Silence* says: "No warrior volunteering fight in the fierce strife between the living and the dead, not one recruit can ever be refused the right to enter on the Path that leads towards the field of Battle. For, either he shall win, or he shall fall."

The incident that is referred to in "The Parable of the Ocean" is, however, based on quite different principles. The Bhikkhu had entered into a covenant in entering the Sangha. He had agreed to the rules of life and conduct that were laid down. He had accepted his share of care for, and responsibilities towards, the Sangha as well as his duties to himself. The Buddha was the Teacher and the Head of the Order of Bhikkhus—not a despot but the dispenser of knowledge, Himself obligated to Wisdom and Wisdom's Laws. Like unto the parent, the Guru is responsible for the well-being of the growing soul. Warnings are given to those who do wrong. But it would not be fair or just either for the Teacher, even a Buddha, or for the fellow students to drag with them a dead weight, someone who pursued evil and set a bad example not only to those around him, but to the world at large; someone who tarnished the fair name of the Order to which he belonged and who would soon spoil and corrupt the Brotherhood. Do we not throw away spoiled fruit lest the corruption spread and contaminate the remaining good fruit?

The teacher gives due warnings to the faltering pupil, but if the discipline continues to be broken, what else can a teacher do but suspend him and then cast him out? For example: many students go to college, tacitly pledging themselves to follow the courses and to learn to the best of their ability. The student will not be allowed to remain when he fails in course after course; when he makes no sincere effort to study and to learn; when at each test he fails and still does not mend his ways. After due warnings the college asks him to go. Pupils and chelas also have courses to follow, examinations to pass. If they fail and do not remedy their ways, they naturally fall out of the line of the army of warrior souls.

Just, O Bhikkhus, as the great ocean will not brook association with a dead corpse; but whatsoever dead corpse there be in the sea that will it—and quickly—draw to the shore, and cast it out upon the dry land—just so, O Bhikkhus, if there be any individual evil in conduct, wicked in character, of impure and doubtful behaviour, not a Samana though he have taken the vows of one, foul within, full of cravings, a worthless creature; with him will the Sangha brook no association, but quickly, on its meeting together, will it cast him out.

LIFE AS A SCHOOL

No man can learn true and final Wisdom in one birth; and every new rebirth, whether we be reincarnated for weal or for woe, is one more lesson we receive at the hands of the stern yet ever just schoolmaster—KARMIC LIFE.

—H. P. B. *Lucifer* vii, p. 4

If we look out upon life, we see that its dominant characteristic is change. Men and women, in endless procession, are being born, growing up to maturity, and then drifting into old age and death. As with man himself, so with all his works: we are for ever straining to achieve and to acquire, despite the obvious truth that all our creations and all our possessions, like our physical bodies, must inevitably, sooner or later, crumble into dust and be forgotten. And yet we continue to ignore this most patent of all truths, and go on pursuing our petty interests and ambitions with desperate seriousness, toiling to hoard up that very "treasure upon earth" which the Gospels warn us must be the certain prey of the moth and rust of time.

As a passage through a series of impermanent states, life, considered as an end by and in itself, has no meaning at all: its meaning, if it have one, must be in relation to something outside itself. Were the outer life all, existence would be a thing without point or purpose—a sort of cosmic joke, and a bad one at that. But this is a supposition that is incredible to our reason and revolting to our sense of the fitness of things.

Let us assume, then, what every one must feel intuitively to be the case, that life is not without significance, that there is an unseen background to it, in relation to which the cinematograph-like procession of events, in which we play a brief and generally ineffectual part, has both meaning and purpose.

The old sage Patanjali said that "the universe exists for the purposes of the soul"; in other words, that life is to be regarded as a school in which the inner man learns, more or less quickly, the lessons necessary for his progress. Generally the emphasis is on the *less*, for with the great majority of us learning is a very slow matter indeed, and the progress towards wisdom and self-conquest, achieved in seventy years or so, is infinitesimal. In the school of life, as in any other school, there are a few pupils who want to learn, and bend their wills to it; but there are many who are indifferent, and some who deliberately set themselves against learning. For most of us, life could be an effective school only if prolonged vastly beyond the normal span. In fact the conception of life as a school for the soul is untenable unless we can regard one particular life as but a

stage in a long course of training. In one term a pupil learns very little; but, if he returns to his desk, term after term, and if his idleness and neglect are invariably followed by unpleasant results, he will in time give his mind to his lessons and master them. A single life then may aptly be compared to a school term, at the end of which comes a holiday for rest and the quiet absorption of what has been learned.

Life considered as an end in itself is meaningless; one single life without forerunner or sequel is also meaningless; but life, considered as a series of incarnations, during which the soul learns and develops, is understandable and consonant with our sense of justice and our deepest aspirations.

So far we have assumed the soul without defining it. To ascertain what the soul is, let us consider first what it is *not*.

Clearly the soul, that pre-exists and survives, is not the outer man,—the bodily form, name, and personal memory of events, scenes and words,—which begins to take shape at birth, and then passes through that cycle of growth, maturity and decay, which is the universal experience of mankind. Whether the whole of the personal man ceases to exist at death, or whether, as may plausibly be contended, there is a temporary survival of a psychic remnant which slowly disintegrates after death, having perhaps in the meantime played a part in the phenomena of the séance room, is a deeply interesting topic, but outside the scope of this paper.

But such a psychic survival is not the soul, the real man, who is born and re-born. Of what he *is*, we may gain some idea by considering what he brings with him into birth. Briefly, he comes into birth equipped with certain aptitudes, tendencies and affinities, or, to sum up in one word, character. This character, as modified by his thoughts and actions during life, he takes with him when he passes out through the portals of death.

If we regard the soul, or real man, that passes from birth to birth, as oneself, equipped with an ever-developing character, may we not, as so many philosophers and mystics of every epoch have done, regard that Self as a spark or ray of the Universal Self making a pilgrimage through material life in quest of perfect self-consciousness, self-realisation? As an immortal seeking conscious immortality? Trying to build up a character-vehicle through which, when perfected, he might realise that immortal self-consciousness? By its very nature, this conception is one, to which we can only, as it were, reach out with the mind. Full understanding can come only with perfect achievement.

SUNDAY DEVOTION TO PLEASURE

Even in this enlightened twentieth century, during the last year or so, a demonstration was made in Great Britain against Sunday cinemas, but it did not prevail. And even to-day agitation for the due observance of the Sabbath still persists. A cricket team from England has been visiting India and playing matches in various cities. The Rector of Shincliffe has criticised adversely the playing of a Test Match on Sunday. Mr. W. M. Vaidya, in a letter to *The Times Weekly Edition* (Jan. 4th), pertinently comments on this, pointing out that India has many religions, and that Monday is often observed by the Hindus as a fast and that Friday is the holy day for the Muhammadan. If the members of the M. C. C. team were as narrow-minded as the Rector of Shincliffe, it would surely mean good-bye to the Test Matches. The writer adds:—"Self-sacrifice, with good will, is the prime virtue taught by Christianity, and I for one admire the true Christian spirit displayed by Mr. Jardine and his team in forgoing any objection to play on Sunday."

The following is an extract from the Editorial of March 1888 *Lucifer* (Vol. II. p. 1). It was occasioned by a resolution of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury which appealed to all responsible to exercise their influence, "not to suffer this Church and country to lose the priceless benefit of the rest and sanctity of the Lord's Day." Commenting on this the Editorial says:—

We do not propose to criticise, for we wholly agree that the pursuit of pleasure at all times and seasons, and regardless of others, is no good thing, but a selfish one. But we do traverse one thing: the Sabbath was indeed ordained for man, but nothing was said, even in those statutes so especially "ordained by God for the Jews," as to the religious observances on that especial day. It was essentially a day of REST, ordained for man, as it was ordained that the land should lie fallow; that is to say, that there shall be no compulsory work for man, whether religious or secular. But granting that it is essentially a Day of Rest for over-worked man, he is yet told by those who teach him religion that, instead of complete relaxation, he must follow "a religious observance."

We would ask whether this "religious observance" is to be a farce or a reality? If a reality, it is a labour more fatiguing than any ordinary work; for it is an unaccustomed toil, and one which all except the very pious willingly eschew. Clergymen, whose business in life it is to lead the services, and who should, therefore, get accustomed to the labour, are exhausted by the work they have to do on Sundays, and to "feel Mondayish," has become a recognised expression. As for children, who are taken to church regardless of their age and nature, many of them positively hate "church-going," and so learn a horror of religion itself. Thus there is a forced "education" in religion, instead of religion being the natural growth of the noblest part of the human heart. We thus offer to God not the things which are His, but "the things which are Caesar's"—the lip-service of humanity.

The whole Sunday-question resolves itself in-

to the demand to know whether it is in any degree right, or in accordance with divine law, that man should be so devoted to selfish toil, during the week, as to have virtually no time or strength left for prayer (*i.e.*, meditation) during the six days, and whether, therefore, it is right that the seventh day or Sunday should be set apart for it. All depends upon whether doing one's duty in the state of life to which one is called, is "doing," or not doing, "all to the glory of God." We think that work is prayer; and if so, the devotion of Sunday to innocent pleasure is really making it a day of rest.

Why should England set forth its observance of Sunday as the only one sanctioned by God? The present observance of Sunday in England is founded on the practices of the later and degenerate Jews, who were not upheld by Jesus in their observances. Even the prophets (*vide* Nehemiah viii, 9-12) plainly show that the earlier usage was one of a day of rest, and that the idea of innocent pleasure, which is now represented as rather gross and sensual, was not then a forbidden thing. Reference to statistics in matters of drunkenness and crime does not show that England is, indeed, in possession of priceless benefits owing to the observance of Sunday, in which other nations, who do not share that observance, do not partake. Indeed it is by no means certain that in all those countries where there is indulgence in the class of pleasures so energetically condemned in the petition, there is not less crime and drunkenness than exists in England; and this, too, not merely during the week, but especially on the Sundays.

Without speaking of Catholic France, Spain, Italy, etc., etc., Greek orthodox Russia and all the Slavonian lands, take for example Protestant Germany, where all places of amusement are, if anything, more freely open than on other days, and Sunday is considered the best day for theatres, balls, and popular festivities. Surely the other nations, especially the Germans, are not less religious than in England.

To many who are cooped up during the week, a day in the country is an education which brings them nearer to God than all the services they could attend in a church. Of course, we may be met with a reference to the "two or three gathered together," but surely if God is omnipresent, He is with those who are truly grateful for the beauties of Nature.

No, my Lords, your protest may not fall flat, but it does not strike at the root of the evil:—the fact that you are unable to cope with the increasingly material conditions of life during the present age. The people are no longer ignorant, you have to meet men as clever as yourselves among those who pursue their pleasure in the way

against which you protest. You will not get anyone to follow your religious observances among those who have broken free from them, unless you can convince them that *you* are right, and that religion must be made the vital factor in their lives. Many of them recognise no "here-after," and gaily follow the motto:—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." They recognise no god save their own pleasure; and we are both agreed that they are endeavouring to execute a "valse a deux temps" to the tune of the "danse Macabre." Among the ranks of your church are many self-sacrificing men, who, from various motives, are endeavouring to help those of the working classes whose lives are lost in toil. Ask of them their opinion as to the "Lord's Day Observance" of religious duties. They have to deal with the practical difficulties of the situation. You, in your Convocation, are protesting against an evil of which you are conscious, but against which you are powerless to act. Why? Because the form of religion you rely on has lost its hold upon the hearts of the people, and the "Service of Man," according to the late Mr. Cotter Morrison, has replaced the "Service of God."

The reason of this is not very far to seek. The Church has lost the key to Wisdom and Truth, and has endeavoured to bolster itself upon authority. The people have educated themselves to ask "Why?" And they will have an answer, or they will reject the Church and its teachings, for they will not accept authority. Religion and its principles must be demonstrated as mathematically as a problem of Euclid. But are you able to do so? Are any of the Church's dogmas worth any of the tenets of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, or the similar utterances to be found in all religions? Do you carry them out in their entirety in your lives, as the Episcopi of the Church? Do you, as such, take care that all your clergy do so? You may reply with a counter-question:—"Do you, our critics, do so and set us an example?" Our answer is, that we do not claim to be the "elect" or the "anointed of the Lord." We are unpretending men and women, endeavouring to carry out the Golden Rules, apart from the ordinances of any form of worship. But you—you occupy a position which makes you an example to all men, and in which you have taken a large responsibility. You stand before the world as exemplifying the effect of the dogmas of the Church you lead. That Church had and has its work to do, but that it has lost its power is plain, in that you are only able to protest, and that doubtfully, against an evil which you feel yourselves unable to check. In the language of your Scripture, how would it be if,

as regards your trust, this night an account should be required of you?

MUCH READING, LITTLE THOUGHT

The wise man sagely said that of making books there is no end. If true in his day, it is the same now. Among members of the Theosophical Society the defects are widespread, of reading too many of the ever coming books and too little thought upon the matter read. Anyone who is in a position to see the letters of inquiry received by those in the Society who are prominent, knows that the greater number of the questions asked are due to want of thought, to the failure on the part of the questioners to lay down a sure foundation of general principles.

It is so easy for some to sit down and write a book containing nothing new save its difference of style from others, that the pilgrim theosophist may be quickly bewildered if he pays any attention. This bewilderment is chiefly due to the fact that no writer can express his thoughts in a way that will be exactly and wholly comprehended by every reader, and authors in theosophic literature are only, in fact, trying to present their own particular understanding of old doctrines which the readers would do much better if they devoted more time to thinking them out for themselves.

In the field of every day books there is so much light reading that the superficial habit of skimming is plainly everywhere apparent, and it threatens to show itself in theosophical ranks.

So well am I convinced there are too many superfluous books in our particular field, that, if I had a youth to train in that department, I should confine him to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the *Upanishads*, and the *Secret Doctrine* for a very long time, until he was able to make books for himself out of those, and to apply the principles found in them to every circumstance and to his own life and thought.

Those theosophists who only wish to indulge in a constant variety of new theosophical dishes will go on reading all that appears, but the others who are in earnest, who know that we are here to learn and not solely for our pleasure, are beginning to see that a few books well read, well analysed, and thoroughly digested are better than many books read over once. They have learned how all that part of a book which they clearly understand at first is already their own, and that the rest, which is not so clear or quite obscure, is the portion they are to study, so that it also, if found true, may become an integral part of their constant thought.

WILLIAM BREHON

[*The Path*, June 1890]

THE FIRE OF INSPIRATION

[In our November issue (p. 9) appeared the opening paragraphs of the lecture on "Inspiration in Daily Life" delivered at the Bombay U. L. T. Below we print a further instalment; next month we will publish the concluding portion.]

What is the mark, the chief mark, the characteristic mark of the true servant of humanity? There are many kinds of publicists and a variety of public men engaged in a variety of ways, doing something here, something there. Most call their work by the exalted name of spiritual service. What is the true mark of spiritual service? There is an inner mark, and there is its outer manifestation: the inner mark of spiritual service is inspiration, that inspiration which springs up within the heart, which enlightens the mind, which floods the whole of man's being. True Inspiration makes the man whole: the inner struggle of his own constituents has ceased; that which the Christian Scriptures designate as the "war in our members," has come to an end. The strength of Peace comes upon a man when he has become whole—not passivity, not so-called meekness, but that peace which is strong, so strong that it becomes invulnerable, so active that it flows like the river, cleansing the very surface over which it flows. Thus Inspiration has for its inner mark this peace and the strength of peace, which outwardly expresses itself in the service of human souls. What is the real service of human souls? Producers of wealth, bestowers of charity, have their own place in the scheme of things, but their work and their gifts do not make men whole. Teachers and educators, scientists, philosophers, poets even, these doing a noble task of upliftment do not fully make the man whole. In proportion as we ourselves become whole, that is, spiritual, are we able to make others whole. Inspiration has for its true symbol—Fire. Only a lighted fire can kindle fire elsewhere. The capitalist and the labourer fructify the earth called industrialism; charity in the form of money or of good deeds is like water that cleanses and beautifies the earth; great mental ideas are like air, gentle breezes that soothe, or fierce gales that destroy jerry-buildings of petty thoughts; but none of these are like fire, the fire of Inspiration that consumes vice, that destroys ignorance, that brings warmth in a chilly, cold world, that offers nourishment to the hungry soul. Earth and water and air have their great uses, and so the industrialist, the man of charity, the educator who trains the senses and the mind, are all benefactors; but it is the man with inspiration who alone inspires other men, who can warm the human heart and feed the human soul.

Now our world to-day, East and West alike, seeks inspiration, looks out for inspired men. But

one of our difficulties is that while the spirit of the world is willing, its flesh is weak, and while most people want men of inspiration to guide them and seek some source of real light, of strong peace, they themselves are not able to discern the light, to know real peace. Just as a frog thirsting for rain cries for rain, but knows not why rain descends, or how; so also men and women living in the world thirst for peace, cry for peace and are even able in some measure to appreciate peace when they contact it, yet they know not whence nor how it comes. Take an example from modern times. There are thousands who say they have been touched as if by a magic wand by the peace of Gandhiji: they feel it; but ask them to define what that peace is, whence it comes, how it comes, and they find it very difficult. They want that peace, but they would like Gandhiji to make the gift of his own peace to them; that is, they want a miracle! The effort must come from them. That is the great principle we want to remember, friends. True peace and its strength born of Inspiration must be found within ourselves, for that inner source alone will enable us to kindle the fire and to increase the fire of soul-vision and spiritual service.

Everywhere this realization is growing within the minds of a few: a feeling of real spiritual democracy is arising; leaders of politics or generals of armies cannot save us; even preachers and their pulpits cannot save us; unless we ourselves transform ourselves and are inspired, these uninspired priests and politicians are worse than useless. These few are therefore coming to the recognition of the great truth of the *Gita*:—

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master—*Ishwara*—who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone, O son of Bharata, with all thy soul; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.

Hence even to appreciate Inspiration you must have a little Inspiration of your own. Unless you have a little peace, a little soul-strength, you cannot feel the great peace, the glorious strength of the Spiritual Presence in the universe. You cannot make bricks without straw, you cannot build a fire without fuel. And so we must labour to acquire a little Inspiration within ourselves by seeing through the sordidness of life, by control of the lusts of the flesh, by the conquest of laziness of body or mind.

THE STORY OF LALA LAJPAT RAI

THE NECESSITY OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

In the course of a remarkable letter addressed by the late Lala Lajpat Rai to a friend a few weeks before his death, but only just recently published (*Mahratta*—10th December 1933), the great Indian patriot shewed himself to be completely overwhelmed with “the injustices, the inequalities, the cruelties, the barbarities of the world,” and wrote:—

The fact is I have lost faith in everything—in myself, in God, in Humanity, in life, in the world. Nothing seems to be real or tangible . . . There was a time when I believed in God who heard prayers, rewarded us for our good deeds and punished us for our bad ones. Slowly, gradually, but most assuredly that belief is gone. How can I believe in a God who is said to be just, benevolent, almighty and omniscient, who rules over this absurd world?

This should give some food for reflection to theists and others who still put their faith in a personal God, one who hears their prayers and watches over them with fatherly love and care. None of the great Teachers of humanity held this belief, but on the contrary several passages may be quoted from the different sacred books refuting this terrible error which holds vast portions of humanity in its grip. We may quote from Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* the Buddha's pronouncement on this matter:—

. . . which of all the great and lesser Gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshippers?
How hath it steaded man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call
On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya, who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?

.
Nay; it may be some of the Gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.

In modern times perhaps no one has shown more effectively the absurdity of the idea of a personal and an extra-cosmic and anthropomorphic God than Madame Blavatsky. Such a God, she points out in her *Key to Theosophy*, “is but the gigantic shadow of *man*, a bundle of contradictions and a logical impossibility,” and she also shows the absurdity of praying to so fictitious a being.

The tragedy of Lala Lajpat Rai lies in the fact that when he realised this absurdity, he seems completely to have suffered an inner collapse under

the heavy weight of his sufferings and disappointments. Had he but studied the great truths of immemorial Theosophy he would not have been reduced to that utterly hopeless plight to which his letter and especially its very pathetic ending bear evidence:—

Oh! What am I to do—I am miserable, I am unhappy, yet I hug my miserableness, my loneliness and my unhappiness, I do want to get rid of this state of mind but I don't know how.

Lala Lajpat Rai was a Hindu of very high culture, he was one of the leaders of the Arya Samaj who wrote an account of its aims, doctrines and activities. What is the moral of this letter?

In its fourth chapter the *Gita* teaches that “there is no purifier in this world to be compared to spiritual knowledge,” and that the acquisition and application of such knowledge will enable a man to reach “supreme tranquillity”. We are therefore bidden to arm ourselves with “the sword of spiritual knowledge” for “the ignorant, those full of doubt and without faith, are lost”. Was not the real trouble with Lala Lajpat Rai that he had not armed himself with “the sword of spiritual knowledge”? He was a man of lofty character, and of great erudition; he consecrated his life to the service of his country; but without true Soul-Wisdom to guide him over the troublous waters of life, he was unable to face the buffetings of mind and soul, and the apparent injustices of life. The great lesson to be learned from his bitter experiences is that man's first duty is to understand the spiritual truths imparted by the world's greatest sages and seers, and then to regulate his life and thought accordingly.

Possessing ordinary knowledge and actuated by noble motives Lajpat Rai laboured and died for his country. Wherein, then, did he err? In not seeking for the truths of a consistent philosophy; in trying to do what he could, he did not question and seek the possibilities of educating his own perceptions and freeing his own mind of the fetters, not of ignorance, but of false knowledge. He seems to have overlooked the instruction to be found in the words of the Master K. H.:—

“The recognition of the higher phases of man's being on this planet is not to be attained by mere acquirement of knowledge.”

What saith the *Voice of the Silence*?

“Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-Wisdom, the ‘Eye’ from the ‘Heart’ doctrine.”

THEOSOPHY OF OLIVE SCHREINER

No more, apparently, than Jacob Boehme, did Olive Schreiner (1855-1922) look for her Theosophical convictions to any external source. A Theosophist at heart she certainly was, but there is no indication in her books or published letters of any acquaintance with Madame Blavatsky's restatement of Theosophy, which makes the more noteworthy the fundamental agreement of her views with our philosophy.

Born in South Africa in 1855 of missionary parents, she was from childhood a dissenter and a passionate champion of every man's right to perfect freedom of thought. She seldom voiced her own religious convictions, but in 1892, in response to the appeal of a Presbyterian minister for help in intellectual difficulties, she wrote:—

The Universe is One, and, It Lives; or, if you would put it into older phraseology, I would say: *There is NOTHING but God.....*

You ask me, do I believe in Immortality? I cannot conceive of either birth or death, or anything but simple changes in the endless existence: how can I then believe or disbelieve in Immortality in the ordinary sense. *There is Nothing but God*: If you ask me what is the practical effect of this feeling, it is to make all life very precious to me, and also to rob death of all its horrors Neither birth nor death are final to me.

Nature she once called "the flowing vestment of an unchanging Reality," and she believed that "All matter is alive, even so-called inanimate matter; a stone has no apparent energy and so *seems* dead; but life runs through everything. Wherever there is *life*, the laws of the universe are functioning."

During the World War she wrote to a friend: "I can only fix my eyes on that far off time over thousands of years when humanity will realise that all men are brothers." Believing in the unity of all life, she could tolerate cruelty as little as she could injustice and oppression, against which her voice was always fearlessly raised. After years of suffering, she wrote: "If I could be cured to-morrow by torturing animals I wouldn't have it."

Karma Olive Schreiner clearly recognized without calling it by that name. She wrote of "the past where the *root of the present always is*," and, elsewhere, "Experience will inevitably teach us . . . that whoso revenges, strikes with a sword that has two edges—one for his adversary, one for himself; that who wrongs another clouds his own sun; and that who sins in secret stands accused and condemned before the one Judge who deals eternal justice—his own all-knowing self."

She put in the mouth of one of her characters: "That unknown that lies beyond us we

know of no otherwise than through its manifestation in our own hearts."

"The lifting up of the hands brings no salvation; redemption is from within, and neither from God nor man; it is wrought out by the soul itself, with suffering and through time."

Olive Schreiner formulated thus the lesson of life: "That holiness is an infinite compassion for others; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; that . . . happiness is a great love and much serving."

The Buddhas and Christs she called "those gracious individualities which now here and now there shoot forth on the highest branches of human life . . . the rare leaflets which show us what the whole growth may attain to when all have grown taller."

Life was to her "a battle to be fought, quietly, persistently, at every moment." She wrote of "the conflict between the higher and lower self," and again, "Our first duty is to develop ourselves. We have to rise." Trooper Peter Halket's nocturnal visitant tells him: "It is never too late for the soul of a man . . . Deep in the heart of every man lies an angel; but some have their wings folded. Wake yours! . . . mount up with him."

She was convinced that a double consciousness was working in her and maintained that she did none of her best work in her brain by the ordinary processes of thought. "I have millions of ideas always coming into my head that I would like to brood over and work out if life were longer." She said that she seemed to think fastest when asleep and always waked with the thoughts and ideas crowding upon her.

She once wrote: "Something rises in me, not a guide to anyone else, but for myself, which, when it says 'Go,' I go; but, when it doesn't speak, I *wait*. That must have been what Socrates meant by his Demon." Elsewhere she wrote of "that inner voice, which is the only King to whom man owes allegiance through life to death".

Of all the world religions, Buddhism appealed to her most. Of Undine, heroine of her earliest novel, to whom many of Olive Schreiner's own early experiences are ascribed, her brother remarked: "It's my decided opinion that in a pre-state of existence she was a Buddhist philosopher . . . and at her rebirth she did not become quite rejuvenised or lose all her old habits; otherwise I can't account for her."

Her emphasis on impersonality is pre-eminently Theosophical. "Shall the glow-worm refuse to give its light because it is not a star set up on high? shall the broken stick refuse to burn and warm one frozen man's hands, because it is not a

beacon light flaming across the earth? . . . is it the trumpet which gives forth the call to battle, whether it be battered tin or gilded silver, which boots? Is it not the call?"

In 1910 she wrote to Mrs. Rhys Davids: "I have a strong abiding interest in all that concerns India." Is it a coincidence that in a personal letter in 1912 she proclaimed herself "a non-force-using *passive resister*"? "There are higher things than fighting physically, the quiet *resistance* of wrong even to the death."

Olive Schreiner has a message for those who, safely outside of the machine civilization of the West, are dazzled by its glitter:—

A train is better than an ox-wagon only when it carries better men; rapid movement is an advantage only when we move towards beauty and truth; all motion is not advance, all change is not development.

There is no message of beauty or wisdom which it has been given to the soul of man to propound for its fellows, for which luxury or material complexity of life were necessary.

In our nineteenth-century civilization there is a little kernel of things rare and good and great, that have come down to us through the centuries, and that brave souls of labour have added their little quota of matter to even in our day. If you must crack the nut of our nineteenth-century civilization, we pray of you eat only this little kernel and throw away the great painted shell. For God's sake, do not try to eat the shell and throw away the kernel.

THE SENSE OF GUILT

The power of the church in centuries past depended on the alleged existence of Satan. The theological dogma of the Atonement would have had no meaning, had there been no devil to bring about Adam's fall or to engulf the heretic and unfaithful within the fiery jaws of hell. To-day, as a personification, he has been relegated to the background, but his place as *agent provocateur* appears to have been taken by a "sense of guilt" which has provided the food for all revivalist movements, the Salvation Army, the so-called Oxford Group Movement, and others. Some modern theologians have even claimed this sense of guilt as the greatest gift Christianity has made to man. For without it, they say, there could be no amendment, and they point to the mystics, who all had their dark hour when they first became aware of their sins and imperfections.

Yet the claim is a mistaken one. There is, at the first stage on the path of the Spiritual Life, the Slough of Despond into which Bunyan's Pilgrim tumbled; there is the despondency of Arjuna at the sight of the battle before him. But it is only a temporary stage, and while a recognition of imperfection is an absolute essential to progress, a sense of guilt impedes it—a most important distinction. Those who developed truly into

something higher than "mistaken mystics" did so, not because of a sense of guilt, but in spite of it. To be aware of imperfections without any possessive feeling about them means the power to change them as dispassionately as a piano-tuner who brings the discordant notes into true relationship with each other. On the other hand, a sense of shame implies self-identification with the imperfections, and, as a necessary corollary, dependence on some one or some power stronger than oneself to overcome them. So we have a vicious circle. Belief in a personal God forces the believer to view himself as the sinful imperfect mortal, and the sense of guilt springing from that false identification in its turn forces him to postulate God outside of himself, by whose grace alone he can change.

The power to overcome sins and faults truly comes when one learns to discern the real from the false, so that Right Knowledge may guide the budding devotion. What is man, in reality? Threefold is his nature; "MAN" as Spirit, impersonal, unconditioned, is the Divine Principle, the root-essence of all beings alike; "MAN" as Soul is the self-conscious Intelligence that incarnates from life to life for the salvation of "man" as the mortal, personal, nature. These are the Three-in-One, and the whole aim of existence is that Man shall manifest that unity here on this earthly plane. To take another partial analogy from Music—if Spirit be like Music, ever perfect on its own abstract plane, whether it be played well or ill, or left unplayed, soul is like the conductor whose task is to train and direct the heterogeneous mass of instrumental players that we call the orchestra, to so weld it into unity that the music may be faithfully expressed. The players must merge their separate wills into that of the conductor, or else he cannot work; so in man, the Soul cannot act as the Sovereign Lord unless the consciousness be detached from this orchestra of the personality, the body, the senses, the desires and passions, instincts and material thoughts, and placed upon Him. That Soul is Krishna, the sustainer of Arjuna in his despair, his own higher nature. And the Song of the Lord, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, gives the practical instruction on the right method of union. It is simply this; the performance of duty for the sake of the whole, without motives of self-interest, and the dedication of all one is, has and does, perfect or imperfect, success or failure, to Krishna, the Lord. This must not be given the theological interpretation of "casting one's burden on the Lord". There can be no miracle. Constant practice and perseverance are necessary, but to them must be added the divine dispassion.

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

Mr. Ernest Thurtle in an article entitled "Credulity in High Places," (*The Literary Guide*, January 1934) asks why a man like General Hertzog—"a cultured man and a lawyer with a very acute mind"—should, as Prime Minister of South Africa, exhort the public to attend the Churches on a day specially set apart for humiliation and prayer, because "the chastizing hand of the Lord is upon us". Since then there is the instance of Lord Hugh Cecil, who is demanding that action be taken against the Bishop of Liverpool and the Dean for permitting two Unitarians to preach in Liverpool Cathedral. Why do men of such undoubted talents act thus? Mr. Thurtle admits that superstition will exist where ignorance abounds, but in neither of the above cases is there ignorance. He suggests two alternatives, neither of which is satisfactory to himself or to us. The first is that such men do not genuinely believe what they profess and for certain motives are keeping up a pretence. The second is that the beliefs are honestly held, "but that they are held only by a deliberate policy of refusing to subject them to the ordinary process of rational examination." May it not be that such men separate their lives into two departments, religious and secular? On secular matters they bring their acute intellectual faculties to bear, but in the religious department they, *unconsciously to themselves*, refuse to face issues. This is not a deliberate action on their part. But why this *unconscious* blindness? Is it not the result of tradition and training from early childhood on the grown man? He has been taught not to try to penetrate into the mysteries of religion. If you are sick of body, go to a physician; if sick of soul, go to a priest. People are beginning now not to take everything that the doctor or the priest says as infallible; therefore such cases become the more puzzling.

Claude Blanchard is pursuing an intensive study of "Life and Death," in the weekly, *Voilà* (Paris). In the fourth article of the series, he tells of a visit to the Pasteur Institute. Germs and microbes were investigated and discussed. One of the heads of the laboratory explained to M. Blanchard that we have already within ourselves germs of all kinds which may or may not develop into diseases. The germ of typhoid fever, for instance, is never found in water, although that is the popular belief. Thirty-three thousand analyses have been made since the World War and not once have the germs been found in polluted waters. From birth, the stomach and intestines

are the habitat of all kinds of germs. According to the make up and general conditions of each individual these germs will live and develop, or else remain in a more or less dormant condition. This is the latest scientific formula; but for many years Theosophists have known of this phenomenon. Mahatma K. H. wrote in August 1882: "As for those who were knocked over by cholera, or plague, or jungle fever they could not have succumbed had they not the germs for the development of such diseases in them from birth."

Furthermore, M. Blanchard was told that just as fast as diseases disappear, new diseases spring up. As far as medical science is concerned, it never can conquer disease *per se*. This fact may seem disheartening, but it is easily comprehended if one follows the teaching that physical diseases are but the outer manifestations of inner disturbances; ailments are the results of causes set in motion, for the most part in the mental or moral planes of being. These causes are merely working their way out from within, and when they reach the physical plane they manifest themselves as diseases. This final manifestation, may be made to disappear for a time. But unless the cause which is *not* physical has been removed it is bound to come forth again under another form. Many diseases which were prevalent in centuries gone by, have now been wiped out but new diseases are developing, the Pasteur Institute is now observing some new germs, whose awakening into activity is predicted.

Bertrand Russell draws attention in *Everyman* (Dec. 29th) to yet another instance of the double-edged sword of science, with especial reference to war. He points out how science has discovered ways and means by which the many insect pests which bring disease and ruination to agriculture may be kept under control. "Most of them are liable to parasites which kill so many that the survivors cease to be a serious problem, and entomologists are engaged in studying and breeding such parasites." But he adds:—

In the next big war, the scientists on either side will let loose pests on the crops of the other, and it may prove scarcely possible to destroy the pests when peace comes. The more we know, the more harm we can do each other.

He thinks that as "insects have an initial advantage in their numbers," they may, if they are employed in war, eventually be "the sole ultimate victors". And this may be the price that humanity will have to pay for letting scientific progress outrun ethical practice.

Mr. J. S. Collis strikes a needed note of warning in his review of Mr. Joad's *Counter Attack from the East*, which appears in *The New English Weekly* (January 4th). He says:—

... Mr. Joad falls immediately into the popular error regarding the relations of East and West. He thinks that in the give and take between the two it is Europe that must receive spirituality. Yet this is not so any more. Europeans to-day are material, but they wish to be spiritual, and with all the force of their hungry souls yearn for a re-birth of Religion.

There is much to be said in favour of this somewhat revolutionary view. Religion (in the wrong sense) has certainly been overdone in the East, and it may well be true of a number of the young Easterners that "they are sick of piety and discomfort," with the inevitable result that they become materialistic in outlook. It is also true that the gaze of the average young Indian

is really fixed upon the gaudy restaurant, the smart suit, and the motor-car he wants to buy, and not by any means upon the uprightness, the honesty, the compassion, and the love which he would do well to emulate.

Let us admit that the curse of materialism has worked and is still working havoc with young India, but at the same time let us be just and say that India's store of spirituality is not yet exhausted. The spirituality of Europe has a good chance of surviving if the "hungry souls" in the West, who "yearn for a re-birth of Religion" will turn to the East—the source of all religion—for some of the knowledge which she alone can give. Mr. Joad is really right in his contention that it is from the East that Europe must receive spirituality. But Mr. Collis well points out that it is not to the young Oriental of to-day, fascinated by the glitter of the Occident, that Europe must look for guidance. The knowledge and Wisdom that are longed for live in the Ancient Eastern Philosophies, and these are still to be found by all who care enough to seek.

In *Everyman* of December 15th, Dr. L. P. Jacks writes on "The World Invisible". He deplures what he calls "the cult of the Invisible just because it is invisible".

One would need to know much more about a thing beyond the negative that it is invisible before making it an object of religion, and certainly there is nothing in mere invisibility to make our hair stand on end. Why, then, all this fuss about the Invisible? Why is it that we have no corresponding cult of the Inaudible, the Untouchable, the Untasteable, and the Unsmellable?

"All that our bodily eyes see of any material thing is the outside of it—the surface. The inside they never see." For such inner sight we

need Intuition. To the man of Intuition "the spiritual is only the *inside* of the material". Dr. Jacks accounts for the fact that the Spiritual world is generally invisible to us by saying that it is "because it has got buried under a mass of problems, solutions, theorizings and words—this word 'invisible' being one of them".

The spiritual world, when you take the inside point of view, is just as visible as the material world is when looked at from the outside. Both worlds (which, of course, are not really two, but one) are essentially visible, though each is apt to pass out of sight, and so become for the time being invisible, when the other comes into view... The cult of invisibility has done a great deal of harm to religion... It has encouraged the habit of looking for spiritual things outside the visible world, where they can never be found, and discouraged the habit of looking more deeply into the visible world, which is the only place where they exist and where the great seers, like Jesus, have always found them, as visible to the inner eye as the sun is visible to the outer eye at noonday.

This remarkable article shows such a true perception of what the "unseen world" really is, and does away so effectively with all the false mystery that attaches itself to the supposedly occult, that it will surely have delighted any Theosophist who has had the good fortune to read it.

In some "civilized" lands the death penalty still unfortunately exists for the crime of murder, and in England, at least, it creates a morbid solicitude amongst a large public as to the demeanour and spiritual condition of the murderer during his last moments. Mr. R. Stuart Rodger, the Manchester City Coroner, recently rebuked for such curiosity a crowd gathered round a death notice posted outside the gaol. He said:—

These matters should not concern any strangers. It suffices us to know that he paid the penalty.

He went further, and courageously added:—

Murder is not the sin of sins. Adultery is a sin against the soul. Hypocrisy is our national sin. And apostacy, which is treason against heaven, is the unforgivable sin.

The dictionary defines an apostate as "a renegade from his faith from unworthy motives". Hypocrisy has been described by H. P. Blavatsky as the first of two unpardonable sins,—and the Coroner terms it "our national sin"! As for adultery, men and women seem to have forgotten that it is a sin at all, and all honour to Mr. Rodger for recalling to their minds that they have souls. If the death penalty be exacted for murder, why should it not be so for adultery, hypocrisy and apostacy? But if it were, the population would be decimated!

THE U. L. T.

Each United Lodge of Theosophists is wholly autonomous, but all of them are bound by the single link of the Declaration. All are endeavouring to form, in the words of H. P. B., "a true Universal Brotherhood of man, not of brother-religionists or sectarians only".

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.

DIRECTORY

1. Amsterdam ...	30, Jasonstraat	(1931)
2. Bombay ...	51, Esplanade Road	(1929)
3. London ...	20 Grosvenor Place, S. W. 1.	(1925)
4. Los Angeles ...	245 West 33rd Street	(1909)
5. New York ...	1 West 67th Street	(1922)
6. Pacific Grove, Calif.	Monterey Ave.	(1931)
7. Papeete, Tahiti	Quai d'Uranie	(1932)
8. Paris... ..	14 Rue de l'Abbé de l'Epée, 5 ^e	(1928)
9. Philadelphia ...	1711 Walnut Street	(1925)
10. Phoenix, Arizona	32 North Central Avenue	(1930)
11. San Diego, Calif.	6th & E Streets	(1931)
12. San Francisco...	4th & Market Streets	(1909)
13. Washington D. C.	709 Hill Building	(1922)

THE BOMBAY U. L. T.

PROGRAMME

Neither for the Meetings, nor for Theosophy School, nor for the use of Library is any fee charged. The Lodge and all its activities are founded on Sacrifice, reared on Sacrifice, and maintained by Sacrifice.

Sundays, 6-15 p. m. Public Lecture.

Wednesdays, 6-15 p. m. Question-Answer Meeting.

Fridays, 6-15 p. m. Study Class—Text-book :
The Ocean of Theosophy
by W. Q. Judge.

Saturdays, 3-00 p. m. Theosophy School, especially for children but there are also classes for adults.

Reading Room and Library are kept open every week day from 10 a. m. to 7-30 p. m.

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:—

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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT:
Established November, 1930. Published monthly
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Road, Bombay, India.

This Magazine is an Independent Journal,
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subscriptions should be accompanied by the neces-
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THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

FEBRUARY, 1934

VOL. IV, No. 4.

*The pathway through earth-life leads
through many conflicts and trials, but he
who does naught to conquer them can
expect no triumph.*

—MAHATMA M.

*Every step made by one in our direction
will force us to make one toward him.*

—MAHATMA K. H.

*"When the pupil is ready, the teacher
will be found waiting" says an Eastern
maxim. The Masters do not have to
hunt up recruits in special lodges, nor
drill them through mystical non-commis-
sioned officers: time and space are no
barriers between them and the aspirant ;
where thought can pass they can come.*

—H. P. B.

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