

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



There is no Religion Higher than Truth

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th June 1933.

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Get the Material Ready

[Robert Crosbie, Founder of the U.L.T. Movement, died on the 25th of June, 1919. Numerous letters of his, written to friends and co-workers, have been published in the early volumes of *Theosophy* (Los Angeles). It is opportune this month to re-print an extract from one of these.—EDS.]

There is plenty of material, as well as help, in the devotional books, to the realization of the *heart doctrine*, for they are designed to awaken the Buddhic faculty—that of Intuition, the only means by which *light* can come to you or anyone. Printed words and the information that they indicate, are only “ladders” by which the learner can climb to Wisdom. Each one has to make his own connection with higher planes and Those who live in those higher realms. It has often been said that “when the materials are ready, the Architect will appear,” so our work must be to get the material ready, and that means that we have to get rid of the purely personal bias by making Theosophy a living power in our lives. So long as we are working for some reward, are inclined to be despondent or impatient, we will be placing obstacles in our own way.

Read the *Voice of the Silence* and see the keys of the different “portals”. *Dana*, the key of Charity; consideration for others, no matter what their state. *Shila*, the key of harmony in word and act; that means among other things, sincerity; not to let their acts belie their words, or their words their acts. *Kshanti*, patience sweet that naught

can ruffle. These three, if practised, will create a fairer and clearer atmosphere. *Shila* counterbalances the cause and the effect and leaves no further room for karmic action. The same idea is set forth in the *Gita* where it says that “Freedom comes from a *renunciation of self-interest* in the results of our actions.” . . .

Your studies and your efforts are futile if you are disturbed inwardly. The first thing then is to get calmness, and that can be reached by taking the firm position that nothing can really injure you, and that you are brave enough and strong enough to endure anything; also that it is a necessary part of your training. Mr. Judge once said, “it may be a child’s school, but it takes a man to go through it”. Then why not make up your mind to go through it, no matter what the circumstance or condition; others have; you can. Are you of weaker calibre than they?

The whole position of the sincere student is summed up in the words: “Hold on grimly; have confidence and faith; for faith in the Master will surely bring victory.” We must “have *patience*, as one who doth forever more endure” — and *forget ourselves* in working for others.

EXPLAINING THEOSOPHY

The class had begun well. The three Fundamentals had been presented—a marvellous presentation, indeed—metaphysical propositions duly analysed and flowingly displayed, with felicities of phrase and apt quotations from obscure articles to support the thesis.

True, it demanded considerable familiarity with the metaphysical terms on the part of the hearers, but what of that? It made several of them, including the little lady in the fifth row, feel most upliftedly intellectual. It was a pity her attention had not stood up to the strain, and had wandered halfway through to her neighbour's new sari; otherwise she might have realized that her own metaphysical ideas were more than mixed. The beginners sat open-mouthed—"How clever he is!" "What a lot he knows!"—and thought dismally of their own future efforts to give those same three propositions. The brains of other students woke up in a sudden ferment, while the occasional visitor in the corner got involved in a wordy argument inside himself about one of the points dealt with, and so heard not a word of the summary that followed. The rest of the class reacted to its varying knowledge and discrimination; while the poor little newcomer, whose mental activity had hitherto been chiefly concerned with light fiction, emerged once more, gasping, from the wave of meaningless words that had washed over her head, too dazed even to know what she felt.

"The Chair" gave something between an inner smile and a sigh, before passing on. "When would they learn that mere cleverness was a distraction? When would they learn to forget themselves as the explainers of the doctrine? When would they learn to think first of the needs of the hearers, and suit their talk to them?"

And the wise allegory printed by Mr. Judge came to mind again, for a grain of selfless heart endeavour is worth all the intellectual exposition in the world. It is in *The Path* for October 1893 and is signed—"Hieronymum".

AN ALLEGORY

Walking within the garden of his heart, the pupil suddenly came upon the Master, and was glad, for he had but just finished a task in His service which he hastened to lay at His feet.

"See, Master," said he, "this is done: now give me other teaching to do."

The Master looked upon him sadly, yet indulgently, as one might upon a child which cannot understand.

"There are already many to teach intellectual conceptions of the truth," He replied. "Thinkest

thou to serve best by adding thyself to their number?"

The pupil was perplexed.

"Ought we not to proclaim the Truth from the very housetops, until the whole world shall have heard?" he asked.

"And then—"

"Then the whole world will surely accept it."

"Nay," replied the Master, "the Truth is not of the intellect, but of the heart. See!"

The pupil looked, and saw the Truth as though it were a White Light, flooding the whole earth; yet none reaching the green and living plants which so sorely needed its rays, because of dense layers of clouds intervening.

"The clouds are the human intellect," said the Master. "Look again."

Intently gazing, the pupil saw here and there faint rifts in the clouds, through which the Light struggled in broken, feeble beams. Each rift was caused by a little vortex of vibrations, and looking down through the openings thus made the pupil perceived that each vortex had its origin in a human heart.

"Only by adding to and enlarging the rifts will the Light ever reach the earth," said the Master. "Is it best, then, to pour out more Light upon the clouds, or to establish a vortex of heart force? The latter thou must accomplish unseen and unnoticed, and even unthanked. The former will bring thee praise and notice among men. Both are necessary: both are Our work; but—the rifts are so few! Art strong enough to forego the praise and make of thyself a heart centre of pure impersonal force?"

The pupil sighed, for it was a sore question.

Wrote H. P. B. :—

If a man would follow in the steps of Hermetic philosophers he must prepare himself beforehand for martyrdom. He must give up personal pride and all selfish purposes, and be ready for everlasting encounters with friends and foes. He must part, once for all, with every remembrance of his earlier ideas on all and on everything. Existing religions, knowledge, science, must rebecome a blank book for him, as in the days of his babyhood, for if he wants to succeed he must learn a new alphabet on the lap of Mother Nature, every letter of which will afford a new insight to him, every syllable and word an unexpected revelation. The two hitherto irreconcilable foes, science and theology—the Montecchi and Capuletti of the nineteenth century—will ally themselves with the ignorant masses against the modern Occultist.

Dhammapada

FOOTFALLS OF THE LAW

[The following is extracted from a lecture on "Dhammapada" published in *Buddha-Prabha* for May 1933.]

Our feet are organs of supreme movement. There are many kinds of movements in the body : every muscle moves and yet moves not ; but when the feet move, the whole body finds itself in a new environment. With every step we take we come into a new environment, a new world. Step out of this hall, it is at once a new world. Step out of this compound, it is a new world again. Enter your home—what a different world ! Thus our feet symbolise the urge to go forward, to move on, the great March of Evolution. And we speak of the Lotus Feet of the Great Gurus. Among the Bhaktas, Devotees, the worship of feet, *charana bhakti*, is highly spoken of. Why do we worship the Feet of the Guru ? Because His Feet are truly symbols of the Great March of Life and Evolution He has finished. Those Feet have become purified. From those Feet flows the strength of long marches of experience. Dhamma-Pada, the Steps of the Law, the Footfalls of the Dhamma—that then will be our general topic for study and consideration.

We are all children, learning to walk. The Path of Life stretches all around us, east and west and north and south. Shall we walk the pleasure path of sensuous life and find our garden path turning into a dry sandy desert, trackless, waterless, where we will famish and die ? Or shall we walk the routine path of waking and sleeping, now well, now ill, till birth leads to death, and death to new birth and another routine of life ? Or shall we walk the lonely path of the creating intellect, of poet, philosopher, artist, who has eyes for the stars and space, but who is blind to the real souls of stars and in space ; who seeks beauty of form and allows beauty of life and spirit to illusion him : who, even when he serves his fellows serves gropingly because his is but a partial, a shadowy vision ? Or shall we take that strait way and that narrow path of the Sage, of the Buddha, the Path of Wisdom and of Compassion ?

It will be well for us to pause a while and try to see the mighty distinction between the first three paths just mentioned, and the last one, the Path of Enlightenment and of Service. The path of sensuous life, the path of routine, the path of the intellectualist or the creative artist are not single paths. There are millions of ways in which senses grow wild. Every home and every member in every family has a different routine, and there are endless

paths of routine. The painters and poets, the critics and philosophers, all differ from one another, and must differ, for unless they differ and show this dissimilarity, they are called copyists, plagiarists and rejected by the world. But turn from these and come to the fourth of these ways of life, to the strait Way and the narrow Path of which the Bible speaks, to the Path of the Gita, and the Upanishads, the Noble Path of the Arhats. Ah ! that Path is of a single file. On that Path we but follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Illustrious Predecessors. On that Path senses are to be controlled in one and only one way ; the routine of life for each and all is one and the same routine ; the philosophy which teaches Truth, the art which reveals Beauty, the religion which enhances the Good in each of us, is a single philosophy, is an art that repeats itself, is the good that makes us all exactly alike at each stage of the pilgrimage. On that Path not originality, but identity is needed—there is no difference between the Arhats. It is ever the same old Path, the Ancient Way, the Grand Trunk Road on which all souls progress, the Highway of the Spirit which leads to Nirvana.

Thus the first thing we ought to know and to note is that the Path of the Soul, for every Soul, is one and identical. The virtues to be practised, the powers to be unfolded, the charities to be performed are not only similar, they are identically the same. This conception of the Path defeats and dissolves religious partisanships, social distinctions, political differences. Rich or poor, Gotama, the Prince, or Upali, the barber, both have feet and both can walk, and please note—both have walked the self-same Path. To walk the Path of Soul-Life you must be free from the fetters of religious creeds. He who says, "I am a Brahmana superior to the Mleccha," he is an untouchable, unworthy to walk this Path. He who says, "I am a Muslim, the only and true faithful one," he is an infidel as far as this Path is concerned. He who says, "I am of Jesus Christ, the only son of God, superior to the heathen and the pagan," he is born in sin and iniquity and cannot walk this Path. No, my friends, such distinctions must be abandoned ; the Way of Life, the Path of the Soul, compels you to break the fetters of creed, whatever your creed ; even a Buddhist who becomes circumscribed by his so-called Buddhistic creed, Hinayana or Mahayana, or any other kind of yana, he is no follower of the Buddha,

though he might shave his head and wear a yellow robe. Let us get this idea clear: the Way of Life our Lord taught is the Inner Way as we shall see when we study the *Dhammapada*. All men have minds and all can enlighten them; all men have hearts and all can awaken them; Soul is never impotent. From the birth of the first Buddha, the Primeval Buddha, the Adi-Buddha, lost somewhere in the dark deep midnight of human evolution, a glorious File, the Single File, stretches from the ancient then up to the present now.

The *Dhammapada*, the Footfalls of the Law, is a little book composed of the sayings of the Lord, genuine and true sayings, simple and yet profound; self-evident, *i.e.* evident to the Self in man, the Real Man. These statements or sayings confuse and confound the evil-minded; but for that man or woman who is willing to reform himself or herself, however poor he or she may be in the goods and the chattels of the world, they are a guide which illumine the Path, like an electric torch on a dark unlighted road. By that light we can walk this wilderness, named the civilized world.

Mr. W. Kingsland, who has been a Theosophist for many years and who at present is arduously labouring for the spread of Wisdom, through the Blavatsky Association of London, contributes an interesting article in the June *Aryan Path* entitled "The Absolute". He says:—

"But while it is true of the intellect that the Absolute may be regarded as "nothing but an artifice," the mystical experience shows us that in reality it is something vastly more. The mystic experience is the pledge and evidence of that "higher form of existence" of which Bergson speaks, and in the certainty of the existence of which humanity has never been lacking as an *intuition*, however feebly, or even grotesquely, that intuition may at times have been exhibited in exotic forms of religion, or denied by materialism."

Here in England we have been hard at work; we have met some difficulties and surmounted them, but others, like the Hydraheads of the labours of Hercules, seem to spring up at every step that is made. But a firm will and a steadfast devotion to our great Cause of Theosophy must and shall break down every obstacle until the stream of Truth shall burst its confines and sweep every difficulty away in its rolling flood. May Karma hasten the day.

—H. P. B. *Five Messages*, p. 12.

WHAT IS YOUR BASIS ?

[Of course we find ourselves in complete agreement with the following and reprint the views of our Los Angeles colleagues and companions for the guidance of all our readers, especially in India.—EDS.]

A correspondent asks a question often put in one form or another, both at meetings of the United Lodge of Theosophists and in letters to the Editors of *Theosophy*, thus:—

"It seems to me that in practically all of the articles in your magazine there is a tone of authority, whether expressed or implied, and a lack of friendliness toward other theosophical teachers and societies. You must have some reason, good or bad for such an attitude, so I ask you simply: What is your basis?"

Answer: Our basis is formulated as clearly and explicitly as possible in the "Declaration" of the United Lodge of Theosophists. Surely that Declaration speaks for itself as an affirmation of aim, purpose, and teaching on the part of those who make it—its Associates. They bind no one but themselves. The same as to the "tone" of *Theosophy*. Its Editors assume full responsibility for its conduct and its contents, and hence bind no one but themselves. Where, then, is there either "authority" or any attempt to exercise it on others—which we take to be the meaning you attach to the word?

Having studied and applied to some extent the teachings and example of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, we have come to rely on them as *dependable*—in fact, in philosophy, in ethics, in inspiration. In that sense, their Theosophy and their exemplification of it are regarded as possessing the Authority of truth itself. So we present their teachings and their example on their merits, not ours, to others who may be interested or inquiring. Teaching or example is or is not worthy in itself, regardless of the merits or demerits of those who promulgate or those who oppose. There is true and there is false authority, because there are both true and false teachers and teachings before the world. The false teacher always desires to have his statements accepted because he makes them. The true teacher always invites consideration of his statements on their merits. The true teacher "speaks with authority," indeed, because the more his statements are investigated the more their truth will become *self-evident* to the investigator.

There are a dozen-and-one false teachers to-day claiming to be the successor of H.P.B., claiming to be the representative of the Masters, and so on, *ad libitum* and *ad nauseam*. The same as to the dozen-and-one theosophical and occult societies. What and where is the *evidence* of the truth of any of these pretensions?

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL

"When to the Permanent is sacrificed the Mutable, the prize is thine."

Our life is so bound up with sensation and sense objects, with the kaleidoscope of finite space and time, that we gasp at first at the proposal that we transfer our interest to that which is changeless, neither perceptible to the senses nor cognizable by the lower mind. We dread the plunge from the familiar, however distasteful to us it may be, to the unknown, however promising.

We are like people clinging in cold weather to the suffocating warmth of overheated rooms and dreading to venture out-of-doors. From time to time a breath from the Impersonal and the Unknown blows upon us, cooling faces flushed with the excitement and the stress of personal living, and calling us to seek the Reality beyond. One day we shall heed that call and, setting forth in the crisp bracing air, we shall marvel at the lethargy that held us prisoners so long within our narrow walls.

The analogy, however, can be carried too far, for it is not in the world without that we shall find Reality. We must turn within. The heart is the starting point of our journey, but, paradoxical as it sounds, before starting we must disencumber ourselves of all the impedimenta of personal feelings and attachments. It is not that we are to become hard and cold. On the contrary, our compassion and good will must extend to the whole race of men—nay, to all beings and creatures at whatever stage of the evolutionary journey. It is not that we must steel ourselves to care less for those we love—certainly not that we should draw away from those who cling to us,—but that, demanding nothing, even tacitly, in return, we must extend the radius of our warmth of affection to include more and more people, until at last we embrace the whole of humanity in the tenderness we now feel for our nearest and dearest alone.

And once we find the starting point and the right direction it is not a far journey to the Impersonal and the Real, though there is so much to learn on the way. "When this Path is beheld whether one sets out to the bloom of the east or to the chambers of the west, without moving, O holder of the bow, *is the travelling in this road.* In this path; to whatever place one would go, *that place one's own self* becomes." But one who wants "to become" has to hunt for his knowledge through thousands of scattered volumes and pick up facts and lessons bit by bit. Let him take the nearest way and consent "to be made".

LIVE AND BE HAPPY

Our life is made up of innumerable activities—different, separate and mostly unrelated. The office and the club, the home and the theatre, labour and recreation, are compartments in which we live, toil and enjoy. We have put ourselves under the influence and illusion of Father Time. We, moderns, have gone one better than the old gentleman whose scythe cut day into hours of light and hours of night. We have divided the day into more than two points, even more than three like some of the ancients—eight hours to work, eight to enjoy, eight to rest.

We talk business at lunch; we settle affairs of nations over cups of tea; businessmen are busy at matinées and concerts; and there are folk who have to take their pleasures sadly. Sunday is for church—for we have money to earn on week days, and it would be surprising to hear it suggested that God has no business of His own from Monday to Saturday.

This compartmental living produces the tendency of always doing the next thing. We seem to be planning for the future; we are always preparing. The round of gaiety or the round of toil—it is going round, ever pursuing. In life we are not living, we are getting ready for death, and people are more interested in life after death than in the death in the midst of which most of us live and move and have our being. During the war we were preparing for "after the war"; to-day we must get ready for a new war. The war to end war and make the world safe for democracy has turned out to be a begetter of wars, a builder of militarism, a producer of autocrats in whose hands are the reins of the destiny of republics. In winter we are getting ready for spring, and we have no time to enjoy spring when it comes, for we must pack and be ready to go away for summer. We are a-chasing—ever and ever.

A wrong philosophy telling us to think of the future is the cause of this phenomenon. Says the priest, "Think of what awaits you"; the scientist with his gospel of the everchanging power of matter promises happiness to generations unborn; the politician is building for the morrow; we are called upon to die that others may live, to sacrifice for the betterment of posterity. The power and influence of Theosophy is in its truth—the fact of the ever-unfolding Soul, and the burgeoning of the bud of our consciousness into the splendour of Super-Consciousness. But we are taught to put soul out of business and only to think about it in reference to art, to our hobby, to the power of charm in small talk in smart drawing-rooms. Lack of knowledge bewilders our understanding, and so the truth missed, we dance to the tune of the shadows. Calling ourselves practical we chase that which is visible

and tangible. In search of the soul we pursue the senses; in quest of peace we make wars; to cooperate we compete; to enjoy the present hour we think of the glory yet to be, and at the end of the cycle of satiety all that we hear is the Voice of the Winter Winds—

I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May,
Thou root-stricken, shall not rebuild thy decay.

Some have seen the fruitlessness of this chase, and most among them have said—"Take the cash in hand and waive the rest," and misunderstanding Omar have added—

Better be merry with the fruitful grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit.

Having turned materialists and cynics their careers cease to interest us; for they die daily, and hourly they emit the ectoplasm of melancholy however veiled in the garb of genteel and suave moods—and who wants to contact that?

There is a strange but a sure conviction in the human breast that man is immortal—that he lives though his body dies; there is a part of us which dreams, conceives and plans to be happy in the very midst of abject misery; there is a portion of our being so at rest that it sees and desires to control the wandering mind. In short we somehow feel that *we are*, while feelings alternate between likes and dislikes, and senses between fatigue and enjoyment of sound, odour, colour, and thoughts between rest and restlessness.

A true philosophy and a new interpretation of our existence has to be looked for. How to be happy though we are living?—that is a question to which we need an answer. Can it be that we miss happiness because we are pursuing it? The Wisdom of the Ages answers in the affirmative.

It says—Be happy and do not pursue happiness. You *are* it; it is not in loves and despairs, satisfactions and restlessness, in flaming scarlet, in strong musk. It is in you—it is you. See yourself in the blooming of the rose, in the waving of the palm, in the ripples of the lake, in the golden splendour of the sun and the silvery beauty of the moon. Hear yourself in the music of the spheres, and the singing of the birds. Feel yourself in the struggles of the saint, the battles of the warrior, the wisdom of the sage.

It says—Bliss is in you, it is you. Enjoy it every hour. Live in the present, not in the future. Be happy now, not in the hereafter. Do not try to be good now so that you may be happy later on; be happy now and you will be happy always. Past regrets are of the kingdom of the dead; future anticipations are of the kingdom of the unborn; the present is illusory if we see it as the shadow of the future events or the silhouette of past happenings;

the Real Present is the Living Present, the Present *in* which we live, the Present *by* which we live. To create and to enjoy—to create so that we enjoy, to enjoy so that we create, in this lies the secret of eternal youth, the conquest of Time, the finding of the Eternal Now.

Thus our goal and the ways to it are not two different things; our means to an end are unseparate; our life and living are one; heaven and hell are on earth: the happiness of the morning is not in the mystery of the night—the chase, the pursuit, the quest, like virtue, is its own reward. Swinburne has recorded the song Mother Nature sang to him before sunrise:—

This thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
live out thy life as the light.
I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As you mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, behold-
ing the fruits of me fair.

Our practical politicians and our internationalists, our socialists and communists, should recognize the supreme method of Nature—that she weaves her happiness as she goes along—that she does not build for the future, but builds in the present; that the solving of the problem and the solution are one; that the solution of our problem is not the end thereof, but the beginning of another, that of the present, more important than the future; that to prepare for the future detracts from the efficiency of the present; that we ourselves being immortal *are* the future; that the future depends upon the present, and to sacrifice the present to the future is anarchy, suicide, murder.

To defer living, to postpone hearing the happy throb of the Great Heart of Bliss and lend our ears to the roarings and the whispers of the mind of mortality, is to be untrue to ourselves—is the sin against the Holy Spirit.

This age is one of leagues and conferences and speeches; like the Athenians of the days of St. Paul people spend "their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing"; and while we profess to worship at the shrine of well-known gods and do so in public, many among us in our hearts frequent strange places and hope for the whisper of the unknown god—of some far away somewhere. The same simple truth which Paul taught the Athenians, is the Truth we seek and need—what if we do not know it?

Our readers' attention may be drawn to the following letter written by Major J. B. Paget in *The Times* (London) of 18th January last. The suggestion made in the last sentence is as just as it is practical. Theosophists would like to see the principle more widely applied. If those who eat meat could be made to realize that their habit degrades their fellow-men, a reformative step would be taken. Imagine the meat-eater experiencing what his butcher does:—

"We keep some 60,000 European troops in India. The animals for these men's rations are slaughtered by Mohammedan butchers. Last year I was talking to an officer who returned from India not long ago. He told me, as mess president he went to see how the cattle were slaughtered. He said a most dreadful sight met his eyes. Animals were brought into the slaughter house and placed in line, forced to their knees. A butcher with a knife went along and cut their throats one after another. The animals took minutes to die in apparent great agony. I would suggest to the Quartermaster-General that all animals slaughtered for British troops should be shot with the humane killer. The Secretary of State for India, in answer to a question in Parliament last year, said that Mohammedan butchers refused to use the humane killer. In that case other slaughtermen should be employed. Why should not British troops supply their own butchers?"

SUMMER PROGRAMME COMMENCING 10TH MAY

The Summer Programme of the Bombay U. L. T. will consist of two regular meetings every week as follows:—

Every Wednesday commencing 10th May

A Public Lecture followed by questions and answers.

Every Friday commencing 12th May

A Study Class in *The Ocean of Theosophy*, by W. Q. Judge.

READING ROOM & LIBRARY

These are kept open on every week-day from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., and on Sundays from 5 to 7-30 p. m. "Silence" is the only rule to be observed.

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

Those desirous of joining the U. L. T. are requested to study carefully the Declaration which follows.

DECLARATION OF THE U. L. T.

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 pro-founder 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 signatures 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:

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
51 Esplanade Road:
BOMBAY

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLICATIONS

AUTHENTIC TEXTS

"What I do believe in is (1), the unbroken oral teachings revealed by living *divine* men during the infancy of mankind to the elect among men; (2), that it has reached us *unaltered*; and (3) that the MASTERS are thoroughly versed in the science based on such uninterrupted teaching."—H. P. B. in *Lucifer*, Vol. v, p. 157.

"The WISDOM-RELIGION was ever one, and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was, therefore, carefully preserved. It preceded by long ages the Alexandrian Theosophists, reached the modern, and will survive every other religion and philosophy."—*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 7.

"We have no two beliefs or hypotheses on the same subject."—*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 72.

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

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