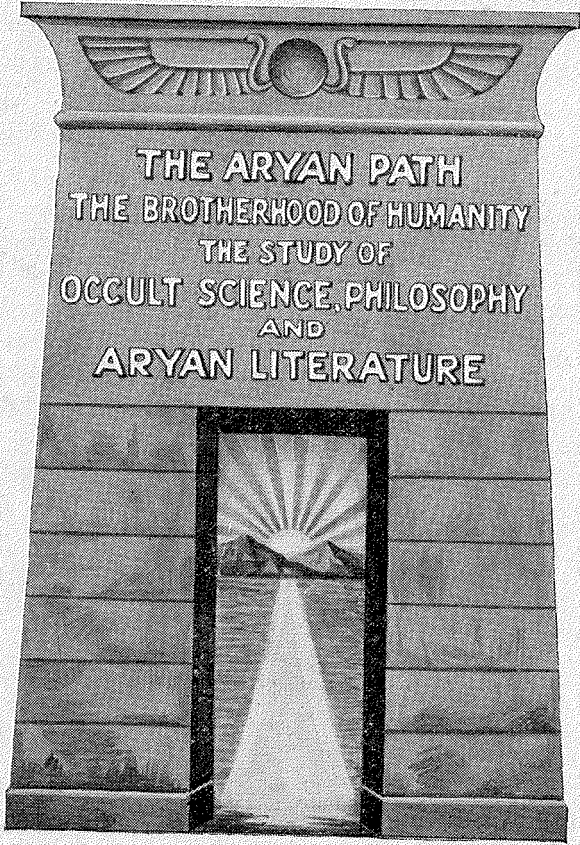




THE  
**THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT**  
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO



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

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Vol. IX No. 5

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March 17, 1939

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You should even as a simple member learn that you may teach, acquire spiritual knowledge and strength that the weak may lean upon you, and the sorrowing victims of ignorance learn from you the cause and remedy of their pain. If you choose, you may make your home one of the most important centres of spiritualizing influence in all the world.

—MASTER K. H.

## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः ।



*There is no Religion Higher than Truth*

BOMBAY, 17th March, 1939

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th March 1939.

VOL. IX. No. 5.

## WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

All students of genuine Theosophy will celebrate the anniversary of the passing of W. Q. Judge on the 21st of March. On that day in 1896 the trusted friend, disciple and co-worker of H. P. Blavatsky returned Home to Those whose faithful servant he was.

In this issue we reprint a fragment of value and of interest under the caption "An Occult Novel", which will tell the intuitive esotericist something about the mystery enveloping "the greatest of the exiles", as he was called. In another reprint to which is given the heading, "To Would-Be Chelas", will be found some practical instruction from which every aspirant to the higher life can profit.

W. Q. Judge has left a token of his promise of help to all true aspirants in his writings, and of these *Letters That Have Helped Me* will prove of the greatest benefit to the treader of the Occult Way. Through them he guides the esotericist in his march to the goal of Light and Wisdom. H. P. B. wrote that he was the *antahkarana*, the link between the two minds, the lower and the higher, which higher represents "the trans-Himalayan esoteric knowledge". Those who aspire to the Great Blessing need to acquire the strength to live by the light which Mr. Judge gave, and continues to give through his instructions.

Mr. Judge was a cosmopolitan and a humanitarian, and students of the Wisdom Religion will find in the following words an important clue to attaining that position, from which alone the life of spirituality and true yoga is possible :—

This movement has, among others, an object which should be borne in mind. It is the union of the West with the East, the revival in the East of those greatneses which once were hers, the development in the West of that Occultism which is appropriate for it, so that it may, in its turn, hold out a helping hand to those of

older blood who may have become fixed in one idea, or degraded in spirituality.

To-day rabid Nationalism has become the religion of large masses in many countries and threatens to invade other lands. Nationalistic rivalries are yet to the fore. To-day, therefore, the First Object of the Theosophical Movement—the founding of the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood—assumes a new importance and a greater value. In 1875 when the Movement was inaugurated, that First Object was looked upon by the public as a noble but a distant ideal which might perhaps be realized after centuries. The speed of Kali Yuga has produced unsuspected effects and to-day the general loss of security is making people recognize that the only principle which can save a diseased humanity is the practice of Universal Brotherhood. Those who are convinced of this are a handful compared to the large numbers whose minds are enslaved by dictators and others in whose consciousness dark passion and egotism are seething. Theosophists of to-day have it in their power to set the example of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. This it was that W. Q. Judge had in mind when he wrote the above-quoted passage.

In these words of H. P. B. present-day students of Theosophy have a clue as to what is expected of them :

The suppression of one single bad *cause* will suppress not one, but a variety of bad effects. And if a Brotherhood or even a number of Brotherhoods may not be able to prevent nations from occasionally cutting each other's throats—still unity in thought and action, and philosophical research into the mysteries of being, will always prevent some, while trying to comprehend that which has hitherto remained to them a riddle, from creating additional causes in a world already so full of woe and evil.

## AN OCCULT NOVEL

[The following is from the Los Angeles edition (1920) of *Letters That Have Helped Me* and is part of the "extraneous matter" referred to in the Preface to the Indian edition (1930).—Eds.]

A TIRELESS worker, Mr. Judge was always proposing new modes of activity. One never knew what fresh idea would not emanate from his indefatigable mind. One idea with which he occupied some of his lighter moments, was that of an occult novel. It was his idea that a friend of his should write this, from incidents and material to be furnished by himself, and to this idea he adhered, even having the title copyrighted, with the name of his author, despite the laughing protests of this friend, to whose outcries and statements that she never could, and never should, write a novel, Mr. Judge would smilingly reply: "Oh, yes! You will do it when the time comes." From time to time he sent to this friend suggestions, incidents and other material for this novel, the same being on odds and ends of paper, often rough wrapping paper, and being jotted down under a lamp-post at night while he waited for his tram, or in court while he waited for the case in which he was engaged to come up. On these scraps are also marginal notes, as he accepted or rejected the ideas of his own prolific mind. These notes are given here as such. It has been suggested that the recipient of these materials should still write the novel as proposed, but setting aside the fact that she could not be sure of properly rendering the real ideas of Mr. Judge, it is also thought that readers will much prefer to have the notes precisely as Mr. Judge set them down.

The printed title-page runs as follows:—

## IN A BORROWED BODY

*The Journey of a Soul.*

By

J. CAMPBELL VER-PLANCK, F.T.S.  
1891.

The name is filled in in the writing of Mr. Judge, and there is this marginal note. "Copy-right gone to Washngn."

(All "Notes" are to be understood as being marginal ones made by Mr. Judge unless otherwise stated.)

MEMO. ABOUT *Borrowed Body.*

The point on which it should all turn is not so much reincarnation as the use of a borrowed body, which is a different kind of reincarnation from that of Arnold's *Phra the Phœnician*.

This will also give chance to show the other two sorts of reincarnation, e.g. :—

(a) Ordinary reincarnation in which there is no memory of the old personality, as the astral body is new; and:

(b) Exception as to astral body; but similarity of conception to that of ordinary cases, where the child retains the old astral body and hence memory of old personality and acquaintance with old knowledge and dexterity.

## A CHAPTER.

*The Assembling of the Skandhas.*

On the death of body the Kama principle collects the Skandhas in space, or at the rebirth of the Ego the Skandhas rush together and assemble about it to go with it in the new life.

## ANOTHER.

*The Unveiling of the Sun.*

There is the real and unreal sun. The real one is hidden by a golden vase, and the devotee prays:

"Unveil, O Pushan, the true Sun's face," etc. A voice (or other) says "thou art that vase" and then he knows that he alone hides the true Sun from himself.

Pushan is the guide and watches on the path to the Sun.

The eulogy of the Sun and the Soul are enshrined in a golden rose or lotus in the heart which is impregnable.

The theme of the book is not always teacher and pupil.

He first strives for some lives ordinarily and then in one he grows old and wise, and sitting before a temple one day in Madura he dies slowly, and like a dissolving view he sees the adepts round him aiding him; also a small child which seems to be himself, and then thick darkness. He is born then in the usual way.

Twice this is repeated, each time going through the womb but with the same astral body.

Then he lives the third life to forty-nine, and comes again to die and with same aid he selects a foreign child who is dying.

Child dying. Skandhas collecting, child's Ego going—left, spark of life low: relatives about bed.

He enters by the way the mind went out and revivifies the body. Recovery, youth, etc., etc.

This is his borrowed body.

MEMO. No. 2

*A couple of Incidents for the Book.*

A round tower used by the fire worshippers in Ireland and other isles in early ages. A temple is attached to it; quaint structure—one priest and one neophyte.

People below the tower coming into the temple grounds as the religion is in its decadence.

On the top of the tower is the neophyte, who in the face of the prevailing scepticism clings to the dead faith and to the great priest. His duty is to keep a fire on the tower burning with aromatic woods. He leans over the fire; it burns badly; the wood seems green; he blows it up; it burns slightly; he hears the voices of the disputers and sellers below; goes to the tower and gazes over while the fire goes slowly out. He is a young man of singular expression, not beautiful but powerful face; intense eyes, long dark hair, and far gazing eyes of a greyish colour unusual for such hair. Skin clear with a shifting light flowing from it. Sensitive face; blushes easily but now and then stern. As he still gazes the fire goes out. Just then a tall old man comes up the stairs and stands upon the tower top at opposite side, looking at the fire and then at the young man and withdraws not his gaze for an instant. It is a sternly powerful drawing look. He is very tall, dark brown eyes, grey hair, long beard. The young man feels his look and turns about and sees the fire out completely, while its last small cloud of smoke is floating off beyond the tower. They look at each other. In the young man's face you see the desperate first impulse to excuse, and then the sudden thought that excuses are useless because childish, for he knew his duty—to keep the small spiral of smoke ever connecting heaven with earth, in the hope, however vain, that thus the old age might be charmed to return. The old man raises his hand, points away from the tower and says "go." Young man descends.

II. *A battle.*—In the hottest a young soldier armed to the teeth, fighting as if it made no matter whether he win or lose, die or live. Strange weapons, sounds and clouds.

Wounded, blood flowing. It is the young man of the tower. He sinks down taken prisoner. In a cell condemned, for they fear his spiritual power. Conflict between the last remnant of the old religion and the new, selfish faith.

Taken to his execution. Two executioners. They bind him standing and stand behind and at

side; each holds a long straight weapon with a curved blunt blade, curved to (fit?) about the neck. They stand at opposite sides, place those curved blunt blades holding his neck like two crooks. They pull—a sickening sound: his head violently pulled out close to the shoulder leaves a jagged edge. The body sways and falls. It was the way they made such a violent exit for a noble soul as they thought would keep it bound in the astral earth sphere for ages.

III. That young man again. He approaches an old man (of the tower). Young one holds parchments and flowers in his hand, points to parchments and asks explanation. Old one says, "Not now; when I come again I will tell you."

*Note.*—Keep this, Julius. W. Q. J.  
Z. L. Z.

The next batch of notes is headed by the single word: "*Book.*" Then follow four lines of shorthand. After these the words:

"Incidents showing by picture his life in other ages; the towers; the battle; the death; the search for knowledge and the sentiment expressed in the flowers."

Eusebio Rodrigues de Undiano was a notary in Spain who found among the effects of his father many old parchments written in a language which was unknown to him. He discovered it was Arabic, and in order to decipher them learned that tongue. They contained the story.

*Note.*—No initiates; Lytton only.

Eusebio de Undiano is only one of the old comrades reborn in Spain who searches like Nicodemus for the light.

*Note.*—Yes.

Eusebio de Undiano finds in his father's parchments confirmation of what the possession of the body has often told him.

*Note.*—Yes.

This person in the body never gave his name to anyone and has no name.

An autobiographical story? No? *Yes!* Related by one who was struck; by an admirer who suspected something? No; because that is hearsay evidence; the proof is incomplete, whereas he relating it himself is either true, or a mere insane fancy. It is better to be insane than be another's tool.

Stick to the tower and the head-chopping business. Let him be that young man and after the head loss he wanders in Kama Loca and there he sees the old man who was killed on the tower soon

after the fire went out. The old man tells him that he will tell all when they return to earth.

He wanders about the tower vicinity seeking a birth, until one day he sees vague shapes suddenly appearing and disappearing. They are not dressed like his countrymen down below on the earth. This goes on. They seem friendly and familiar, the one requesting him to go with them, he refuses. They are more powerful than he is yet they do not compel him but show him their power. One day one was talking to him; he again refuses unless something might show him that he ought to go. Just then he hears a bell sound, such as he never heard before. It vibrates through him and seems to open up vistas of a strange past and in a moment he consents to go.

They reach Southern India and there he sees the old man of the tower, whom he addresses, and again asks the burning question about the parchment. The old man says again the same as before and adds that he had better come again into the world in that place.

The darkness and silence. The clear, hot day. The absence of rain. After listening to the old man he consents inwardly to assume life there and soon a heavy storm arises, the rain beats, he feels himself carried to the earth and in deep darkness. A resounding noise about him. It is the noise of the growing plants. This is a rice field with some sesamum in it. The moisture descends and causes the expanding; sees around, all is motion and life. Inclosed in the sphere of some rice, he bemoans his fate. He is born in a Brahmin's house.

*Note.*—Shall the question of reincarnation through cloud and rain and seed and thus from the seed of the man, be gone into?

He is the young man. He knows much. He dies at nineteen. Strange forms around his bed who hold him. They carry him back to the land of the towers. He recognizes it again and sees that ages have passed since the fire went out, and in the air he perceives strange shapes and sees incessantly a hand as of Fate, pointing to that Island. The towers are gone, the temples and the monuments. All is altered. They take him to a populous city and as he approaches he sees over one house a great commotion in the air. Shapes moving. Bright flashes, and puffs as of smoke. They enter the room, and on the bed is the form of a young boy given up to die, with relatives weeping. His guides ask him if he will borrow that body about to be deserted and use it for the good of their Lodge. He consents. They warn him of the risks and dangers.

The boy's breathing ceases and his eyes close, and a bright flash is seen to go off from it (the

body). He sees the blood slowing down. THEY push him, and he feels dark again. Boy revives. Physician takes hope. "Yes; he will recover, with care." He recovers easily. Change in his character. Feels strange in his surroundings, etc.

The place in India where he went after death which was again sudden (how?). A large white building. Gleaming marble. Steps. Pillars. A hole that has yellowish glow that looks like water. Instruction as to the work to be done, and the journey to the land of the tower, in search of a body to borrow. As to bodies being deserted by the tenant that might live if well understood and well connected with a new soul. The difference between such a birth and an ordinary birth where the soul really owns the body, and between those bodies of insane people which are not deserted, but where the owner really lives outside. Bodies of insane are not used because the machine itself is out of order, and would be useless to the soul of a sane person.

*Note.*—Julius; keep these. I will send them now and then. But before you go away, return to me so I can keep the run of it. May change the scheme. The motive is in the title I gave you.

*Note.*—No one who has not consciously lived the double life of a man who is in the use and possession of a body not his own can know the agony that so often falls to one in such a case. I am not the original owner of this body that I now use. It was made for another, and for some little time used by him, but in the storm of sickness he left it here to be buried, and it would have been laid away in the earth if I had not taken it up, vivified its failing energies and carried it through some years of trial by sickness and accident. But the first owner had not been in it long enough to sow any troublesome seeds of disease; he left a heritage of good family blood and wonderful endurance. That he should have left this form so well adapted for living, at least seems inconceivable, unless it was that he could not use it, sick or well, for any of his own purposes. At any rate it is mine now, but while at first I thought it quite an acquisition there are often times when I wish I had not thus taken another man's frame, but had come into life in the ordinary way.

#### A COUPLE OF INCIDENTS FOR THE BOOK.

Incident of the letter and picture.

There was a very curious old man (sufficient description to add).

Sent a small cardboard in which was a picture, a head, and over it appeared to be placed a thin sheet of paper, gummed over the sides to the back. He asked if I could tell him anything of the picture which was visible through the thin paper. Having

great curiosity, I lifted up the thin paper, and at once there seemed to be printed off from its underside a red circle surrounding the head on the board. In one instance this circle turned black and so did the entire inside space including the head which was then obliterated. In the other the red circle seemed to get on fire inward, and then the whole included portion burned up. On examining the thin paper on underside there were traces of a circle, as if with paste.

He laughed and said that curiosity was not always rewarded.

Took it to several chemists in Paris, who said that they knew of no substance that would do this. The old chemist in Ireland said a very destructive thing called Flourine might be liberated thus and do it, but that it was only a thing with chemists and analysts.

(*Note by the compiler.*—In his travels Mr. Judge met many strange people and saw some extraordinary sights. Now and again he would tell one of these to be included in the novel, but just in this unfinished and vague way. When asked to tell more, he would smile and shake his head, saying: "No, No; little brothers must finish it.")

#### *Another Incident.*

The temple on the site of the present city of Conjeveram was about to be consecrated and the regular priests were all ready for the ceremony. Minor ceremonies had taken place at the laying of the corner-stone, but this was to exceed that occasion in importance. A large body of worshippers were gathered not for the gratification of curiosity, but in order to receive the spiritual benefits of the occasion and they filled the edifice so that I could not get inside. I was thus compelled to stand just at the edge of the door, and that was, as I afterwards found out, the best place I could have selected if I had known in advance what was to take place. A few days before a large number of wandering ascetics had arrived and camped on a spot near the temple, but no one thought much of it because used to seeing such people. There was nothing unnatural about these men, and all that could be said was that a sort of mysterious air hung about them, and one or two children declared that on one evening none of the visitors could be found at their camp nor any evidence that men had been there, but they were not believed, because the ascetics were there as usual the next morning. Two old men in the city said that the visitors were Devas in their "illusionary form," but there was too much excitement about the dedication to allow of much thought on the subject. The event, however, proved the old men right.

At the moment when the people in the temple were expecting the priests to arrive, the entire body of ascetics appeared at the door with a wonderful looking sage-like man at their head, and they entered the edifice in the usual formal way of the priests and the latter on arriving made no disturbance, but took what places they could, simply saying: "they are the Devas." The strangers went on with the ceremonies, and all the while a light filled the building and music from the air floated over the awestruck worshippers.

When the time came for them to go they all followed the leader in silence to the door. I could see inside, and as I was at the door could also see outside. All the ascetics came to the entrance but not one was seen to go beyond it, and none were ever perceived by any man in the city again. They melted away at the threshold. It was their last appearance, for the shadow of the dark age was upon the people, preventing such sights for the future. The occurrence was the topic of conversation for years, and it was all recorded in the archives of the city.

#### IN A BORROWED BODY.

I MUST tell you first what happened to me in this present life since it is in this one that I am relating to you about many other lives of mine.

I was a simple student of our high Philosophy for many lives on earth in various countries, and then at last developed in myself a desire for action. So I died once more as so often before and was again reborn in the family of a Rajah, and in time came to sit on his throne after his death.

Two years after that sad event one day an old wandering Brahmin came to me and asked if I was ready to follow my vows of long lives before, and go to do some work for my old master in a foreign land. Thinking this meant a journey only I said I was.

"Yes," said he, "but it is not only a journey. It will cause you to be here and there all days and years. To-day here, to-night there."

"Well," I replied, "I will do even that, for my vows had no conditions and master orders."

I knew of the order, for the old Brahmin gave me the sign marked on my forehead. He had taken my hand, and covering it with his waist-cloth, traced the sign in my palm under the cloth so that it stood out in lines of light before my eyes.

He went away with no other word, as you know they so often do, leaving me in my palace. I fell asleep in the heat, with only faithful Gopal beside me. I dreamed and thought I was at the bedside of a mere child, a boy, in a foreign land unfamiliar to me only that the people looked like what I knew of the Europeans. The boy was lying as if dying, and relatives were all about the bed.

T.M.S.  
65

A strange and irresistible feeling drew me nearer to the child, and for a moment I felt in this dream as if I were about to lose consciousness. With a start I awoke in my own palace—on the mat where I had fallen asleep, with no one but Gopal near and no noise but the howling of jackals near the edge of the compound.

"Gopal," I said, "how long have I slept?"

"Five hours, master, since an Old Brahmin went away, and the night is nearly gone, master."

I was about to ask him something else when again sleepiness fell upon my senses, and once more I dreamed of the small dying foreign child.

The scene had changed a little, other people had come in, there was a doctor there, and the boy looked to me, dreaming so vividly, as if dead. The people were weeping, and his mother knelt by the bedside. The doctor laid his head on the child's breast a moment. As for myself I was drawn again nearer to the body and thought surely the people were strange not to notice me at all. They acted as if no stranger were there, and I looked at my clothes and saw they were eastern and bizarre to them. A magnetic line seemed to pull me to the form of the child.

And now beside me I saw the old Brahmin standing. He smiled.

"This is the child," he said, "and here must you fulfil a part of your vows. Quick now! There is no time to lose, the child is almost dead. These people think him already a corpse. You see the doctor has told them the fatal words, 'he is dead!'"

Yes, they were weeping. But the old Brahmin put his hands on my head, and submitting to his touch, I felt myself in my dream falling asleep. A dream in a dream. But I woke in my dream, but not on my mat with Gopal near me. I was that boy I thought. I looked out through his eyes, and near me I heard, as if his soul had slipped off to the ether with a sigh of relief. The doctor turned once more and I opened my eyes—his eyes—on him.

The physician started and turned pale. To another I heard him whisper "automatic nerve action." He drew near, and the intelligence in that eye startled him to paleness. He did not see the old Brahmin making passes over this body I was in and from which I felt great waves of heat and life rolling over me—or the boy.

And yet this all now seemed real as if my identity was merged in the boy.

I was that boy and still confused, vague dreams seemed to flit through my brain of some other plane where I thought I was again, and had a faithful servant named Gopal; but that must be dream,

this the reality. For did I not see my mother and father, the old doctor and the nurse so long in our house with the children. Yes; of course this is the reality.

And then I feebly smiled, whereon the doctor said:

"Most marvellous. He has revived. He may live."

He was feeling the slow moving pulse and noting that breathing began and that vitality seemed once more to return to the child, but he did not see the old Brahmin in his illusionary body sending air currents of life over the body of this boy, who dreamed he had been a Rajah with a faithful servant named Gopal. Then in the dream sleep seemed to fall upon me. A sensation of falling; falling came to my brain, and with a start I awoke in my palace on my own mat. Turning to see if my servant was there I saw him standing as if full of sorrow or fear for me.

"Gopal, how long have I slept again?"

"It is just morning, master, and I feared you had gone to Yama's dominions and left your own Gopal behind."

No, I was not sleeping. This was reality, these my own dominions. So this day passed as all days had except that the dream of the small boy in a foreign land came to my mind all day until the night when I felt more drowsy than usual. Once more I slept and dreamed.

The same place and the same house, only now it was morning there. What a strange dream I thought I had had; as the doctor came in with my mother and bent over me, I heard him say softly:

"Yes, he will recover. The night sleep has done good. Take him, when he can go, to the country, where he may see and walk on the grass."

As he spoke behind him I saw the form of a foreign looking man with a turban on. He looked like the pictures of Brahmins I saw in the books before I fell sick. Then I grew very vague and told my mother: "I had had two dreams for two nights, the same in each. I dreamed I was a king and had one faithful servant for whom I was sorry as I liked him very much, and it was only a dream, and both were gone."

My mother soothed me, and said: "Yes, yes, my dear."

And so that day went as days go with sick boys, and early in the evening I fell fast asleep as a boy in a foreign land, in my dream, but did no more dream of being a king, and as before I seemed to fall until I woke again on my mat in my own palace with Gopal sitting near. Before I could rise the old Brahmin, who had gone away, came in and I sent Gopal off.



"Rama," said he, "as boy you will not dream of being Rajah but now you must know that every night as sleeping king you are waking boy in foreign land. Do well your duty and fail not. It will be some years, but Time's never-stopping car rolls on. Remember my words," and then he passed through the open door.

So I knew those dreams about a sick foreign boy were not mere dreams but that they were recollections, and I condemned each night to animate that small child just risen from the grave, as his relations thought, but I knew that his mind for many years would not know itself, but would ever feel strange in its surroundings, for, indeed, that boy would be myself inside and him without, his friends not seeing that he had fled away and another taken his place. Each night I, as sleeping Rajah who had listened to the words of sages, would be an ignorant foreign boy, until through lapse of years and effort unremittingly continued I learned how to live two lives at once. Yet horrible at first seemed the thought that although my life in that foreign land as a growing youth would be undisturbed by vague dreams of independent power as Rajah, I would always, when I woke on my mat, have a clear remembrance of what at first seemed only dreams of being a king, with vivid knowledge that while my faithful servant watched my sleeping form I would be masquerading in a borrowed body, unruly as the wind. Thus as a boy I might be happy, but as a king miserable may be. And then after I should become accustomed to this double life, perhaps my foreign mind and habits would so dominate the body of the boy that existence there would grow full of pain from the struggle with an environment wholly at war with the thinker within.

But a vow once made is to be fulfilled, and Father Time eats up all things and ever the centuries.

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## OCCULTISM

In the editorial of *Lucifer* for September 1889 (Vol. V p. 6) entitled "Our Three Objects", under the sub-heading "Occultism" the following is published :—

Though but a minority of our members are mystically inclined, yet, in point of fact, the key to all our successes as above enumerated is in our recognition of the fact of the Higher Self—colourless, cosmopolitan, unsectarian, sexless, unworldly, altruistic—and the doing of our work on that basis. To the Secularist, the Agnostic, the Sciolistic Scientist, such results would have been unattain-

able, nay, would have been unthinkable. Peace Societies are Utopian, because no amount of argument based upon exoteric considerations of social morals or expediency, can turn the hearts of the rulers of nations away from selfish war and schemes of conquest.

Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from the outside. But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which centre upon the human "heart", and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research of and dissemination of that basic Truth. We know that a comprehensive term for that Eternal Verity is the "Secret Doctrine"; we have preached it, have won a hearing, have, to some extent, swept away the old barriers, formed our fraternal nucleus, and, by reviving the Aryan Literature, caused its precious, religious, philosophical and scientific teachings to spread among the most distant nations.

If we have not opened regular schools of adeptship in the Society, we have at least brought forward a certain body of proof that adepts exist and that adeptship is a logical necessity in the natural order of human development. We have thus helped the West to a worthier ideal of man's potentialities than it before possessed. The study of Eastern psychology has given the West a clue to certain mysteries previously baffling as, for example, in the department of mesmerism and hypnotism, and in that of the supposed posthumous relations of the disincarnate entity with the living. It has also furnished a theory of the nature and relations of Force and Matter capable of practical verification by whomsoever may learn and follow out the experimental methods of the Oriental schools of Occult science. Our own experience leads us to say that this science and its complementary philosophy throw light upon some of the deepest problems of man and nature: in science, bridging the "Impassable Chasm," in philosophy, making it possible to formulate a consistent theory of the origin and destiny of the heavenly orbs and their progeny of kingdoms and various planes. Where Mr. Crookes stops in his quest after the meta-elements, and finds himself at a loss to trace the missing atoms in his hypothetical series of seven, Adwaita Philosophy steps in with its perfected theory of the evolution of differentiated out of undifferentiated matter, Prakriti out of Mulaprakriti—the "rootless root".

## "THEY ALSO SERVE"

A noble soul was imprisoned in the mortal body of John Milton, the English poet. After a time that body—which in youth had been of such fine texture and kept so pure that his fellow-students called him "The Lady"—that body, overworked in heavy public service, proved traitorous. His sight failed. The great plans to which as poet he had long dedicated himself had not been accomplished. They seemed impossible ever to accomplish. Not to employ his talent was like death, and now that his "light was spent", the giving of the talent to him seemed useless. The anguish of his disappointment, the continued uneasy striving in his soul, and the final patient shouldering of his burden, are all touchingly expressed in his sonnet *On His Blindness*.

Viewing himself therein as a dedicated being, astonished, hurt, puzzled that this affliction should have come upon him, he asks yearningly what he can do, "light denied?" But he knows that the inner light burns on; and since his longing to serve is even stronger than before, some way must be found to fulfil his purpose. Though he is hampered as to books and pen, yet his will, his memory, and his brooding creative power must still in some measure produce for others, must sustain and inspire them. When this feeling rises to a certainty, he pictures himself as an attendant in a great king's court; one of those whose duty it is to be ready for any instant demand, from fetching a petty bauble to opening the stately doors of the Presence Chamber before an important Embassy. Of the countless hours in his long duty-periods he spends many in doing nothing at all. These are the onerous hours. Sometimes the mere heavy passing of them seems insupportable. Just to stand and wait!

But the eager saddened poet looks underneath that heavy passing and sees what he leads us to feel. Those who stand, self-supported, keen to answer an unforeseen call, ready to speed in some emergency, strong to guard in unexpected attack, willing in trifles, dependable in crises—those it is who can obey, can execute, can truly serve.

Such attendants stand *for* the King's will, which to them means law and order; they represent, exemplify and enforce this, their highest expression of Right. To idle at their task, to loll in indifference, to sink in weariness, would be to fail. Yet they cannot run ahead of their duty, cannot be stirred to action by false self-enthusiasms or by the false complaints of their fellows. They must not

only stand, strong in their own perceptions, but they must wait to receive orders, wait to know what the suggested service actually demands, wait till all the necessary factors are present.

Such waiting is not a mere passing of the hours. Discrimination is its very essence—mental and spiritual action, action in striving to perceive, action in preparing to execute. Such servitors are busy. They are being tested every moment. They realize the value of their task. Never are they less idle than when in this seeming state of inactivity.

Thus the poet, though staggering under a burden, fits the yoke to his shoulders and plants his feet on the upward path, with the memorable line:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

The one long-sustained, swinging sentence which makes the sonnet, extracts its pure gold in that last powerful line, with its basis the image of the royal court. If the sonnet had pictured "God" as the good Law, it would be almost completely an expression of the Wisdom Teaching.

How many labouring souls have been roused by this poem and its final message to courage and endurance! Nowhere in all his voluminous work does Milton more truly deserve the praise of another great poet of kindred mind who says:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart",  
yet

"...didst thou travel on life's common way.  
In cheerful godliness."

A widespread and dangerous fallacy is epitomized in the popular phrase, "righteous indignation". Even Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who proclaimed in a recent sermon in New York the indisputable truth that world-wide democracy would never be achieved on the basis of moral indignation but only on that of "intelligent, constructive goodwill" asserted in the same sermon that "moral indignation has its place in life". Theosophy denies this. Indignation is of the brood of Wrath—Krodha—one of the enemies of man.

Does Theosophy then advocate supine acquiescence in wrongs done to the weak and the innocent? No. Virile protest must be made against every unmerited slander and in certain cases decisive action may be necessary, but neither protest nor action may be undertaken in a spirit of anger without loosing upon the world a positive evil force which can only make things worse instead of better. In calmness alone lies strength, and "Never in this world can hatred be stilled by hatred; it will be stilled only by non-hatred—this is the Law Eternal."

## THE MEANING OF A PLEDGE

[In *Lucifer* III, p. 63 for September 1888, the following article appeared.—Eds.]

It has been thought advisable that members of a certain Occult Lodge of the T. S. should have the meaning of the Pledge they are about to take laid before them as plainly as possible. At any rate, that those who have previously signed the Pledge shall lay before those who are about to do so all that they understand this Pledge to mean and what its signature involves.

The Pledge runs as follows :—

"1. I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living factor in my life.

"2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical Movement, its leaders and its members.

"3. I pledge myself never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken of a Brother Theosophist and to abstain from condemning others.

"4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

"5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study or otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.

"6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the movement in time, money, and work.

"So Help Me, My Higher Self."

It is at once plain that this is not a general Pledge like that which is taken so lightly by members of the Theosophical Society; but that it is a specific undertaking to do and to endeavour to do certain things. Also that it is given under an invocation :—

"So help me my Higher Self."

The term "Higher Self" has recently come into considerable use—at any rate so far as the Theosophical Society is concerned. To those who have studied the meaning of the words it is at once evident that to "take an oath" in the ordinary fashion of Christians is much less serious than a Pledge in presence of the "Higher Self."

The "Higher Self," moreover, is not a sort of sublimated essence of any one man; a sort of spiritualised "personality". It is universal and secondless and in such a sense the term "*my* Higher Self" seems misplaced. But every man, however dimly, is a manifestation of the Higher Self, and it is by the connection of the Jiva, the Monad, with the secondless "Higher Self" that it is possible to use the term. What then does the invocation mean?

The man who takes this Pledge in the right spirit calls upon It, and calls every help and blessing from It to his assistance. By an intense desire to be under Its protection he (though It *per se* is

latent and passive) places himself under the protection of the active and beneficent powers that are the direct rays of the Absolute Higher Secondless Self.

But if a man takes this Pledge and betrays his Higher Self, he risks every evil and *brings it upon himself*. Thus then, he who remains true to the Pledge has nothing to fear; but he who has no confidence in himself to keep the Pledge when taken, had better leave it and, much more, leave Occultism alone.

Breaking this pledge cannot, then, involve penalty on the "Higher Self", but it can affect the individual man. The "Higher Self" is immortal, but the Monad exists as a separate individual only during Manvantaras, and around it various personalities are formed. This incarnates at every new birth, and not only can be, but is, punished if such a Pledge is broken. Once that it has progressed far enough to recognise the glorious light of the Higher Self and desire to live in it, the breaking of the Pledge tends towards a condition which would preclude the possibility of that light not only benefiting the Monad, but even reaching it.

Thus all men are in the presence of two forces in nature. One of them active and beneficent, whose aid and assistance is directly invoked by the Pledge; the other active, but maleficent, which is represented by beings who have a distinct interest in preventing the operation of the Pledge, and in hindering the work of the Theosophical Society. We see this more clearly when we know that we Pledge ourselves *to be* active, and not merely to endeavour to be.

Further, there are powers on the earth and in the flesh, as well as in the astral light, who desire to prevent and hinder the Pledge from taking effect. Some of these act consciously in this manner, and others because they are driven to such conscious action, but without any knowledge of the reason or force which drives them thereto.

We are to endeavour to "make Theosophy a living factor in our lives." Before we can *endeavour* to do this, much less *do* it effectually, we must first understand what Theosophy is, and actually define to ourselves what we individually mean by Theosophy. Now it is exactly this definition, its want, and our ignorance generally which hitherto has prevented us from carrying out this endeavour. Nothing need here be said of the Theosophical Society and the benefit which would come to it by even a small section of its members actually making

Theosophy *the* living factor in their lives. Very few do so, and it is only too true that a member of the Theosophical Society is not necessarily a Theosophist. But those who take this Pledge are not content to remain nominally members of the Society, but aspire to be Theosophists indeed. And therefore it is so necessary that all should learn what a Theosophist is, and what any man must do to make Theosophy a *living* factor in his life.

As a negative definition nothing could be better than the definition in *Lucifer* No. 3 :

"He who does not practise altruism ; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself ; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery ; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist."

But this definition also contains the positive side. It is not sufficient merely to abstain from doing that which is condemned in this definition. The negative side alone is useless to those who take this Pledge—and not merely useless, for it involves practically the breaking of the Pledge. The Pledge demands not only that the man who takes it shall abstain from evil doing but, more, that he shall *positively* work altruistically and defend any innocent person as he would himself.

Many men may be so colourless as not to offend against the negative clauses of the Pledge and definition ; but few are they who are sufficiently positive in their own character as not only not to offend against these clauses but also work in the opposite direction. For the greatest importance does not consist in "I will not" but in the "I will do." Thus some strength is needed for impersonality. This impersonality is of two kinds, negative and positive. For the negative, strength is needed to fight against the forces of heredity and education, and prevent obedience to the instincts and acquired habits of this and other incarnations. But greater strength is needed to cross the zero-point and create new instincts and habits in the midst of conditions of life and habits of thought which are violently opposed to the new creation. And it would seem that strength is required so that it would be possible to conquer the tendencies of a devil and grow up into divinity. And if we regard the Pledge generally it would seem to be an admirable instrument, in view of the above quoted definition, for finding out and assailing everybody on their weak points. As men and women the Pledge

compels us to refrain from acting and thinking in our daily life as our education has hitherto compelled us to do. If we do not so refrain, we do not make Theosophy a living factor in our lives. And more, while we are engaged in this difficult task, the positive side appears and we are told that we have to do other things as difficult—otherwise we are not Theosophists.

This second clause of the Pledge will prove a stumbling block to many lukewarm members of the Theosophical Society. Many may be in complete accord with the objects of the Theosophical Society, so far as they understand them, but also be in complete disagreement with the leaders of the Society and their method of work. Not only may they disagree but also be in either open or concealed hostility to those leaders and many of the members. It is of no use to disguise from ourselves the fact that this has been the case, and unfortunately may be so again. We work for "Universal Brotherhood" and we are at enmity with our immediate neighbours. This then we pledge ourselves to put a stop to, and to excise the tendency from our natures. Thus Clause 2 has a special reference to certain persons arising out of the general circumstances.

The question naturally arises : "Of what use is a Theosophical Society with such aims, when it is composed of such diverse elements?" And again : "Has the Society any coherence and purpose which shall make it a living power in the society by which it is surrounded?" For an analogy exists ; and the Society is an individual among societies, just as men and women are individuals. And it may here be emphatically stated that the power and force of any given body is not the total force of its component units, but that the body has an individual force and power of its own apart from them. One has but to turn to the chemistry of "alloys" to see that this is true. If then we regard the Society, it does not seem that any of its strength is due to the united purpose and action of its individual members. But it has a great purpose, and to this a certain number of devoted individuals have sacrificed all that lay in their power. Among these the founders and present leaders of the Society are notable examples. The result is that the Society continues to exist exoterically. But the continued existence of the Society is not due to these few individual efforts alone but to the underlying influence of those under whose direction the Society was founded by its present leaders, and to the fostering care of those Masters in Wisdom, after it was founded.

Clause 3 opens out to many, as the Society is at present constituted, a good deal of casuistical reasoning. It has been said, and it would seem

*Question: The resolving of doubtful cases of right or wrong or good or evil, that is, the resolution of a doubtful case.*

truly said, that it is perfectly open to those who are true Theosophists to condemn an act but not the actor. But this will be found to be a distinction which is very subtle and difficult to make in life. "Light on the Path", too, warns the aspirant against self-righteousness of a like character, "for the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours tomorrow". Thus those who take this pledge are about to meet a very subtle difficulty (for in life the act and the actor are indissolubly connected), unless they have attained the power of observing and reading on a plane which is at present beyond the reach of the majority of mankind. However, even if this power is beyond reach at present, it is at all events right for those who aspire to be Theosophists to try. We can at least put a bridle on our physical lips and endeavour to do so on our mind, and thus abstain from "condemning others". For the silent condemnation of the mind would seem more "vicious" than physical speech, for, at any rate in the "judge," it is a form of moral cowardice. And herein lies the casuistry. For apart from the definition in *Lucifer*, No. 3, it has been open to those who take the Pledge to consider that their human brothers are not "Brother Theosophists", and therefore that it is legal to judge and condemn. Thus if it could be clearly proven that any man or woman has erred against the said definition it might be possible to receive absolution from the pledge "never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken" of them. But the definition stops this with its "whether a brother Theosophist or not", and agrees with the legal maxim which is so seldom acted upon—always to consider a man innocent until proved guilty. Suspicion is a dangerous guest to harbour, and we are finally brought back to the fact that it is best to "judge not that ye be not judged."

Clauses 4 and 5 are the completion of resolutions which go straight to the centre of all that militates against Theosophy and against its forming a living factor in men's lives. In this sense Clause 6 is a completion also. But the power to help and teach others can only be found in the united spirit of life, which is a spirit of absolute equality and in the sense that to the Theosophist every man is a teacher.

Clause 6 is a ratification of all that has gone before, but places it in more definite terms.

Thus then before this Pledge is taken it is necessary for all who aspire to take it to carefully ascertain, before pledging themselves to work and activity for Theosophy, what Theosophy really is. Is Theosophy identical with the practice of the Theosophical Society? If it is not, ought it to

be? Shall I endeavour to make it so? In pledging myself to work for it, am I in the near or distant future, in this or in some succeeding incarnation, looking for a reward? It would then seem that one of the first requisites is to endeavour to "Know Thyself".

Such a Pledge must not be taken lightly nor in a spirit of mere emotionalism. It has to be taken with a stern resolution to ever and ever more fully carry out its requirements, even at all costs to the man who takes it. It is taken at the risk of the man who takes it in a thoughtless spirit without examining what it really means and without the intention of making its fulfilment the supreme object of his life.

It is necessary "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the truths which exist in Theosophy and then perhaps there may dawn upon the world the day when all men shall be as brothers, and Universal Brotherhood shall be a reality and the guide of all existence.

#### ONE WHO IS PLEDGED.

[Commenting on the above article a writer in *The Lady's Pictorial* of 13th October 1888 said: "Let them substitute the name of their own particular sect for the name 'Theosophy'; let them take a pledge and live up to it and all 'sects' will soon be merged in a universal brotherhood of love and service" (*Lucifer* III p. 347—December 1888.)

## TO WOULD-BE CHELAS

The circumstances under which the following answer was given to a devoted aspirant named "Y" are narrated in *Letters That Have Helped Me* (pp. 53-58). We reprint the text of the answer from that book, but insert the passage omitted in the original in its proper place. This was published some years after Mr. Judge's death, and its immense importance in respect to Mr. Judge may be realised by the intuitive student:—

"Is Y. fully prepared for the uphill work? The way to the goal he strives to reach is full of thorns and leads through miry quagmires. Many are the sufferings the chela has to encounter; still more numerous the dangers to face and conquer.

"May he think over it and choose only after due reflection. No Master appealed to by a sincere soul who thirsts for light and knowledge, has ever turned his face away from the supplicant. But it is the duty of those who call for labourers and need them in their fields, to point out to those who offer themselves in truth and trust for the arduous work, the pitfalls in the soil as the hardship of the task.

"If undaunted by this warning Y. persists in his determination, he may regard himself as accepted as— Let him place himself in such case under the guidance of an older chela. By helping him sincerely and devotedly to carry on his heavy burden, he shall prepare the way for being helped in his turn.

"Is the choice made? Then Y. will do well to see W. Q. J. and to acquaint him with this letter. For the first year or two no better guide can be had. For when the 'PRES-ENCE' is upon him, he knows well that which others only suspect and 'divine'.... is useful to 'Path', but greater services may be rendered to him, who, of all chelas, suffers most and demands, or even expects the least.

"Verily if the candidate relies upon the Law, if he has patience, trust, and intuition, he will not have to wait too long. Through the great shadow of bitterness and sorrow that the opposing powers delight in throwing over the pilgrim on his way to the Gates of Light, the candidate perceives that shining Light very soon in his own soul, and he has but to follow it. Let him beware, however, lest he mistake the occasional will-o'-the-wisp of the psychic senses for the reflex of the great spiritual Light; that Light which dieth not, yet never lives, nor can it shine elsewhere than on the pure mirror of Spirit....

"But Y. has to use his own intuitions. One has to dissipate and conquer the inner darkness before attempting to see into the darkness without; to know one's self before knowing things extraneous to one's senses."

## 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 गुरुर्धुवा ।

गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु च्छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

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

Q. To adopt a tone of settled conviction in setting forth the teachings is considered advisable by Mr. Crosbie. Is this not incompatible with the attitude of "Thus have I heard?"

Ans. Not at all. The two are complementary. To take the most obvious interpretation of "Thus have I heard"—if what we have heard from our teachers has not convinced us, it is better not to repeat it, for then it becomes a lifeless rehearsal of "the thoughts of other men". If, on the other hand, what has been heard has stirred the consciousness to assent, we can surely pass on the teaching in a way that will convey a sense of our own conviction to the audience. In this connection one may usefully ask whether the statement "Thus have I heard" has not a deeper significance as well as the simple one just referred to. It has. At first it certainly means passing on the words, written or spoken by one who knows more than we do ourselves. But as time goes on and we evolve, it takes on a new meaning and we begin to hear from "within". The message obtained from that inner source will always agree with the one previously learned from the Teachers of Theosophy—how could it be otherwise when both are derived from one and the same well-spring of eternal wisdom?—but it comes to us differently now and has become "faith", belief based on knowledge, even if in its early stages the knowledge has not percolated into the brain sufficiently to enable a man to formulate it in detail. The practice of repeating what was "heard" from without has, however, increased the porousness of the brain so that the knower within can make his influence felt to some extent, and what one "has heard" is now as much as one can catch of that inner voice. The more a man is able to distinguish the teachings thereof, the greater the conviction with which he passes the message on. He who speaks in words will always be a reflector, however perfect, because that which in him "knows, for it is knowledge" cannot express itself in this plane through the personality. Hence the greatest teachers feel themselves transmitters communicating what they have heard. But the clearer the voice within grows, the greater the conviction of the speaker, who becomes more and more "as one speaking with authority".

One word of caution to the beginner who is learning to listen to the Voice of Knowledge within himself: he should make it a rule, in every single instance, to check the knowledge that comes from within by the light of the recorded teachings of Theosophy to be found in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. Many students of the early days erred and went off the Path, fell out of the Single File, by neglecting to check the "messages" they received with the Message, exoteric and esoteric, which H. P. B. was sent to the world to deliver.

## THE GREAT FOX-TROT\*

"The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards animalism, towards a development of those qualities which conduce to the success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence. Theosophy seeks to develop the human nature in man in addition to the animal, and at the sacrifice of the superfluous animality which modern life and materialistic teachings have developed to a degree which is abnormal for the human being at this stage of his progress... Theosophy teaches the animal-man to be a human-man."—H.P.B.

Theosophy teaches that the man of matter can be animated by three distinct types of consciousness—animal, human and divine. The species of intelligence peculiar to the human kingdom is that consciousness which has attained to awareness of itself. When that Self-consciousness identifies itself with the body, with sensuous desires and with brain cerebration, the "animal soul", Kama-Manas, is born, the manifestations of which are desire, anger and covetousness. Where the individual consciousness is active along the intellectual line and energised by "good feeling" or unselfishness, the "human soul" or Manas is functioning. That embodied consciousness which manifests itself in Brotherhood which is universal, Wisdom which is altruistic, Service which is disinterested, is the "Spiritual Soul", Buddhi, assimilated by and reflected in Higher Manas. These three types of intelligence meet and mingle in every human being who is not subnormal or Supernormal. Every normal individual possesses within himself or herself the potentiality of all three consciousnesses, but when any one of these functions, the other two become inoperative. The animating principle forms the basis of a man's thoughts and feelings, words and physical plane deeds, and that which applies to individuals is equally true of nations, which are but collectivities of men and women.

Proceeding along this line of observation, Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby, in a striking satire, *The Great Fox-Trot*, notes the activities of the English world, and comes to the conclusion that the predominating consciousness of "civilised" peoples is the "animal soul". "All humanity is be-foxed." A meeting of foxes of different species relates with pride the numerous ways in which "foxanity" has "come to the aid of humanity", England being the country under consideration. Its smart shop-windows are filled with rows of fox-skins at fabulous prices—for "Women cannot live without us... She (woman) has no self-respect and certainly no sex-appeal unless one of our skins is hung round her neck." Fox-farming is an extremely profitable industry—"Whilst the arts of cultivating the land are sinking into oblivion, we inspire the science of put-

ting up pens." "In China, according to one speaker, human cubs sell for 5s|—. In the slums of great cities babies are not worth much"—but fox-cubs "sell at £80 to £100 a pair". Cups and trophies are presented at exhibitions—images of foxes adorn various gold and silver articles. Huge illustrated advertisements in the best dailies and weeklies testify how foxes "keep the Press going"... without them and "a few other attractions such as cigarettes and meat extracts, the British Press would be doomed".

Not only the "Papers" but the "Pictures" too find foxes indispensable, for they have "made the Woman of the Film—languid, lithe, sensuous, animal in the finest sense".

Turning from the town to the countryside, we find that what more than anything else has created the customs, manners and traditions of England, Wales and Ireland is the fox-hunt. Fox-heads adorn the walls of the great country-seats—to possess a fox-tail is "a hallmark of distinction", to be made Master of the Fox-hunt a coveted honour—to be anointed with fox-blood when young is "a rite of initiation into things that really matter"—such is the substratum upon which depends "the manhood, the stability and the health of England".

Last but not least comes the "Fox-Trot" to whose rhythm swing and sway thousands of bodies in the modern West and the fashionable East.

While this brilliant satire will amuse the idle-minded majority and ruffle the complacency of the intellectual minority, who believe Western civilisation to be preëminently "an age of Reason", the student of Theosophy, who lives to reap experience, will endeavour to find the *raison d'être* for the popularity of "foxanity" among humanity. Remembering the aphorism "Like attracts like", he will find the solution to the problem in the opening sentences of the book itself; "Foxes after all, are not very different from humans. They like meat, they hunt, they know the arts of deception and make-believe."

The term "butchery" is a synonym for any act of wanton cruelty; butchers as a class are made to stand outside the pale of "decent" society, whose "decency" permits the eating of meat while shun-

\* *The Great Fox-Trot*:—A Satire By L. Lind-af-Hageby. Illustrations by Madge Graham. (The A. K. Press, London. 3s. 6d.)

ning the men who provide it ! Who are less decent—butchers or meat-eaters who create butchers ? It is true that meat diet is a habit to which the race has now largely conformed, but the responsibility for this habit is man's. "Good people" as well as bad are the creators of the slaughter-houses at the mention of which they shudder, even while they seek and savour their products with a relish, unconscious of the fact that animal flesh assimilated by man imparts to him some of the characteristics of the animal it comes from. But if meat-eating is undesirable physiologically, killing for sport is far worse from the psychological aspect—brutalising the mind and closing the heart to compassion. The so-called "Pleasures of the Chase" are an abomination inspired by Mara. The death of pity and of love is the death of humanity in man, the slaughter, by the beast in the blood, of the God in the Heart.

What of the two last traits of "foxanity", deception and make-believe ? Are not these "arts" indispensable requisites in every sphere of "civilised" life ? "Name, if you can, that blessed Eldorado, that exceptional spot on the globe, where Truth is the honoured guest, and Lie and Sham the ostracised outcasts ? YOU CANNOT", challenged H. P. B. as far back as 1888, and the challenge remains unanswered to this day. Respect for Truth has been dethroned by the ideal of Respectability, a *deception* under which masquerade the triple sins of Sham, Humbug and Falsehood. Truly, "all Humanity is be-foxed", and students of Theosophy, who are in and of the world, share in the Karma of the Race to which they belong and of which they are a part. "Wherever there is evil or a tendency to evil of any kind in the race, every human being in the race possesses the germs of those evils, and needs only the conditions to make them sprout" and the reverse is equally true. It is the realisation that human nature is the same *in* a Theosophical organisation as outside of it, that brings the intelligent student of the Divine Wisdom to the next step, that of effecting Race-revolution through Self-reformation. The resolve to live to benefit mankind is the starting-point, its full realisation, the goal of spiritual evolution, and the transformation and transmutation of the ideal resolve into a manifested reality is by and through the performance of *Duty*—that which is due to Humanity. The very first obligation to be discharged by every unit of the Race is to strive *incessantly* to kill the germs of evil and selfishness in his own personality by actively encouraging thoughts and feelings which are the opposites of these. The exhortation of the great Buddhas to overcome anger by love, evil by good, greed by liberality and the liar by truth, is

to be applied first and foremost to the work in and on ourselves ; for God and Devil, Good and Evil are within our own being. Every man as a human, individual, self-conscious soul occupies a midway position between the animal or the Self of Matter, and the Divine or the Self of Spirit, of which it is an emanation and an incarnation. Every blow given the beast by the God within weakens the hold of the animal over the human in the Race—every aspiration towards the Divine stirs the Spirit of Humanity. Faced with a crisis which threatens to destroy not only our material civilisation, but moreover that which is human in men, we know no need more pressing than that of a change in the mind and the heart of the Race. No one—man or woman, young or old—can have a greater duty to perform than to make clean and clear his or her own nature, to make it *true*, to make it accord with the great object of all life, the evolution of the soul. Self-reform through self-energisation is the only royal road to salvation, and all those, whoever they may be and however situated, who thus strive in faith and love, are the real benefactors of mankind. May each sincere student-server of Theosophy make of himself an impersonal force for good through a truer realisation and a profounder conviction of the following fundamental propositions of Occult psychology :

"It is a law of occult dynamics that a given amount of energy expended on the spiritual or astral plane is productive of far greater results than the same amount expended on the physical objective plane of existence."

"The individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual."

"If thou would'st reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests. Accept the woes of birth.

"Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward, 'neath the Karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path."

—The Voice of the Silence



## IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

Thoughtful people are recognizing the moral power and the moral responsibility of the creator of the written word, which H. P. B. stressed in her article, "*The Tidal Wave*", reprinted in THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT for August 1934. Several articles on the subject have appeared in *The Aryan Path* from time to time. In the February 1939 issue Miss Estelle Ries lays directly at the writer's door the blame for the pass to which the world has come.

Nations, rich and poor alike, have been assailed by the diseases of moral and spiritual bankruptcy. Why? Because writers have not fortified the ethical and social sides of life to withstand them... The sequence in achievement is always ideas, thought, action.

The brilliant young Italian writer who died recently, Leo Ferrero, in a posthumous article on "The Novel and the Moral Conscience", which appears in English translation in *Purpose* (January-March 1939) declares that "to have universal appeal a novel must be inspired by a moral sentiment".

The moral law which revealed to Kant a spectacle no less impressive than that of the sky full of stars is in reality the corner stone of human life. Man experiences suffering devoid of self interest for the first time when he discovers deep within himself an outraged sense of justice.

And elsewhere in the article he writes:—

The novel can flourish only among peoples who have a profound feeling for justice, precisely because the novel is "the product of the moral conscience"... The need to create invades men with their passions. And what passion has a universal value like justice...? Almost all the great novelists suffered under the evils which afflicted their time and country; their writings are a splendid expression of revolt. What else but moral passion can inspire a novelist? Pure observation sometimes produces exquisite work, but never a vast work or a great literature.

One hundred years ago, Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre astonished the French Academy of Sciences with his "machine", for it was little less, for making photographs. To reproduce an image on a tin plate dipped in light sensitive chemicals, meant that the subject sat for an hour or more in the blazing sunlight literally strapped into immobility.

Since then the path of photography like that of its sister sciences has bifurcated, and on the one hand we have the extreme of commercialism, on the other the art. In many cases these two paths have been brought together to serve a single end but the scientific has far surpassed the ethical application of this knowledge and a power which could

and should bring untold beauty and culture into a life often devoid of the æsthetic has, in the hands of the money-seeking world of commercialism, been turned to selfish and often definitely immoral ends.

Monsieur Daguerre would undoubtedly have been thrilled had he foreseen the photographing of the odours of flowers and atoms and gas molecules on the one hand, and the distant, and to the eye invisible, worlds on the other. The works of photographic art of such men as Dr. Arnold Genthe would have delighted his heart. We think, though, that he would have destroyed his apparatus and let die with him the secret of his discovery had he foreseen the pitiful when not criminal degradation to which his discovery has been subjected.

Dr. Arnold Genthe at the one hundredth anniversary celebration of Monsieur Daguerre's announcement deplored the vulgarity of press photographers in search of news items. More dangerous far is the organized production of immoral, sense-exciting movies produced by men who reckon life's values in terms of money regardless of service of the human soul.

Very dangerous is the science of photography disguised as "Art" and masquerading as "Realism", which blasts the souls of men and women and, worse still, of children by the glorification not only of the ugly, as Dr. Genthe says, but also of the base, the bestial and the sensual. If we had some way of arriving at figures we venture to state that humanity would be appalled at the soul corruption daily brought about by the misuse of the science of photography.

The frittering away of soul-energies, the fanning into consuming fires of the yet unlit or smouldering coals of sex passion and sense gratification are largely responsible for the present condition of the world. It is time that an *effective* censorship be established against licence not only in the display of prurient motion pictures but also of periodicals which use "artistic" photographs to accompany prurient printed matter.

There is yet time. The West *has* a message for the East. It should be one of beauty, of skill in action and of freedom of religious thought. Let India take the stand which the West has failed to take and save our homes from one more disrupting influence of a science which has so far outstripped our sense of moral responsibility.

The more that archæological excavation reveals of the state of society in ancient India, the

less justification appears for a feeling of superiority on the part of modern man. Dr. Ernest J. H. Mackey's *Further Excavations at Mohenjo-daro* in the Indus Valley, recently published by the Archaeological Survey of India, brings out, as *The Manchester Guardian* remarks, that

Even in those far distant times the city's sanitation was carefully looked after, as is proved by further evidence obtained of the high state of efficiency of the municipal authorities of the time.

One of the finds is a rubbish heap outside the city, proving that the idea of removing rubbish from the inhabited area was already acted upon.

The savage ancestry mythus is growing more and more absurd as research is pushed further and further back, only to reveal a level of civilization which is high by any standard of measurement. After such a lapse of time much of the evidence has of course disappeared, but enough remains to show that in practical arrangements no less than in scientific, artistic and philosophical attainments the ancestors of the present-day Indians were at a high level of culture and of civilization. Truly, as H. P. B. declared, "the more archæology and philology advance, the more humiliating to our pride are the discoveries which are daily made" (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 239).

The ethics of broadcasting is the theme of M. Ingve Hugo, Director of the Talks Section of the Swedish Broadcasting Organisation, in a recent *Bulletin of League of Nations Teaching*. Monsieur Hugo insists that "What is said on the wireless must be accurate." The Swedish radio authorities try to ensure that it shall be so, by close collaboration with the universities. It is well that those responsible for the nature and the quality of broadcasting programmes should recognize their serious duty in the matter. The radio and the cinema today share with the press what H. P. B. referred to as "its more than royal power", and power is always inseparable from responsibility.

Both radio and cinema have a great contribution to make to better mutual understanding between peoples, to the sharing of ideals and the dissemination of true standards, and their right use is very much in harmony with the objectives of the Theosophical Movement. As H. P. B. wrote in *The Key to Theosophy* (p 37): "In order to awaken brotherly feeling among nations we have to assist in the international exchange of useful arts and products" which certainly includes making available to other nations the best of any country's ideation and artistic expression, in terms of accuracy, yes, but also of beauty and of idealism.

In a striking lecture at the Royal Institution, reported in *The Manchester Guardian* for 6th February, Mr. Eric Gill charged that the pursuit of wealth, which was the chief object of the machine age, had killed "the skill of man in making and doing". He foretold the doom of the "fatty civilization which science had helped to create" and preached the virtue of poverty.

There is no doubt that the profit motive, along with multiplicity of desires, has been largely responsible for creating the present dominance of the machine, but when we consider the pursuit of wealth as an end in itself we find that it is an evil primarily because it is an expression of selfishness. The despising of wealth *per se*, the glorification of poverty, the taking of a vow of poverty, etc., are all forms of unwisdom.

Theosophy teaches that freedom from attachment comes not from running away from the objects of the senses but from inner dispassion, inner detachment. The man who attempts to attain it by withholding the senses from the objects of sense while indulging in them psychically is the "false pietist of bewildered soul" of the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

We must begin with the inner attitude then, and cultivate "a calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of, everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world, in its relation with, and to, the invisible regions". India honours Gautama, the Beggar Prince, but she honours also Rama the peerless King, and the Buddha Himself made it clear that wealth is not necessarily a handicap or a bar to spiritual attainment:—

Even though a man be richly attired, if he develops tranquillity, is quiet, subdued and restrained, leading a holy life and abstaining from injury to all living beings—he is a Brahman, he is an ascetic, he is a Bhikkhu. (*The Dhammapada*, v. 142)

To attain that inner detachment is a most difficult undertaking and self-imposed poverty is a way to it. It is hard for a man of possessions to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and when the rich young man was advised by Jesus, "Sell all that thou hast", he was called upon to realize the worth and value of his many possessions. It would have been comparatively less difficult to distribute the possessions unto the poor but Jesus wanted him "to sell" first and then "distribute". There is a moral to this advice. The man of many possessions has an opportunity to be a trustee of his wealth for the benefit of his fellow-men and that requires a profound spiritual discrimination. Spiritual profundity comes not from opulence or poverty, but from the use the soul makes of either of these.

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# The United Lodge of Theosophists

## DECLARATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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