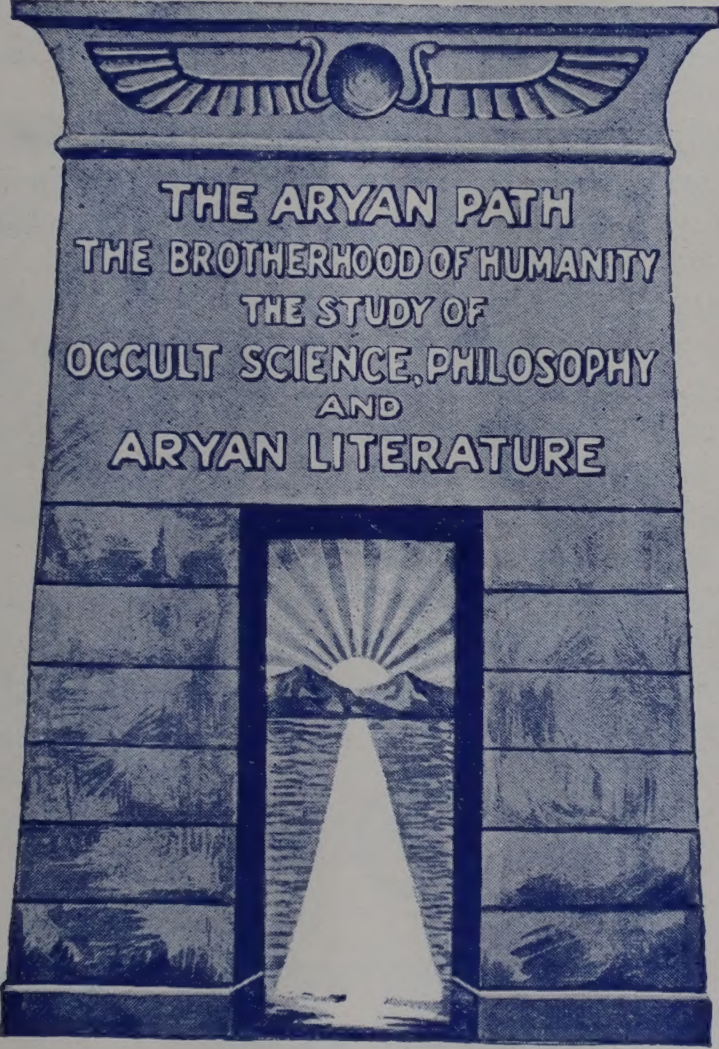




THE
THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO



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

Vol. XXVI No. 7

May 17, 1956

The statements that at Gautama's birth, the newly born babe walked *seven steps* in four directions, that an *Udumbara* flower bloomed in all its rare beauty and that the *Naga* kings forthwith proceeded "to baptize him," are all so many allegories in the phraseology of the Initiates and well-understood by every Eastern Occultist. The whole events of his noble life are given in occult numbers, and every so-called *miraculous* event—so deplored by Orientalists as confusing the narrative and making it impossible to extricate truth from fiction—is simply the allegorical veiling of the truth. It is as comprehensible to an Occultist learned in symbolism, as it is difficult to understand for a European scholar ignorant of Occultism. Every detail of the narrative after his death and before cremation is a chapter of *facts* written in a language which must be studied before it is understood, otherwise its dead letter will lead one into absurd contradictions.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

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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 May 1956.

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AUM

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

BOMBAY, 17th May 1956.

VOL. XXVI. No. 7

THE HEART DOCTRINE OF THE TATHAGATA

This year all are celebrating the 2,500th Anniversary of Gautama Buddha's passing away and the Supreme Renunciation which the Great Master made on the death of the body.

The Compassionate One has words of advice and instruction for every type and class of men: guidance for the seeker; comfort for the aged; solace for the sick; direction for the youth; steadiness for the enthusiast; knowledge for the statesman and the administrator; light for the religious fanatic and the social demagogue—in short, instruction, couched in the language of tolerance, moderation and humour, for all. The Prince gave up his kingdom in India c. 600 B.C., and became the Exemplar for all the world of the Simple Life of the Single Robe. Again, he became the Great Brother to all men who live by the Law of Interdependence but know not that they do so. How? By wandering with His Begging Bowl to acknowledge that He, the Master of untold Spiritual Wealth, was dependent for his food on others. What Humility that Begging Bowl represents! And what strength and self-reliance the Yellow Robe! The Master, it is said, made the gift of the Robe and the Bowl to every neophyte when he was ordained a *Bhikshu*. The shining cloth was the symbol of *Virya*, the dauntless Energy that fights its way to supernal Truth, of course by self-effort; the Begging Bowl symbolized *Kshanti*, Patience sweet, that nought can ruffle. Both jointly teach *Vairagya*, the indifference to pleasure and to pain which conquers illusion and by which alone is Truth perceived. Without Dispassion neither Patience nor Energy can be developed.

The Wise and Compassionate One, who fol-

lowed in the Footsteps of His Illustrious Predecessors, did not and does not belong to any State or Government, to any caste or class, to any race or religion. He did not and does not live even for Himself, but for all humankind; He is circumscribed by no geographical boundary, no historical cycle, no ethnological or anthropological circle "Pass-Not," limiting his Consciousness. He radiates the Light of Wisdom for the ignorant, and who is not ignorant in the civilization of today? Popes and potentates are surrounded by the darkness of ignorance. He radiates the power of Love and Compassion, like the Sun which shines for all, the sinner and the saint, like the rain which falls on the just and the unjust. Each man, each woman, can find in His Teachings guidance for himself or herself; for each the Master has a Message—no mistake about that!

In the few words we print below, the Esotericist will find his Message. These few, simple, unequivocal words are the beginning, the middle and the end of Right Practice for the neophyte who aspires to gain the Wisdom of the Esoteric Philosophy. The beauty of these words is that they are true and appropriate for the Esotericist of every era, whatever the age of his body:—

THE SURE RELEASE

Suppose, brethren, a man in need of sound timber, in quest of sound timber, going about searching for sound timber, should come upon a mighty tree, upstanding, all sound timber, and pass it by; but should cut away the outer wood and bark and take that along with him, thinking it to be sound timber.

Then a discerning man might say thus:

“This fellow surely cannot tell the difference between sound timber and outer wood and bark, branch-wood and twigs: but being in need of sound timber he passes it by and goes off with the outer wood and bark, thinking it to be sound timber. Now such a way of dealing with sound timber will never serve his need.”

Thus, brethren, the essentials of the holy life do not consist in the profits of gain, honour, and good name: nor yet in the profits of observing moral rules: nor yet in the profits of knowledge and insight: but the sure heart's release, brethren,—that, brethren, is the meaning that is the essence, that is the goal of living the holy life.

THE JATAKA TALES

The Buddhist world will celebrate its Triple Festival in the Hindu-Buddhist month of Vaishakha on the full-moon day of May. This festival is a threefold one because it commemorates the day on which Prince Siddhartha, who became Gautama the Buddha, was born in India 600 years before Christ; the day on which he achieved his Great Enlightenment under the Bodhi tree and attained Buddhahood; and the day on which he died, at 80 years of age, having spent the last 45 years of his life in teaching the people of India how to live and his disciples how to live and to teach.

Part of his teaching, as in the case of Jesus and other great spiritual figures, is in story form, for stories, the dramatization of ideas or events, stay in the mind more easily than plain statements of fact. After his death his disciples collected from their memories 547 stories in which he had shown how in former lives he had dwelt in the vegetable kingdom as the sprites of trees and grass; in many different species of the animal kingdom, gaining in intelligence, foresight and the power to sacrifice; and then in the human kingdom, there to spend many lives developing his powers, living righteously and teaching right laws of conduct. Some of these stories have a more ancient origin and some of them have found their way into Æsop's and La Fontaine's Fables.

These stories are called the Jataka Tales, birth stories of the Buddha, and, reading them, it is easy to see how the power to sacrifice, not only life, but the fruition of struggle in all lives, had developed. We see it in the stories where the elephant gave up his tusks, though he knew it meant death; where another elephant gave his

body as food for some people stranded in the desert; in the joyful sacrifice of the hare that its body might be food for the lost and hungry traveller; and so on. All these are stages on the journey that enabled him in his hour of triumph to forego Bliss Ineffable, union with the Divine, in order to remain in touch with the earth and to give help to men. He gave up the idea of Liberation to become a Buddha of Compassion. The same idea of sacrifice is shown in the Chinese story of Kwan-Yin, who, on the point of absorption in Bliss, heard one human being crying for help and returned to dwell in touch with men.

The stories are not so much ethical as they are examples of action and reaction, of the need for harmlessness, devotion, awareness and thought. They are examples of how to act and how not to act, of the results of friendship and the kind of friendship possible. Each was told by the Buddha in connection with some incident then taking place, and at the end of the story the characters of that day were linked with those in the stories. It is this that makes them unique in the literature of the world. Sometimes the same good or evil tendencies of the far past repeat themselves in the present; at other times the evil has changed to good. Or at the end of the story one of the characters of that time sees the error of his ways and changes his mode of conduct.

Many stories show the need for thought before action, notably in the cases of the lions who killed themselves by jumping at a jackal they thought was lying in the sky, but which was, in fact, lying in a crystal cave. Only one lion thought before he leapt and thus saved his life. A similar story is told of a mouse who, helped by

a friendly ascetic, cheated and killed three cats because they tried to pounce on it, not knowing it was in a crystal cave. Crashing into the crystal walls of the cave, they were killed. Also there is the story of the monkey who used an island in the middle of a river as a spring-board to get to the other side of the river. He noticed one day that it seemed to be further out of the water than usual. Before he jumped he paused and found out that an animal was lying on the island, ready to kill him ; and so he saved his life.

Some stories deal with an "Act of Truth" or an "Act of Faith," the kind of will that can move mountains. For example, the Act of Faith by which the little quail, caught in a forest fire and seeing the fundamental truth of the oneness of all life, asked the fire why it came to destroy him when he was helpless and alone. He demanded that it go back. The fire obeyed. Or the Act of Truth of the monkey which caused all the canes round a lake to become straight and hollow, so that the herd could drink through them without going into the lake, thus saving their lives from the water-ogre, who ate all who ventured near.

Jealousy, hatred, love, devotion, friendship—all are there. Devadatta, the Buddha's cousin, who tried consistently to harm him throughout his last life, wished him evil in many of the stories, trying to kill or injure him time and again. He embodied the opposite qualities to those of the Buddha. This is well seen in the story of the mother quail in which the Buddha was the king elephant and Devadatta was the rogue elephant. Whereas the king elephant saved the lives of the little quails at the request of the mother, standing guard over them while the herd passed by, the rogue elephant not only refused her request but deliberately trampled them to death and washed away the remains so that no trace could be found. Or, again, in the story of the Buddha as a monkey king in which he makes of his body a bridge over which the tribe could pass to safety. But Devadatta, then the evil monkey of the tribe, climbed up to the highest branch and jumped with all the force he could muster on to the outstretched back of the monkey king, thus destroying him. Everywhere

Devadatta appears as the cruel, deceitful, harassing shadow following the Buddha.

Ananda, the Buddha's favourite disciple, appears in most of the stories as a friend. He is the king who succours the monkey king whom Devadatta fatally injured ; he is one of the friends of the hare, of the stag, and so on.

There is always an air of fantasy, light as gossamer or showing deep anguish. Sometimes a story runs the gamut from the one to the other as in the case of the six-rayed tusker. First, in an atmosphere of sun and warmth, cool lakes and trees laden with blossoms and fruits, we watch the elephants playing among the shady trees or sporting in the cool waters, throwing flowers about in their light-heartedness, and honouring their king. One offered him a lotus bloom. He took it, and after scattering some of the pollen on his massive forehead, gave it to his chief queen. But tragedy came, for this was the second time that the second queen had been slighted. The first time was when the king elephant had shaken a flower-laden tree and the blossoms fell on the chief queen, whereas the ants and dry leaves, also dislodged, fell on the second queen, who was on the other side of her husband.

The story ends with the death of the king elephant through the vow of vengeance made by the second queen. Born again as a human princess, she married a king and asked to have the six-rayed tusks brought to her. For seven years the most cruel-looking of the king's hunters, chosen by her for that purpose, travelled in search of the elephant forest. When he found the lake he waited with his poisoned arrow and shot the king elephant as he went to bathe. The elephant could have killed the man easily, but he had dressed himself in hermit's clothes and in that guise was safe from attack. Hearing of the man's purpose, the great beast lay down so that the hunter could climb up his silver trunk. Standing on the broad forehead, the man pushed his knees into the mouth and began to hack at the roots of the tusks. After a while the elephant could stand his clumsiness no longer and asked the man to lift his trunk for him—for he had no longer

power to do it himself—and to let him hold by it the weapon. He then cut out his own tusks, giving them to the hunter. He also gave him magic power so that he could return to the queen in seven days, and then he died. Two young elephants lifted the body in their tusks and placed it on a huge fire made by the herd, and it was destroyed.

The queen received the tusks, but, looking at them, the memory of the greatness and kindness of her former husband rose to her mind and she died in remorse.

In two stories of fairies we have the range of emotions from the fragile perfection of unalloyed love to lust, or of pure joy to pure sadness. In the one an idyllic scene is built up: there are two fairies, husband and wife; the mountains, the valley with the clear, flower-decked lake, the trees heavy with blossoms, and the thicket full of hanging creepers; the gossamer flower-petalled dresses, the meal of flower pollen; the frolicking among the trees by swinging on the long creepers, singing through sheer joy; the pleasant tiredness and the dip in the lake. This play ends and they dress again in their flower dresses to lie on a flower-strewn couch spread on silver sand. Then there are the sweet sounds of the bamboo flute and the dancing of the fairy wife, her petal-like hands moving in tune with the music.... Then the entry of a human being who, seeing the fairy wife, is filled with lust and straightaway shoots the husband. The fury of the little fairy wife as she curses him for what he has done is like the angry surge of the torrent or the cascading of the waterfall. The air quivers with her angry voice. As he listens, the man's lust vanishes as quickly as it had come, and he turns away, unconcerned. Then comes the anguish of the fairy wife, her calling on the gods for help when she finds that her fairy husband is not dead but wounded. The gods hear her and a god descends and heals the wound so that the fairy husband is whole again. At the end—what a graphic reminder of human vices!—the god advises them to keep away in future from places where human beings are, and stay in the mountains.

In the other fairy story, two fairies laugh

and cry at once. One day, as a fairy wife was gathering flowers for garlands for her husband and herself, the river began to rise and the husband crossed to the other side to find her, not knowing she was still on his side. The water continued to rise, night came on, and the two fairies, one on each side of the torrent, apart for the night, cry and laugh. For 700 years they have cried and laughed over that one night, spent alone. The Buddha always ended with a moral. In this story he showed a king and queen who had quarrelled how foolish quarrels were.

Sometimes Nature herself takes a hand, either in joyful recognition of some outstanding deed, or in anger at some dastardly act. There is the case of the hunter who took the monkeys who offered themselves to him in the place of their mother, and then took the mother also. At that identical moment a thunderbolt fell on his home, killing his wife and children and destroying the house—all but one bamboo support to the roof. When he was told of this tragedy he dropped the monkeys and rushed home; the bamboo support fell and killed him, the earth opened, flames shot up and the man disappeared. As he disappeared he remembered the advice of his tutor when he was young, but it was then too late.

In another instance, when the hare decided to offer his body to a hungry traveller as food, the earth shook, the ocean's waters were disturbed, the sky took on the most brilliant colours, lightning flashed and thunder rolled; music filled the air and flowers fell around him.

The good are tested. A god tested the hare of the above story. He tested also the king who, saved from a pit by a stag he had tried to kill, refused to shoot, even when threatened with death, when the god made an illusion of the stag appear between his poised arrow and the practice target.

Some stories show how a moment of unawareness can cause disaster. The golden peacock, who dwelt happily by himself in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, repeating his invocation to the sun at its rising and setting, forgot to do so one morning when a peahen called him, and was therefore caught unawares in a trap.

Some deal with friendship, as in the case of the antelope, the woodpecker and the tortoise; or the hare, the monkey and the jackal.

Those that deal with the Buddha as man are extremely illuminating.

The thread of life throughout the stories can perhaps be better understood if we take into account as background the ancient Hindu thought in which the prince was brought up. According to it, life progresses through the kingdoms of Nature, developing sensation in the vegetable, instinct and growing intelligence in the animal, reason in man. As in the Kabalistic saying: "I died as a mineral and became a plant; I died as a plant and became an animal; I died as an animal and became a man." In the lower kingdoms there is no permanent being evolving, only matter, form and qualities. With the human being comes the addition of the permanent individuality, the incarnation, in part or in full, of the *Manasaputras*, Sons of Light, who, entering the human animal form, build with it, through countless incarnations, the perfect vehicle through which they can function on earth. When this is completed we have a divine being living in a human form. Add to this the teaching of the Seven Angels of the Presence, the seven Hierarchies of the Hindus, the seven Dhyani Buddhas raying down and becoming the essence of all Nature, and we sense a far deeper meaning to life and evolution.

UNIVERSAL PROVERBS

The wolf changes his coat but not his nature.

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

He who is far from the eye is far from the heart.

The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

SERVICE AND KARMA

[Reprinted from *The Vahan* for August 1891.—EDS.]

Q.—If another by altruistic service benefits one, is not such action vicarious and inconsistent with Karma?

W.Q.J.—A common error, which arises from incompletely viewing the doctrine of Karma, is the idea that we interfere with Karma when we benefit another. The question is equally applicable to the doing of any injury to another. It cuts both ways; so we might as well ask if it is not inconsistent with the law and vicarious for one to do any evil act which results harmfully to a fellow creature. In neither case is there vicarious atonement or interference. If we can do good to our fellows, that is their good Karma and ours also; if we have the opportunity to thus confer benefits and refuse to do so, then that is our bad Karma in that we neglected a chance to help another. The Masters once wrote that we should not be thinking of our good or bad Karma, but should do our duty on every hand and at every opportunity, unmindful of what may result to us. It is only a curious kind of conceit, which seems to be the product of 19th-century civilization, that causes us to falsely imagine that we, weak and ignorant human beings, can interfere with Karma or be vicarious atoners for others. We are all bound up together in one coil of Karma and should ever strive by good acts, good thoughts and high aspirations, to lift a little of the world's heavy Karma, of which our own is a part. Indeed, no man has any Karma of his own unshared by others; we share each one in the common Karma, and the sooner we perceive this and act accordingly the better it will be for us and for the world.

BUDDHISM AND THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Colonel H.S.O., who works but to revive Buddhism, may be regarded as one who labours in the true path of theosophy, far more than any other man who chooses as his goal the gratification of his own ardent aspirations for occult knowledge. Buddhism, stripped of its superstitions, is eternal truth, and he who strives for the latter is striving for Theo-Sophia, Divine Wisdom, which is a synonym of truth.—THE GREAT MASTER

When H. P. Blavatsky inaugurated the Theosophical Movement in 1875 and when her *Isis Unveiled* was published in 1877 (both these events took place in the New World, in New York) little was known about the Buddha and His Philosophy in the Western world. Though Fausböll's translation of the *Dhammapada* was published in 1855 and Max Müller's in 1870, as part of *Buddhaghosha's Parables* translated from the Burmese by Captain T. Rogers, Buddhistic lore was not a popular study even among scholars. Again, Max Müller's great venture of editing the Sacred Books of the East began in 1876, and it was to the *Rig Veda* and the Upanishads, etc., that the Orientalists were more strongly attracted.

It was Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, published in 1879, which drew the wide attention of the Occidental public to the Great Teacher and to His sublime Moral Philosophy. In the same year (a coincidence?) H. P. Blavatsky started in the city of Bombay her first periodical, *The Theosophist*, and in its very first issue published a review of the book. We reprint below the first part of the review (the second half contains mostly extracts from the beautiful poem). The former points to the general absence of knowledge about the Buddha and Buddhism in the West and to the prejudice against them on the part of the Christians of the day. Sir Edwin Arnold's well-known Preface is quoted, from which we learn that "little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia."

H. P. Blavatsky and her colleague and helper, Colonel H. S. Olcott, did a great deal to make known to the Western world the high status of the Buddha and the high standard of His Teachings. They were laughed to scorn for

their noble effort. The labours of Dharmapala, a devotee of H. P. Blavatsky, were inspired by Theosophy, and he remained true and faithful to her memory till the day of his death. Nor should we overlook the valuable contribution to the Buddhistic renaissance made by Colonel H. S. Olcott by the publication of his *Buddhist Catechism* in 1881.

Even after the Buddha and His Teachings became acceptable to the Western public in a general way, there was a time when it was opined that the doctrines of the Buddha were austere and not quite suited to Western races. This view was expressed by no less an admirer of the Buddha than the celebrated Anatole France. But times have again changed. Today Buddhist moral precepts and metaphysical philosophy are valued as highly suitable to the entire Occident. Below we quote one such testimony. It is from Sheldon Chaney, author of *Men Who Walked With God*:—

For the peoples of the West, committed to the ideals of materialistic competition, conquest, and self-expression, peoples educated pragmatically, peoples almost perpetually in the fever of war, no better tonic could be prescribed than study of the mystic doctrines of Gautama Buddha and of Lao-Tse. The peace that lies at the heart of these two religions; the stressing of self-conquest before conquest of others; the truth that moral conduct grows naturally out of personal holiness; and the natural welling-up of respect, compassion, and nobility among men who have known mergence in the divine—call it God, or Enlightenment, or the Tao: all this is profoundly and tragically needed in the crisis of the spiritual paralysis of the West. We should find, incidentally, a startling correspondence with the basic teachings of Jesus.

“THE LIGHT OF ASIA”*

AS TOLD IN VERSE BY AN INDIAN BUDDHIST

[The following is reprinted from *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, pp. 20-21, for October 1879. Our readers' attention is specially drawn to the previous article, where this review is referred to.—EDS.]

A timely work in poetical form, and one whose subject—perfect though the outward clothing be—is sure to provoke discussion and bitter criticisms, has just made its appearance. It is inscribed to “The Sovereign Grand Master and Companions of the Star of India,” and the author, Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., late Principal of the Deccan College at Poona, having passed some years in India, has evidently studied his theme *con amore*. In his Preface he expresses a hope that the present work and his “Indian Song of Songs will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.” The hope is well grounded, for if any Western poet has earned the right to grateful remembrance by Asiatic nations and is destined to live in their memory, it is the author of the “Light of Asia.”

The novelty, and, from a Christian standpoint, the distastefulness of the mode of treatment of the subject, seem to have already taken one reviewer's breath away. Describing the volume as “gorgeous in yellow and gold,” he thinks the book “chiefly valuable as...coming from one who during a long residence in India imbued his mind with Buddhistic philosophy.” This, he adds, “is no criticism of a religion supposed to be false, but the sympathetic presentment of a religion so much of which is true *as from the mouth of a votary (sic)*.” By many, Mr. Arnold's “imaginary Buddhist votary” of the Preface, is identified with the author himself; who now—to quote again his critic—“comes out in his true colours.” We are glad of it; it is a rare compliment to pay to any writer of this generation, whose peremptory instincts lead but

* The Light of Asia: or the Great Renunciation (Mahabhinishkramana). The Life and Teachings of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., F.R.G.S., C.S.I. Formerly, Principal of the Deccan College, Poona, and Fellow of the University of Bombay.

too many to sail under any colours but their own. For our part, we regard the poem as a really remarkable specimen of literary talent, replete with philosophical thought and religious feeling—just the book, in short, we needed in our period of *Science of Religion*—and the general toppling of ancient gods.

The Miltonic verse of the poem is rich, simple, yet powerful, without any of those metaphysical inuendoes at the expense of clear meaning which the subject might seem to beg, and which is so much favoured by some of our modern English poets. There is a singular beauty and a force in the whole narrative, that hardly characterizes other recent poems—Mr. Browning's idyl, the “Pheidippides,” for one, which in its uncouth hero, the Arcadian goat-god, offers such a sad contrast to the gentle Hindu Saviour. Jar as it may on Christian ears, the theme chosen by Mr. Arnold is one of the grandest possible. It is as worthy of his pen, as the poet has showed himself worthy of the subject. There is a unity of Oriental colouring in the descriptive portion of the work, a truthfulness of motive evinced in the masterly handling of Buddha's character, which are as precious as unique; inasmuch as they present this character for the first time in the history of Western literature, in the totality of its unadulterated beauty. The moral grandeur of the hero, that Prince of royal blood, who might have been the “Lord of Lords,” yet

...let the rich world slip

Out of his grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl

and the development of his philosophy, the fruit of years of solitary meditation and struggle with the mortal “Self,” are exquisitely portrayed. The poem begins with a triumphant cry of all nature; a universal hymn at the sight of the World-liberating soul

...of the Saviour of the world,

Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhartha styled on earth—

In Earth, and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
 All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
 The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.

Whatever the subsequent fate of all the world's religions and their founders, the name of Gautama Buddha, or Sakya Muni, can never be forgotten; it must always live in the hearts of millions of votaries. His touching history—that of a daily and hourly self-abnegation during a period of nearly *eighty* years, has found favour with everyone who has studied his history. When one searches the world's records for the purest, the highest ideal of a religious reformer, he seeks no further after reading this Buddha's life. In wisdom, zeal, humility, purity of life and thought; in ardour for the good of mankind; in provocation to good deeds, to toleration, charity and gentleness, Buddha excels other men as the Himalayas excel other peaks in height. Alone among the founders of religions, he had no word of malediction nor even reproach for those who differed with his views. His doctrines are the embodiment of universal love. Not only our philologists—cold anatomists of time-honoured creeds who scientifically dissect the victims of their critical analyses—but even those who are prejudiced against his faith, have ever found but words of praise for Gautama. Nothing can be higher or purer than his social and moral code. "That moral code," says Max Müller ("Buddhism") "taken by itself is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known." In his work "Le Bouddha et sa Religion" (p. 5) Barthélemy St. Hilaire reaches the climax of reverential praise. He does not "hesitate to say" that "among the founders of religions there is no figure more pure or more touching than that of Buddha. *His life has not a stain upon it.* His constant heroism equals his convictions.... He is the perfect model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation and charity, his inalterable gentleness, never forsake him for an instant...." And, when his end approaches, it is in the arms of his disciples that he dies, "with the serenity of a sage who practised good during his whole life, and

who is sure to have found—the truth." So true it is, that even the early Roman Catholic saint-makers, with a flippant unconcern for detection by posterity, characteristic of the early periods of Christianity, claimed him as one of their converts, and, under the pseudonym of St. Josaphat, registered him in their "Golden Legend" and "Martyrology" as an orthodox, beatified Catholic saint. At this very day, there stands in Palermo, a church dedicated to Buddha under the name of Divo Josaphat. It is to the discovery of the Buddhist canon, and the *Sacred Historical Books of Ceylon*—partially translated from the ancient Pali by the Hon. J. Turnour—and especially to the able translation of "Lalita-Vistara" by the learned Babu Rajendralal Mitra, that we owe nearly all we know of the true life of this wonderful being, so aptly named by our present author, "The Light of Asia," and now poetry wreathes his grave with asphodels.

Mr. Arnold, as he tells us himself in the Preface, has taken his citations from Spence Hardy's work, and has also modified more than one passage in the received narrative. He has sought, he says, "to depict the life and character, and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India," and reminds his readers that a generation ago "little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during 24 centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama..." whose "sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably" even "upon modern Brahmanism. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality... cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest and most beneficent... in the history of Thought... No single act or word mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher...."

PREDICAMENT AND PANACEA

[Our civilization is suffering from a grave disease and numerous remedies are suggested by many doctors for its critical state. There is only one sure remedy. It is offered by the "Incomparable Physician" in the following, which is reprinted from *The Aryan Path*, Vol. VII, pp. 491-93, for November 1936. It is an imaginary conversation taking place in London between the Master Gautama Buddha and the beloved disciple Ananda. But the writer's imagination is not merely speculative and fanciful; he has drawn upon the authentic teachings of Buddhism. The writer is Mr. A. M. Hocart, M.A., who had experience of German University life, in addition to Oxford. He had a varied career which took him as far afield as Fiji and Western Polynesia for the purpose of ethnical research. For over ten years he was the Archæological Commissioner of Ceylon and then the Assistant Professor of Sociology at Cairo. He is the author of several books, among which are *Kingship* and *Progress of Man*.

Prince Siddhartha, born a Kshatriya Hindu, attained Enlightenment in this country. Our National Karma has now entangled us in mechanistic and sensuous ways of progress; our *swadeshi* government and administration have near at hand the wisdom of India's greatest son, and a proper use of it would prevent Delhi becoming another London. Our advertisements, our speed, our medicine, will not remove our poverty and hunger and we will not become happy citizens as the Master convincingly shows in this article. Will Indians, who are celebrating the special 2,500th Anniversary this year, resolve to adopt the ways and methods of the great and practical Sage?—EDS.]

IF THE BUDDHA CAME TO LONDON

Thus have I heard.

The Blessed One was once sojourning in London, in the Royal Park.

Now the Venerable Ananda went up to the place where the Blessed One was, and bowed down before him, and took his seat respectfully on one side. And when he was seated the Venerable Ananda said to the Blessed One: "The Blessed One has chosen well. This is a royal city, mighty and prosperous, and full of people, crowded with men, stocked with all kinds of food and drink, gay with rich and variegated raiments, alive with many wonderful engines that speed over the earth and through the air, conveying men and wealth, and the noise of it reaches to heaven. Surely this city was founded in an auspicious hour on an auspicious spot to bring happiness to its inhabitants."

"Say not so, O Ananda. Say not that this city is fit to bring happiness to its people. Truly this is a royal city, mighty and prosperous, and full of people, crowded with men, stocked with all kinds of food and drink, gay with rich and variegated raiments, alive with many wonderful engines that speed over the earth and through the air, conveying men and wealth, and the noise

of it reaches to heaven. Many indeed are the wonders to be seen in it, but happiness is not one of them. Consider, O Ananda, what is the condition of happiness. Is it food more than a man can eat? Is it richness of apparel? Is it crowds? Is it noise? The condition of happiness, O Ananda, is contentment, and the first condition of contentment is freedom from tormenting desires. The people of this city, O Ananda, are not free from tormenting desires. The fires of innumerable desires burn within them, consuming their minds.

"This royal city is indeed stocked with all kinds of food and drink, yet the people are always seeking new kinds. Therefore tempters come and perpetually stimulate their senses with pictures and with writings saying, 'Eat this and live,' 'Drink this and be strong.' So that they are perpetually desirous of more, thinking, 'This will make me live,' 'This will make me strong.'

"This royal city is indeed gay with rich and variegated raiments, but they are never so rich or variegated as to satisfy their desires. No sooner has one donned a new sort than he begins to desire another; and always pictures are set before them depicting better than they have, so

that they are no longer pleased with what they have, but grieve over what they have not.

“This royal city is indeed alive with many wonderful engines; but why, O Ananda, do they rush ceaselessly this way and that way? Sensation causes desire, and desire sets in motion towards the object of desire. If desires are ceaseless the motion is ceaseless. Therefore the people rush this way and that way in an unending quest, thinking of the speed they would like to achieve.

“The condition of happiness, O Ananda, is contentment, and the condition of contentment is the absence of fear. The people of this royal city are not free from fear.

“There are five kinds of fear, O, Ananda, the fear of death, the fear of old age, the fear of loneliness, the fear of poverty, the fear of war.

“The people of this royal city, mighty and prosperous, are afraid of death, O Ananda. Only the spirits who are free from passion bear the thought of it calm and self-possessed, mindful of the saying, ‘Impermanent indeed are all things in this world. All things contain within themselves the inherent necessity of dissolution.’

“The people of this city are afraid of disease, because disease is the beginning of dissolution. The fear of disease gives rise to disease, but they do not understand the cause of their disease. They think it comes from the body, whereas it comes from the mind. Therefore when someone says, ‘I have a medicine that will cure your disease, will keep away death,’ they listen eagerly, and buy the medicine; but it does not cure their disease, it does not keep away death; they try another and yet another, but the mind cannot be cured by drugs.

“The people of this royal city, mighty and prosperous, are afraid of old age, O Ananda, they cannot face old age, they hide old age from their sight. Therefore, O Ananda, their old men play like boys, and their old women paint themselves to look like young girls, thinking, ‘We do like the young, we look like the young, we are young.’ Thus they deceive themselves. Therefore if one arises and says, ‘I will free you

from old age; I have an elixir that will stave off old age,’ they listen eagerly, hoping to be freed from old age. But no elixir can free from old age, only right thinking can free from the fear of old age.

“The people of this royal city, mighty and prosperous, so crowded with men, are afraid of loneliness, O Ananda. They jostle one another in the streets, yet they know not one another. They seek the crowded streets, they seek the contact of bodies, but loneliness is not removed by the contact of bodies, but by the contact of minds. The contact of minds, O Ananda, is through the harmony of thoughts. The people of this city are not harmonious in their thoughts. Divergent desires destroy the harmony of thoughts, and so destroy the contact of minds. Failing to establish harmony of thoughts with men they seek to establish it with the shadows of men. They throng, O Ananda, to see the shadows of men and to hear the shadows of voices, acting and speaking as if they were real men, but all is illusion, for shadows cannot think. Not by chasing shadows is loneliness overcome, but by pursuing right thinking is loneliness overcome.

“The people of this royal city, mighty and prosperous, stocked with all kinds of food and drink, gay with rich and variegated raiments, are nevertheless afraid of poverty, O Ananda. They are very rich, but think themselves very poor, and so they are poor; for *poverty is not the lack of wealth, but the lack of ideas*. He who has much but wants more is poor, while he who has little but wants nothing is rich. The people of this city have more than they need, but fear to have less. The greater their wealth the greater their fear of losing it. So they go on coveting more and more so that they may be safe from loss. One man covets the share of ten men, and when he has that he covets the share of a hundred men, and when he has that he covets the share of a thousand men. Thus conflict arises, and out of conflict war, and out of war poverty. Thus the fear of poverty leads to poverty.

“The people of this royal city, mighty and

prosperous, are afraid of war, O Ananda, yet they cannot achieve peace. They forever do those things that lead to war, for their desires are endless, but the means of satisfying them are few. Thus they are as a vast multitude of men that crowd at the narrow door of success, and they push and jostle one another to get in; and out of this pushing and striving arises conflict, and out of conflict war. If the senses are controlled, the desires are controlled; and if the desires are controlled, the actions are controlled, so that there is no action that is unjust, no action that is hasty, no action that is unbalanced. The senses of this people are not controlled, their desires are not controlled, their actions are not controlled, so that they desire what is not lawful, take what is not lawful, and so conflict arises, and out of conflict war. Then the strong prevail and the weak look about them for means to overcome the strong and they make themselves terrible machines, engines of death to kill hundreds, so that they become strong in their turn; and then the strong having become weak look about them for means to overcome the weak become strong, and they make themselves terrible machines, engines of death to kill thousands. Thus in seeking peace they lose peace. For peace comes from the mind, and not from machines; it can only be achieved by the mind.

“All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.

“When the people of this city, mighty and prosperous, know this, when they make their thoughts harmonious with the world, harmonious with men, then they will attain to the highest happiness, O Ananda; then may you say, O Ananda, this city was founded in an auspicious

hour on an auspicious spot to bring happiness to its inhabitants.”

A BUDDHIST HYMN

[The following is reprinted from *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, p. 284, for August 1880. It is from the pen of a British Military Officer, Major D. M. Strong, of the Tenth Bengal Lancers. It indicates the influence of Buddhism on foreign minds of the day.—EDS.]

As soft as life by Gunga
Two thousand cycles since,
Thy words, for which we hunger,
Mild Master, Saviour, Prince,

Have blessed us, peace or trial;
Untaught by church and priests
To stain our pure denial
With lust for Swarga's feasts.¹

Awhile with Love thou rested,
A father's joy thou knew,
Thus all our weakness tested,
Discerned the false and true.

As lonely spoonbill winging
To brood in some wild mere,
Maybe, on woes out-springing
From life—the strife, the fear:

So thou, dear Lord, didst leave us
And learnt the Rightful Way—
Each one his burden grievous
Himself can cast away.

¹ An author on Buddhism has remarked that the true Buddhist does not mar the purity of his self-denial in this life, by lusting after the spiritual joys of a world to come.

All the parts of human life, in the same manner as those of a statue, ought to be beautiful.

A statue indeed stands on its basis, but a worthy man on the subject of his deliberate choice ought to be immovable.

THE BEST REFUGE

The great and peaceful Ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring; having crossed the ocean of ordinary existence, They help others, through compassion that seeks no return, to cross it.

This desire is spontaneous, since the natural tendency of Great Souls is to remove the suffering of others, just as the nectar-rayed moon of itself cools the earth scorched by the fierce rays of the sun.

An important Anniversary will be celebrated this month. All lovers of wisdom will honour, with reverent minds and devoted hearts, the memory of the great Renouncer-Sacrificer, Gautama the Buddha, and derive inspiration and guidance from the remembrance of his spotless life and sage precepts. For two and a half millennia this "Light of the World," this "Lamp of the Law," as he has fittingly been called, has continued to shine and show the Way to those endeavouring to follow in his footsteps, those attempting to come out from darkness into light.

We honour the great Sages and Seers of the past best, not by paying lip-tributes to them, but by trying to understand their teachings and imbibe something of the living power of their message, so that we may in our turn help them, however humbly, in their Mission of Compassion. It is most important to recognize that the teachings of the Compassionate Buddha have a message for the modern man—not only for those who call themselves Buddhists, but for *all*—for men and women of all times, all places and all denominations. In his precepts and sermons he addressed not only his contemporaries, but, through them, others, in ever-widening circles.

One unjust criticism levelled against the doctrine of the Buddha is that it is meant only for those who are ready to renounce the world of ordinary social activities in order to seek the goal of Nirvana. The Enlightened One himself has told us that to follow the Noble Eightfold Path or the Middle Way it is not necessary for one to give up the householder's state and become a *bhikkhu*. He has shown how a layman should conduct his life, how one can live in the world and fulfil one's social responsibilities and at the same time exemplify all the virtues necessary for a

devout follower of the Master and an aspirant to enlightenment.

The Buddha's message is both simple and profound. All are not ready to attain Nirvana; but each can, he urged, become what he really is in his innermost nature. Men wanted to be happy, and he would make them happy. His advice was very simple, if exceedingly difficult to practise: Let men get rid of all hatred and malice, all indulgence in lower desires and evil thoughts. For these let them substitute good thoughts and worthy desires, feelings of charity and compassion, and be serene and composed. Let them, after purifying their minds and emotions, get in touch with the Self of all selves, with the Light of all lights, which is within and without all creatures, and all the happiness they can possibly desire will be theirs.

Such was the gist of the Buddha's teaching. It may sound platitudinous and impracticable. But the Buddha was a very practical man. It was because he showed in his life that what he taught was both practicable and reasonable that he won in his lifetime, and has continued to win for 2,500 years, human heads and hearts—millions upon millions of them. Truth became in him a shining light, and, like the moths attracted to the dazzling flame, numberless have been the followers of the Self-luminous One, who sought to kindle in others, too, the latent spark, the Tathagata Light. His parting message to his disciples was:—

Those who, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves, relying upon themselves only and not relying upon any external help, but holding fast to the truth as their lamp, and seeking their salvation in the truth alone, shall not look for assistance to anyone besides themselves; it is they, among my Bhikshus, who shall

reach the very topmost height! But they must be anxious to learn. . . .

Let us, in preparation for the approaching Buddha *Jayanti*, seek refuge in the Enlightened One and in the *Dhamma* he taught. "That, verily, is the safe refuge, the best refuge; in that refuge man is free from all pain."

"A TOURIST SHOW"

Only a few Westerners of the nineteenth century understood and appreciated adequately the profundity of Asian religions and philosophies. But many travelled to China, India and Japan. Religious shrines and ceremonies in the East were objects of idle curiosity and interest to these tourists and were recommended to their attention by interested parties.

One such shrine exploited as a tourist attraction was the grandiose Image of the Enlightened One at Kamakura in Japan. Rudyard Kipling's eye caught a publicity stunt about it: "And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura." He who felt the touch of the Mystic East from time to time wrote this beautiful poem in 1892. Its appeal is not so greatly needed today as it was then, for Church dogmatism has been on the wane and religious tolerance is more widespread. In bringing this about the Theosophical Movement launched by Madame H. P. Blavatsky has played a significant part. Here is the poem:—

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."

O ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when "the heathen" pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To him the Way, the Law, apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,

Ananda's Lord, the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura;

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes.
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
While yet in lives the Master stirred,
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see
A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*
The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
From Burmah to Kamakura;

And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Thibetan drums,
And droned—"Om mane padme oms"—
A world's width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
The meaning of Kamakura?

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura?

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE ART OF LIVING

For many men and women their daily life is one big round of drudgery, enlivened occasionally by mundane enjoyments and sense thrills in which they seek to lay aside duties and cares. All daily duties, from waking up to returning to sleep, appear to them drab and prosaic and are performed without zest or enthusiasm. They are led to believe that life has no meaning or purpose, that it is but an "empty dream," "a walking shadow," is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Whether rich or poor, they are forever discontented with their lot, ever craving for something which they do not possess.

This is an old, old problem. It arises because the majority of people do not try to understand the Science of Life and the Art of Living. A little reflection would lead us to the conclusion that our life need not be monotonous, that the prosaic can and should be tempered with the poetic. Life can be made truly artistic, and we can find soul-satisfaction in the very discharge of our daily duties.

The root cause of the apparent monotony of life is lack of a definite goal. Because there is no goal to strive for, no destination to reach, the human mind muddles through existence without learning anything. It is true that many people say that they have a goal in life: some want to attain wealth; others desire to obtain fame; still others crave for human love and attention; and a fourth class even wish to serve their community and their nation. But when any or all of these classes are pressed to answer why they desire wealth or fame or love, or why they wish to serve, they are not able to explain. This shows that theirs is an impulsively conceived goal, not rooted in knowledge. The reason why so few people have an intelligent understanding of the goal they have chosen and the definite road leading to that goal is that they have made their choice in terms of impulsive desires and have not deliberately sought for a rational basis.

The lives of those who are passively resigned to their lot and who make no attempt to improve it are coloured by the quality of *tamas*, the dark

quality of indifference. To this class belong the large masses of Asia who put up with ghastly poverty and starvation, whose mental and moral growth is stunted, and who do not know what else to do but put up with their lot.

The second class of beings are fully immersed in the quality of *rajas*—restless and inordinate desires. They have erected goals—vague, undefined, unintelligent, and rooted in selfish desires. These people are full of cravings and, though they may satisfy these, they have no peace. Seeking for joy, they fail to secure it, for in the hour of attainment of their goal they find out that it is not what they had hoped for.

Both these classes must reach ultimately the stage of those who are centred in the quality of *sattva*, who have formulated their goal not impulsively but will-fully and intelligently. They have a clear perception of the purpose of existence—the gaining of experience by the Soul in the world of matter, through the body and its senses, through the desires and the mind.

We cannot perform deeds without a body. But when we learn that works are not performed by the body, but are done by the Soul in and through the body, then the drab, the prosaic, the unromantic aspect of daily life undergoes a change. The Art of Living depends on the artist, and the artist is the Soul in the body. The Soul is the sculptor and the body is the marble with which he works. The Soul is the painter and the body is the canvas on which he puts his colours. The Soul is the poet and the body is the tablet on which he writes his verse. The Soul is the musician and the body is the *vina* on which he plays.

But just as, though one may procure the most melodious *vina*, if one does not know how to play no music comes forth, so also in life. Life itself is like a wonderful instrument, but we must make the necessary effort to learn how to play that instrument, how to live our life as it should be lived. The human Soul, the artist, must work, otherwise there can be no statue from the marble, no picture on the canvas. The lives of

most people are like spoilt blocks of marble, badly cut and uncouth; or they are full of discordant notes, like the *vina* with broken strings. This is because they do not recognize the Soul within to be the doer of deeds, and all actions, be they pleasurable or painful, to be avenues to knowledge and experience. A painter, in painting a picture which would give joy to the beholder, makes use of the contrast of light and shade. So also sunshine and shadow, pleasure and pain, are necessary for the Soul to reach its goal.

For an artist to attain skill in his particular art, repeated effort is required. So too the human Soul, the artist, must perfect himself by treading *Abhyasa-Marga*, the path of constant practice. Only through continuous endeavour can he make his deeds, his artistic creations, show beauty of proportion. Ordinarily we say that we must learn to do our day's work better and better. We must go one step further and recognize that the cook, the peon, the clerk, the professional man, are all artists, and that by repeated effort they must learn to better their own creations. Only when they have done so does Nature free them for higher and nobler creations. The general tendency is not to perfect ourselves in our own duties, but to change them. Ambition is ordinarily mistaken for aspiration. He who is ambitious runs away from his duty or tries to run away. The man of real aspiration tries to perfect himself in his own tasks through *Abhyasa*, continuous practice.

Through repeated endeavour we must see the inner meaning of all our duties, even the irksome ones, and perceive the glory of the Lord inherent in those deeds and duties. This is the real meaning of dedicating all our actions to the Krishna within, to the Christos seated in the hearts of all of us. This is true meditation, which has to be practised continuously, throughout the day. We must learn to note what action of the Supreme our own duties represent. A man is a cook—his cooking but represents the effort of the Superior Spirit, Purushottama, who makes ready the food of experience at the dawn of manifestation for all Souls to eat and enjoy. A man is an accountant—his duties represent the

action of Chitragupta, the silent Recorder, who keeps the account of every Soul's life, whom nothing escapes, who puts down every rupee of profit made or every pie of loss, and on whose accuracy the business of Nature greatly depends. A man is a farmer—the seeds he sows and the harvest he reaps represent the action of Karma which gives back to every creature the exact fruit of what it has sown in the past. A man is a soldier—the discords and wars in which he participates are but the outcome of the archetypal conflict, the conflict between the Self of matter and the Self of Spirit within every human being. A man is a doctor—let him not forget that there is a healing which is not of bodies but of Souls and that there are those who specialize in such healing. A man is a servant—let him bear in mind that there are Those who have constituted Themselves the Servants of the human race, but for Whose Labour of Love life would become far more difficult and miserable for us than it already is. There is not a profession, not a walk in life, not a single act done by anyone, which is not a direct reflection of some spiritual reality.

By remembering the spiritual counterpart of ordinary physical deeds, the Soul acquires proficiency in the Art of Living. The life of such a one is not drab and prosaic. Day by day he traces with the brush of romance his deeds, now radiant, now shady, on the canvas of life, and, beholding the picture, says: "It is good, but let me make it better still."

People often complain that they are inefficient, and they begin at the wrong end; they try to improve their outer deeds. They will not succeed until they recognize that the artist, the Soul, must begin with the thinking principle, Manas. People are restless, dissatisfied, full of cravings, because the mind is agitated, turbulent and obstinate. A pure mind will make the body clean; a controlled mind will make the body steady; an illuminated mind will make the body radiant. Mental exercise is as necessary as bodily exercise. Through constant practice the mind has to be withdrawn from the world of senses and allowed to bathe in the light of the Spiritual Soul.

Without *Jnana* or knowledge we cannot become

true artists, we cannot gain proficiency in the Art of Living. The Master-Artists are those perfect in knowledge. Let us, budding artists, seek the

knowledge of the great Art from these Teacher-Artists who impart the knowledge of how to make all lives beautiful and radiant.

A POLISH FOLK TALE

There are many fairy tales throughout the world relating to the Initiation of a Disciple. The story of the little cobbler given below originates from the district of Cracow in Poland, where it used to be told by Polish peasants. It was taken down literally by Oskar Kolberg, the well-known Polish ethnologist, and published in the eighth volume of his colossal work, which, under the title *Lud* (People), appeared in Poland in a series between 1858-1895. Here is a translation of the tale, the lesson of which can be summarized in the following words: Help Nature and Nature will respond.

Once upon a time there lived a poor, aged shoemaker. His only son was a very handsome youth. One day his father called him and sent him into the world to find a better future for himself. He gave him two rucksacks for his journey: one containing loaves of bread; the other, a shoemaker's tools. And so the young fellow began his journey through various lands in search of work.

One sunny morning he found himself following a path through a forest. Suddenly he noticed an ant-hill which had been destroyed by a mischievous hand. His heart was filled with pity for the tiny creatures. He knelt on the ground, rebuilt the ant-hill and replaced the scattered eggs.

A little further along the path through the forest he noticed a beehive hidden in the trunk of an old tree. But some mischievous hand had plundered the hive and swarms of bees were buzzing unhappily round the tree. The shoemaker's heart was overwhelmed with pity for the little creatures. He repaired the broken hive and put a wax frame into it. He smiled happily as the golden bees settled down joyfully.

The young shoemaker continued on his way until he arrived at the bank of a beautiful river filled

with shoals of goldfish. A small wooden bridge spanned the river and silver swans glided on the surface of the water. The shoemaker was enchanted by the picturesque scene. He took out the remaining piece of bread from his rucksack and threw the crumbs into the water for the goldfish and the silver swans.

Long and weary was the shoemaker's journey; he was often hungry and various dangers threatened his life. But he finally reached the gates of a large city.

He settled down in the city and began his work. Soon he made a reputation for his skill as a shoemaker. One day he was called to the royal castle and received an order for a pair of slippers for the young princess. As soon as he saw the face of the beautiful princess he immediately fell in love with her. But alas! the queen mother was a powerful enchantress, and nobody had so far dared to ask her for the hand of the young princess. But the shoemaker was a daring fellow and decided to ask the wicked queen for the hand of her beautiful daughter.

When the queen heard his request she said: "Whoever wants to marry my daughter must be prepared for three tests." The shoemaker did not lose courage and asked for the first test. The queen ordered a sack of poppy seeds and a sack of sand to be mixed together and said to the shoemaker: "If you do not separate the seeds from the sand before daybreak tomorrow, you will never see the princess again!"

So the unhappy young man sat in the closed room provided for him. He thought of his task and tears of despair began to roll down his cheeks. Suddenly a strange noise was heard in the room. The shoemaker looked up and could hardly believe his eyes. Through the barred window thousands upon thousands of ants entered the room. They started carefully to clean the

poppy seeds, putting aside every grain of sand. Soon the work was completed. The shoemaker thanked the tiny creatures with all his heart.

How great was the surprise of the queen when next morning she saw all the poppy seeds separated from the sand! She then gave him the next task to perform, and this time a more difficult one. She locked the princess in her room with a golden key and threw it into the deep waters of the river, leaving the shoemaker to find it.

The shoemaker's heart was full of despair as he stood on the bank of the river. It seemed quite impossible to find the key in the deep waters. Suddenly he heard a splash on the silent surface. It was a silver swan swimming towards him with the golden key in its beak. The swan came as a messenger from the goldfish who had found the key at the bottom of the deep river.

Next morning the queen was very surprised to see the golden key in the shoemaker's hand. But immediately she gave him the last and the most difficult task. She led him to a room where three aged, ugly spinsters were spinning. "Now," said the queen, "you must guess which one is the princess. But, if you guess incorrectly, you will marry the oldest and ugliest as a punishment!"

The shoemaker looked at one, glanced at another. He was baffled by the task and was unable to utter a sound. He looked hopelessly around when suddenly a swarm of bees flew in through the open window. Humming and buzzing, they circled over the head of the ugliest of the spinsters. The shoemaker immediately perceived the meaning of their action. "That one is my princess," he shouted, and ran towards the spinster pointed out by the bees. And lo! in her place appeared the lovely princess, freed from the enchantment of the queen.

The little shoemaker married his beloved princess and a great feast was joyfully held in the royal castle.

The theme of this, and indeed many of the details, strongly resembles that of "The Queen Bee," one of the Grimms' Tales.

The youth who goes out into the world in quest of a better future for himself is the human soul. In one rucksack he has the "bread of wisdom," since he is himself Spirit in essence. In the other rucksack he has the tools for making "shoes" (or sheaths of skin), in which the incarnating Higher Soul may "tread on earth." The Kabalists speak of the Heavenly Man whose head is in Spirit and whose feet walk in hell (in incarnated life). The human soul is fed by Spirit, but has also the power to create a complex body of matter. The young princess for whom he has to furnish slippers is his own potential godhood, for which he has to provide embodiment. But first, as always happens, he has to pass through certain probationary trials and tests that come from great Nature herself. Nature, the enchantress, has to be overcome before man can be more than man. The first test is to "learn to discern the real from the false," the living seed from the sterile sand. The poppy is a flower that, astrologically, is under the moon, the goddess of childbirth, and truth is the living seed of the "second birth."

Now it is not ordinary logic and reason that sift out unerringly the real from the unreal. When man "instinctively," so to say (without having to weigh the pros and cons), picks out the essential truth, then he *knows*.

Reason, the outgrowth of the physical brain, develops at the expense of instinct—the flickering reminiscence of a once divine omniscience—spirit... In losing instinct, man loses his intuitional powers, which are the crown and ultimatum of instinct. (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 433)

The ant can be considered the epitome of instinct, and when man's conscious mind restores that instinctive knowledge (as the youth repairs the ant-hill) then the thousandfold experiences of his life become absorbed and assimilated into the discerning faculty of intuition.

In the second test, it is the goldfish and the silver swan (both symbols of the Logos, or the Christos principle) that, being fed by the mind with the Bread of Wisdom, bring the golden key up from the depths of the water. Here water represents the pure, spiritual element out of

whose depths immortality is won. In many religions the fish is connected symbolically with man's Saviours, who appear when the Sun is reborn in the zodiacal sign of *Pisces* (the Fishes), while the *Hansa* (the Swan or Goose) stands in Indian and Egyptian symbolism for the secret Divine Wisdom, and for Eternity. It symbolizes too "the identity of man's essence with god-essence" and thus it carries the golden key that opens the door behind which man's divinity is imprisoned.

And in the third test, the three daughters of Nature who spin man's fate may be considered as the three aspects of Death—the end of all life. The "oldest and ugliest" is the violent death that comes from a wilful course of sins of commission; the second is the death of inanition, the slow decay that follows the sins of omission; while the third "death," apparently as fearful as the others, is in reality Divine Life itself. The extinction of the personal life is the bliss of Nirvana, but, as the aspiring soul gets its first glimpse of that Life Universal, it is terrified and overwhelmed by it. SPACE is too vast; TIME is unendurable in Eternity; the ceaseless MOTION presses on without respite. The fragile form will surely break with the strain. Nothing of what it has thought of as itself can survive. This must be Death! Yet what appears in this terrible, awful guise is in reality the goddess of LIFE. The symbol of Shiva, the Destroyer-Regenerator, dancing, skull-decorated, in the burial ground, gives the same idea.

And here the fairy tale offers the clue to our power to choose the right goal. Our capacity to

do so depends, not on our intellect, but on our ability to act as Spirit, universally. If the ants represent our perceptions (the whole scale of instinct-intuition) the bees, the honey-gatherers, represent our powers of soul-action; for the assimilated memory of our "good works," the soul-energized thoughts and deeds, are often called the honey gathered by the Ego from each incarnation.

Thus, even at the beginning of the Path, "sympathy, charity and all other forms of goodness" open up opportunities for gaining the necessary knowledge to tread the Path. So the accumulated merit of our selfless and spiritual actions develops the powers (the bees) that enable us to meet the test of the final "moment of choice," and, in spite of the terrifying vision before us, to make the right choice because everything in us irresistibly hovers round it.

It should be noted also that even beginners on the Path are confronted, before taking a step forward, with something that seems dreadful and hard to face, whether a circumstance, a relationship or a task. Upon the way they react to it will depend which "ugly spinster" they will choose—either of the two who represent the positive and negative aspects of Karma-Nemesis, or the one which is Soul-achievement in disguise, so that seeming poison becomes life-giving, and obstacle proves to be opportunity. The only thing that gives us the stamina to face the terrors that confront us is the result of putting our spiritual intentions, our ideals, into practice.

There is a daily as well as a final initiation, and the fairy story refers to both.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

—EPICETUS

SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES

Mankind is again at one of its cross-roads. It must choose. The discovery of the atomic force has, for the time being at least, awakened man's conscience, and some few at any rate have questioned the wisdom of the scientists' actions in two important particulars. The questions which have been posed are: What was the motive which impelled the scientists to delve into the mystery of atomic energy? Was it wise on the part of the scientists to divulge the knowledge to those who were likely to use it for the base ends of political expediency?

The history of atomic experiments records the cases of those true scientists who have refused to associate themselves with any debasement of the knowledge of Nature's finer forces. All honour to them for the noble lead that they have given. Their viewpoint, however, has been brushed aside by the heads of States, and scientific minds are, even today, harnessed for the undeniable purpose of fabricating engines capable of destroying the largest possible number of human beings. The thinking world arouses itself now and again to register a protest and then sinks once again into somnolence. To the student of Theosophy, this upheaval of human conscience affords opportunity for reaffirming certain principles which needs must guide human behaviour.

The first of these principles is Philanthropy. From it emerges the concept of Universal Brotherhood, which is now universally accepted in theory and is nearly as universally rejected in practice. But what, says the learned scientist, has philanthropy to do with science? To the scientist there is no duty higher than that of unveiling one or another aspect of Nature. Where, then, can come the question of charity or of philanthropy or of a larger altruism? The answer is that delving into Nature's mystic lore becomes dangerous unless it be motivated by the force of a desire to benefit mankind. The laws which Faraday discovered and which Edison turned to use have now been employed for well nigh a century. It is true that they have enabled a very small fraction of humanity to live in comfort, but

they have left completely untouched the vast teeming populations that make up the great orphan—Humanity. If their credits and debits be cast up, these selfsame discoveries will be found to have been used for purposes which militate hourly against the spirit and the letter of Universal Brotherhood. The scientists may have been clever in the department of discoveries; they were not wise enough to sense that any discovery which helps not the distressed, which cannot be made available to the poor and the needy, which rushes not to the succour of the down-trodden of any land or clime, has in it the seeds of vice and cunning, of cruelty and misery, of destitution and therefore of death.

Here, however, the scientist can rightly point out that any force in Nature can be used or abused, and that he works only to discover the impersonal, and therefore the colourless, force. The surgeon's knife may heal. It may as skilfully be used for purposes of revenge. A medicine may restore life. It may with equal certainty destroy life in order to satisfy the anger, envy, jealousy or hatred of the physician. So put, the argument of the scientist that he is not responsible for the use made of his discoveries may appear to have some force behind it. Yet, will the scientist who has discovered a deadly poison place it in the hands of his own child of 10 or 14 or even more? There are aspects of knowledge which, because they can work havoc in the hands of the unscrupulous or the ignorant, are better left undiscovered; or, if discovered, they should be so guarded as to remain only in safe and benign hands. The minds that unleashed the force and the fury of the atom bomb on the innocent populace of cities were neither safe nor benign. The trend of world opinion and the sharp reactions to "atomic tests" show that the man in the street feels that dangerous knowledge has passed into ignorant if not mischievous hands.

The politician of today is the least competent of persons to deal with discoveries that endanger life. He can have no universal vision because nowadays he is considered the best among poli-

ticians who sets his own country's interests above those of any other country. He can hardly have charity if he lives up to the dubious values of his motto: "My country, right or wrong!" Yet, so low have we sunk in human values that it is the politician who dictates and it is not for the scientist to ask the reason why. When the history of the decline and fall of European civilization comes to be written, this phase of the subject will be found to have been at the root of all that was sordid in what came out of the West.

There are, however, other aspects also which are missed out by the scientist. We have, for instance, scientists who have invented machines and methods which aid in the production of larger and fuller harvests. Have their achievements contributed to the enrichment of humanity? Year after year news has come from across the oceans that corn has been dumped into the seas to maintain price levels! Some of the surplus has been made available to "friendly countries," which phrase in reality means: "Let the sea have it, but let our enemies starve." This is brotherhood—practised by politicians who throng churches!

Some of the good work which is done by physicians and surgeons (when it is not restricted by notions similar to those of *apartheid*) is no doubt laudable, and the scientists who have made this good work possible have earned the gratitude of humanity. Their work has, however, been marred too often by the abhorrent practice of vivisection, and the philanthropy which they deny to the animal kingdom will find its karmic adjustment only in misery, want and strife. These scientists have yet to learn that what they are tinkering with are effects and that the rooting out of one disease will merely herald a new one; that in fact diseases must ever remain as outlets and safety-valves to release the pent-up torrents produced by the aberrations of the human mind.

What could be the fruitful fields of invention and discovery which would yield the greatest good

and be susceptible, even in the hands of the mischievous, of the least possible violation of the fact of Universal Brotherhood? Among many the following could be listed profitably:—

1. A cheap and inoffensive method of growing foods, and their distribution to scarcity areas, so that starvation could be removed from the face of this earth.
2. Materials which could be easily turned into clothes from readily available sources and which could clothe our naked.
3. Housing materials that could mitigate the severity of climates.
4. A readily available material for fuel which even the meanest could have in abundance.
5. A cheap and universal source of light, heat and power.
6. A method by which water could be made available to parched areas.
7. An instrument which would give timely fore-warning of storms, floods and earthquakes.
8. The probing deeper into the mysteries of embryology.
9. The discovery of the knowledge as to why wild life exists and what benefits it confers on humanity.
10. The discovery of the human astral and the astral counterpart of Nature.

Many more fields for research will present themselves to the lover of humanity and the true Pantheist.

The discovery accomplished, the temptation will always remain to commercialize the knowledge, or to impart it only to one's particular nation and therefore to its politicians. The claims of humanity should be paramount in all things, and the findings of scientists should be offered to all countries as a humble dedication to our brothers in the grand Republic of Conscience that is Humanity.

THE HIGHER INDIFFERENCE

To achieve true patience, to make our words and actions just and loving, we know that we need *Vairagya*, dispassion. We know that we must learn to give up possessions—those treasures on earth to which we cling even though we know that moth and rust will destroy them in time. We know, too, that we must try to gain spiritual possessions which never die. We are asked to be charitable towards one who robs us. We are also told that we must never take anything unless it is voluntarily given to us. We must learn to give up *tanha*, the thirst for life, and meet death willingly.

But is this true dispassion? Do we not need to go deeper and lose all *idea* of possessions, all *idea* of *our* life, *our* thoughts, *our* virtues, *our* vices?

Patanjali asks us to concentrate the mind upon the true nature of the soul as distinct from all else. Only when this is done can we become truly dispassionate. Only by dwelling upon the idea of soul (or the higher mind), the permanent, the glorious, can we be enabled to put changing things in their proper places in life, to value them at their true worth. By seeking the soul in all, the light within the darkest moments, we shall be able to distinguish the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the ever-lasting.

To reach this condition, we must realize that

our lower personal self is not the knower or the perceiver. It is not even the real experiencer, though it seems so to us. We must strive to convince ourselves that it is the soul that is the real experiencer, the knower.

True dispassion, says Patanjali, carried to the utmost, is indifference regarding all else but soul. What a long way we have to travel!

All the virtues we feel we possess, like *Dana*, *Shila* and *Kshanti*, belong not to the personal self but to the soul, the real individuality. If we think that the personal self is the performer of actions, it means that *Vairagya* is not sufficiently unfolded in us. We must develop an attitude of detachment and think of the soul as the actor.

Dispassion, therefore, implies dissociating ourselves from all objects and subjects. Recognition of them for what they are is necessary, and so is interest in them, in so far as they are means towards perfect harmony; but the sense of possession must be given up. When we are free from *our* ideas, we can embody patience; when *we* do not speak or act, we become the word made flesh. It is strange that stripping ourselves of virtues as of vices brings integrity, wholeness, stability and freedom. Once we see that the soul is quite different from the surface appearance of things, that it alone is the real, we can apply this knowledge and give a new turn to our life. To do this is a hard task, and without *Virya*, dauntless energy, we needs must fail.

INDIAN PROVERBS

Like moonbeams trembling on water, truly such is the life of mortals. Knowing this, let duty be performed.

The soul is a river whose holy source is self-control, whose water is truth, whose bank is righteousness, whose waves are compassion; bathe there, O son of Pandu, for not with water is the soul washed pure.

The mind of a king being severed, like a bracelet of crystal, who is the master to unite it?

Of a gift to be received or given, of an act to be done, time drinks up the flavour, unless it be quickly performed.

When the weak-minded is deprived of wealth, his actions are destroyed, like rivulets dried up in the hot season.

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

All students of Theosophy will be interested to learn of a new addition to the celebrated and very useful "Wisdom of the East Series," ably edited for many long years by Mr. J. L. Cranmer-Byng, M.C., and published by the well-known house of John Murray. *Jataka Tales: Birth Stories of the Buddha* is a volume in which 35 stories are selected and retold by Ethel Beswick. It has a beautiful Frontispiece by Shrimati Arnakali E. Carlile.

H.P.B. has a very informative note on the subject and we extract it here from *The Theosophical Glossary* :—

Gautama, the Buddha, would not have been a mortal man, had he not passed through hundreds and thousands of births previous to his last. Yet the detailed account of these, and the statement that during them he worked his way up through every stage of transmigration from the lowest animate and inanimate atom and insect, up to the highest—or *man*, contains simply the well-known occult aphorism: "a stone becomes a plant, a plant an animal, and an animal a man." Every human being who has ever existed, has passed through the same evolution. But the hidden symbolism in the sequence of these re-births (*jataka*) contains a perfect history of the evolution on this earth, *pre* and *post* human, and is a scientific exposition of natural facts. One truth not veiled but bare and open is found in their nomenclature, *viz.*, that as soon as Gautama had reached the human form he began exhibiting in every personality the utmost unselfishness, self-sacrifice and charity.

Commenting on the review of a Phaidon publication by Maurice Collis, Mr. Harold Binns writes in *The New Statesman and Nation* for March 24th :—

"The life of the Buddha," your reviewer says, "is a compound of fact and legend." The strangest of the Indian mystic's avatars is, to my mind, his canonization by the Roman church. This is how the legend appears to have developed. Early in the 7th century there circulated among the faithful a pious romance entitled "Barlaam and Josaphat,"

which was attributed in the next century to St. John of Damascus. In this curious piece of propaganda, Buddha (who in the course of time became Bodisat, then Josaphat, and finally "Holy St. Josaphat of India") is represented as a Hindu prince converted to Christianity by Barlaam. He was declared a saint by Sixtus V in 1589; the canonization was approved by Pius IX in 1875; and his feast-day is November 14.

Those who wish to know more details of this canonization by the Roman Church and about a church in Palermo dedicated to Divo Josaphat, will do well to turn to H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, Volume II, pp. 579-581.

The Buddhist Society of London has published a useful book for enquirers, including youths. In these days when interest in the Enlightened One and his ethics is great, all will find the volume interesting. Mr. Ronald Fussell, Vice-President of the Society, has given us a good introduction to Buddhism under the caption "*The Buddha and His Path to Self-Enlightenment* (7s. 6d.). It is simply written and attractively printed.

The recent remarks of Prime Minister Nehru condemning linguistic fanaticism in India which he dubs "tribalism" are commented upon judiciously in *The Indian Rationalist* for March, under the title "Tribalism in High Quarters." Time was when tribalism—*i.e.*, the love of a smaller section of the people of a country and hatred and enmity towards members of other sections, living in neighbouring territories—was considered a virtue; but in modern times, when people no longer live as tribes but in larger communities, it is a vice, which would "put back the clock of progress" and lead to the disintegration of the country in which it prevails.

As civilization advances, the modern equivalent of ancient tribalism, *viz.*, patriotism, which is today considered to be a great virtue, is also bound to be outmoded, for it impedes the growth

of human unity in this shrinking world. "In the new atomic age dawning before us," we are told, "patriotism will be a vice and humanism, the feeling of universal brotherhood, will be the supreme virtue."

Instead of preparing herself for this new era when narrow nationalism will be given up in the larger interests of world unity, India has once again assumed the bigoted outlook of tribalism since the publication of the States Reorganization Commission's Report. This is a step backwards, and Prime Minister Nehru and others are quite justified in condemning it, although it is to be regretted that tribalism of a kind is being practised even in government "high quarters." Outbursts of tribalism, in one form or another, have been fairly frequent in India. Many religious beliefs, numerous languages, hundreds of castes and classes cause conflicts between one section of the people and another, and are symptomatic of the sway which *kama* exercises over India's sons and daughters. Political freedom has not abolished this sway. On the contrary it has increased it. The demolishing of this ancient enemy within can alone make persons or groups of persons sink their differences in the wider interests of the country as a whole. India's rise to her ancient status can only take place through *Sva-suddhi*—self-purification—not necessarily by all the millions, but certainly by a few noble hundreds among them.

The particular brand of tribalism that has overtaken India recently is connected with the language issue. The cause of the linguistic fanaticism so prevalent in the country is the rejection of the English language and the imposition of Hindi—a far less developed language—alongside with the deification of the regional languages. If such fanaticism continues and English is dislodged, in course of time the political unity of India, achieved and kept alive by the English language, will ultimately be destroyed. That the rejection of English as the medium of communication is threatening national solidarity and encouraging fissiparous tendencies is borne out by recent events.

It is most helpful for students of Theosophy to

know the English language, for the Message of Theosophy has been delivered for our era and generation in this language. It was adopted for use in the Theosophical Movement by H.P.B. and the Masters because of a foreknowledge that it would become the international language.

Since Rontgen discovered the electrical basis of the atom, scientific research has moved so rapidly that the universe is no longer regarded as a machine. It is not known what it is—but science is certainly "moving towards the camp of a transcendental philosophy," and propositions lately formulated by Einstein, Planck, Heisenberg, Jeans and others are being found to have been anticipated by Eastern Sages when Western civilization was in its infancy. Thus writes Victor Rienaeker in his pamphlet, *The Responsibility of Science*, in which the prevailing materialism of the average scientific attitude devoid of ethical control is exposed, and it is shown how materialism has indeed received a deathblow.

He urgently appeals for a moral, humane outlook among scientists and for less "moral numbness" amongst people in general. The Foreword by L. Lind-af-Hageby, known for her humanitarian work for animals, stresses the importance of Mr. Rienaeker's warning. He illustrates with facts, especially from agriculture and medicine, observing:—

We have quite evidently reached the frontier of a profounder science which will have to embrace *the unseen* as well as *the seen*.

The borderland between the visible and the invisible is being explored. It is significant that Professor H. H. Price, Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford, presented a very thought-provoking paper at the Bangalore Indian Institute of Culture (Reprint No. 16) on "Heaven and Hell from the Point of View of Psychical Research." Such research is now leading to the recognition that underlying all visible phenomena is a *moral law* which decrees:—

True and beneficially effective knowledge can never be attained by evil means....

But to him who pursues truth and goodness with selfless love and generous aim, then only the law of the Universe can operate to yield up her profoundest secrets...

for the benefit of mankind.

An article by Malcolm Burke on "The Giants of Easter Island" in the January *Reader's Digest* once again brings into prominence what is called "the world's most baffling and durable mystery." The monolithic figures of humans—hundreds of them—discovered two centuries ago on the remote Easter Island in mid-Pacific, ranging in height from 12 to 66 feet and weighing up to 50 tons, are indeed enigmas to all but those cognizant of the history of the early races of humanity and the former continents and their civilizations.

H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* answers many of the questions Mr. Burke raises and over which archæologists have racked their brains: "How did this dot in the ocean, one of the most isolated spots on earth, breed the men who, with no tool more modern than a stone hatchet, created this monolithic army?...Where had this ancient population come from?...What was the compulsion behind their feat? How, without derricks and cables, were the 30-ton statues moved?"

Easter Island with its wondrous gigantic statues has been called by H.P.B. "a speaking witness to a submerged continent with a civilized mankind on it." The most ancient traditions and literature of various and widely separated peoples corroborate what the Esoteric Philosophy maintains, that, ages ago, there existed in the Pacific ocean a large continent occupied by the Third Race

Lemurians, which by a geological cataclysm was engulfed by the sea. Most of the islands from the Malayan Archipelago to Polynesia are fragments of that once immense submerged continent. Ages later, due to an uplifting of the ocean floor, portions of this submerged continent, which may have been mountain peaks or high plateaux, reappeared on the face of the ocean, among them Easter Island. It was subsequently occupied by the Fourth Race Atlanteans, who had escaped from the cataclysm which overtook their own land, only to perish here from volcanic fires and lava.

As for the giant statues to be found on Easter Island, *The Secret Doctrine* states that their workmanship is of a high order and that the men who made them were no savages of the stone age. How were they built? Archæologists are of the opinion that "there is no reason to believe that any of the statues have been built up, bit by bit, by scaffolding erected around them." How then could they have been built except by giants of the same size as the statues themselves? "They (the Atlanteans) built great images, nine yatis high (27 feet)—the size of their bodies," states one of the "Stanzas" from the *Book of Dzyan*. H.P.B. explains: "One has but to examine the heads of the colossal statues, that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognize in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants."

All this may be regarded as fiction by modern archæologists and geographers; to the Occultists it is history. Modern science has today accepted many facts which at one time it refused to believe; and time may not be far off when it will be forced to the conclusion that in other respects too it is Esoteric Philosophy which is right after all.

BOOKS

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

Isis Unveiled

Centenary Anniversary Edition. A photographic reprint of the original edition of 1877. Two volumes bound in one.

The Secret Doctrine

A photographic reprint of the original edition of 1888. Two volumes bound in one.

The Theosophical Glossary

A photographic reprint of the original edition of 1892.

Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge

The Key to Theosophy

The Voice of the Silence

Five Messages

Quotation Book

By W. Q. JUDGE

Vernal Blooms

The Ocean of Theosophy

Letters That Have Helped Me

Echoes from the Orient

The Bhagavad-Gita

Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita

The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali

An Epitome of Theosophy

The Heart Doctrine

By ROBERT CROSBIE

The Friendly Philosopher

Answers to Questions on The Ocean of Theosophy

OTHER BOOKS

Light on the Path

Through the Gates of Gold

Because—For the Children Who Ask Why

The Eternal Verities

The Laws of Healing—Physical and Metaphysical

States After Death, and Spiritualistic "Communications" Explained

Cycles of Psychism

Moral Education

Index to The Secret Doctrine

The U. L. T.—Its Mission and Its Future

The Book of Confidences

Hypnotism—A Psychic Malpractice

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What Is Theosophy?

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Nos. 22, 29, and 33.

MAGAZINES

Theosophy—Los Angeles—XLIVth Volume

The Aryan Path—Bombay—XXVIIth Volume

The Theosophical Movement—Bombay—XXVIth Volume

BULLETINS

Bulletins are available of Lodges in America as well as of the London Lodge in England and the Paris Lodge in France, upon request.

U. L. T. STUDY GROUPS

CALCUTTA, DELHI, MADRAS, MYSORE AND POONA.

Information as to the meeting place and times of meetings may be had from the United Lodge of Theosophists, Bombay.

The United Lodge of Theosophists

DECLARATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Correspondence should be addressed to: The U.L.T., 51 Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 1.

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BANGALORE (4), INDIA	15 Sir Krishna Rao Road, Basavangudi
BERKELEY (4), CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	Masonic Temple Building, Bancroft and Shattuck
BOMBAY (1), INDIA	51 Mahatma Gandhi Road
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	1434 South Coast Boulevard
LEYDEN, HOLLAND	35 Roodenburger Street
LONDON (W. 2), ENGLAND	62 Queen's Gardens
LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA	524 William Street, Princess Avenue
LOS ANGELES (7), CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	245 West 33rd Street
MATUNGA, BOMBAY (19), INDIA	Anandi Nivas, Bhaudaji Road
NEW YORK CITY (21), U.S.A.	347 East 72nd Street
PARIS (16 ^e), FRANCE	11 bis, Rue Keppler
PHILADELPHIA (3), PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.	1917 Walnut Street
PHOENIX, ARIZONA, U.S.A.	32 North Central Avenue
READING, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.	812 North 5th Street
SACRAMENTO (14), CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	1237½ H Street
SAN DIEGO (3), CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	3148 Fifth Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO (14), CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	166 Sanchez Street
SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.	579 Foothill Boulevard
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA	Federation House, 166 Philip Street
WASHINGTON (9), D.C., U.S.A.	1722 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.