IMPRESSIONS OF KRISHNAJI

# THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

OUR CHIEF AND KRISHNAJI

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

THE FIRE AT HUIZEN

CONTINUATIONS:

The Childhood of Krishnaji
How Theosophy came to the Editor
The World-Mother as Fact and Symbol

UNDER · THE · AUSPICES · OF · THE · THEOSOPHICAL · SOCIETY ·

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## Our Chief and Krishnaji

*By the Editor.*

Since our last issue our great President has attained the ripe age of eighty-one years. I feel sure that all members of the Australian Section remembered her birthday, and sent her thoughts of love, loyalty and devotion. When we think of all that she has done for us, of her utter selflessness and her able leadership for so many years, our hearts are filled with gratitude, and we yearn to show that gratitude by some worthy birthday gift. Yet what can we give to one to whom all earthly desires and ambitions mean so little, one who has long ago transcended all personal feeling, and lives only for the work of the Masters? This at least we can give her—our fullest trust and confidence, so that we do not hinder that work by our silly doubts and futile questionings.

There has been a tendency lately among some of our members to worry themselves quite unnecessarily about what they call discrepancies between the doctrines enunciated by Krishnaji and the Theosophy which we have been studying for so many years, and even to allow these inevitable differences to become subjects of controversy—sometimes foolishly and reprehensibly heated controversy. I have persistently urged our brethren not to waste their time in accentuating points of diversity, but rather to try to understand and to synthesize, because by so doing we shall aid and not retard the progress of humanity, in which we are all alike interested.

Our President herself has asked our assistance in that. "I want your help especially," she writes, "in the avoidance of any sense of opposition between the two great movements of the Theosophical Society and the Star. There is a tendency to that, and I think it is inevitable. But if we recognize it we can prevent any harmful development, and can keep a very thorough unity. It is so natural for people to feel a strong attraction and devotion towards Krishnaji, and to think that nothing else is, as it were, worth having."

Trouble often arises from the injudicious zeal of too enthusiastic followers who, seeing only one side of a subject, persuade themselves that there is no other, and clamour that all the world shall recognize their limited view. It would be wise that we should confine our attention to what is said by the principals themselves; then confusion and error will be less likely. Let me then put before you two recent statements, one by our President and the other by Krishnaji; and I hope that all who read them will have the common sense to take the advice which they so urgently give.

Speaking at the Friends' Meeting

House in London to members of our Society, the President said:

"When the World-Teacher comes He deepens life, brings new life, vigorous life, and it breaks away everything that is not suited to its work. Presently it will create new forms for its own expression. So when people say or write sometimes that Mr. Krishnamurti and Mrs. Besant contradict one another, he and I laugh at it, because we know that we are not contradicting each other at all. But the World-Teacher is here only for a very short time, and He has to pour out Life by which generations upon generations must live.

"So do not be anxious, and do not mind what other people say. Remember that that life shakes many people. They feel its splendour, its radiance, its glory, and they are dazzled and dazed by it; they want nothing else for the moment. Do not be vexed with them. It is a splendid thing to have a great devotion, and it is written that in the heart of him who is thoroughly devoted wisdom springs up in the process of time. Let them, then, take in as much as they can; let them throw



away everything that no longer helps them.

I think sometimes we rather tend to forget that the ordinary work, so to speak, of the World-Teacher is the superintendence of all the great religions of the world founded in the past—the breathing of life and inspiration into each of them. He has to bear the heavy burden of what He has described as "My many Faiths." All the world religions depend upon Him for their Life, and each one has to be guided, helped, corrected when it is going wrong, allured back to a better path when it has made a mistake. And yet that phrase which I have just quoted, "My many Faiths," seems to join them all into one body of beliefs for which He is responsible so long as that religion lasts and is a living force in the world. Now He must look after those many faiths as closely, as unceasingly, as unremittingly, when He chooses to pay one of these visits to our world, as at any other time.

Some say that the work of the Theosophical Society is over. What does it matter what they say? The Society will go on, as the Masters have said, as the corner-stone of the religions of the future. But that is no reason why we should take the corner-stone and fling it at our neighbours' heads because they attack the Society! Smile at them—when they are not looking, of course, because otherwise it would look superior, and that is always a mistake!

I doubt whether there is anyone who knows Krishnaji better and loves him more reverently than I do; but my life is given to work which it would be treachery for me to abandon. My choice has been made to remain to help the world as long as the weak want help, and while I rejoice in the wonderful Life that is pouring out over the world, I am content to be one of the channels through which that Life may flow, so that more and more the thirsty may drink of the Water of Life.

So I ask you not to believe stories about quarrels, about separation, or any of the nonsense people talk. Krishnaji and I are bound together by a tie that nothing can break, and while my methods may often differ from his—for people's needs are different—there is only One Life in which we both are sharers, and that Life is not separation; it is Love.

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Let us now hear the other side.

In answer to direct questions asked in America, Krishnaji himself has recently made some perfectly clear and unequivocal statements which ought to go far towards calming the uneasy flutterings which have been troubling the Theosophical dovecote. In his work *Let Understanding be the Law* he says: "Do not think that I am antagonistic to the Theosophical Society. I am not. It takes too much energy to be antagonistic to anything." (p. 26). "Do not use me as an authority; do not say that Krishnamurti disapproves of ceremonies. I neither approve nor disapprove. If you want to perform ceremonies you will perform them; and that is a reason sufficient in itself; if you do not want to perform them you will not perform them; and again, that is a reason sufficient in itself. I say that all ceremonies are unessential for the fulfilment of life." (p. 12).

This last statement every student of the inner life will instantly and wholeheartedly accept. In the very first explanation of the qualifications for the Path, that was laid before the London Lodge of our Society in 1884 by Mr. Mohini Mohun Chatterji on behalf of the Master Kuthumi, we find the assertion (taken from the teaching of the Lord Buddha and from sages even earlier than He) that the Third of the Ten *Sanyojana*, the fetters which the aspirant must cast off on the way to Nirvana, is *Silabbataparamasa*, the belief that any ceremony whatever is "necessary to salvation."

The path of the occultist and the path of the mystic are both equally pronounced departures from the ordinary winding road, both of them short cuts to the glory of the moun-

tain-top. They are *twin* paths, and which of them a man takes will depend upon his natural disposition and characteristics—his *type*, in short. But just *because* a man is innately predisposed to one or other of these lines, his own line seems to him the better and the shorter (it really is so *for him*) and he is disposed to despise the other line and those who follow it, to adjure them to abandon their path and come over to his. In extreme cases he may even doubt whether the other fellow's path is a short cut at all !

There have always been in the world men of these two types; I suppose there always will be. It seems better to recognize the fact, and cease to argue over it. There are members of both types in our Society; let each follow the line which is natural to him, without the faintest feeling of criticism for a brother who is equally earnest, but happens to be born under a different star. Our students should read carefully our President's remarks on "Methods of Yoga" in her book *An Introduction to Yoga*, p. 82. We need charity, tolerance, calmness; no hasty or ill-considered words or actions; brotherly love above all.

C.W.L.

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# Some Impressions of Krishnaji

*From Various Sources.*

The position which Krishnaji holds and the message which he is delivering naturally focus upon him the attention of a great number of people, and many of them are recording their impressions either in public prints or in private correspondence. These impressions differ widely, of course, yet they all have some features in common; and I think it may be both interesting and useful to our members if I collate for them a few of those which have been sent to me from various quarters. The first which comes to hand is all the more striking because it is so entirely unexpected. It appears in an American magazine called *Motion Picture*, which I have never previously seen; it seems to be devoted to the interests of the cinematograph business, and to cater for a world of thought so remote from my own that I fail to understand most of the allusions contained in its articles, and even the very language in which it is written is almost a foreign tongue to me. Yet just because such a magazine is somewhat incomprehensible and distasteful to me, I am all the more surprised to find in it such an article as that which I now quote.

I reproduce also (with due and grateful acknowledgement) the illustration which accompanies the article; we have many more accurate likenesses of Krishnaji, but this seems to me to have an attraction of its own, which somehow fits in with the reporter's description.

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### From "Motion Picture."

---

If Christ should come to Hollywood, what would He say ? Would He say: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do" ?

Or, to these men with the power of everlasting vision in their hands, might He say: "Go, and sin no more" ?

Clothed in other language, differently said, this, the divinely compassionate content of those words of Christ, is the content of what Krishnamurti said to me.

Jiddu Krishnamurti has come to Hollywood. Krishnamurti, the young Hindu, who was announced to the world as "The Second Christ."

He may be the Second Christ—or he may not be. Who can tell ? Who is to say ? He may or he may

not be the reincarnated World-Teacher, the divine essence that has incarnated before in Buddha and in Mohammed.

Of himself he says: "Please—I have no name, I do not believe in names and labels. I have attained to life.



I am one with the Beloved. I have gone outside the cage."

So had those Others.

He may or he may not be—but whatever he is, whoever he is, he is not as you and I. On that sensitive, pale face which has been purged of all ordinary hungers, all ordinary desires, all personal ambitions, there is a Something not to be named by you and me. Whatever the label may be, it is the beautiful opposite of the flesh-hungers, the money-greeds, the sordid little seekings of the poor rest of us.

He has attained to Life. That is the way he puts it. Through many lives he has attained to freedom from all desire. He has broken the chains of limitations. He has broken the bars of pain. We are all, he says, like little rivers seeking our way to the infinite sea, desiring to be one with it. We are all like little fish caught in an evil net of transient things. He has escaped the net. Through the many lives he has lived, through many experiences, through pain and defeat and loss and self-denial he has attained to life.

He is slender and of the colour of old ivory. His hair is shining and heavy and blue-black. His eyes are extraordinarily large and they see—*what do they see?* It is the simple truth to say that when you look into those eyes you turn away your own. Shamed. Shamed for the goals you have been seeking. Shamed for the idols you have made. His teeth are gleaming and his narrow, slender hands hold on to truths that you and I have perceived but dimly—or have we?

He wore an ordinary suit of blue. His bare feet were sandalled and, with the exquisite courtesy innate with him, he apologized to me for this departure from our customary mode of attire.

He came to meet me at the door of the house, unattended. So would have done the Carpenter of Nazareth.

He brought chairs to the porch and said: "Let us sit in the open air." His voice is light and clear. Free. He

is gentle and deprecatory rather than dictatorial. He who has no use for creeds and dogmas urges no dogma of his own. He has the lovely humility of the truly great.

When I asked for an appointment, by telephone, it was granted immediately, within the hour of asking, without question. He did not know who I was nor what I wanted from him. That wouldn't matter. I was a human being desiring to see him. The petty pomps of little souls are not for him.

No circumstance attends this youth who has been called the Second Christ. Such trifling poor pretensions are reserved for the make-believers of the world.

He is very simple, this youth who has come to give us the message of Happiness. A happiness not dependent on the things the eye can see nor the things the hand can touch. And by being simple, he explained to me, he does not mean to be crude. But to be simple is the first end for which we all should strive. The complicated mind and the complicated heart serve only to distort the truth.

Of the movies I said: "Have you ever seen a picture, or any part of a picture, that seemed to you to hold so much as a glimpse of the vision you hold ?"

And he was, at that one question, more emphatic than at any other time. "No," he said, and was agitated as a lake is agitated when a May breeze fingers it, "Please, no—no—*no*—"

"The King of Kings ?" I prompted.

He said: "Something that is past. That picture, it was not creative. You see—do you see, we have no power over the past. We have only the future—"

"But you do believe in the Screen ? In its power ? In its possibilities ?"

"Oh, yes—yes ! It has everything. It is limitless in its power, but—it has not used that power. It has everything but—"

He paused, distressed. In his innate charity for all things and for all men he hesitated to place an onus anywhere.

"Everything," I said for him, "everything but the men of vision. The men who would give the world great dreams to dream and never count the cost."

He said, a little sadly: "Yes—everything is pushed down—you see ? Pushed down and down, to lower levels—" and with his slender hands he made the gesture of pushing down, lowering, crushing to earth. And I had the vision of the producers of Hollywood crushing the souls into rank undergrowth, stifling and smothering them.

He told me that here we are in cages. We live our lives in cages and never get outside. And we spend our lives *decorating the bars.*

We believe that there is comfort in life. We seek for comfort of one sort or another. We pray God for it. *And there is no comfort.* There is no comfort because life is a search. Because all so-called comfort is dependent on some other one, some other thing. And so forever transient.

He said that the screen gives us a pool of water, muddied. It soon dries up, leaving no trace. What we are thirsting for is a lake with an illimitable source.

The screen gives us little tales of little, momentary loves. Carnal loves. Men and women. Women and men. In cages. Loves that cannot matter.

The Germans have shown us a bit of what the screen might do, but—they have shown us *in the wrong direction.*

The screen is giving us but a small opening, an aperture, when we should be looking through its wide windows into the heavens. We should be because it would be possible. Because to the screen all things are possible.

It would seem that there must arise men of power to replace the men in power now. Men who can say with Krishnamurti: "What have I done with all that knowledge, with all the labels, with all the phrases and all the jargons

I have learned ? *In what way have I created ?* In what way have I given and brought joy to those people who suffer and are longing and desirous to learn, those people who are fumbling in the darkness ?".

**From One of The Bishops.**

Krishnaji has gained in force and fluency since I last heard him. Then I still felt as if the Lord had to struggle to express Himself fully through His chosen instrument. Now the instrument and the World-Teacher have really become one: "I am the Teacher"; the consummation of the union between the World-Teacher and the chosen vehicle seemed to be complete. We all were deeply impressed. The very fact that the preaching is so entirely different from what I—and, I think I may say, what most of us—expected seems to be a proof of its August Source. His voice, though seldom beautiful, carries a terrible conviction; it becomes somewhat throaty at climaxes. His manner is simple and dignified, his speech very direct, the same series of images and of ways of expression recurring all the time. But it is the almost fanatical conviction, the exaltedness of the message, which conveys so strongly to everyone the conviction that the World-Teacher is speaking.

I cannot say that the form wherein He gives His message appeals specially to my temperament: it is too absolute for that, too much away from all manifestation, too unreachable. The image came to me of a Star shining far, far away in the firmament, serene, unreachable, but sending its piercing and purifying rays of truth down to all the things below. Untrue conventions, teachings swallowed but not understood, hypocrisies social or spiritual, must melt before those piercing, purging rays. No authority as such, no blind or half-blind belief, no venerable but empty tradition or ceremony, can exist in that starlight. So I can imagine a future wherein there will be many systems, many societies, many ceremonies, many new customs and ways of seeking happiness, but all those constantly probed as to their inner, their spiritual reality in the light of this Star, which Krishnamurti caused to shine.

The scene of the camp-fire is of great beauty; 2,500 people listening to the Teacher, the fir-trees round the circle of listeners, in the golden light of the setting sun, the camp-fire with its leaping flames; a more beautiful setting for the preaching is hard to imagine. In the beginning of the week Krishnaji challenged the value of everything we Theosophists have learned to value. He says: "Ceremonies step down truth, and therefore betray truth. All mysteries are made of human ignorance." He was not concerned with initiations, churches, ceremonies, with the World-Mother movement or with meditation. His teaching was like a rocket, going straight to the Absolute, and therefore not concerned with aught on earth.

I found it most remarkable that no influence whatever of the Second Ray was to be felt, nothing of the Church atmosphere or of the Rose-Croix. Rather it feels like India's stern atmosphere, and some of us have come to the conclusion that it seems more the Lord Buddha than the Lord Maitreya working through the consciousness of this typical Indian disciple. A lady once said in a lecture that trying to discern between Krishnaji and the Bodhisattva was "stabbing Krishnaji in the back." I cannot understand that contention. I desire to use my own discernment and common sense, and that says that while Krishnaji is preaching and sounding the keynote for the new sub-race, the Lord Christ goes on all the time supervising and helping all the religions of the planet.

But as Krishnaji said—very wisely—"Invite doubt; doubt every mental and moral possession you have," I have earnestly thrown the searching light of doubt (or rather of strict discrimina-

tion) on everything—on the Church and its Sacraments, on Masonry and its powers, on Theosophy and its teachings, even on my relation to our Master. No better and truer preparation for my life-work could be imagined; and while I have to admit that I often speak about higher things which I do not know yet in detail, yet the knowledge of the true inward reality of all those movements becomes clearer to me than it ever was before. I *know* that the Sacraments are real, I *know* that my Master exists, I *know* that I have great powers of blessing at my disposal, and that I can inspire and help other people.

In the latter part of the week Krishnaji started warning us against hasty decisions: "Don't do hasty things. From patience is lighted the white fire whose light leads to understanding." Understanding, Krishnaji says, is possible for everyone, on whatever stage of evolution or education one stands. A pure heart and an eager mind are all that is needed to come to understanding. As life or the absolute truth is different for every man, so the understanding of every man is different.

This camp-week was a time of wonderful upliftment. From the very first day I could feel all the time how I was being used by the Great Ones—forces, blessings flashing through me to all sides. And no wonder ! fancy 2.500 people together, all more or less spiritually-minded !

**From "L'Oeuvre."**

Krishnaji sets himself to arouse in people the strength which creates, to free them from the weakness which only follows and imitates. He repulses the would-be disciples who are ready to follow him even before he has spoken; he refuses the affection of those who expect from him an order, a rule; he repels those who wish to follow him; he declines to be the support of any kind of weakness.

Having uprooted all the preconceptions of his hearers, he proposes to them to dig deep down among the dogmas, the traditions, the beliefs which they have accepted upon any sort of external authority, to put aside merely personal loyalty or devotion, and to be disciples of truth alone, won for themselves.

He wishes to draw people out from the comfortable dream into which their prejudices, their sentimentalities, their mechanical arrangements of all sorts have plunged them, so that, despoiled of everything artificial, they may address themselves with all their strength to the conquest of the truth which lies beyond all experience.

And his astonished hearers, who were expecting a saviour, a messenger of easily-attained happiness (as the Jews of old were expecting a King) and the people who were hoping to receive from this wonderful child, who had grown up under their tender eyes, the password into the Kingdom of God —they check themselves, speechless, they hesitate, they cannot understand !

Only the strong, the true individuals, the heroes of life, can understand and respond to the appeal; only those who have the courage to set themselves, alone and austere, upon the pyramid of their own accumulated experience, rich in the truth they won for themselves at the price of all their ancient sufferings and joys.

A lofty morality; a difficult asceticism.

Yet, is it not the only morality worthy of man ?

At any rate, that is what is preached by him whom they call the World-Teacher.

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[It cannot but be of deep interest to our members to note the identity of Krishnaji's teaching, as described above, with that of the Lord Buddha whom he tells us that he sees constantly in his meditation. Compare with the above account the following passage from Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*:

"Our Lord Buddha has said that we

must not believe in a thing said merely because it is said; nor in traditions because they have been handed down from antiquity; nor rumours, as such; nor writings by sages, because sages wrote them; nor fancies that we may suspect to have been inspired in us by a deva (that is, in presumed spiritual inspiration); nor from inferences drawn from some haphazard assumption we may have made; nor because of what seems an analogical necessity; nor on the mere authority of our teachers or masters. But we are to believe when the writing, doctrine, or saying is corroborated by our own reason and consciousness. "For this," says He in conclusion, "I taught you—not to believe merely because you have heard, but when you believed of your own consciousness, then to act accordingly and abundantly." (See the *Kalama Sutta* of the *Anguttara Nikaya.*)]

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**From "L'Intransigeant."**

He has revealed himself fully, he has spoken out plainly, this man whom for seventeen years thousands of people have expected and acclaimed as the Teacher.

And he bewilders everybody!

They have announced, prepared, hoped for his coming these seventeen years, expecting the traditional Messiah, gentle and sentimental; and behold! he is something quite different—hard, almost harsh, violent, a destroyer.

All those who have clasped to their breasts a mystical ardour, who have hoped for tenderness that would wrap itself round them, who wished for a gentle hand to sustain them on the hard road of life, are thrown into consternation by this Messiah who does not want their love. All those who hoped to be borne into safety and happiness under the wing of another today have all their hopes upset. Krishnamurti disappoints them, and a number of them seem sorely wounded. The new Messiah is by no means tender or sentimental; his discourses rather resemble destructive explosions. They find his teaching cruel, harsh and hard. He himself says: "You love Krishnamurti too much; I do not wish that; I wish you to free yourselves from me. When you leave this camp, you will no longer love Krishnamurti, but you will be able better to understand the truth and to love life better." But I have seen their consciousness stagger, their hopes waver, their devotions flutter like dead leaves in a squall.

I went to see this teacher who rebuffs his disciples, this Messiah who tells men to save themselves. I put to him the direct question:

"You have said several times: 'I am the Teacher'; what do you mean by that?"

"I mean—but it is so simple, I think, that every man ought to understand it without explanation. See; whoever has attained the fullness of life becomes the Teacher. I have attained the fullness of life, so I am the Teacher."

"And who is it whom you call the Beloved?"

"It is Life."

"Do you then give as teaching a certain discipline or manner of life?"

"I think that each man will make his own discipline for himself, if he understands what I say. But to establish one rule for everybody—never."

"But you surely ask your disciples to do something, to be something?"

Krishnamurti smiled. He has a smile which is bitter and ironical, but implacable also.

"In the first place, I have no disciples."

"Let us say your friends then."

"I ask nothing from my friends."

"But you advise them?"

"O yes! there are so many things to tell them—to be cultured for example; not only in the external sense, naturally" (here he touched with a disdainful hand the correct crease of his very elegant trousers) "but to be as fully cultured as they can mentally, emotionally and physically, because a refined culture is necessary in order that

one may understand the object of life. But above all things I advise them to establish firmly in their minds this object of life."

"And what is this object, according to your teaching ?"

"It is the freedom of life, the liberation which comes from the fact that you have passed through all experiences, so that henceforth you are beyond the yoke of experience. Then you have reached the fullness of your life, which is the union with the One Life, the Life Absolute, and you are established for ever in the kingdom of happiness."

"But do you not think that your words will be made into dogmas ?"

"O, certainly they will, unfortunately ! But there will be no dogmas or rites established as long as I am here."

"But there are some already."

"I know, but they will not last. I destroy them as soon as I see them spring up."

"But what will you do when a religion is founded upon your teachings ?"

"When that day comes, I shall be dead ! Meantime I shall struggle against that, all the time !"

"But with that attitude are you not afraid of destroying even your Order of the Star ?"

"That is all the same to me. You see, a social organization is like a chair. A chair is made that one may sit on it; but suppose you have a chair that wishes to sit upon *you*, that is not the object. I wish to create beings who will comprehend the object of life, who will no longer belong to the congregation of the dead."

"What do you mean by the congregation of the dead ?"

"O ! almost everybody; all those who do not know, who dare not live their lives fully."

I took leave. Immediately, Krishnamurti was his reserved self again, with his delicate aristocratic appearance, courteous even to self-effacement.

**From a Priest.**

He is more beautiful, stronger and more imposing than ever, especially when he speaks or lectures. The same note, struck from the very beginning, sounds with ever more power through all he says. The Power aspect has become very prominent, but the Message remains as simple and clear as before, difficult yet simple. Krishnaji's voice is very powerful: Seek the direct way, put aside the decorated crutches; take the standpoint of Life, which is universal and eternal, which has no beginning and no end, which is the eternal fulfilment and in which there is no decay, no death, no corruption. Be loyal only to the Life that is in you, that is essential, esoteric, but see to it you do not get caught in the cage of agreeable dreams and imaginations.

The direct Path is given to us with a rare power. His answers to questions are always splendid. He does not want us to make a new dogma of him; he does not want followers, disciples. He wants us all to become disciples of Life, which will make us free from all attachment; to enter Life, which knows no limitation; to reach the summit, whence all is visible. People long to confine Him to a definite form, adapted to their own ideas and emotions, and they would adore Him in such a form, but he will not have it. Again and again he exhorts us to take the teaching more to heart, to realize its seriousness. The teaching is living and intense, like flames of fire surrounding us.

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**THE CAUSAL BODY.**

The Theosophical Publishing House Limited, London, have published *The Causal Body and the Ego*, by Lieut-Colonel Arthur E. Powell. This forms the fourth, and last, of the author's series dealing with the bodies of man. Covering a far greater field than its predecessors, the book enables the student of Theosophy to obtain a broad grasp of the wonderful panorama of human evolution, and to see in true perspective the part played by each of the four subtler bodies—the etheric, the astral, the mental and the causal.

# A Sign of the Times

*By the Editor.*

Evolution is slow—amazingly slow; *so* amazingly slow that it sometimes requires a rather robust faith to feel certain that humanity is really progressing at all. But if we watch carefully for them, we may now and then catch a glimpse of slight signs, one here and another there, which are distinctly hopeful, which show that though the surface activity is not great, the depths of the river are nevertheless moving steadily on.

I have been much pleased to read of two such indications in the report of speeches made at the recent Conference of Modern Churchmen at Cambridge. The President of the Conference was the well-known Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, a man not only of high position but of marked ability, though hitherto so persistently pessimistic as to have earned for himself the soubriquet of "the gloomy Dean."

Inspiration must certainly have come to him, for in his opening speech he remarked:

> I have reached the conclusion that we are immortal spirits on probation, and have millions of years in which to work out salvation as a species. The notion that civilized man is a very new experiment in Nature has hardly yet sunk into our minds.

The reference to the salvation of humanity as a species might suggest that Dean Inge holds the Comtist doctrine that the individual as such does not persist, but that it is nevertheless his duty with magnificent unselfishness to work for a future in which he will have no part—the evolution of the human race as a whole. But that seems to be clearly negatived by the earlier statement that we are immortal spirits on probation; so I think we may hail the Dean as a convert to the doctrine of eternal progress which many of us know to be true. I do not know whether he supposes that progress to take place by means of repeated incarnation on this earth, or in altogether other spheres—nor, I think, does it very much matter, so long as he is delivered from "the dark negation of the viewless void," so long as he knows that because the Christ lives, we shall live also, that the soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit.

Civilization is to the student of occultism not quite so new an experiment as the Dean probably supposes, for the clairvoyant who can look back into the past finds very wonderful civilization in ages which seem to us almost immeasurably remote—wonderful, but of course different. But if we compare the date of even the remotest of these with the vast cycle of races and rounds through which mankind has passed, we must admit the accuracy of his statement. The really great advance shown in that sentence is that Dean Inge has grasped the stupendous fact that the Solar Logos *is* experimenting with His worlds; the very statement of that idea takes us far away from weird creation myths, and paves the way for an intelligent theory of carefully guided evolution.

Another speaker at the Conference, the Rev. Geoffrey Allen, had the courage to denounce boldly the most wicked of all blasphemies. He said:

> Belief in eternal damnation has debased the Christian conception of God and been a stumbling block to thousands of sincere Christians. The Church must unite to reject this legacy from the Apocalyptic school. There is no eternal damnation. It would be incompatible with the revelation by Christ of the God of Love. There is no future Grand Assize, and no reason to expect a return of Jesus to the earth. The spirit of Christ comes again wherever and whenever men turn to Him. The Church should have the courage to create the Bible anew and to reject large sections of the Old Testament, retaining only those parts showing growth of knowledge of God and the special sources of inspiration to Jesus.

We who are Theosophists have known all that for the last fifty years,

but it is refreshing to find that at last —at long, long last—a gleam of reason is penetrating even the semi-official ecclesiastical mind, and highly-placed dignitaries of the Church are at least *seeking* to turn from the unreal to the Real, from the darkness of ignorance to the sunlight of the Truth, from gloomy doubts about death to the certainty of a glorious immortality.

So we find ourselves in hearty agreement with the general principles enunciated by the Rev. Geoffrey Allen, though we might offer him a little further information on minor points. There will be no Grand Assize, if by that we mean, as he does, the weird myth of a Day of Judgment accompanied by tremendous meteorological disturbances; but there will be a time in the Fifth Round when those who are incapable of further progress under the conditions then existing will be quietly shepherded into a paddock of their own, to wait for the next big drive when they shall have grown a little stronger.

We cannot of course expect Mr. Allen to know the distinction between Jesus and the Christ, or to understand that the former re-appeared almost immediately as Apollonius of Tyana, and that the World-Teacher is even now manifesting Himself afresh through another physical body. What we do welcome heartily and hopefully is this cheering token of the dawn of reason, commonsense and courage in the ranks of a historic Church.

This doctrine of an eternal hell is so awful, so inexpressibly loathsome and revolting, that one would expect mankind to reject it with horror, and to welcome with glad relief arguments which prove it false. But on this point man has shown himself incredibly stupid. You may put before him irrefragable evidence that the whole ghastly nightmare is based on a mistranslation, that no word alleged to have been uttered by the Christ in His Palestinian incarnation could possibly bear the signification now popularly attributed to it—but he will not listen; though there is absolutely no real evidence in its favour, he clings desperately to the idea of his sulphurous hereafter as though he positively enjoyed the prospect; he adopts in effect the attitude of the old lady who said: "Dreadful people, these Theosophists ! Why, they actually believe that everybody will be saved ! But we *do* know better than *that*, my dear, don't we ?"

It is verily true that there is nothing too absurd for man to accept, so long as it is cruel enough and wicked enough; but if one tries to introduce him to the glory and freedom of truth, he will have none of it at any price. As Professor Richet has remarked:

> There are thousands of contemporary theories claiming to be scientific, but nevertheless absurd, to which we are in bondage; and thousands of other theories denounced as heretical which we refuse to credit in the face of overwhelming proofs. But how many facts there are which we have utterly failed to notice ! How many magnificent theories of which we have no inkling !

Mr. Allen's outspoken appeal naturally aroused excited and heated remarks from the unreasoning section of his audience, but some voices were heard in his favour. The Principal of Ripon Hall at Oxford, Dr. Major, admitted that parts of the Old Testament are grotesque, hideous and immoral; but he thinks that scholars and students do not desire any reduction of these as they find in them elements important for their studies. A Canon of Liverpool urges omissions and drastic editing, saying that the Church already practically expurgates the Old Testament for reading purposes, and that it should not be taught to children. Another Canon agrees that many parts of it are not fit for public use, but thinks it too valuable from the historical and literary point of view to be altogether discarded.

The Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, as might have been expected, says that Christians (by which he quite probably means a small section only of the great Christian Church which holds certain narrow and fanatically prejudiced views) believe that the entire book is the inspired word of God,

and that it is therefore outside man's province to pick and choose. Unfortunately the Anglo-Catholics who, being presumably cultured men with a University education, ought to have known very much better, seem to have been just as illiberal, threatening to withdraw from the Conference, apparently because Dr. Major was allowed to speak! Such amazing intolerance seems incredible in a civilized country in the twentieth century; but if the newspaper reports are to be trusted, it actually exists. Not only is civilization, as Dean Inge says, a comparatively new experiment; it does not seem so far to be particularly successful!

Still, in spite of these instances of inconceivable stupidity, there is a definite message of hope for the religious world in the mere fact that at this Conference priests have been found who were brave enough so far to shake off the shackles of superstition as to speak out fearlessly for reason and commonsense, and to deny on behalf of their Lord the most atrocious of the many libels with which the more savagely fanatical of His followers have besmirched His Holy Name.

C.W.L.

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# The Childhood of Krishnaji

*By Captain R. Balfour Clarke.*

It was during this year, which began with the dawn of a new day, resplendent with power to help the world, that Krishnaji completed the writing of *At the Feet of the Master*. I have recently been fortunate enough to have access to some diaries belonging to Bishop Leadbeater of the years 1910 and 1911, and so we find an entry on the 11th January, 1910: "Krishna's Initiation by the Lord Maitreya—afterwards a visit to Shamballa to present him. He was taken as a son by the Master, and Nitya was accepted." There is also an entry on Wednesday, 25th May, in this same year, to the effect that it was Krishnaji's fourteenth birthday.

The next interesting entry is to the effect that on Sunday, 27th November, Mrs. Besant read Krishna's book at a private meeting. This must have been just before or just after its actual publication. I well remember at about this time an interesting incident in connection with the publication of this momentous spiritual essay. A copy of its first edition, bound in blue leather with the impress of the Path leading to an Egyptian Gateway in gold stamped on its cover, was taken one night to the Master Kuthumi in his Himalayan abode. I saw Krishnaji place it under his pillow. I then left him and, as was our custom, I bolted the mosquito wire-gauze door from outside. At five o'clock on the following morning I unfastened this door, and went in to awaken him, and found that the book had disappeared.

I find that during this year, on Sunday, 25th September, the two brothers accompanied Dr. Besant upon a journey to Benares. It was during this time that Krishnaji sent a message to Madras, requesting that the notes of his Master's teaching should be sent to him in Benares, where he first drew round him and instructed a group of students, who were eager to follow in his footsteps along the great Pathway to Initiation. His selection of pupils for that first group was amazing. He, an inconceivably shy Brahman boy of fourteen, was making his first essay at teaching others—in itself an unparalleled action; and whom does he choose for this maiden experiment? The Principal of the Central Hindu College, the Headmaster of its Preparatory School, and two University men who had already taken the highest honours within their reach! And yet these

great and learned men all agreed that they had never heard such teaching as he gave, never been so strangely uplifted before.

In the year 1911, during January, the two brothers accompanied both their venerable protectors and other friends on a trip to Burma. Soon after their return, Krishna set to work upon taking the photographs for the Adyar Album, the accompanying letterpress for which was written by Bishop Leadbeater, the book being thus one of surpassing interest to all members.

The next event in this year was when Krishnaji and his brother sailed for Europe with Dr. Annie Besant on the s.s. *Mantua* on the 22nd April, 1911. It will be remembered that they appeared with her in Paris when she delivered a remarkable speech at the Sorbonne.

After some months of travel in Europe, our party, consisting of Dr. Besant, Krishnaji, his brother, and Bishop Arundale, arrived in Madras by special mail on the 7th October. Once again, on the 28th December, our spiritual adventurer suddenly and unexpectedly became the central figure in a remarkable manifestation, which took place at a meeting of the Order of the Star in the East in Benares, whither our holy family had journeyed with many of their friends from Adyar to attend the annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, which was to be held that year in the holy city of the Hindus. I am here able to insert an account, which was written by the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater at the time of the occurrence:

An event which has recently occurred here seems to me of such transcendent importance that I want to send you an account of it. A good many members have joined the Order of the Star in the East during the Convention, and somebody suggested (quite casually), that it would be a great pleasure to them if the Head of the Order would himself hand them their certificates of membership. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and other older members also asked to be allowed to return their certificates, in order to receive them again directly from the Head. So a time was fixed (6 p.m. on December 28th), and we went down to the Indian Section Hall. We thought of it merely as a formal little ceremony, and I even doubted whether the President would come, as she was tired after her lecture at four.

Only Star Members were admitted, but the Hall was full; I suppose there were about four hundred people. Mostly they sat on the floor, but there was a line of benches round the walls, and a few chairs at the upper end. The President and I sat there, with Miss Arundale and Nitya and a few others, and the benches were occupied chiefly by European ladies. The arrangement was that the Head was to stand just in front of us, with Telang (the National Representative), beside him. The members were to file past in a line, each handing his certificate to Telang, who read out his name, and then passed the paper to Krishna, who returned it to its owner—apparently a simple programme; but *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*

The marshalling was carried out perfectly (mainly by Brother Cooper), and the first two or three members took their papers with a bow and a smile, and passed back to their places. All at once the Hall was filled with a tremendous power, which was so evidently flowing through Krishna that the next member fell at his feet, overwhelmed by this marvellous rush of force. I have never seen or felt anything in the least like it; it reminded one irresistibly of the rushing, mighty wind, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. The tension was enormous, and everyone in the room was most powerfully affected. It was exactly the kind of thing that we read about in the old scriptures, and think exaggerated; but here it was before us in the twentieth century. After that each one prostrated himself as his turn

came, many of them with tears pouring down their cheeks.

The scene was indeed a memorable one, for the stream of devotees was remarkably representative in character. There were members from almost every country in Europe, from America and from all parts of India, and it was most striking and beautiful to see white and dark alike, Brahmans and Buddhists, Parsis and Christians, haughty Rajput princes and gorgeously-apparelled merchants, grey-haired men and young children, all prostrating themselves in rapt devotion at our Krishna's feet. The blessing poured forth was so obvious that everyone present yearned to share in it, and those who had no certificates with them tore off their Star badges and handed them in, so that they also might receive something at his hands.

He stood all the time with perfect grace and self-possession, smiling gently upon them, and holding out his hands in benediction over each prostrate form in turn. I think the culmination of the strangely-affecting scene was reached when our dear Nitya threw himself at his brother's feet, and the whole congregation burst into enthusiastic applause—I hardly know why, but somehow it seemed at the moment not at all irreverent, but entirely appropriate and natural.

When the last of that great company had made his reverence, Krishna returned to his seat between us, and there were a few minutes of silent rapture, of strange, hushed awe and expectancy. Then the President whispered to Krishna to close the meeting, and he rose and held out his right hand over the heads of the audience, and said solemnly: "May the blessing of the great Lord rest upon you for ever." And so we came down to the ordinary world again, and left the Hall, feeling that we had passed through one of the greatest experiences of our lives, and that indeed it had been good for us to be there, for that this had been for us none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

I have seen many things in occultism, but never on the physical plane such an outpouring of force as this, nor anything which moved all present so profoundly. I suppose most of them *saw* nothing, but what they felt shook them to their very souls. It is not easy to express it in words, but the sense of a mighty living Presence was unmistakable and overpowering.

The occult side of the phenomenon was wonderfully beautiful. A great circle of the characteristic blue fire of the Lord Maitreya appeared some feet above our Krishna's head, and then stretched down into a funnel. Just above the mouth of the funnel floated the rosy cross of the Master Jesus, and high above all, near the ceiling of the lofty Hall, flashed the Star of the Lord of the World. Down through the funnel poured a torrent of blue fire tinged with rose, and all permeated by the indescribable electric glow of the Star. This stream rushed into our Krishna's head through the highest of the force-centres, and poured through his hands upon each person he blessed. Round the Hall stood a circle of great green devas, with forms twenty feet high, and as Krishna gave that final blessing the Bodhisattva Himself stood in the air above him, smiling benignly on those who had done Him reverence through the person of His disciple.

At a meeting on the 29th, the President said for the first time that, after what they had seen and felt, it was no longer possible to make even a pretence of concealing the fact that Krishna's body had been chosen by the Bodhisattva, and was even now being attuned by Him. Earlier on the day of the 28th, our Head had taken the chair at a lecture by Mr. G. S. Arundale on the Order of the Star, and said a few words very nicely both before and after the address. Wherever he has appeared during the Convention he has been received with ovations of applause, and the Subba Rao medal has been awarded to him for *At the Feet of the Master*.

R. B. C.

# How Theosophy Came to Me

*By the Editor.*

III.

Naturally, as soon as I had the main principles of Theosophy, as we knew it then, established in my mind, and had definitely set before myself the idea of aiming, at however great a distance in the future, at drawing nearer to the Feet of the Master, I became anxious to know whether there was not something that I could do to help in the practical work of the Society. I propounded this question to Mr. Sinnett, and in reply he opened a large drawer completely filled with letters, and said: "All these are inquiries about Theosophy; every day they come pouring in upon me from all parts of the world; I struggle with them in a feeble sort of way, and answer a few each day; but I am entirely unable to cope with the torrent. I am already behindhand to this extent, and I shall obviously never overtake the accumulation, for the pile of arrears is increasing steadily day by day. If you are willing to take charge of this little assortment, and answer them as well as you can, you will really be doing an important service to a large number of people."

I of course objected that I did not know nearly enough yet to take upon myself the office of expounder of the doctrine; but he replied: "You have read all the books, you have attended nearly all the meetings; I am sure that you know as much of the teaching as I do myself. And besides, it is clearly a case of that or nothing. With all the other work that I have to do, I shall never be able to deal with them; whereas you may manage, in the seclusion of your country parish, to work through some of them at least; and after all, we can always consult upon any knotty points that arise."

He was right in saying that I had done all in my power to familiarize myself with this wonderful new teaching. I had read both his books, not once but many times, each time, I think, appreciating their value more and more, and gaining a firmer grip of the ideas promulgated in them. So I filled a suitcase with those letters (there were 437 of them) and took them down into Hampshire. I tackled the job with enthusiasm—I remember that I allowed myself only four hours sleep each night —and eventually I actually did work my way through them. It was quite a heavy task, for there were no typewriters in those days, so that every word of those many thousands had to be written laboriously by hand.

Some of the questions were easy, and some were difficult; in many cases long explanations were necessary, because the inquirer seemed to have taken hold of the instruction in quite a wrong way; but I think I did my best with them. Of course I received a host of replies, so that that drawer-full of letters occupied most of my leisure time for many months. I may say that quite a number of new recruits joined the Society in consequence of that correspondence, and I also added largely to my list of friends—also to my own stock of Theosophical knowledge, for there is no better way of learning a subject thoroughly than trying to teach it to someone else.

Let me pass on from these comparative trifles to an incident of real importance—my first meetng with Madame Blavatsky. But even before I can describe that, I must give a few words of preliminary explanation. Although Dr. Anna Kingsford was the President of the London Lodge, she was by no means entirely in accord with the teachings which its members were studying. Mr. Sinnett's information came to him in Oriental form from Oriental Teachers, and in answer to a series of more

or less haphazard questions which he had formulated; whereas what Dr. Kingsford taught, she knew from her own recollection of what she had learnt in a previous life.

The agreement in essentials was most remarkable, but the form in which the teaching was cast was widely different, and each form had its own set of terms, which were by no means always interchangeable. Usually at our meetings Mr. Sinnett would deliver an address or make a statement; but before we were allowed to discuss it or to ask for further information on doubtful points, Dr. Kingsford would always insist upon restating the whole matter in her terms and from her point of view. To almost all of us the Oriental statement was far more comprehensible than the Hermetic; and to our eager minds this unnecessary complication appeared intolerable, so that Dr. Kingsford's long disquisitions were received with a certain amount of impatience. Not content with stating her own case, she sometimes came perilously near to casting animadversions upon Mr. Sinnett's presentation, and even upon the Masters from Whom it came; and it will be readily understood that that tended to arouse considerable indignation in the minds of the members.

On one occasion the Lodge passed a resolution regretting the attitude adopted in a paper which she wrote; and the whole affair created a most undesirable feeling of tension. We even went so far as the publication of certain pamphlets in which the opposing cases were stated; and even Swami T. Subba Rao, far away in India, took part in the discussion. These conditions were still in evidence when Colonel Olcott and Mr. Mohini Mohun Chatterji arrived from India, and the Lodge practically divided itself into two very unequal parties, for Dr. Kingsford's only supporters were her uncle Mr. Maitland and a few personal friends whom she had brought in when she joined. If Madame Blavatsky herself had been with us she would probably have settled the dispute off-hand; but although she had left India along with Colonel Olcott, she had fallen very seriously ill in Paris, and was even supposed to be in considerable danger.

Presently we came to the end of our financial year, and the question arose of the election of a President for the next twelve months. It was, I think, the almost unanimous desire of the Lodge that Mr. Sinnett himself should be its nominal as well as its actual leader; but he was unwilling to accept the position, becuase in the pamphleteering he had expressed himself somewhat strongly against Dr. Kingsford, and he did not wish to carry this almost personal animosity into the politics of the Lodge. When the night of election came Mr. Maitland proposed the reappointment of Dr. Kingsford, but found only one or two members to support him, at which Dr. Kingsford showed most undignified annoyance. Mr. Sinnett then rose and proposed Mr. G. B. Finch, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who in his time had been Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. Being an able and kindly man, he was very popular with the members, and in fact that very meeting was being held in a long room in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. He was at once elected by an overwhelming majority, and we then appointed Mr. Sinnett as Secretary and proceeded to the work of the evening.

Dr. Kingsford, however was obviously ill pleased with the result of the election, and her continual interruptions were more exasperating than ever. The President-Founder himself was in the Chair, but did not seem quite to know how to deal with the lady, and the meeting was dragging along in a dreary and fruitless manner. The room, as I have said, was long, and the door by which we entered was in one side of it, but near the end remote from the platform. The room was filled with benches which were hired temporarily for the purpose of the meeting. Now, it happened that my friend Mr. Var-

ley and I had been a few minutes late, entering the room just after the proceedings had begun. So we slipped into an empty bench just opposite that door, and there were only two or three members in our immediate neighbourhood, although the upper end of the room was crowded. Colonel Olcott and Mohini were trying their best to extract something sensible and useful from a very wearisome and unprofitable discussion, and I suppose that we at the other end of the room were not paying any very close attention to the proceedings; when suddenly and sharply the door opposite to us opened, and a stout lady in black came quickly in and seated herself at the outer end of our bench.

She sat listening to the wrangling on the platform for a few minutes, and then began to exhibit distinct signs of impatience. As there seemed to be no improvement in sight, she then jumped up from her seat, shouted in a tone of military command the one word "Mohini !" and then walked straight out of the door into the passage. The stately and dignified Mohini came rushing down that long room at his highest speed, and as soon as he reached the passage threw himself incontinently flat on his face on the floor at the feet of the lady in black. Many people arose in confusion, not knowing what was happening; but a moment later Mr. Sinnett himself also came running to the door, went out and exchanged a few words, and then, re-entering the room, he stood up on the end of our bench and spoke in a ringing voice the fateful words: "Let me introduce to the London Lodge as a whole—Madame Blavatsky !"

The scene was indescribable; the members, wildly delighted and yet half-awed at the same time, clustered round our great Founder, some kissing her hand, several kneeling before her, and two or three weeping hysterically. After a few minutes, however, she shook them off impatiently, and was led up to the platform by Colonel Olcott, and after answering a few questions she demanded from him an explanation of the unsatisfactory character of the meeting upon which she had descended so abruptly. The Colonel and Mr. Sinnett explained as well as they could; but she summarily ordered them to close the meeting, and called upon the officials to meet her at once in conference. The members departed in a condition of wild excitement and the officials waited upon Madame Blavatsky in one of the adjacent living rooms.

Now, as I had been invited to spend the night at Mr. Sinnett's, I, though a new and insignificant member, had to stay behind along with the greater people; and so it happened that I was a witness of the very remarkable scene which followed. Madame Blavatsky demanded a full account of the condition of the Lodge, and of the differences between Mr. Sinnett and Dr. Kingsford; and having received it, she proceeded to rate both of them exactly as if they had been a pair of naughty schoolboys, and finally actually made them both shake hands before us all as a token that their differences were amicably settled ! Nevertheless, she ordered that Dr. Kingsford should form a Lodge of her own, in which doctrines could be discussed exclusively from her point of view. This order was carried out in a few days, the new branch taking the title of the Hermetic Lodge. So far as I remember, I do not think that it ever had more than a very small number of members, and I fancy that it soon faded into extinction.

Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott both accompanied our party to Mr. Sinnett's house, and stayed there until a late hour, Madame Blavatsky expressing vigorous condemnation of the inefficiency of the officials in not managing the meeting better. I was of course presented to her, and Mr. Sinnett took occasion to tell her of my letter to the Spiritualistic journal *Light* on the subject of the spirit Ernest's disavowal of our Masters. When she

heard that little story she looked at me very searchingly and remarked: "I don't think much of the clergy, for I find most of them hypocritical, bigoted and stupid; but that was a brave action, and I thank you for it. You have made a good beginning; perhaps you may do something yet."

You may be very sure that after that I missed no opportunity of attending any meeting at which she was present; and though I was far too shy to push myself forward and ask questions, I nevertheless listened eagerly to every word that fell from her lips, and I think that in that way I learnt a very great deal.

In a lecture delivered in 1927 I spoke somewhat fully of her character, and of the tremendous impression which she made upon me; so I need not touch upon that subject here. It will be remembered that in last month's instalment of these reminiscences I mentioned a letter which I had addressed to the Master Kuthumi, confiding it to a spirit named Ernest for delivery. I received a reply eventually—but not through Ernest and not until the very eve of Madame Blavatsky's departure for India. The text of the Master's letter to me will be found in Mr. Jinarajadasa's book *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom*, p. 32. He told me that it was not necessary to be in India during the seven years of probation—that a chela could pass them anywhere. He warned me that as a Priest of the Christian Church I had a certain share in the collective karma of that body, and He distinctly intimated that there was much in that karma which was terribly evil. He suggested that I might go to Adyar for a few months, to see whether I could work with the Headquarters staff, and added the significant remark: "He who would shorten the years of probation has to make sacrifices for Theosophy." His letter concluded with the words:

> You ask me what rules you must observe during this time of probation, and how soon you might venture to hope that it could begin. I answer: You have the making of your own future in your own hands, as shown above, and every day you may be weaving its woof. If I were to *demand* that you should do one thing or the other, instead of simply advising, I should be responsible for every effect that might flow from the step, and you acquire but a secondary merit. Think, and you will see that this is true. So cast the lot yourself into the lap of Justice, never fearing but that its response will be absolutely true. Chelaship is an educational as well as a probationary stage, and the chela alone can determine whether it shall end in adeptship or failure. Chelas, from a mistaken idea of our system, too often watch and wait for orders, wasting precious time which should be taken up with personal effort. Our cause needs missionaries, devotees, agents, even martyrs, perhaps. But it cannot demand of any man to make himself either. So now choose and grasp your own destiny—and may our Lord's the Tathagata's memory aid you to decide for the best.*

I wished to say in answer to this that my circumstances were such that it would be impossible for me to come to Adyar for three months, and then return to the work in which I was then engaged; but that I was perfectly ready to throw up that work altogether, and to devote my life absolutely to His service. Ernest having so conspicuously failed me, I knew of no way to get this message to the Master but to take it to Madame Blavatsky, and as she was to leave England on the following day for India, I hastened up to London to see her.

It was with difficulty that I induced her to read the letter, as she said very decidedly that such communications were intended only for the recipient. I was obliged to insist, however, and at last she read it and asked me what I wished to say in reply. I answered to the above effect, and asked her how this information could be conveyed to the Master. She replied that He knew it already, referring of course

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*Mr. Jinarajadasa adds the following note: "Our Lord's the Tathagata's memory," is a most striking phrase, understood only many long years after the receipt of the letter. It refers to incidents in past lives of long ago, when C.W.L. had seen the Great Lord face to face. It is as if the Master tried in this manner to go behind the personality of C.W.L. direct to the Ego, in whose consciousness the great truths existed as matters of direct knowledge.

to the exceedingly close relation in which she stood with Him, so that whatever was within her consciousness was also within His when He wished it.

She then told me to wait by her, and not to leave her on any account. She adhered absolutely to this condition, even making me accompany her into her bedroom when she went to put on her hat and, when a cab was required, declining to allow me to leave the room and go to the door to whistle for it. I could not at all understand the purpose of this at the time, but afterwards I realized that she wished me to be able to say that she had never been out of my sight for a moment between the time when she read my letter from the Master and my receipt of the reply to it. I remember as vividly as if it were yesterday how I rode with her in that hansom cab, and the bashful embarrassment that I felt, caused partly by the honour of doing so, and partly by my fear that I must be inconveniencing her horribly, for I was crushed sideways into a tiny corner of the seat, while her huge bulk weighed down her side of the vehicle, so that the springs were grinding all through the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley were to accompany her on the voyage to India, and it was to their house that I went with her very late that night—in fact, I believe it was after midnight, so I really ought to say very early the next morning.

Even at that hour a number of devoted friends were gathered in Mrs. Oakley's drawing-room to say farewell to Madame Blavatsky, who seated herself in an easy-chair by the fireside. She was talking brilliantly to those who were present, and rolling one of her eternal cigarettes, when suddenly her right hand was jerked out towards the fire in a very peculiar fashion, and lay palm upwards. She looked down at it in surprise, as I did myself, for I was standing close to her, leaning with an elbow on the mantelpiece; and several of us saw quite clearly a sort of whitish mist form in the palm of her hand and then condense into a piece of folded paper, which she at once handed to me, saying: "There is your answer." Every one in the room crowded round, of course, but she sent me away outside to read it, saying that I must not let anyone see its contents. It was a very short note, and ran as follows:

> Since your intuition led you in the right direction and made you understand that it was *my desire* you should go to Adyar *immediately*, I may say more. The sooner you go the better. Do not lose one day more than you can help. Sail on the 5th, if possible. Join Upasika* at Alexandria. Let no one know that you are going, and may the blessing of our Lord and my poor blessing shield you from every evil in your new life.
>
> Greeting to you, *my new chela.*
>
> K.H.

In occult matters to hear is to obey. Madame Blavatsky left London later on in the same day for Liverpool, where she boarded the *s.s. Clan Drummond*. Meantime I was bustling round to steamer offices trying to obtain a passage for myself. The P. and O. steamer which was to leave on the 5th had absolutely not a single vacant berth in any class, so I was reluctantly compelled to seek elsewhere. After many inquiries the only opportunity that offered itself was to take the Messageries Maritimes *s.s. Erymanthe* from Marseilles to Alexandria, and in order to do that I had to leave London on the night of the 4th. I hurried down to Hampshire to pack my goods and chattels and to make my final arrangements; and I may say that I did not go to bed until after I had left England! Mohini and Miss Francesca Arundale were at Charing Cross Station to see me depart and give me their earnest good wishes for the strange new life which was opening before me.

I reached Marseilles in the ordinary course, only to find that there was supposed to be cholera in the town. I embarked upon the *Erymanthe*, and I remember that our voyage through the

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* Upasika means a disciple in a female body; our Masters often spoke of Madame Blavatsky by this title.

Mediterranean was rather rough. On that voyage I read *Esoteric Buddhism* for the tenth time; we were fairly thorough in our studies in those days. When we reached Alexandria I found, to my immense disgust, that because of that rumour of cholera at Marseilles the Egyptian authorities proposed to put us all in quarantine for five days. You may imagine my impatience, and my fear that the delay might cause me to miss Madame Blavatsky altogether. They would not allow us to stay in the town, but carried us off to some barracks at Ramleh, where they charged us £1 a day for very unsatisfactory accommodation. Of course we were all of us perfectly well, and we were fully persuaded that the whole affair was a farce, played simply in order to extract money from us; and the broad smiles of the Egyptian officials showed that they thoroughly appreciated the situation.

At our only point of communication with the outer world there was a very heavy double fence, the component parts of which were perhaps five yards apart. A sort of little wooden railway ran across from one of these fences to the other, and a box with a rope attached to each end of it was hauled backwards and forwards to bring in supplies from without or to deliver our letters and any articles which we might wish to buy. A large bowl of water was placed in the box and we were ordered to throw into it any coins with which we wanted to pay for our purchases, while letters which we sent out to be posted were stabbed in two or three places and rigorously fumigated. The proceedings were more than ridiculous, and we kept up an attitude of feebly joking with the attendants, insisting that when any change had to be sent across to us, it also should be thrown into the water !

By means of one of the mutilated letters I communicated with the British Consul and learnt from him that Madame Blavatsky and her party had duly arrived, but had gone on to Port Said, where they were awaiting me. As soon as we were released from durance vile I posted off to the Hotel Abbat to have a real bath and some decent food, and then proceeded to inquire as to transit to Port Said. There was no railway in those days, and I found that my next opportunity was again to take the steamer *Erymanthe*, which had also been detained in quarantine just as we had. We should certainly have been far more comfortable if they had had the sense to leave us on board her, but as we were passengers for Alexandria they would not do that; besides, in that case the steamer instead of the Egyptian Government would have had our £1 a day !

We sailed the same evening, and reached Port Said on the following morning, where Mr. A. J. Cooper-Oakley came off to meet me, and took me ashore to a hotel where I found Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Oakley sitting on the veranda. Madame Blavatsky's last word to me in London had been: "See that you do not fail me"; and now her greeting was: "Well, Leadbeater, so you have really come in spite of all difficulties." I replied that of course I had come, and that when I made a promise I also made a point of keeping it; to which she only answered: "Good for you !" and then plunged into an animated discussion—all discussions in which Madame Blavatsky took part were invariably animated—which had evidently been interrupted by my arrival. Though she said no more than this, she was clearly pleased that I had come, and seemed to regard my presence in her retinue as a kind of card in the game which she had to play. She was returning to India expressly in order to refute the wicked slanders of the Christian College missionaries, and she appeared to consider that to bring back with her a clergyman of the Established Church who had abandoned a good position in that Church to become her enthusiastic pupil and follower was somehow an argument in her favour.

C.W.L.

(To be continued.)

# The World-Mother as Fact and Symbol

*By the Editor.*

III.

We have to turn now to modern history and to consider the work of the World-Mother today, and the opportunity which she has recently offered to us of taking a certain part in it. It is now some three years since she first spoke to some of us of this matter; in fact, I believe that it was to me that the honour fell of introducing the subject to the notice of a select group of our brethren, in consequence of an audience which the World-Mother was so gracious as to accord to me.

In her capacity as guardian of womankind she naturally works in especially close collaboration with the agents of the Lipika, the Lords of Karma, whose business it is to find suitable births for the vast host of egos waiting to come into incarnation. This is often a matter of considerable difficulty, requiring the most delicate adjustment in reconciling conflicting claims, for of course the karma operates in both directions. If it be the karma of the incoming ego to have such-and-such parents, who will give him (or withhold from him) the opportunities which he has earned, so is it also the karma of those parents to have such-and-such a child, who may obviously affect their lives very seriously, and bring to them much joy or much sorrow.

At this particular point of history the Manu of our Fifth Root-Race is working towards the development of a new sub-race, the sixth, which is to possess a number of new characteristics, considerably in advance of those commonly exhibited by the average man of the present day. How is He working to bring His new sub-race into existence? Let me quote from an article which I recently wrote elsewhere:

> Remember, there is no miracle about the thing. The new sub-race is not created by a single stroke; it must grow up by slow degrees from that which already exists. I suppose that, if the Lord Vaivasvata chose so to do, He might seize upon a number of people and say: "You shall be the new sub-race"; and He might make some changes in their bodies and brains which would make it possible. But Nature does not work in that way; and when we say "Nature does not work in that way," we mean: "That is not how the Will of the Logos acts." All change is gradual, and we can see why that must be so.
>
> We are living entities, all of us, and therefore we can be changed fundamentally only very slowly. You can take what you call the inanimate matter—of course it is not really inanimate—you can take metal and you can melt it and you can mould it into any shape comparatively quickly. But if you are a gardener, and you want to train a plant or a tree into a certain shape, you cannot seize it and change its shape all at once, as you did with the metal. If you did, you would probably destroy the tree. You have gradually to persuade it to grow in this direction or in that. It is the same with all living organisms. I know that all organisms are living, but some are more alive than others.
>
> It is certainly the same with ourselves. We have within us the possibility of unfolding all the characteristics which are needed for this new sub-race. I have no doubt we have, everyone of us—at least I hope we have. So it is also with your children. They have within them the necessary capacity, but they do need development, and the development must be gradual, if you are to preserve the unity and the sanity of the living being. And so the method of the Manu and of His lieutenants (for there are thousands upon thousands of devas and men working under Him) is that of gradual development.
>
> Sometimes you hear us speak of promising children or young people. What do we mean by that? At least at this particular time, what we mean is that there are children who are already showing some of the characteristics of that new sub-race. Not all of them; it would be an exceedingly rare thing to find a child showing all the characteristics of the new sub-race. If there were such an one, he would grow up into Adeptship perhaps, or at least Arhatship; but such manifestations are as yet very rare. You might find a child born among you who showed twenty-five per cent. of the characteristics of the new subrace. Even then you are very fortunate, for even that is very unusual, and

it is worth while giving—nay, it is a solemn duty to give—every opportunity for growth in the right direction.

So it comes that our Lady the World-Mother is just now much preoccupied with this matter of providing suitable incarnations for well-developed egos, and it is by no means an easy task. Many thousands of advanced egos are ready for incarnation and anxious to take it, in order that they may help in the work of the World-Teacher; but the difficulty of finding suitable bodies is very great. For example, we have the case of those who died in the great war, who laid down their lives on the field of battle in defence of truth and righteousness.

The war was indeed a terrible thing; on the part of its aggressors it was perhaps the greatest crime in human history; but since it had to be, Those who direct evolution utilized it as a means for sorting out Their material, for winnowing the wheat from the chaff. All the noblest men of its generation took part in it in one way or other; it was a tremendous test which was applied to them. They rose to the emergency, they passed the test, they seized the opportunity. Therefore they earned wonderfully good karma, therefore they won for themselves an amount of progress which under more ordinary conditions they could not have obtained in a dozen incarnations. They gained for themselves the boon of birth in the sixth sub-race.

They were of all types and at all levels—some refined and artistic, some rough and rude; but they all had this one great quality in common, that they were ready to make the supreme sacrifice, ready to risk their lives for an ideal. The change into the new sub-race will not suddenly polish them all; it cannot alter their main characteristics. They are heroes, but they have not necessarily become saints, nor highly refined and cultured men. But the sixth sub-race will not be composed entirely of Adepts, as some people seem to suppose! We cannot all be priests, physicians, artists; we shall need carpenters, blacksmiths, agriculturists then, as we do now. That new race will contain men of all classes, just as does our present sub-race out of which it evolves. We shall be at various levels of advancement, then as now; but I hope and believe that we shall all have certain great qualities in common which only a few have had in the fifth sub-race. We shall be far more liberal, less prejudiced, freer in thought and action, more brotherly and compassionate. The Rev. T. W. Chignell well expressed this:

> See what triumphs are before us
> As the years and ages move!
> Error banished by true knowledge
> Coldness by the breath of love.
> Till of men a nobler pattern
> Sun and earth at length behold—
> Broader-minded, broader-hearted,
> Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

So there will eventually be a place for all. But here and now decent bodies are needed for this vast host, and as far as possible among new and progressive peoples; where are they to be found in sufficient numbers? The private soldiers are gradually though very slowly being accommodated; the officers present a serious problem. In consequence of foolish and wasteful ostentation, an evil tradition is growing up in the Western world that men and women cannot afford to marry, and that large families are too expensive to be practically possible. Not understanding the wonderful opportunity which their sex gives them, women desire to be free from the restraints of marriage in order that they may ape the lives and actions of men, instead of taking advantage of their peculiar privileges. Such a line of thought and action is obviously disastrous to the future of the race, for it means that many of the better class parents take no part in its perpetuation, but leave it entirely in the hands of the more undesirable and undeveloped egos.

From the occult standpoint the greatest glory of a woman is not to become a leader in society, nor is it to take a high university degree and live

in a flat in scornful isolation, but to provide vehicles for the egos that are to come into incarnation, and to preside over a home in which her children can be properly and happily trained to live their life and to do their appointed work in the world. And that function of hers is regarded not as something to hide and to put away, something of which one should be half ashamed; it is the greatest glory of the feminine incarnation, the great opportunity which women have and men have not. Men have other opportunities, but that really wonderful privilege of motherhood is not theirs. It is the women who do this great work for the helping of the world, for the continuance of the race; and they do it at a cost of suffering of which we who are men can have no idea.

It is just because this is so—because of the great work done and the terrible suffering which it entails—that there is this special department of the government of the world; and the duty of its officials is to look after every woman in the time of her suffering and give her such help and strength as her karma allows. The World-Mother has at her command vast hosts of angelic beings, and at the birth of every child one of these is always present as her representative; so that we may quite truly say that in and through that representative, the World-Mother herself is present at the bedside of every suffering mother. Her ministrations are extended to all alike; she makes no distinction between rich and poor, between saint and sinner, between the married and the unmarried; she is the very embodiment of the divine pity and compassion, and it is sufficient for her that a child-body is coming into the world. that a mother needs the service which it is her joy to provide.

What the World-Mother wishes is to achieve the spiritualization of the whole idea of motherhood and of marriage, and those of us who wish to serve her must endeavour to use in that direction whatever influence we may have. Some of us perhaps can deliver lectures; others can write articles. She is by no means satisfied with the general position of public opinion in Europe on this subject. She says that motherhood is not really understood at all by most people in Western countries; it is not regarded, as it should be, as a high and wondrous privilege, but is rather considered as almost degrading. She fully sympathizes with those women who quite truly and properly rebel against the idea of being slaves to the lusts of men, but says that nevertheless the general view on the subject is not at all what it should be.

She asserts that people marry for all sorts of wrong and material reasons—sometimes merely through lust and desire, sometimes for reasons of expediency, such as to unite two estates which happen to adjoin, sometimes to obtain position and title, and sometimes merely for money. She maintains that the only real reason for marriage is when a true and spiritual love of great intensity exists between the two parties, because it is only under that condition that they can provide suitable vehicles for highly developed egos. Hindu ideas on these points are usually very far better, but even there they are not put thoroughly into practice.

Just now she considers it of vital importance to try to convert the Western world to the more spiritual point of view, because it is chiefly from parents of the fifth sub-race that the children of the sixth must be born. In many ways it seems that a new age is opening before us—that there are signs of the dawn of a new day. That age, that day should be the woman's age and the woman's day; for, as one of our Masters long ago pointed out, it is not until the woman takes her rightful place in the world that she can bear bodies fit for the Buddha or the Christ. In a note at the end of *The Paradoxes of the Highest Science*, by Eliphas Levi, we find the following:

The authors of *The Perfect Way* are right; woman must not be considered as only an appanage of man, since she was not made

for his mere benefit or pleasure any more than he for hers; but the two must be realized as equal powers though unlike individualities.

Until the age of seven the skeletons of girls do not differ in any way from those of boys, and the osteologist would be puzzled to discriminate them. Woman's mission is to become the mother of future occultists—of those who will be born without sin.

On the elevation of woman the world's redemption and salvation hinge. And not till woman bursts the bonds of her sexual slavery, to which she has ever been subjected, will the world obtain an inkling of what she really is and of her proper place in the economy of nature. Old India, the India of the Rishis, made the first sounding with her plummet-line in this ocean of Truth, but the post-Mahabaratean India, with all her profundity of learning, has neglected and forgotten it.

The light that will come to it and to the world at large, when the latter shall discover and really appreciate the truths that underlie this vast problem of sex, will be like "the light that never shone on sea or land," and has to come to man through the Theosophical Society. That light will lead on and up to the true spiritual intuition. Then the world will have a race of Buddhas and Christs, for the world will have discovered that individuals have it in their own power to procreate Buddha-like children or —demons. When that knowledge comes, all dogmatic religions, and with these the demons, will die out. E.O.*

In connection with these ideas Our Lady the World-Mother naturally attaches the greatest importance to the upbringing of children. The requirements of the present time force her to seek for prospective parents principally among the cultured classes; but ladies in high society so often shirk their responsibilities, and leave their children almost entirely to nurses—nurses who are probably quite kind and good to them, but are usually lower in the social scale than the parents, and consequently surround the children with thoughts and feelings of a less refined character than the father and mother would give them. I have heard a lady say: "I am engaged all day in philanthropic work; I have no time to think about my children, but I employ a most excellent nurse." She apparently did not grasp the obvious fact that if the Logos had intended to confide the care of those children to that most excellent nurse, they would have been born as the nurse's offspring, and not as hers !

In India the conditions are different, for everyone marries as a matter of course; but even in the higher castes there is often a lamentable lack of supervision, and the surroundings provided are very unfavourable for the production of sound and healthy bodies. This is a very serious matter, earnestly to be commended to all students of occultism, who should assuredly do everything in their power to bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs.

It is the earnest desire of the World-Mother that every woman in her time of trial should have the best possible surroundings—that she should be enfolded in deep and true affection, that she should be filled with the holiest and noblest thoughts, so that none but the highest influences may be brought to bear upon the child who is to be born, so that he may have the best possible chance of a favourable start in life. Nothing but the purest and best physical magnetism should await him, and it is imperatively necessary that the most scrupulous physical cleanliness should be observed in all particulars. Only by the strictest attention to the rules of hygiene can such favourable conditions be obtained as will permit of the birth of a noble and healthy body fit for the habitation of an advanced ego.

It would indeed be well that women in all countries should band themselves together in an endeavour to spread abroad among their sisters accurate information on this most important subject; every woman should fully realize the magnificent opportunities which the feminine incarnation gives her; every woman should be taught the absolute necessity for proper conditions before, during and after her pregnancy. Not only the most perfect cleanliness and

* E.O. signifies Eminent Occultist; it was a pseudonym given by Mr. Sinnett to the Master Kuthumi.

the most careful attention should surround the baby body, but also it should be encompassed by perfect astral and mental conditions, by love and trust, by happiness and holiness. In this way the work of the World-Mother would be immensely facilitated and the future of the race would be assured.

Of course I do not say that it is the absolute duty of every woman to marry, any more than it is for every man. There are souls who need to learn the lesson of the celibate life, who in a given incarnation can do better work under its conditions. This is a matter in the decision of which every individual must be left entirely free; for an unsuitable or loveless marriage is obviously far worse than no marriage at all. But it should be fully recognized that the wedded life is a noble state, a high and honourable vocation, and that it offers magnificent opportunities for the most valuable altruistic work.

It is to help in promoting such recognition that we are just now drawing special attention to the existence of this great and splendid Being who holds the office of the Universal Mother, and to the fact that she needs many recruits for her world-wide band of helpers, many channels through which her wonderful love and compassion can be outpoured upon the world which owes so much to her care.

For the love her heart o'erflowing,
'Mid the Angels, splendid, glowing,
Now she reigneth, evermore
Giving from her endless store.
Of the afflicted chief Consoler,
Of a thousand hearts Controller,
Queen of heaven, the ocean's Star
She hath shed her rays afar.

C. W. L.

(To be continued.)

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# The World-Mother's Message

*By An Unmarried Woman.*

"My call is to the womanhood of the world, and to those who honour womanhood. What more splendid work for woman than to perform the sacrament of motherhood, either in her own person or in the service of a world all too motherless? Shall not every woman be a mother, either to her own children, or to my children? Who will help to give to women their rightful place in life?"

To the unmarried woman the greatest truth contained in the World-Mother's message is not what is said but what is implied. The World-Mother — a supreme Intelligence — speaks from a dimension wherein all things are as one. To Her, it is the spirit that matters, not the letter. To Her it is the spirit of motherhood that is motherhood, not the mere fact of physical childbirth. Every woman is a mother in whom the spirit of motherhood is made manifest. What does it matter whether a woman has borne children, or whether children have been denied her, provided she has, at some time, in some way, been a mother to a motherless world?

Says the unmarried woman: this is a different conception of the word motherhood. The word "motherly" is constantly used to describe a woman, whether married or single. But the word motherhood is only used with its physical significance of childbirth. Its comprehensiveness has been overlooked. And women whose lives are spent in the service of a motherless world, who sigh perhaps when they pass a baby in a perambulator, are not accustomed to feel themselves included under the term motherhood.

To the ears of the modern woman, the modern girl, the word motherhood jars. The modern woman has fought a hard struggle for liberty, and the word motherhood is connected fre-

quently in her mind with Victorian parental harshness, despotism, the inflexible parental authority of the last generation that made woman's life a hell. Many of her predecessors—Victorian women—lived as slaves in their so-called home, or as unwanted guests in other people's houses, and were spoken of as "poor Auntie," "poor dear Miss Jones." A case is known of a man who thought nothing of paying a hundred guineas for a hunter, yet allowed his own sister to work for her living as a servant at thirty pounds a year.

Modern woman has demanded freedom, fought for it, won it. It is to her a precious treasure, a pearl of great price. Her freedom has been bought by her own untiring efforts, by work day after day in the wage-earning marts of the world, competing with men. A certain measure of economic independence has been gained by women for womanhood. It is that, and only that, economic independence that has enabled the woman of to-day to be free. She has been successful beyond even her own imaginings.

So the unmarried woman who has attained to years of discretion surveys womanhood, its threefold problem of girlhood, marriage, spinsterhood. The latter she knows *comme sa poche*, knows too that, had things been different, she would gladly have taken her share in motherhood and marriage. Even freedom's joy is, in the eyes of every woman who is really a woman, a joy not to be compared to the delight felt at the touch of a tiny hand. She tells this to the girlhood she meets. But here she is confronted by opposition. And there is reason in that opposition. The economic dependence of the married woman, the mother of children, is the greatest hindrance to joyous motherhood. Thousands of mothers have been betrayed, left with the burden of the child. Thousands of mothers are not mothers from joy but from necessity. Because dependent for money upon their husbands, they are the servants of his desires.

Motherhood should be a vocation, and those women who dedicate themselves to it should be certain of receiving always a modicum at least of life's necessities. There should be a huge State fund, to which every father of a girl-child had to subscribe a certain amount proportional to his income. The State would make up the amount to a certain figure, when the girl married, providing for her future. If the girl did not marry, then at a definite age she could receive what her father paid into the fund, plus interest, as a support for her old age.

And as she wends her crowded way to the next day's work, the unmarried woman hears the Call of the Mother as it rings across the tumult and the din, the strife and struggle and competition, the race for money, money, money. And Her call really means: "What of the children of to-morrow ?"

As of old in ancient Egypt, Isis the Beautiful passed through fields at sunset where peasants toiled, and played with their little children, so to-day the Mother again passes through crowded stores and offices, thronging cities, through crush and jostle and noise. She gazes upon the women striving after money, pleasure, happiness. A faint, mysterious smile of enchantment is upon her lips. "Is it worth it, my children ?" She seems to say: "Come with me and I will lead you to that which is true freedom, true happiness."

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## A NEW COMMANDMENT

*By Dr. E. Lanphear.*

Cheerfulness is more precious than great riches. If I were founding a new religion its first commandment should be: "Thou shalt be cheerful."

If I were instituting a new school of medicine its fundamental principle should be cheerfulness on the part of the doctor, and for the patient good cheer.

Religion without cheerfulness is a mockery. Success in the cure of most maladies depends upon faith and hope and cheerfulness.



*Bishops and Clergy at Dr. Vreede's Consecration, St. Michael's, Huizen.*

# The Fire at Huizen

*By the Rev. R. A. Vreede.*

After some years of hard and useful work, our dear Brother Bishop Wedgwood had succeeded in building for himself a suitable church on the estate at Huizen. It was completed in August last, and was used for the magnificent ceremony of the Consecration of another dear friend whom you all know, Dr. A. G. Vreede, as Regionary Bishop of the Netherlands Indies, on the Festival of the Assumption, August 15th. But only nine days later, on the night of August 24th (or rather in the early morning of August 25th), the building was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground. A photograph of the church and of the clergy present was taken on the day of the Consecration; I shall endeavour to have it reproduced to accompany this notice. The following description of the calamity is extracted from a letter of Mr. Rein A. Vreede (the son of the new Bishop), who resided with us here at The Manor for a number of years.

Last Friday, August 24th, three of us were returning from Bussum on our bicycles, when we heard a heavy thunderstorm in the distance behind us. Soon after we had arrived home and gone to bed, a terrific downpour commenced. At about a quarter to four in the morning we were all awakened by a most appalling thunder-clap that seemed to be just above our heads, so that many of the people in the neighbourhood each thought that his own house had been struck. From what people have told me, it appears that three separate thunderstorms had drifted together just overhead, and in the resulting tension either a thunderbolt or a great flash of lightning struck the church, attracted thither by a big iron cross that stood on the top of a little tower on the roof of the church. The whole building projected well above the trees.

I was just turning over in bed and going to sleep again when one of our staff burst into my room shouting: "Get up, the church is on fire." Blanca, the organist, had seen the fire from her window and had telephoned to us. She was shrewd enough to call us first, even before telephoning to the fire-brigade, because it might be possible to save a few things by running there immediately, but it would be quite hopeless to try to extinguish so great a blaze. I put on my shoes and my riding breeches, a couple of sweaters and a thick leather coat, for we had to meet both heat, cold and heavy rain. Just stopping to snatch up our torches, we ran as if for our lives to the church in this weird apparel.

Already the sky was all lit up by the red glow from the fire, and even as we left home we realized that it would be hopeless to attempt to save a wooden building roofed with thatch, when it was already giving out so much light. When we arrived at the church there was obviously no chance of putting out the fire, but we tried to save what could be saved of the portable property in the very short time at our disposal.

I climbed in through a window that had been hastily broken, while Hely opened all the doors to facilitate the process of salvage, which they had before been trying to do through the windows. We found Prince Mirski, Hugh and Lord Ossulston already hard at work, and Byron Casselberry joined us soon. He had in the meantime gone up to the house with the Blessed Sacrament to place it in safety. We seized copes, chasubles, cassocks, chalices—in fact, anything that was movable. Prince Mirski did marvels; he worked like one possessed, and certainly saved many things. I saw him jump like a cat at a valuable Sanctuary Lamp and bring the whole thing down on the ground by his weight. We carried everything out at a run, and handed the articles to Mrs. Mazel and Miss Dorothy Codd, who then carried them further into safety. There were only seven of us to clear out the whole church, and soon hundreds of people arrived on bicycles, so that we had to take everything up to the house to prevent the possibility of theft.

By this time the roof was a sea of fire, and the interior of the church was brightly lit. Prince Mirski cleared the High Altar while Hely began to remove everything from the Lady Chapel and the Side Chapels, and I was breaking into cupboards to fetch the Bishop's vestments. As I came out with them Byron reminded me of the Ray Crosses, which were silver-gilt and very valuable, so I rushed back into the church and tore them off the wall with my bare hands. (You don't know how fragile a building is, or how strong you really are, until you have to work in such an emergency.) I ran once more through the body of the church, and by this time burning planks, thatch and timbers were falling everywhere amongst ths chairs, and it was quite time to quit the building. I felt rather afraid while running through, because every instant I expected the little tower and the great iron

cross to come thundering through the roof into the body of the church.

We started in on the vestries and kicked in some of the locked-up cupboards, but we had not time to break into all. Thereby some of the priests lost their chasubles, and four or five chalices were burnt. We stayed in until the last possible moment, and then we had to drag Lord Ossulston out, because the building was on the point of falling in. The last thing I rescued was the clock; it stopped at 4.15, so we had really been busy for only ten minutes, and only about half-an-hour had elapsed between the time when the lightning struck the church and the moment when it became imperative to leave it. At a distance of fifty feet my coat began to singe and smell with the heat, so fierce was the blaze.

By six o'clock in the morning only the foundations remained and the rest was a heap of ashes. A certain brick part of the altar is still standing, but all the marble has been turned into quicklime. The fire-brigade arrived in time to stand by in case the roof of the big house should catch fire. Fragments of burning straw and sparks were blowing clear over it, but the roof was so wet that nothing happened; the heavy rain also prevented a serious forest fire among the many trees that stand round the church.



*The New Bishop.*

We saved practically all Bishop Wedgwood's vestments, and many of those belonging to the priests, as well as all the movable brasswork on the altars. The organ, which was such a special bargain, is of course gone, and we shall probably not get the value of that from the Insurance Company. We lost some valuable Persian carpets which had been lent to the church by some of the members, also a harmonium, four valuable oak side-altars which cost £80 each, and all the chairs that we had hired from Naarden Church. It is really surprising the quantity we did save, considering how little time we had. When we saw that we could reach nothing more, we loaded what we could on to a cart and took our salvage up to the house. Everything was a little damp through the heavy rain, but the Bishop's vestments were not even soiled.

Next morning by 10.30 we had an altar and all the appurtenances set up in the Masonic Temple, and we held a High Mass in the longer form, with Bishop Bonjer as celebrant and Byron and myself as his assistants. He said special Collects for Bishop Wedgwood, who was on holiday at Vichy; the people one and all felt very sorry for him, but they are determined to help him to carry on the Centre and to build a new church as quickly as possible. Luckily the church and its furniture had just been insured, but even so it is estimated that we shall lose from £500 to £1000 on this little blaze. It falls hardest on some of the poorer priests who could very ill afford to lose their vestments; and their things are not covered by the insurance. We were unconsciously wise when we saved the Bishop's vestments first, for these would not have been covered either, not belonging properly to the church; and of course they are immensely valuable. Lord Ossulston and Prince Mirski flew over at once to Vichy in the former's aeroplane to tell the Bishop about the fire.

I think that a calamity like this is the sort of occasion on which we ought to stand by our brethren beyond the seas, so I intend to devote the offertories taken at the Church of St. Alban here in Sydney on Sunday next, October 14th, to that purpose, so that I may send the amount collected to Bishop Wedgwood, as a little token of sympathy from the congregation of a church for which he did so much. If any reader likes to join in this little act of charity, he may send his contribution along to the Secretary of the Church at The Manor, Mosman.

There is an uncomfortable little rumour afloat that the Insurance Com-

pany may dispute the claim, on the ground that there was no lightning-rod on the church.

It does seem rather a hard piece of karma that a building upon which so much thought, money, and loving care had been lavished, should be used only for one great ceremony, and for the accompanying functions of a priests' week of retreat, and then be totally destroyed. It somehow reminds me of the customs of the Highland Regimental Mess, of which I heard in the days of my youth, where every officer, after drinking the health of the King, at once broke his glass, so that it might never be used again for any purpose less noble and honourable. Well, I suppose that is fanciful; anyhow, let us all send our friendly and helpful thoughts to Bishop Wedgwood, in the hope that the new church, which will rise like a phœnix from the ashes of the old, may be even more magnificent, and may be the scene of services of even greater power and usefulness.

C.W.L.

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# Brotherhood in the Air

## A Gallant Effort in Broadcasting.

*By the General Secretary.*

One may enter a shop and purchase an electric globe for a couple of shillings, but no guarantee is given by the vendor as to the length of time that globe will burn effectively. In fact, some electric light globes may last for a few years, while others may last a few days or burn out in a few minutes. There is no redress, no refund.

There is the same uncertainty about the life of radio valves used in broadcasting, with this difference—that whereas the household globe costs 2/-, radio valves cost up to £120 each. We had a most unfortunate experience shortly after Easter with some large valves that cost £120 each. The anticipated life of these was 5,000 hours of broadcasting, but no guarantee was given. After two of these valves had been used less than 2,000 hours, a slight transmission trouble was traced to one of them. The vendors replaced this with a new one, while the defective valve was returned to the laboratory in Holland for examination to ascertain whether the defect was inherent in the valve and therefore the maker's responsibility and loss. The new valve was then installed, but after being used for a week went completely out of action. A few weeks later, the second original valve burnt out, and so we were left without one of these essential valves. The only spare in Australia had been used and this trouble was in addition to the financial loss of £360.

"Whose is the loss, the Station's or the vendor's ? How can we keep the Station on the air when the type of valve required cannot be secured ?" These were questions facing the Management. The first was in abeyance while the Dutch laboratory was consulted. The second, that of keeping "on the air," involved an alteration in the system of transmission and the purchase of a new type of valve.

We therefore faced a serious financial difficulty. However, it was not the first; and thanks to the strenuous ef-

forts of the Station's staff it has survived from March last to August without receiving from the Section more than a loan of £50. Our Manager earns our respect for his sacrifices and services, and we congratulate the station. By continual efforts to improve, it has gained in popularity, and now compares satisfactorily in quality of programmes and transmission with any other Station in Sydney and, from evidence regularly received, ranks equally in public favour. In New South Wales there are over 80,000 licenses, and it is computed that on an average there are four listeners to each licensed receiver. This would indicate that there are between 300,000 and 400,000 listeners in New South Wales to the Sydney Stations, apart from listeners in other States. In Sydney there are three leading Stations, 2FC, 2BL and 2GB. It may be estimated, therefore, that most of these people listen at some time or other to 2GB and that there are about 100,000 regular listeners.

Our daily morning session for women is considered by broadcasting experts to be the best on the air, likewise our Sunday night programme. Our children's session under "Uncle George" is undoubtedly most popular, and is estimated to hold far more than fifty per cent. of youthful listeners at that session. When it is realized that we reach this large number of people in New South Wales with a Theosophical message every day, it will be recognized that no instrument of propaganda yet used has given such excellent results.

The most striking evidence of the change that is taking place in the attitude of the public towards us, is in connection with the Sydney Press. A few years ago attacks on our Society and leader were made by some of the Sydney papers. Recently these papers have been conducting a campaign in broadcasting of advantage to us and one of them published paragraphs with prominent headings drawing attention to broadcast lectures by Professor Ernest Wood on "The Message of Mr. Krishnamurti" in a pleasantly respectful manner. Another indication of the Station's growing popularity has been obtained from business firms who had been interviewed regarding advertising. Twelve months ago, people used to object to advertising through our station because of the name Theosophical. Now such an objection is rare.

The record of results achieved to date is inspiring to those who are in close touch with the work and can see how far-reaching is the Theosophical propaganda through this channel. Although the Mother State is securing the full benefit, all States participate in these advantages. It is hoped that in future years, perhaps by the organization of a super-power station for the Society with a vastly increased range, by the establishment of sub-stations in other States, or by the use of new developments in radio, the beneficial results will be ultimately extended in full to the whole of Australia.

The task has been given to us of uplifting Australia emotionally and mentally, which means that we must reach the major portion of our population, and not only the few people who are ready to respond directly to Theosophical teachings. The work of our Lodges and of our Magazine is restricted to the few, though their influence is being enlarged by 2GB. The wider work of reaching a large number of people and giving them a nobler outlook and a higher idealism is being achieved by the broadcasting station. Very fortunately this activity, unlike most Theosophical ventures, has become self-supporting within a short period of 18 months. With the goodwill of our Theosophical members throughout Australia encouraging and stimulating the actual workers, giving them strength to pursue their difficult task, the obstacles that must inevitably appear in the path of so valuable a weapon of the Brothers of Light will be overcome.

H. M.

# Theosophy Applied to Politics

*By Edgar W. Pritchard.*

To bring down Theosophical truths from the mental world into the practical affairs of every-day life is no easy problem, though it is a very necessary one if Brotherhood is to be established on the earth. Hence the following attempt to apply Theosophical principles to politics should not be looked upon as either final or exhaustive, but merely as an elementary beginning to stimulate thought and form a basis of discussion.

Politics as at present conducted are a very good and clear example of the law of action and reaction on which all progress is based. All political parties may be divided into two classes —the Progressives and the Conservatives; these may bear different names and may deal with quite different problems at different periods of national development, but essentially their characters are the same. The first is the party of change and growth, the second the party of fixity and consolidation. The Progressives are all the time wanting to alter the *status quo*, while the Conservatives are always trying to keep it the same, and indeed to strengthen it. Thus in England we had the Whig and the Tory, and later the Liberal and the Conservative, while at the present time the Liberal Party is being eliminated, and we shall soon have in England, as in Australia, a Labour Party as opposed to a Capitalist Party. In Theosophical terminology these two sides represent two of the qualities of matter —rajas and tamas, or movement and stability, the "cardinal" and "fixed" of Astrology. By reacting one on the other, the two parties bring about progress, by the aid of the third quality of matter—sattva or rhythm.

The process is worked out on these general lines. First the Progressives come into power, and enact some necessary reforms; but, having done so, they will probably go to extremes, and attempt things to which it is beyond the capacity of the people to respond. For while reform of the laws may be brought about quickly, the education and general progress of the people is always a matter of slow and gradual growth. Further, the Progressive Party in power may even become careless through the abuse of office, and spend Government funds too lavishly. Then that apparently fickle and so often indeterminable factor, the floating vote, swings over to the other side of the balance, and we have a Conservative Government. Now a Conservative Government does not just repeal all the laws which its predecessor has enacted, so as to bring about a stagnant condition of "as you were." Instead, it usually accepts the main part of the reforms, and consolidates them, while cutting off any extremes or excrescences, and generally tightening up administration. But having done so, it enters on a course of repressive and even reactionary legislation, designed to maintain the *status quo*, and kill any germs of reform. But soon the ever-pressing spirit of growth asserts itself, and breaks the bands of repression, and we have once more a Progressive Government in power. How many times in England have we had Liberal proposals finally enacted by Conservatives, and how many more times have we had Liberal laws loyally accepted and administered by the Conservative Party?

Of course these periods may be greatly lengthened, as when some Conservative statesman gives way in time, and enacts some of the Progressive Party's proposals, as the Tory William Pitt the younger did; or when a Progressive leader is able, perhaps by coalition with a Centre Party, to keep his policy moderate, and resist the

demands of his more extreme followers, as William Seddon did in New Zealand, and Thomas Price in South Australia. But the general rule always holds good.

If by military force, religious persecution, or any other means, the Conservative Party is maintained in power too long, so that the Government lags away behind the real condition of the people, then sooner or later the growing force will burst its bonds, and issue forth in a revolution. And because the force has been pent up so long it is extremely difficult to control, and thus usually runs riot, causing untold trouble and suffering. Thus it was in France in 1780, and in Russia in 1917. If on the other hand the Progressive Party remains in power too long, liberty is reduced to license, discipline is dissolved, and the State reduced to chaos, until a dictator is welcomed on all hands to re-establish order. Such a one was Napoleon, and such another is Mussolini; and while such a dictatorship may seem altogether undesirable as being against all the principles of democracy, it is for the time being inevitable.

But outside the two main parties of which we have been speaking, or possibly on their outer edge, there are in every State two extreme parties or groups of individuals, who represent extreme progressiveness and extreme conservatism, often called the extreme Left and the extreme Right. In England just at present they are represented by the Conservative "die-hards" and the Communists respectively. And this is one of the chief danger-points of government, for while the extreme Conservatives are attempting to dam back the rising tide of national growth and thus sowing the seeds of revolution, the extreme Progressives are trying to force on progress faster than natural growth, and thus sowing the seeds of libertinism, license, want of discipline, and disorder, or in other words, mob rule. If successful, the resulting Government can only be maintained, even for a time, by force; in the case of the Conservatives, by police force and army: and with the Progressives, by the social revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

For it must be remembered that physical matter is dense and rigid and difficult to move, and so can only be altered gradually. All reforms should begin in the mental world; for mental matter is plastic, and can be built up into thought-forms of the new desired conditions and institutions very readily and without much disturbance, and they can be broken down and built up again without any great loss. But the trouble comes when the reformer, thinking he can work in the same way on the physical plane, applies these plans and schemes by the same process to the dense, sluggish atoms of the practical physical plane. It cannot be done. Buildings cannot be pulled down and built up like their thought-forms or even plans of them; reservoirs cannot be built in a day, and it takes at least six months to grow a crop of wheat; while it requires generations to alter man's physical constitution. Therefore the rule should surely be: free and open discussion on all and every subject; but care and considered judgment in coming to decisions, and step-by-step application in putting them into practice.

What can we extract from this study as to the practical attitude of the Theosophist towards politics? Surely it is that we should hold the balance; that we should watch carefully the trend of affairs, and when we see one side going to extremes, throw in our weight against it. This is the way in which that great statesman, Queen Elizabeth, managed her Ministers, and so established and maintained the very necessary political basis for one of the most prosperous, progressive and creative eras of English history. But now it is left to the more enlightened and impartial members of the community to act as a body in that balancing capacity.

This is especially necessary at the present juncture, when, as our President, Dr. Besant, has said, we have to build up a new civilization from the old, instead of beginning again on a clean sheet, while the old civilization is disintegrating. For this work is entirely a process of reform, of breaking down the old and building up the new, and we have to be very careful that in the sifting process we do not hold to anything that is bad, or throw away anything that is good.

E.W.P.

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# From the General Secretary

Dear Colleague,

The Editor has kindly allotted space to the General Secretary in his magazine and in this way I hope to inform you frequently of the activities, the desires and objectives of your Section Executive. Co-operation, we know, is essential, and we can achieve it properly only by understanding the needs of the work all over the continent. The President of a Western Australian Lodge writes appreciatively of the new *Australian Theosophist*, concluding that "an informed Theosophist is an enthusiastic Theosophist." Enthusiasm must grow from day to day, so we will supply as much information as possible.

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### Advance ! Australia.

At the last Executive meeting the position of *Advance ! Australia* was discussed very fully. It has been decided, now that *The Australian Theosophist* has been revived, to make the editorial policy run along the original lines planned by our last General Secretary. The magazine will not contain technical Theosophical terms as a rule, but will deal with political and industrial questions more fully. We need much co-operation. Who can procure good original articles of popular interest with an Australian outlook and educational value ? Who will send striking magazine articles and newspaper clippings ? You can assist the editorial staff greatly if you will, and we are thankful to those who have always kept this in mind.

### 500 New Subscribers.

We want 500 new subscribers; and then we want every subscriber to obtain another subscriber. If every member would read *Pigs is Pigs* and apply those principles in the multiplication of subscribers our success would be assured. But at least we ask from you one subscriber more.

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### Active Service Fund.

Then you will want to know the position with regard to the Active Service Fund, but you will be somewhat disappointed with its progress. Six months have passed since Convention, but we have not received half the amount. This means that we must raise a larger sum this next half-year. Obviously we must all stand together and see that this Fund is successful, for it will need a great deal of joyous sacrifice to win our way to victory now.

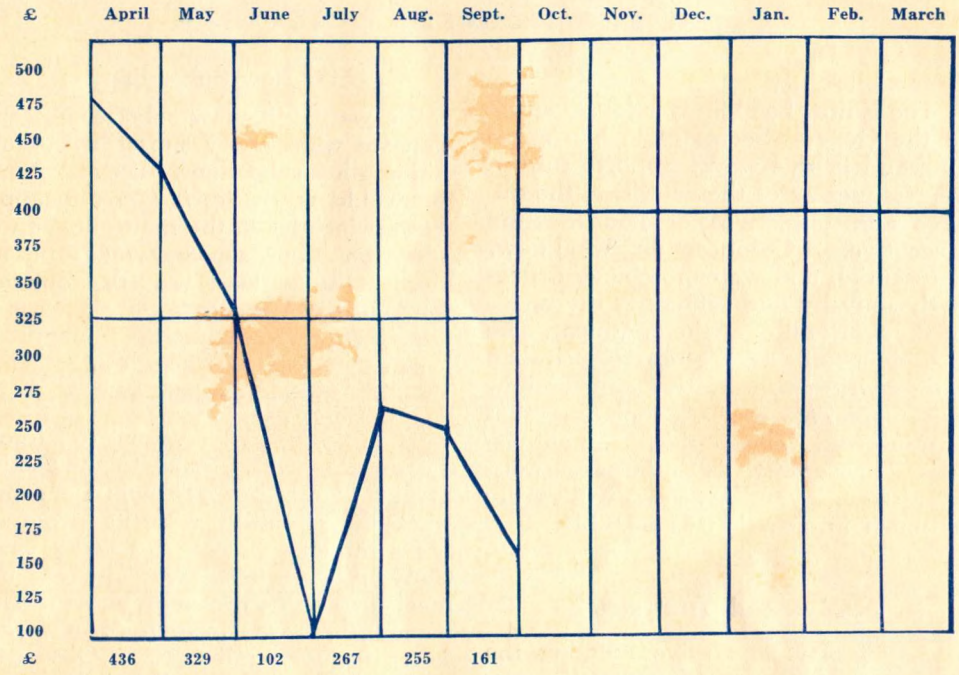
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### The Chart.

In order to make perfectly clear how the Fund has received support we print the following graph. A single glance shows that such rapid changes would result in disaster if this represented a sick patient's temperature. Fortunately we are not sick patients, but brothers working for a mighty cause, and we shall therefore do well to examine this chart carefully, seeing all that it implies.

### The Original Objective.

The straight line drawn from April to September represents the average collection required every month for a year to reach the grand total of £3,900, the equivalent of 1000 one and sixpences per week for a year. As we did not maintain that average we must obviously do more in the months to come. The aim must now be no less than £400 each month. (Is this not very typical of Australians? We are inclined to leave matters until an emergency arises and then do something heroic. The Australian wins through and he feels the thrill of achieving the impossible; but he succeeds, which is the great essential.)




### Why a Decline?

The rapid descent in the early part of the year was due to the change from half a crown to one and sixpence. The explanation is interesting, yet we ask ourselves still "Why a decline?" For we as a Section can admit no less enthusiasm, and we are determined to meet at Convention congratulating each other again on our success. So the answer will certainly come from us all: "We admit no failure; it shall succeed."

### Work for October's £400!

We have still much personality in our constitution—I hope we always keep it. We cannot fail therefore to take this Active Service appeal to heart very personally, and to feel that it must have a personal immediate response. Let that response be generous, for we must strain together to raise £400 each month.

### The One Thing Needful.

The one and only necessity for triumphant victory is will. Have we *willed* that our aim shall be materialized or only hoped or longed for it? The weak man hopes, the strong man wills; what is our attitude? Again it is that we have willed success; and can one and sixpence per week daunt the hearts of 1600 Theosophists whose wills are strong?

Harold Morton.