

Greatly The President  
Passed

On My Horizon  
(G.S.A.)

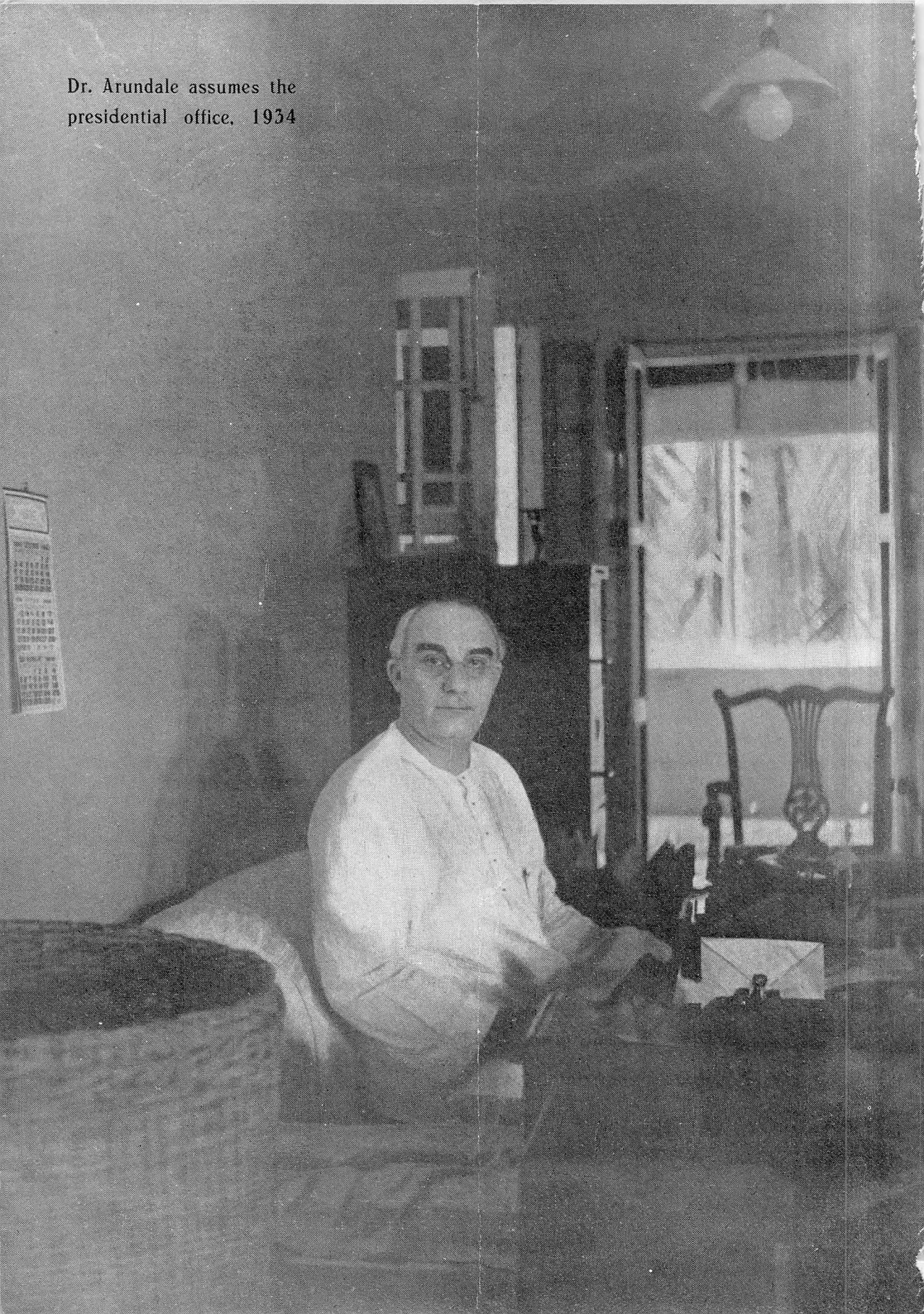
World-wide Tributes  
Museum Of Theosophy  
(part two)

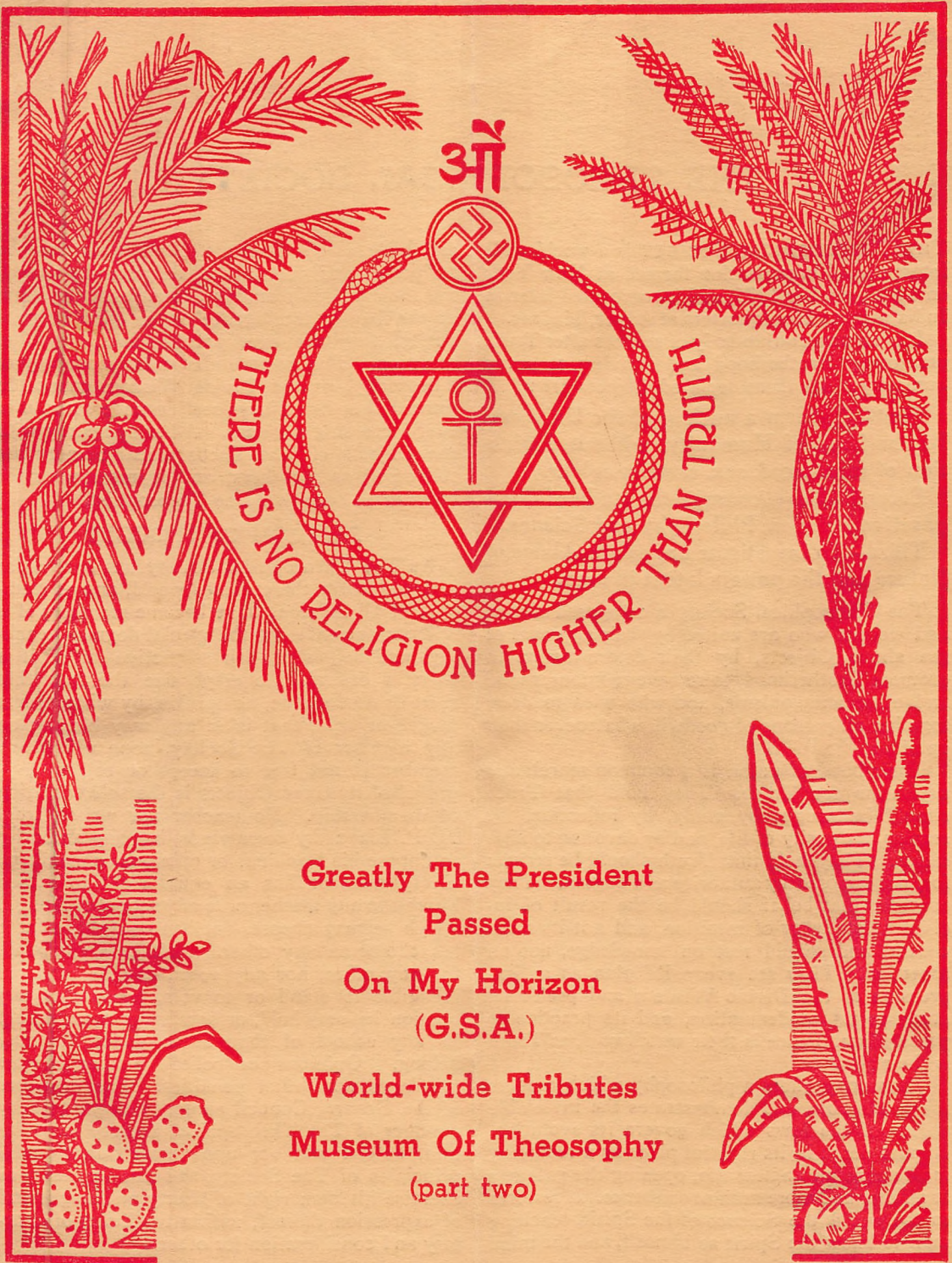
# THE THEOSOPHIST

ADYAR

OCTOBER 1945

Dr. Arundale assumes the  
presidential office, 1934





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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is a world-wide international organization formed at New York on 17 November 1875, and incorporated later in India with its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras.

It is an unsectarian body of seekers after Truth promoting Brotherhood and striving to serve humanity. Its three declared Objects are :

**First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.**

**Second—To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science.**

**Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.**

The Theosophical Society is composed of men and women who are united by their approval of the above Objects, by their determination to promote Brotherhood, to remove religious, racial and other antagonisms, and who wish to draw together all persons of goodwill whatsoever their opinions.

Their bond of union is a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by service, by purity of life, and by devotion to high ideals. They hold that Truth should be striven for, not imposed by authority as a dogma. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or of intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They see every Religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

Theosophy offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and demonstrates the inviolable nature of the laws which govern its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind

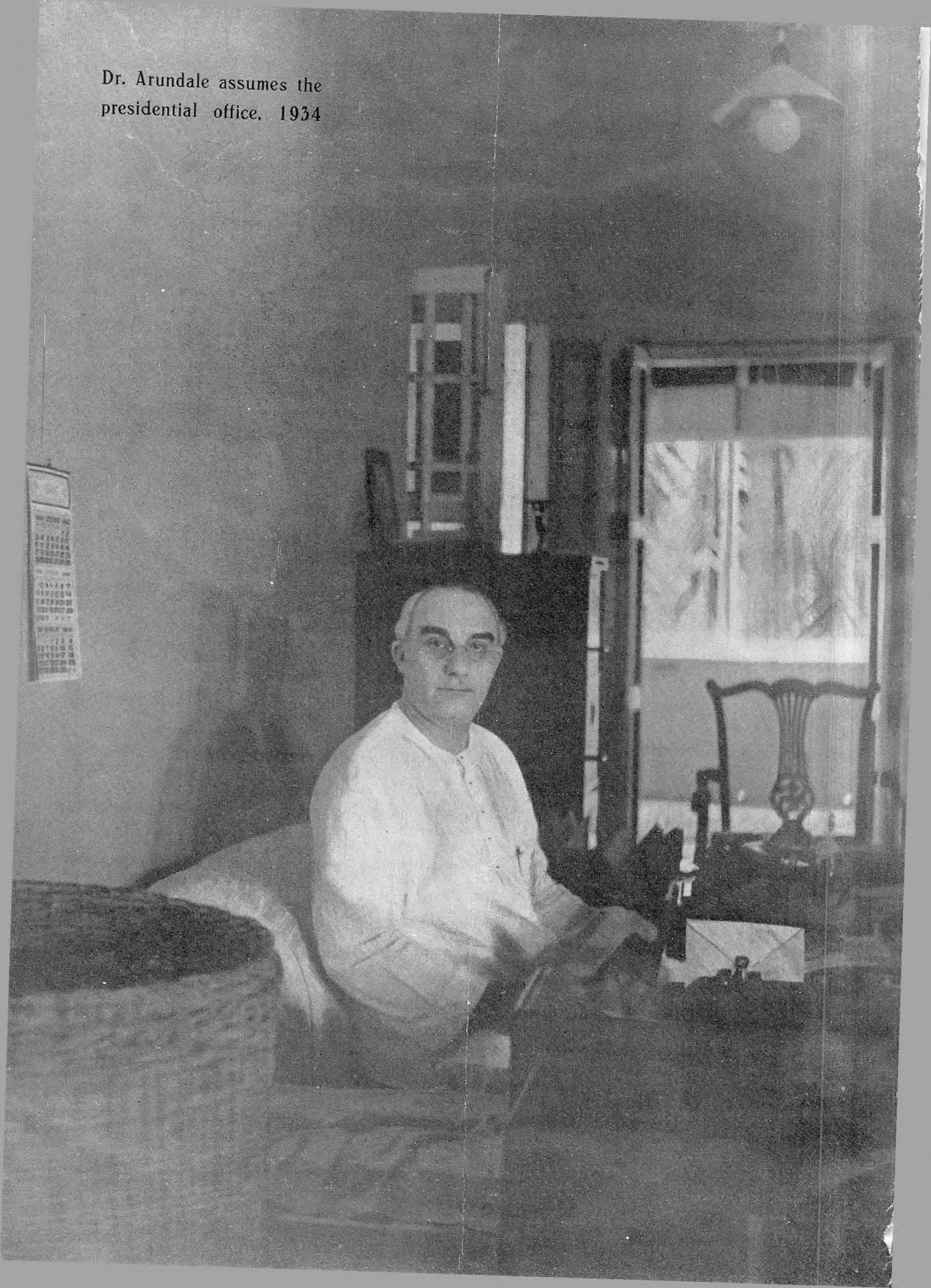
and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence as, in their original purity, they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition. The Society claims no monopoly of Theosophy, as the Divine Wisdom cannot be limited ; but its Fellows seek to understand it in ever-increasing measure. All in sympathy with the Objects of The Theosophical Society are welcomed as members, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

### FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

As The Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the civilized world, and as members of all religions have become members of it without surrendering the special dogmas, teachings and beliefs of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasize the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of The Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its three Objects is the sole condition of membership. No teacher nor writer, from H. P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to attach himself to any teacher or to any school of thought which he may choose, but has no right to force his choice on any other. Neither a candidate for any office, nor any voter, can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion he may hold, or because of membership in any school of thought to which he may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties. The members of the General Council earnestly request every member of The Theosophical Society to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of The Society, and also fearlessly to exercise his own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration for others.



Dr. Arundale assumes the  
presidential office, 1934





# ON THE WATCH-TOWER

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT

[IMPORTANT: These Notes represent the personal views of the writer, and in no case must be taken as expressing the official attitude of The Theosophical Society, or the opinions of the membership generally. "The Theosophist" is the personal organ of the Vice-President, and has no official status whatever, save in so far as it may from time to time be used as a medium for the publication of official notifications. Each article, therefore, is also personal to the writer.]

**A**S this number of **THE THEOSOPHIST** is the first one to be issued, stamped with the change caused by the passing of our late President, it is especially dedicated to him as the following pages will show. He is "late" only in the conventional sense, for the impetus of his virile personality is still running through our movement and his memory fresh and fragrant in our hearts.

To those who are wholly dedicated to the service of the Great Plan of the Inner Government of the world, life and death, as we know these down here, are matters of comparative indifference. Our President travelled over many parts of the globe while he was alive physically, always on that service bent, was equally at home in them all, and experienced no lack of facility in switching the full blast of his vigour and enthusiasm, as occasion required, from one department of the work to another. It cannot give him any strange feeling to find himself now on the other side of that thin though to us opaque veil which prevents the extension of our consciousness from its physical focus. Death does not separate soul from soul, nor can it touch that aspect of our consciousness wherein is the realization of our eternal and essential unity. We never lose those whom we continue to love with an unselfish love, though the sense of loss may imprison the narrow unilluminated consciousness.

### A UBIQUITOUS PHENOMENON

If we look abroad and take within the embrace of our imaginative vision the lives and hearts of the millions of our fellow human beings on this planet, we cannot but realize the fact that bereavement and grief are a ubiquitous phenomenon, although we bestow upon it our full attention only when we are touched by it acutely and personally. Otherwise we pass it by and dismiss it with a gesture of tepid sympathy. Ours is the duty, among others, arising from the pursuit of a Wisdom with which we identify the resolution of all life's disharmonies and evils, not only of applying ourselves to the consideration of the great problem as it attacks us but also of shedding some light upon it for the helping of our friends and fellow wayfarers.

We can of course offer such light as we possess in the form of those ideas which we feel convinced to be true, about the nature of man's immortal soul and of the worlds in which it finds expression, the manner of his progress through birth, death and every intermediate step. But these truths are found by the vast majority of men, while they themselves are in the grip of suffering, to be inadequate and unconsoling, seem to lack the force of a reality which can overbear the brute fact of physical loss. Their emotional nature craves for the feeling of proximity, the

living intimate presence and the consciousness of an unbroken bond from which it had derived its erstwhile gratification. Even those who have made the theoretical knowledge plausible to their understanding, by study and the harmonization of it with known laws and facts, suffer from the emotional void created by the withdrawal of the presence from which it had been previously filled.

We must realize that we cannot give others the comfort which we cannot attain for ourselves in given conditions. We can teach detachment from things ephemeral and the undying happiness of union in our higher selves, only as in some measure these truths have become ours by dint of our own realization. Our philosophy is of value to us in that it enables us, as we realize and embody it in our lives, to develop a universal outlook into which each individual experience is absorbed with the essence of its inner content. Only when those fundamental concepts, to which we profess adherence, such as universal Brotherhood, or even the unity of all life, are established in our lives, and we find ourselves thereby in increasing harmony with the essential constitution of the world in which we are seeking to attain our balance, do we begin to take in, intelligently and with an open understanding, those experiences which come to each and every individual but are for the most part met with a blank wall of total and ignorant resistance.

Let alone the supreme truth of unity, the more we base our life, in our relations with others, on an attitude of unselfish giving, devoid of the expectation of return or of the illusion of possession or possessiveness which is so often substituted for love, the more easily shall we rise to that altitude whence shall be perceived the truth that Love is stronger than death which shall be swallowed up in its victory, for it lifts up man to the level of his spiritual consciousness wherein, all being one, there is no isolation of parts.

### THEOSOPHY OF THE HEART

Much has been written in these Watch-Tower columns of the need for Theosophy of the heart. It is the Theosophy which wells from the vital springs in ourselves, Theosophy based on realization and experience, the Theosophy which grows within

ourselves as we allow ourselves to be affected by the experiences, the expressions and meaning of the manifold forms of life that are about us. The mind isolates, because it has to focus its perceptions, whereas the quality of the heart is to respond and unite. Both are needed to understand that complex process of differentiation and union of which both man and the cosmos are partakers, illustrating the truth of a supreme unity manifested in infinite diversities.

The problem of personal separation and sorrow is one among other personal problems, though an all-pervading one. The need of the world today calls to us for serious consideration as to what are those truths which have to be universally established, that is in the minds of as many men and women as possible in all countries, without which there cannot be any pacification or any new order whether in the external world or in our individual lives; in what manner shall these truths be presented, so that they may not be felt as faraway ultimates, or utopian refinements, but truths which have a direct practical bearing on the problems with which we are daily beset; how Theosophy can be made practical, not merely in the sense of immediate practical relief and alleviation so far as this can be brought by individual Theosophists and Lodges, but also the application of Theosophical truths to the wise ordering of our practical energies in every department of life.

In a world shattered and disintegrated in the areas devastated by the war, and even in the other parts so disorganized and broken as to make life all but impossible for their peoples, we possess a wisdom, fragmentary no doubt, because of the limitations of our grasp, yet sufficiently a whole in relation to our lives, in the light of which we can show how it is possible to heal, re-shape and unify all sundered and distorted parts; how not only new systems and economies can be built up, but also new men and women made as parts of a new humanity.

Let us then rise, in all the magnificence of the philosophy we profess, to the call of a unique occasion which already is testing the capacity of humanity to raise itself out of the conditions into which it has fallen, in ignorance of those basic truths, underlying life,



death and the processes of growth, which we as Theosophists are in a position to illuminate and proclaim. As we address ourselves in all seriousness to this endeavour, we shall find arising in ourselves the light with which to dispel the darkness in the minds of our fellow-men, of which the chaos of their outer conditions is but a visible representation. The sure guidance which we can afford amidst the bewildering uncertainties of the present time is perhaps the greatest contribution which any one and all of us can make, as we envisage our individual responsibilities in the light of the Universal Brotherhood.—N.S.R.

\* \* \*

The following letter has been sent by me to all General Secretaries and is included in these Notes, so that it may reach as many members as possible, and as it may be of interest to our readers:

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA,  
5 September 1945.

#### A LETTER TO THE GENERAL SECRETARIES

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,

You must have received my cablegram announcing the passing of our beloved President on the night of August 11th at 12.45 Indian standard war time. The Recording Secretary has informed you by his letter dated August 15th that, as directed by Regulation 11 of the Regulations of our Society, I have taken charge of the executive functions and duties of the President, pending the election of a new President for which the necessary steps are being taken by him according to Regulation 10.

The loss we have suffered at this juncture is indeed grievous; it is therefore all the more our duty at the Headquarters of the International Society, in every Section and Lodge, and as individual members, to do our very best to make up for that loss, as far as that is possible, and carry on the great work committed to our hands. The difficulties of the present time, the anxieties which beset the future, and the need of the world as a whole for a clear direction in which the most satisfactory progress can be achieved, all

combine to give us a grave sense of our responsibilities as votaries of a Wisdom which has the power to order all things rightly and happily.

I desire, on the entry into my present duties, to convey to you and to every member in your Section my warm brotherly greeting, and offer the assurance that we at Adyar will do all that we can to maintain unimpaired its world-wide contacts and its function of diffusing the light and guidance which members all over the world have learnt to expect from the heart of The Society.

On the morrow of the Victory over the forces of armed and aggressive militarism won by those who in the struggle have represented the ideals of Brotherhood and Freedom, I wish you every success in the great work before you of so organizing The Society and spreading its message that it may best serve the present extraordinary and difficult conditions. On each and every member rests some portion of this heavy responsibility, determined by his own advantages and opportunities. As he strives to fulfil it, The Society as a whole will be able to play its decisive part in the transition to a safe and happy future embodying a new way of life for all humanity to tread.

Fraternally yours,

N. SRI RAM,  
Vice-President in Charge.

#### DEATH SAYS:

"It is, of course, true that your friend's outer covering, which he had to wear in order to meet the rigours of the physical plane, no longer exists. But that is all that has gone. Your friend is not only as much alive as ever he was, as much your friend as ever he was, as happy as ever he was, rather is he more alive than ever, more your friend than ever, happier than ever. And he wishes he could make clear to you that your sorrow for yourself is really an extra burden upon him. He feels so free, so much closer to you than ever, so much more full of joy and hope than ever before, that it is by no means an exaggeration to say that he dances round you in all the fervour of a sense of wonderful release."

—G. S. ARUNDALE in *You*

After a month Rukmini Devi will return to Adyar, and maybe in the crystalline grandeur of the Snowy Range she will derive the comfort and inspiration she seeks.

There was a well-attended meeting in the Hall of the Indian Section of the T.S. at Benares on the afternoon of Sunday, August 26th, including Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor, and a number of Professors from the Hindu University, Dr. Bhagavan Das, and several eminent Congress leaders, among them Mr. Narendra Deo and Mr. Sampurnanand, besides of course the General Secretary of the Section and other Theosophists.

The audience was as solemn and respectful as they could possibly be, while speeches were delivered recalling Dr. Arundale's association with Benares and eulogizing his 42 years' services to India. They all then walked in procession, with the pot containing the ashes, to the Dasasvamedh Ghat, where Shrimati Rukmini, accompanied by some special friends, got into a boat from which the ashes were deposited in mid-stream. The time of this ceremony was 7 p.m. and Mr. Sankara Menon, reporting the event, remarks on "the beautiful atmosphere" that prevailed.

#### UNIVERSAL APPRECIATION

Hundreds of messages have poured into Adyar from all parts of the world, appreciating the greatness of the President's life and work and sending sympathy to Rukmini Devi. Not only from Theosophists and from Theosophical groups in India and from members and National Societies abroad, but innumerable letters and telegrams from friends in India, members of the Viceroy's Council, ministers in States and Provinces, public men of all ranks, university vice-chancellors and professors, poets, educationists, Scout leaders and members of labour unions and outcaste societies which he befriended at one time or another, and resolutions of public bodies. Reading these messages and editorial comment in the press, one realizes how universally the President was held in affection and respect as a leader and thinker, as a friend of India, and as a dedicated servant of mankind.

Among prominent citizens and Princes are the following:

Members of the Viceroy's Council, New Delhi: Sir Jogendra Singh (Education); Sir Sultan Ahmed (Information); Sir Jwala Srivastava (Food).

The Maharaja and Maharani of Travancore.

The Maharaja of Gwalior.

The Maharaja of Bhavnagar.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Allahabad.

Sir Arthur Hope, Governor of Madras, and Lady Hope.

Mr. M. K. Gandhi.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor, Benares Hindu University.

Professor P. Sambamurty, Department of Music, University of Madras.

Professor K. V. Rangaswami Aiyangar, University of Madras.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, former Premier, Madras.

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Dewan of Travancore.

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer, elder statesman, Madras.

Mr. K. M. Munshi, statesman, and Mrs. Munshi, Bombay.

Mr. Harjivan K. Mehta, Minister for Education, Bhavnagar State, and Joint Secretary, N. W. Federation, T.S.

Dr. Maria Montessori, Srinagar.

Sarojini Naidu, Hyderabad Deccan.

Harin Chattopadhyaya, Bombay.

Ratindranath Tagore, Calcutta.

Leila Sokhey ("Menaka"), Bombay.

T. L. Vaswani, St. Mira School, Hyderabad Sind.

Dr. Bhagavan Das, Benares.

Sir C. V. Raman and Lady Loksundari Raman, Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

Hon. H. N. Kunzru, President, Servants of India Society, Allahabad.

Mr. S. A. Brelvi, Editor, *Bombay Chronicle*.

Bombay Municipal Corporation.

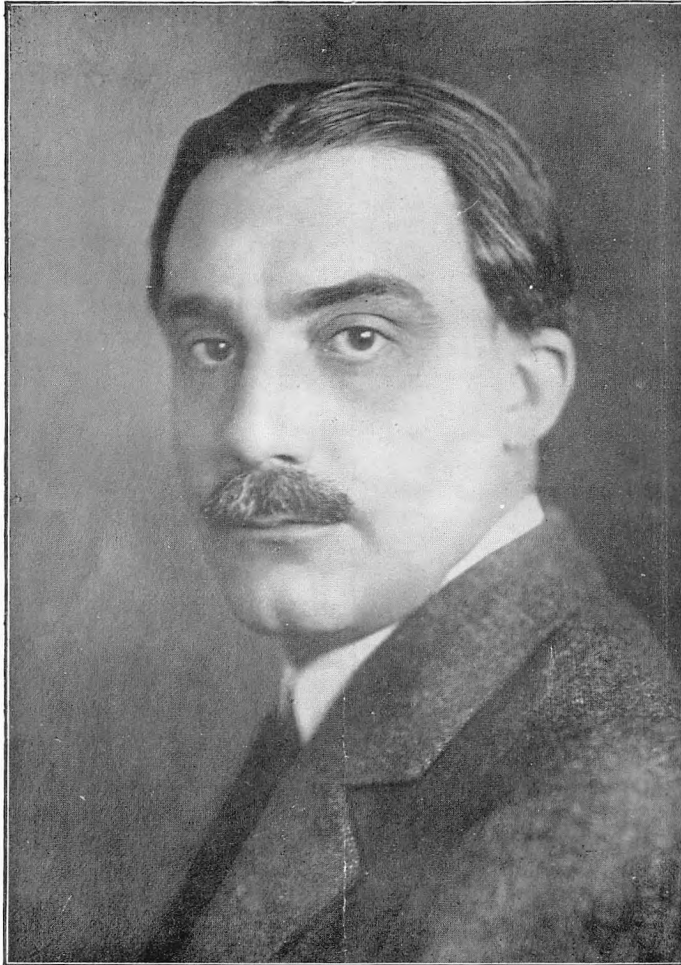
Karachi Municipal Corporation.

Madras Municipal Corporation.

Among masses of letters from all sorts and conditions of friends were messages also from: the Salvation Army, Madras, the Madras Labour Union, Madras Labourers' Parliament, Government Press Workers' Union, Madras;



**RUKMINI DEVI: FOUNDER-PRESIDENT OF KALAKSHETRA**



G. S. ARUNDALE, CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE, BENARES, 1903-13

Mrs. Sermie Antony, poor lace workers, Quilon; the Devanga Society, Coimbatore.

So that Dr. Arundale's friends and appreciators make a cross-section of Indian society from top to bottom. (For tributes see p. 21).

Messages from Theosophists individually

in India and in other countries are acknowledged in *The Theosophical Worker*, September and October, as also are those from Sections, Federations and Lodges, Round Tables, Scout groups, various organizations, and many personal friends around the world.

## Resurrection

By RUKMINI DEVI

TO Members of The Theosophical Society all over the world, and to my dear Friends and Co-Workers:

I am sure that the passing away of our President has come as a shock to you, as it has to me. Till the last, I myself had faith that he would turn the corner and improve in health. Though this was mere blind faith on my part, I, with a few of my special friends, such as Mr. Sankara Menon and others, were in twenty-four attendance on the President during the last two months.

Though I have known the President for so many years, and my friends have also known him for so many years, we can all say that never to our knowledge was there in The Society such a tremendous atmosphere of dedication and spirituality as during this time. His room was a sick room where we were nursing him, but we all felt as if we were working in a shrine. Any moment of recollec-

tion on his part was filled with his love and dedication to the Great Teachers.

No one could have been more patient and charming and considerate than he was, in fact this almost made it more difficult for us, for since he was so uncomplaining we never knew whether or not we were hurting him.

I am certain that he himself knew that he was passing on to a resurrection after the terrible crucifixion during the last days. He was anxious for The Society, and the assurance that I gave him I shall pass on to you now—that I shall certainly do my utmost to work for the Cause with far greater zeal than I have ever done before. I know this is what he did, and would, wish.

May I also therefore say that what applies to me applies to every single dedicated member, and we must all together rise to the occasion and try to fill the gap which he has left.  
20 August 1945.

## ADONAIS

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life—

\* \* \*

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;

\* \* \*

He lives, he wakes—'Tis Death is dead, not he;

\* \* \*

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move

Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling  
there

All new successions to the form they wear;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its  
flight

To its own likeness, as each mass they bear;  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's  
light.

SHELLEY

## Commemoration At Adyar

TO commemorate the passing of Dr. G. S. Arundale, President of The Theosophical Society, a meeting of his friends and about 250 students of the Besant School and Kalākshetra was held under the trees at Damodar Gardens, Adyar, on the morning of August 13.

After prayers of all religions, everyone present as an act of homage offered flowers before pictures of Dr. Arundale, Mme Blavatsky and Dr. Besant. The speakers were Mr. N. Sri Ram (Vice-President), the Hon. Justice P. V. Rajmanner (Madras High Court), Mr. K. Sankara Menon (Headmaster, Besant School), Mr. N. R. Subramania Iyer (Acting Headmaster), Dr. J. H. Cousins (Vice-President, Kalākshetra), Mr. Vajra (Student) and the Rev. Alex Elmore.

MR. JUSTICE RAJMANNAR: If living is a fine art, there can be no doubt that the life of Dr. Arundale was a masterpiece. I refuse to use the word "dead" in reference to a man like Dr. Arundale. He can never be dead. To me, who have not the privilege of being a member of The Theosophical Society, Dr. Arundale means as much in other spheres as he probably meant to others present in this. The only solution at this moment is to cherish the idea that he will always be with us in and through Rukmini Devi.

Speaking for youth, Mr. VAJRA stressed the magnificent work which Dr. Arundale had done for education and for scouting and how he fought side by side with one of the greatest champions of freedom, Dr. Besant.

DR. COUSINS: Dr. Arundale was not only an educationist but an education; he was an inspiration, almost an infection, one that drew the very best out of others, especially in that aspect of our lives that has to do with the creative arts. In relation to Rukmini Devi, one of the foremost creative artists in the world, he was her greatest appreciator and therefore her greatest critic. In Kalākshetra she has created one of the finest institutions on earth in the arts and crafts, both as to technique and in spiritual content. Dr. Arundale fostered in her the elements of truth, beauty and goodness as applied to the art of life, and though he is no longer physically with us, his dynamic influence will go on increasing so that our children and our children's children will have the legend of one of the noblest, purest and finest lives that has been lived on this earth. As we look back into a complete life such as his, we can translate it into our own particular genius.

REV. ALEX ELMORE, speaking of Dr. Arundale as a Prince of the Church, being a Bishop,

asked was anyone a finer example of just and noble living.

MR. K. SANKARA MENON urged people to think of Dr. Arundale not as having passed on but as "that very living flame-like inspiration which he essentially was and ever will be."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: I would like everybody to realize that our President's help and blessing will ever continue to rest upon this School which he founded and upon Kalākshetra of which he had such bright and glowing hopes. We will have, every one of us, a link with him, and it rests with us to keep that link bright and shining. As we think of him with love, affection and gratitude, and any other quality included in our gratitude, we become for the time a channel for his influence. So though he will not be here with us physically—and that is a loss—he will be with us perpetually in spirit. I feel no doubt about that. If you had talked to him before his passing he would have assured you of that fact himself. He loved the School and delighted to come here. He used to come so often, sit just here or there, and had a real joy in looking at every boy or girl—every visit to the School was a source of happiness to him. His direction of the School will not cease, it will continue.

This morning our homage to him is in itself the beginning of a stream of love and reverence which will grow into a broader stream in the future, and his memory will be surrounded with waves of happiness and inspiration, of gratitude for all he has done for us, and for the very wonderful example which he has set to each and every one of us.

All of us here practically are Indians, and as Indians, sons or daughters of the Motherland, we owe a debt of gratitude to him which we can never repay. India was to him his spiritual home and adopted Motherland. For he was a son of India, a patriot than whom there was no finer patriot. Read his writings and you will realize that there is no son or daughter of India greater in his devotion to the Motherland. How is it possible to assess the service he has done to this great and wonderful land?

He wanted this school to be an institution not like any other institution in India, but an institution for giving real education, education for freedom, education for happiness, education for originality and genius. If each and every one of us here will do all he can to make this School into a splendid institution, into a place where genius is awakened, kindled and

fostered, and fanned into a flame—if we can send out leaders into the world who will be leaders in reality by virtue of their life and not merely their position, then our institution will be fulfilling his desire, the purpose for which it was started. Then it will be worthy of the name of Dr. Besant which it bears and worthy of Dr. Arundale, who founded it.

## Madras Pays Homage

Madras citizens filled the Gokhale Hall on the evening of August 18 to praise the life-work and greatness of Dr. Arundale, who was a familiar figure in the city for thirty years and made an appreciable contribution to its cultural development. He frequently spoke from the Gokhale Hall platform, which was also the scene of many of Dr. Besant's political triumphs. She had a great affection for this place; she built it and presented to the Young Men's Indian Association, and leading Theosophists, including Dr. Arundale, have since been members of its governing body. Dr. Besant named the hall in honour of her friend and political collaborator, G. K. Gokhale.

On the platform on this occasion were a number of old political friends of both Dr. Besant and Dr. Arundale, among them the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri.

The chairman was Mr. Justice Chandrasekhara Aiyar of the Madras High Court.

### "A Gentleman to the Finger-tips"

MR. JUSTICE CHANDRASEKHARA IYER said: We have gathered to do honour to the memory of one of our great men who has passed away, full of years and creditable achievement. Dr. Arundale was a familiar figure to us all in Madras for nearly three decades; and prior to that he was well-known at Benares and other educational centres in Northern India. Some of us had the privilege of knowing him intimately; and what a friend was he of all good causes and true men and women!

In the first place, he was a gentleman to the very finger-tips, and every one who besought his help and guidance found in him a ready and wise counsellor. He was simple as a child; in fact, simplicity was an innate ornament of his character. He was generous to a fault; and his charity of heart and disposition may have led him now and then to make mistakes in the estimates of those with whom he came into contact; but such errors of judgment only proved his nobility of mind and his real stature. He was a

man of rare personal charm and endowed with perfect manners. He loved his fellow-beings without stint and was loved by them in return in equal measure. In particular, he was very fond of the younger generation and his interest in their real well-being and progress was keen, abounding, and comprehensive.

As Principal of the Central Hindu College, he earned for himself a solid reputation, not only as an impressive and enthusiastic teacher but also as a far-sighted educationist, with a broad and clear vision of the educational needs of this country and the difficulties that beset the path of educational reform. Later, as a trusted lieutenant of Dr. Besant in Madras, he was held in very high esteem by a large circle of men and women in whose midst his activities were cast. He was eloquent in speech, and the powerful emotion and earnestness with which he could speak were best seen in the days of the Home Rule Movement. The numerous books he has written and published, not only on religious and spiritual topics, but on other subjects also, reveal an extraordinary gift of clarity of thought and felicity of diction. He was an indomitable fighter in the cause of freedom, but he fought clean and never did he hit any of his opponents below the belt. He was a pillar of strength to Dr. Besant in every movement which she led, or with which she was associated: and when he succeeded her by election as President of The Theosophical Society, there was little or no surprise; and every one felt that the proper man had come to the *gadi*.

Following the footsteps of his illustrious guru, Dr. Besant, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of the rebuilding of India and the renovation of her great culture; and he strove hard, along with others, for securing for her a political destiny commensurate with the greatness of her heritage and civilization. He stood strong and sturdy and foursquare for the unity of the peoples of India, and anything said or done by anyone which tended to jeopardize or destroy this ideal of unity jarred on him and

immediately provoked powerful and spirited protests from him. His religious and political ideals were a Fellowship of Faiths and a Brotherhood of Nations.

Such a notable leader we have lost and our grief is great indeed. Our hearts go out in deep sympathy to his wife in the terrible bereavement she has sustained. It may be some consolation to her to know that thousands of people in this land and elsewhere share her grief. The Lord Sri Krishna says in the Bhagavad Gita :

गतासूत्रागतासूत्रश्चनानुशोचन्तिपंडिताः ।

which means, "the wise ones do not mourn for the dead or the living." There is a profound teaching imbedded in this saying of the Lord. The best way of remembering the great ones amongst us who leave this mortal frame is not to indulge in futile sorrow for their departure from our midst but to live the lives they led, to follow the good examples they have set, and to reach the heights that they scaled.

### "Never Flagged"

Former Premier of Madras, Mr. C. RAJAGOPALACHARIAR, speaking of Dr. Arundale's attempt to bring about a change in the educational system of the country, so as to bring it in line with India's tradition and culture, said that in the present political conditions reforms could only go a certain distance. Dr. Arundale could not translate his ideals into action, but he never flagged. He was always smiling and he always took evil as a thing that happened for the best.

Among the other speakers, MR. VENKATRAMA SASTRI, one-time Advocate-General of Madras, said: "Generous, pleasant-mannered, Dr. Arundale gave his charity and help for public work in a way which few people knew. Few in the Hindustan Scout organization knew where the financial help came from, but I know how much came from Dr. Arundale's generosity."

Kumararaja SIR M. A. MUTHIAH CHETTIAR, though not a Theosophist, acknowledged the great work which Dr. Besant and Dr. Arundale had done for Madras and for humanity at large.

MRS. AMMU SWAMINATHAN, feminist leader: "We must all remember that Dr. Arundale, a foreigner, a man of our ruling class, came and worked for the freedom of this country. And if we Indians do not follow people like him and Dr. Besant, who worked so many years for the same cause, there is no point in our gathering in these places and expressing our regard."

DR. J. H. COUSINS, recalling the National University, Madras, and other educational work of the President, said: Dr. Arundale was a great

scholar and was a university in himself. He was also a great aspirant and instilled his aspirations into the minds of those who came in contact with him.

MR. B. SANJIVA RAO, an old colleague in the Central Hindu College, said Dr. Arundale was one of the few Englishmen who gave their heart and soul to India in a spirit of expiation for the wrongs which the Britishers had done to the country.

### Citizen of the World

MR. N. SRI RAM, Vice-President, The Theosophical Society: It is very well that the citizens of Madras have gathered, so soon after the departure of one of the greatest amongst them, to honour his memory and pay tribute to his services. In Dr. Arundale's passing, not only have we lost a great leader, but the whole world has lost an asset of incalculable value. This is no exaggeration. As a matter of fact, he was not only a devoted son of his adopted Motherland of India, but he was in the truest sense of the word a citizen of the world, sharing with each people, with each nation on the globe, their particular and ardent patriotism.

He could go to Australia and launch a movement for the promotion of Australian patriotism, by rousing all that is best and most promising in the Australian character. He could go to the United States of America and worship at the statue of Abraham Lincoln. He was instrumental in starting there a league of members who took what they called the New Citizen Pledge, so that American citizenship would mean living up to the ideals of Lincoln and Washington. In Holland, in Poland, in many other countries of Europe, he could find a home where he could share with the people of that country their most intimate and sacred sentiments. He travelled far and wide, and although he looked upon India as his spiritual home, his dear Motherland, all the time his sympathies were world-wide.

He could throw himself into any faith, into any movement that called for his help or support, with almost equal fervour. He was a Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church, yet he would come to the Hindu Temple at Adyar, to worship like any devout Hindu, and he made a pilgrimage four years ago to the Temple of Kanya Kumari in the extreme south of India in order to consecrate himself there to the duties of his office. In fact, his only religion was Greatness.

He was a person full of creative fire, and had a quality of flaming youthfulness. He could easily fall in love with any cause which attracted him. He was the right-hand man of Dr. Besant



in her political and educational work for India, and succeeded her in her great office as President of the international Theosophical Society. Because of his many-sided nature, his adaptability, his capacity to be all things to all men, and readiness to rise above differences of opinion to the unity which underlies them, he was peculiarly fitted to hold that international office, to keep together men of diverse faiths and nationalities.

Dr. Arundale was a hero worshipper. He loved to worship greatness in any form—the form did not matter—whether in statesmanship, education, art, religion, or any other field of activity; if it was true greatness, which could elevate the spirit and make a person live more intensely and nobly than before, then he was prepared to offer worship at that shrine.

He has written many books, one of which is called *Mount Everest*. Mount Everest was to him a symbol of the peak to which the human spirit could aspire and ascend. He called upon his friends and co-workers to be always true to themselves, to rise each to the highest pinnacle of his own greatness, to serve with flawless devotion his own particular cause or Motherland, to be loyal at all costs to his own highest ideal.

He was fanatical, in the sense of being one-pointed, full of dynamic enthusiasm, afire with the fire of creativeness. Every one who has come into close contact with him can bear witness to the fact that Dr. Arundale had the power to lift him up to a greater height than he could otherwise ordinarily reach.

Full of many lovable characteristics, he was able to command the respect even of people who

differed from his views. This was all the more remarkable because he expressed his own views trenchantly and boldly. He did not believe in sitting on the fence, or in using the language of hesitation and compromise. If Government frowned or an ignorant populace objected to his vigorous expression of himself, that did not matter. In *Conscience*, as in the daily *New India* which he helped Dr. Besant to edit, he always expressed his views without fear or favour, but in friendliness to his opponents, ranking sincerity above opinion.

The best way in which we can honour his memory is to think of the spirit which he incarnated, and each resolve to be, like him, his own leader, and tread the way to his own goal unflinchingly but in loving comradeship with others wherever a way of common action can be found.

This is an appropriate place in which to revere his memory, because we can sense his presence here. He has sat on this platform, and this hall has rung many a time with the vibrations of his voice. But whenever the voice was lifted, it was in order to awaken in us the fire of our greatness, to plead a cause that needed support, to awaken people to their own responsibilities, and win for India her rightful place among the Nations.

I have been asked to say by Shrimati Rukmini Devi that though she is not here physically, she would like to join the other speakers in the tributes they are paying this evening; she feels that the best way we can honour Dr. Arundale is to be true to the ideals which he cherished and tried to carry out.

## Service To Art And Beauty

A general meeting of Kalākshetra held on Sunday, August 19, in the great hall, Adyar, recorded its appreciation of Dr. Arundale's invaluable services to the cause of beauty in life and resolved to express its appreciation in a suitable memorial.

DR. J. H. COUSINS, Vice-President of Kalākshetra, commenting on qualities in the personality of Dr. Arundale "which are among the essentials of future world peace," remarked: If you read carefully articles and addresses by Dr. Arundale on the subject of the arts and of Kalākshetra, you will see that he does not regard beautiful artistic things merely as of the eceteras of life. He regarded them as of the very essence of life; and I have the memory of times when he impressed on us his conviction

that all the rest would fail if we did not get ourselves rightly oriented on the matter of beauty and of artistic expression.

We do not know in what directions these matters will move, but I take it, it is our set determination to follow out the ideals promulgated by Dr. Arundale, but also very particularly promulgated by our President, Shrimati Rukmini Devi. We all know and glory in the fact that amongst artists she stands in the very highest place. But we also know from her own lips and pen that she does not wish to be regarded merely as a dancer, given to one particular enjoyment, but wants to work, through Kalākshetra, for the fulfillment of her belief that we have within us something shared from the impulse of the creative spirit of the universe,

and that as we put ourselves in line with that and express it in our lives, we can help to raise the world in a way that is probably much more effective than science and religion or economics.

We feel, therefore, that we are in a very real sense pioneers of a new era, and amongst those pioneers one of the most vocal and most effective was Dr. Arundale. Recently the thought has been passing through my mind that among ways and means of remembering him would be a book published by Kalākshetra of all his beautiful and profoundly inspiring articles and speeches on art and beauty which are to be found scattered through the Theosophical and general press.

This morning we are gathered to make double expression of our feelings, which we have formulated in a Resolution that will later be put from the chair. I will read the Resolution round which our thoughts will move:

"That this special general meeting of the Kalākshetra offers its condolences and deep sympathy to their beloved President, Shrimati Rukmini Devi, on the passing of her life-companion and Patron of the Kalākshetra, Dr. G. S. Arundale.

"This meeting also places on record its appreciation of the invaluable services of Dr. Arundale to the cause of beauty in life, to which the Kalākshetra is dedicated; and it assures Shrimati Rukmini Devi of the loyalty and cordial support of its members in the great work that she has so nobly undertaken and so supremely adorned.

"The meeting also resolves that a committee be appointed to take all steps necessary to raise a suitable memorial to Dr. Arundale's memory."

Mr. JUSTICE RAJMANNAR, in moving the resolution, said Dr. Arundale was naturally artistic and artistically natural. His life demonstrated that there is fundamentally no difference between life and art. Dr. Arundale lived beautifully. He was a very busy man always, but that did not prevent him from finding time to appreciate all that was beautiful in life.

As to a memorial, Mr. Justice Rajmanna considered a resplendent and magnificent Kalākshetra extending its activities all over the world as probably the most satisfying to Dr. Arundale, but they might begin with a collection of his articles.

As an alternative memorial, Mr. M. Ranganatham Sastri, a Madras advocate, in seconding, proposed an up-to-date theatre in the centre of Madras which would spread the message of Kalākshetra to the rest of the world.

DR. SRINIVASA MURTI, Treasurer, The Theosophical Society, in supporting, said: Dr. Arundale touched life at all points where it was possible to touch it. Whatever aspect of life he touched, he ennobled. The grosser aspects did not appeal to him. He moved in a high plane where only that appealed to him which was good and beautiful and of the essence of truth. He was a stupendous personality to all of us, and an ocean of strength to Shrimati Rukmini Devi. It is literally true that it would not be possible for any single person to take his place and give Shrimati Rukmini Devi the help that he alone could give, and give in such a super and generous manner. But what one Arundale did, in a very small measure all of us here put together can do. More than ever we owe a duty to him, as well as to Shrimati Rukmini Devi, to give in most plentiful measure any help it is in our power to give.

The resolution was carried, all standing.

A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. Justice Rajmanna as President and the following members: Dr. Cousins, Mr. M. Ranganatham Sastri, and Vidwan "Tiger" T. Varadachariar (principal, music department), with power to co-opt.

## SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE

The Rev. Alex Elmore described as a "service of praise and thanksgiving" the commemoration in St. Michael's Chapel, Adyar, held by request on the Festival of the Assumption of Our Lady, August 15: "There must be no thought of a Requiem about it, for it was Bishop Arundale's desire not to have a Requiem. I should very much wish and ask you to make of this service a channel where he himself can come and, as he always did, give his great blessing."

## ADYAR LODGE

*Resolved*, "That this meeting of Adyar Lodge, taking place on August 29th 1945, in the Headquarters Hall, The Theosophical Society, records its loving appreciation of the life and work of Dr. G. S. Arundale, President of The Society. While missing deeply his personal inspiration, the strength of that inspiration continues to pour forth to us through his writings. We stand fast in our loyalty to him, and continue to try to raise ourselves to the level of his work."

The President of the Lodge, Mrs. Lavender, and the international Vice-President, Mr. N. Sri Ram, had the Founders' statues for a background, while ten members, sitting round in easy chairs, rose in turn to read a passage selected

from Dr. Arundale's writings. The Vice-President consummated the feeling of the Lodge in a panegyric on the President, appreciating his great work for the World and for Theosophy.

### MADRAS WORKERS

The Madras Labour Union, of which Dr. Arundale was President, 1924-26, held a public meeting on August 16, at which his "great sacrifices and services" to the Labour movement in the pioneer days were placed on record.

Mr. G. Chelvapathy Chettiar, M.L.A., Secretary of the Labour Union, writes: "It is with very profound regret that I and my friends of the Madras Labour Union received the news of the death of Dr. G. S. Arundale. I had seen him at the office of the Madras Labour Union, when he was president, working incessantly and most sincerely to better the living conditions of the labourers. I can never forget those days when he fought for the labourers, nor will the world of labour forget his services. It was mainly due to his efforts that the suffering labourers obtained a minimum wage and maximum working hours. Thousands of labourers in this Presidency and throughout India have lost a great benefactor and the country has lost a great and selfless worker."

### VILLAGERS REMEMBERED

The villagers in the neighbourhood of our Adyar compound were not forgotten, 5,000 of

them being presented with food near the Power House on August 20 in Dr. Arundale's honour and in celebration of V-J Day.

### VICE-CHANCELLOR'S TRIBUTE

The Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University came out to Adyar on Sunday evening, August 19, to inaugurate the Arundale Adult Education Settlement at Damodarpuram, named after the President, who encouraged the movement and helped to provide facilities, including a school building in the civic square. Damodarpuram village is on the border of the T.S. estate.

The Vice-Chancellor (Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar) was accompanied by the Advocate-General (Mr. K. Raja Iyer), who presided.

The Vice-Chancellor said he had hoped to pay tribute to Dr. Arundale in person for his services to India, but he had only the melancholy privilege of joining in the tributes and expressing on behalf of himself and many other educated persons their respect for Dr. Arundale who devoted himself for nearly half a century to the cause of education in India. "We miss his presence sadly this evening," he said.

The chairman of directors of the Settlement, Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, spoke of Dr. Arundale as "a valiant champion of many great and noble causes, but the cause of national education was nearest to his heart."

## Old Friends At Cambridge

An interesting letter comes from Sir Ragnath Paranjpye, High Commissioner for India in Australia, addressed to the Recording Secretary, Adyar. It is dated Canberra, 22-8-45:

I have just received a circular letter from Dr. Arundale informing me about the discontinuance of *Conscience*. I am sorry that this was necessary, but I suppose Dr. Arundale had a presentiment of his approaching end and wanted to settle the matter in his lifetime.

I was indeed very sorry to read a few days ago of Dr. Arundale's death and I offer Mrs. Arundale and The Theosophical Society my most sincere sympathy. I am not a Theosophist, but I appreciated the work that he was doing for India which he regarded as his second motherland. It is interesting to remember that Dr. Arundale, Mr. Jinarajadasa and myself were contemporary students at St. John's College,

Cambridge, in the last years of the last century and though we did not move in the same student circles as our subjects were different we had heard of each other.

[In the monograph on George Sydney Arundale published at Benares 1913, when he left the Central Hindu College, it is recorded that while at Cambridge he shared the wide and liberal sympathies of his tutor, Sir Donald MacAlister, and made himself friendly to the Indian students of his day. "Among his Indian friends at Cambridge were Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, the well-known lecturer for the T.S. in America, Mr. Paranjpye, the Senior Wrangler and Principal of the Fergusson College, Poona, and the distinguished Kama brothers from Bombay. He took a great deal of interest in a little association of Indian students at Cambridge known as the *Indian majlis*."] ]

# ON MY HORIZON

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

[Dr. Arundale was not given to writing about himself—except perhaps in his recent *Fragment of Autobiography*—but from such addresses and writings as he has given us we take the following passages to illustrate important phases of his life. Some are literary, some conversational, but they are all spontaneous and rise from the heart.]

## H.P.B.

MY earliest remembrance of this work of the Elder Brethren was, of course, the memory I still have of H.P.B., but I was rather a little person of about five or six years of age when she most delightfully, wonderfully, and beautifully, brought herself down to my level and played with me and took me to entertainments such as were suitable for me including the zoological gardens where she would go in a bath chair. I used to run by her side, holding her hand and used to enjoy immensely descriptions given of the animals and all the other ways in which she so much endeared herself to me. I knew nothing about the tempestuous and tumultuous side of her nature which the rest of my family knew. She was an entirely different person when I was concerned.

I have heard stories of the way in which she had on occasions an intense desire to shock people, so when some particularly prim and proper person wanted to see her, she would say, "I shall either come down in my night-gown or petticoat or not at all." Perhaps in these days anything can be done with impunity, but in those days it was not quite so easy to appear in such unconventional garb. When a person came a long way to see her and she insisted on appearing in this particular costume, it made a situation that was a little difficult. Then sometimes her language was, let us say, emphatic. That is only a very mild way of putting it. I have never heard of anything of that kind because when she was ready to be emphatic, I was in bed and asleep. It must have been about 1884 or 1885 or sometime thereabouts. It was a long time ago and I have only the vaguest of memories or rather impressions.

## THE SINNETTS

My next impression, of course, was of Mr. A. P. Sinnett and Mrs. Sinnett whom some of you probably remember. I can best describe

him by saying that even on the astral plane he always appeared in evening dress, with an eye-glass, so that at some of the gatherings when most of us might be in white and flowing robes, there was Mr. Sinnett with his starched shirt-front. He had a certain primness about him, but of course he had a number of very splendid qualities which gave him the very great privilege of in many ways beginning the work. I actually joined The Theosophical Society myself and became a member of the London Lodge; the time was in 1895, and I used to attend the rather prim meetings that were held there. Mrs. Sinnett presided and it was very fashionable—I had to put on a very nice Eaton suit with a wide collar. Theosophy to me was just a little bit dull, sort of prim and proper. Mr. Sinnett generally gave a lecture full of very excellent material, but delivered in a rather pompous manner with the English accent heavily accentuated. When the lecture was over, we would go down to the dining-room and have tea, and Mrs. Sinnett would stand at the door and say "Good-bye" so that everybody had the feeling they were dismissed properly. It was all very correct.

## CAMBRIDGE DONS

Then I went to Cambridge University where I had the good fortune of meeting a great many professors of very considerable eminence. Professor Marshall was one of them, and then Professor Sidgwick, who is well known as a metaphysician, and so on. I remember as regards Professor Sidgwick that he had an unfortunate stammer and I had occasion to go to consult him about some metaphysical problem about which we were allowed to consult these eminent persons from time to time. I went to his particular suite of rooms and I heard a voice saying "C-c-c-c-ome in." It was some time before I could enter. I had to compose myself before I could venture to enter. It was just like the crowing of a cock.

I was accustomed to him, but I felt he might say "Come in" and have done with it.

I remember also the great economist, Professor Marshall, whose books on Economics are rather important. He was always full of labour-saving devices even in those days. He used to invite young students to an official luncheon party when he would descant on the way in which the appurtenances of the luncheon-table were really labour-saving devices of one kind or another—knives and forks that didn't need polishing, or perhaps even cleaning, I do not know.

I also began to feel that Theosophy was rather absurd. I had had a very formal, unfortunate, and unctuous presentation of it. When I reached Cambridge University and entered into the stream of things, I thought I knew better. As soon as I came into touch with various young men, we formed a little group, a coterie for the studying of various important principles. We were as smug as Mr. Logan was—you know the famous verse:

"I am the great Professor Jowett;  
All there is to know, I know it;  
I am the Master of the college;  
What I know not, is not knowledge."

That is the sort of thing. All there was to know, I knew it. As for the professors of the various subjects, eminent as they were, they had not got what I believe you call in America the right slant on things—their slant was askew. So I rather dropped away from The Theosophical Society under these benign influences of the University where I was for four or five years, though I enjoyed myself immensely there.

It was not until I left the University and was considering what I should do that I found myself returning into the fold. I might not have come on to my present activities because in those days, having left the University and taken degrees of sorts, having done various pieces of research in Paris in connection with French Revolutionary History, on which I specialized, I was about to be attached to a newspaper which has since become quite successful—the London *Daily Mail*—it has made quite a name for itself. It is a very strange paper.

#### A THEOSOPHICAL JOB

I was going on that paper when something intervened, and instead of that I became the Assistant General Secretary of the European Section of The Theosophical Society, which people thought was a horrible come-down, for I had the duty for six or seven months of filling in the registry of the names of new members, and using my tongue to stick the stamps on and to do the

necessary business at the back of the envelopes. I used to think, "Well, I suppose it is all right, but what about Theosophy?" I didn't realize that doing all these little things was extremely Theosophical. When you have to do them, they do not appear as Theosophical as when you are told them.

In that time Mr. Bertram Keightley was General Secretary, who was a great expert in cigarette smoking and novel reading. I am still an expert in the latter, but had unfortunately to give up the earlier one because of the exigencies of my public avocations. I went on in this business until I had to help to make arrangements for Dr. Besant to give some of her lectures. I didn't know about her. She was just one of these Theosophical people, and I was Assistant General Secretary, and one has to do the job that has to be done:

She was a great friend of my aunt, Miss Francesca Arundale. We lived out in the suburbs of London and when Dr. Besant called, I used to go out. They used to talk about a lot of things that were uninteresting. I was interested in improving everything out of all recognition.

#### A PASSIONATE REFORMER

When I was fourteen, we had formed a little group to clean up London. I established a club which I called "the" club. I thought it would distinguish it from the Atheneum and the Carlton and those of lesser vibrations. There were a few choice spirits, about three, who formed the club with me. We hired a room at the expense of our relatives and from that centre we started on the great work of improving London.

Curiously enough London remained perfectly calm. It did not seem to be disturbed out of its equanimity in the least degree. We thought we had better improve something else more likely to bring results than London, so London was eventually given up for reasons financial as our resources were not unlimited. You see when our friends found that London was not being influenced, our dollar a week was taken away from us. However, even though that did not work, I had other ideas, and old friends from Cambridge University used to foregather with me and we set about attempting to do what we could about the world situation. We decided we would begin at the top rather than at the bottom. So I did not in the least feel, with such important matters at stake, that any little private and comparatively infructuous conversation that Dr. Besant might have with Miss Arundale was worth bothering about at all. So I went out one door when she came in the other.

—From a talk to an American group, 1933.

## MY MOST IMPRESSIVE RECOLLECTION

I was little more than 21 years of age, just down from the University, somewhat at a loose end, wondering whether I should become a press tycoon, or a legal luminary, or a Metternich in diplomacy, or perchance a Fouché in underground intrigue in the service of my country. In the meantime, in an office in the headquarters of The Theosophical Society in London I became an envelope slave—a sticker of stamps and a writer of addresses.

To interrupt this somewhat deadly tenor of my uninspiring way suddenly came the news that Mrs. Annie Besant was in London, would give lectures at the Queen's Hall, and that even the lowly envelope slave would be needed to help in their organization.

I was not particularly impressed. I did not know Mrs. Besant. And I had my own visions as to how my name should ring down the centuries to come. However, I did my little bit; and then the day came for the lecture. The subject was, of course, India, and because it was India I decided to be present, since during my four years at Cambridge I had found many friends among the Indian students and had always done what I could to help them.

The hall was full, and evidently the audience had come in the knowledge that it would enjoy itself, for an air of eager and reverent expectancy was almost tangible in its strength. I lolled about, carelessly watching the clock for 7 p.m. to strike, casting my eyes over the assemblage and feeling not a little self-satisfied in that I had helped to produce so splendid a setting for the speaker. I only hope I did not imagine that I had more to do with the size of the crowd than the orator herself. But youth has strange imaginings.

Hardly had the last stroke sounded than a short figure with snow-white hair, dressed in white, walked with small sharp steps to the gilt-railed rostrum, notes in hand, obviously both nervous and deeply moved by an ovation which continued long after she had taken her stand upon the platform.

### "I WAS FASCINATED"

I had never seen Mrs. Besant before, yet I gazed fascinated. I could not take my eyes from her, and the spirit of the audience, expectant as before an oracle, took hold of me. Breathlessly I waited for the applause to cease. She held up her hand. The clapping died away. A tiny handkerchief wiped the nervous moisture

from her hands, and was then delicately placed upon an adjoining ledge.

I revelled in every movement; for hands, gestures, actions, all spoke to me of a nature fragrant with noble poise. Then a still, small voice, which brought me back to earth with a shock. In the balcony where I stood I could not hear her. Was she after all the great orator of her reputation? Would not the audience become restive? Would there be a scene? People demanding their money back?

I grew hot and cold with apprehension, but as I suffered agonies the still small voice ceased both stillness and smallness. A crescendo of word-song swept through the hall, and Annie Besant burst into the full rich notes of the world's greatest orator. Spell-bound were the four thousand listeners. Spell-bound was I. She came. I saw and heard. She conquered. In a flash, as I swayed to her soul-awakening rhythm, I knew I was looking upon an old friend. The idea of reincarnation had been a kind of reasonable hypothesis to which there was no need for me to pay much attention, for I was young and death and its problems and perplexities were far away.

But now someone—she—had come to me out of a past. She was an old friend. Two members of a family had met once more, were renewing acquaintance, taking up the old threads, were going to stay awhile together in this life as they had certainly been together in lives gone by. A myriad thoughts made ecstatic pandemonium in my mind. Of course, of course! Life after life. Growth continuous. Hosts of comrades, acquaintances. Where had I lived before? And the imagination ran riot as I thought of mysterious lives in India, ceremonial lives in Egypt, stoic lives in Rome, philosophic lives in Greece, lives in Persia, Chaldea, and wherever my fancy took me. And above all the silver thread of love and friendship joining life after life to make one glad adventure. She was the proof of all this. Standing splendidly at the rostrum, thrilling exquisitely her audience: there she stood a living witness to it all.

I could hardly wait till the hour was over. I must see her, even though I might have rudely to push aside the crowds which would surely besiege the little waiting room behind the platform.

Eight o'clock. A minute past. A final warrior-theme, with the call-to-duty *motif* running triumphantly through it, and, enveloped in tumultuous assent, the small short figure picks up handkerchief, folds up notes, and moves away with slight inclinations of her head in response to the shouting thousands upstanding to catch a nearer glimpse of her who had disclosed to them

their higher selves. She disappears out of sight, but returns again and again to bow acknowledgments. At last she finally withdraws, the while I have been hurrying down innumerable stairs to find my way to a door before which stood one who seemed to be a forbidding dragon—in reality, perhaps, a charming youth or maiden. Perforce I must halt, and in halting am overtaken by devastating shyness. My tongue, my feet, my whole body, became as heavy as lead. I felt a fool and no doubt looked one.

### AN INTRODUCTION

I should have somehow slunk away had not a fellow-worker recognized me and turned lead into lightness with the words: "Oh! There you are. I am sure Mrs. Besant would like to see you." And with these words the door opened. I went in gawkily, and stood a moment in a curious blend of hesitancy and precipitation while she finished a conversation with someone.

And then I saw her face to face. She held out both her hands. I clasped them with all the cruel strength of youth and ardour. She actually thanked me for my help. I do not remember if I said anything coherent. But finally I woke up knowing that I had met in that small little woman so towering in her greatness a General from long ago. And there and then vowed I would be her soldier once more in this life, and, I prayed, be faithful unto death.

Do you wonder that this is my most impressive recollection? Little more than a year ago my General left me so far as this physical life is concerned. I hope I have kept my vow and have been faithful. But we shall meet again—she the General, I one of her soldiers. I will try to be true to her for the years that remain to me. And I look forward to the time when the most impressive recollection of this life shall be repeated in the next and again and again—until, life's lessons learned, death shall have no more power to part, and General and soldier will be together for ever.—*The Illustrated Weekly of India*, 23 December 1934.

### OFF TO INDIA!

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"Very well. I think I can manage that," she said, "though it will be a little difficult."

I wondered if I could manage with less. I said, "I think I could manage to come for one hundred pounds."

"That is very very nice indeed. That is splendid. You see we have great difficulties starting an educational movement, we haven't much money and the less we have to pay our workers the better."

The less we pay our workers the better! Why not go down to nothing at all?

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I went on until 1905 when I felt that I must do more than I had been doing. I eventually became the head of the institution. But I wanted to be as one under orders, I wanted to recognize my generals and follow them, so to speak, in having the spirit of being faithful to death. I said to her, "You are my general and you know it. I want some outward and visible sign of that to be down here."

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But she said, "Suppose you do, it will be a catastrophe both for you and for me, because there are certain vows that may not be broken at the risk of injuring the higher Self."

"Well, I have to take the risk. Do you feel you could accept a vow from me?"

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But the personal knowledge of Them! How infinitely precious and overwhelmingly heartening! Without Them, and without the splendid light and warmth of the stars and friends of my life, I could not have done even the little I may

have done. But with Them, with the light and warmth of my beloved and revered friends and comrades—if I may so call those whose lives are so much more beautiful than my own, and with the splendid galaxy of my friends all over the world, I hope I have been helpful in some measure, as I have been most happy, in this beautiful incarnation, than which I can conceive no incarnation more blessed.—From *A Fragment of Autobiography*.

## What Would I Do If I Lived My Life Again?

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

WHAT would I do if I lived my life again? Well, knowing the truth of reincarnation, I know that I shall live again, although not this life over again—at least, I hope not. For what is the use of being just a gramophone record and not a very good record at that?

But I am not allowed flights of fancy into the future—much more interesting though these would be and profitable. What would I do if I had to begin all over again, and could to some extent be the master of my fate?

Well, I should try to be born in India, for one can be much more Aryan in India than anywhere else, even though Herr Hitler does not seem to realize the fact. One can be much more civilized in India than in any other country in the world, except perhaps China.

But my difficulty would be the family into which to be born. It must be a very cultured family, a very Indian family, whether Hindu or Mussalman—preferably Hindu, for I must positively be a vegetarian. I am not particular about the caste, so long as the family is reasonably well-to-do, and religious in the noblest sense of the word—no rigidity, no narrowness, but steeped in the great traditions of the faith to which the family belongs.

I must be educated at home, not in any of the utterly futile schools and colleges which in these days thwart so much the renaissance of India's soul. So in my family there must be fine people to educate me in the true spirit of education—to find my happiness in helping others, in learning how to create beautiful things with my hands and to sing and to play an instrument, in the study of a great classic language and of the arts and sciences, in knowing the science of my Self, that I am an immortal soul wending my own way to my glory and helping other immortal souls to wend their ways to their glories. To find

my happiness, too, in simple living, in patriotic living, for I must love my India passionately.

I shall then hope my family will be well-to-do enough to enable me to devote myself to the services of my Motherland, and it need not be so very well-to-do to enable me so to do, for I shall be a devotee of the simple life, and little enough will be enough.

I shall then try to help all who are poor and weak, all who lead difficult lives, and all the animal-citizens of the Motherland, for I shall know that India's true freedom and her power to use it rightly absolutely depend upon the well-being of all her citizens human and sub-human.

I shall not want to be a speaker, for there are far too many already, nor even a writer. I shall want to be a worker who travels through the length and breadth of India summoning all to be proud of their great heritage and to live as Indians should.

I must know Sanskrit and Arabic. I must know Hindustani. I must know my mother-tongue—I think I should rather like to be born in a warrior class of the Kshatriya type, whether Hindu or Musalman, and I must fight for India, even fight the Indians themselves for India where I find that Indians are un-Indian.

As I so work, I must gather round me young men and women—I shall not marry, I shall have no time—to work with me and afterwards. I shall want to die at a ripe old age—so that I may have time to be a great source of inspiration to the younger generations which are coming after me—in my *Asrama* somewhere near the Himālayas.

I shall then die honoured by those whose honour is worth having, and regretted by none, for it will be felt that I have lived well and that my spirit will live after me.—*The Theosophist*, July 1939.



their higher selves. She disappears out of sight, but returns again and again to bow acknowledgments. At last she finally withdraws, the while I have been hurrying down innumerable stairs to find my way to a door before which stood one who seemed to be a forbidding dragon—in reality, perhaps, a charming youth or maiden. Perforce I must halt, and in halting am overtaken by devastating shyness. My tongue, my feet, my whole body, became as heavy as lead. I felt a fool and no doubt looked one.

### AN INTRODUCTION

I should have somehow slunk away had not a fellow-worker recognized me and turned lead into lightness with the words: "Oh! There you are. I am sure Mrs. Besant would like to see you." And with these words the door opened. I went in gawkily, and stood a moment in a curious blend of hesitancy and precipitation while she finished a conversation with someone.

And then I saw her face to face. She held out both her hands. I clasped them with all the cruel strength of youth and ardour. She actually thanked me for my help. I do not remember if I said anything coherent. But finally I woke up knowing that I had met in that small little woman so towering in her greatness a General from long ago. And there and then vowed I would be her soldier once more in this life, and, I prayed, be faithful unto death.

Do you wonder that this is my most impressive recollection? Little more than a year ago my General left me so far as this physical life is concerned. I hope I have kept my vow and have been faithful. But we shall meet again—she the General, I one of her soldiers. I will try to be true to her for the years that remain to me. And I look forward to the time when the most impressive recollection of this life shall be repeated in the next and again and again—until, life's lessons learned, death shall have no more power to part, and General and soldier will be together for ever.—*The Illustrated Weekly of India*, 23 December 1934.

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"Well, I will think it over."

I felt I could take the vow to be true to her forever. I felt, though, that she was holding

back a little. Surely she can see. Then I got during the course of the evening a little nervous for fear that she saw something in me that I didn't know, so I passed a comparatively sleepless night.

Then in the morning she called me into her shrine room at Benares and said, "George, are you still of the same mind?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Very well." We had a very wonderful little time. I knelt before her, put my hands before her and she placed her hands on mine. I used some words that I would be her faithful knight to the very end and through all things, and she accepted that vow. Then she put her hands upon my head and said that I should be with her forever.

Well, I have on the whole, I hope, been faithful to her. . . Afterwards she gave me a splendid steel roll-top desk. I, of course, have it still. On it is a very beautiful inscription in silver which I also have still. It is in my room in Adyar.—*From a talk in America, 1933.*

### LIFE IN BENARES

I had already one Motherland—Britain. I now acquired another—India. And today I do not know which I love most. India is the greater land, of course, but Britain has her own unique splendour, and as I watch her facing the foe with calm courage, lightheartedly, indomitably set to win, my heart thrills with pride, and I thank God that I am blessed with two Motherlands, one of the East and the other of the West, not with one alone, and each shining as a sparkling star in the firmament of my being. . . .

Then some delightful years in Benares, with so many wonderful friends and so much wonderful work, and so near to my leader. How inspiring it was to watch Mrs. Besant at work, ennobling everything she touched, vivifying magically every person and every activity with which she came into contact, living even in the very little things of life the life of a hero, nay, the life of a God. What tremendous influence she wielded over her vast family of the Central Hindu College and the Central Hindu Girls' School. And what a power she was, before whom even the autocrats trembled in the political field, as she threw herself into the high purpose of India's regeneration in every department of the age-old nation's life!

I think I grew during these years from 1903 to 1913 as perhaps I have not grown since, for she breathed forth a scintillating example which one could do no other than emulate in some small degree. Almost despite myself I became changed, as did we all. How fortunate we were

to be living in such times as those, when there was not a single individual, even if only remotely in touch with her, who had not the opportunity to compress decades of unfoldment within the compass of one single year.

Indeed did she fashion us in her likeness. Not that we became like her. That would have been impossible. But that we became more like our real selves through becoming imbued with her spirit to the measure of our receptivity. We were all comparatively small vessels. Yet could she change us, widen us, and she did. She was so perfectly real, and thus drew each one of us closer to his own reality.

### PLUNGE INTO POLITICS

It was a most happy time when, once more under Mrs. Besant, I plunged into the political life of India, raw recruit though she must have found me as compared with many other of her subordinates. But at least I had enthusiasm, and I gave it to the full. I do not think I have enjoyed any work more than helping to organize The Home Rule for India League, and to betake myself every day to the offices of Mrs. Besant's daily newspaper, *New India*, to function as a sub-editor and general factotum.

I felt such a fighter, and I found that I could speak sufficiently well to hold an audience. I revelled in it all. And when the foolish order of internment came upon Mrs. Besant, Mr. Wadia and myself, I felt lifted into the seventh heaven of delight. I believe this so-called martyrdom was considered to be a splendid advertisement for Home Rule. No doubt it was. But what I cared for was the exhilaration of it all, though its effect upon Mrs. Besant was dangerously the reverse. It nearly killed her, as I can now well see why. But it made me laugh, for I was not the general, only a private in her army who was privileged to take the stage awhile with her. Of course I laughed, for I had suddenly become a peacock when in fact I was only a crow. I enjoyed a vicarious at-one-ment with my chief which lifted me into otherwise unattainable regions, and I drew in deep breaths of a vitality-laden air.

P.T.S.

It was not until fourteen years later that I embarked on what was to be . . . a happiness different from all others—that of succeeding my beloved spiritual mother as President of The Theosophical Society. The happiness was not in becoming President, great though the honour was and is. To be President is to have the most arduous work and a sense of the gravest responsibility, with the knowledge that it is impossible

to please everybody. The happiness consisted rather in feeling that I had been considered worthy to follow in her footsteps, at however great a distance, than in some sense of achieving anything particularly useful.

It consisted in feeling deeply privileged in being allowed to try here and there, but, of course, only here and there, to carry on her work, and to stand up to bear witness to the glory of the unending mission in which she has been engaged life after life from long ago, and to its mighty majesty. I feel that I may here, in a very small way, bear testimony to the fact which I know to be true that she works now and today out of the body as she worked when in it, and that she is the great leader, the great statesman, the great warrior, the great mother, the great friend, the great Yogi, that she ever has been.

I do not know if I shall be called upon to enter upon a second term. I am thankful enough for the first. This one step has been enough for me. Very well and very good if another is called to take my place. But if I am called to do my best for another seven years, I shall still feel that I can do no better than to represent her in the best way I can, ever remembering Those who stand behind her.—*From A Fragment of Autobiography, 1940.*

## MY CREDENTIALS

I have lived in India now for nearly forty years. When I was at Cambridge University, I was very much in touch with Indian students and began really more than forty years ago to lead my Indian life.

It was at the request of my revered teacher, Dr. Besant, that I came out in 1903 to work in The Central Hindu College at Benares, and from that time onwards to take part in Indian life, fully making India my home, regarding myself as an adopted son of this mighty land. In due course from the educational field I went into the political field, and it was not long before together with my beloved Chief, Dr. Besant, and a colleague, Mr. B. P. Wadia, a Parsi gentleman, I was interned by the Government of Madras in 1917 for advocating Home Rule, Swaraj for India. The then Governor, Lord Pentland, said there was no question of Swaraj for India, and in any case that was not the time to insist upon it. Dr. Besant ventured most respectfully to disagree with His Excellency the Governor, and so we were invited to be the guests of the Government of Madras as so many are now being invited to be guests of the Government throughout the country.

We were not very long in our internment in Ootacamund, for the reason that our internment, unusual in those days, caused a tremendous amount of disturbance throughout the country, and Gandhiji himself said that unless we were released soon, he would walk from where he was then to Ootacamund gathering people on his way to help to effect our release. This "hike" of Gandhiji was not necessary, as after three months we were released, and had a very uncomfortable period of popularity for a long time afterwards. I say "a very uncomfortable period of popularity," for there is nothing more fatiguing than popularity, especially when you have to waken up at station after station when travelling in order to receive the plaudits conferred by the multitudes gathered together. It is one of the sufferings that Gandhiji himself has particularly been afflicted with, and I do not envy him at all.

Since the internment I have been working on and off, not only in India but in other countries, for a recognition of India's right to Home Rule, to Swaraj, and for the urgency of that right being recognized not only for the sake of India, not even only for the sake of the Indo-British Commonwealth of Nations, as Colonel Wedgwood, Member of Parliament, likes to call it, but also for the sake of the future of the whole world. Wherever I have been, including Australia and New Zealand, I have helped to establish little unions of people who look to India as a great Motherland and who desire to do what they can to be of service to her, especially within the Commonwealth itself. So I can say quite truly that for twenty-five years at least I have been ardent for Swaraj for India, and am as ardent today as ever I have been, in fact I am more ardent today than ever I have been.—*From a Talk at Ahmedabad, 30 November 1940.*

## THE ELDER BRETHERN

And this brings me to the supreme happiness which has glorified all the others—my personal knowledge of the existence of the Elder Brethren and of more than one of Them in particular.

When I was very young I had the priceless privilege of being under the guardianship of the Master K.H., and all through my life He has watched over me with His own exquisite care. In the early days of childhood and youth I needed this care to help me through the payment of the debts I owed as the result of living not too wisely in the past. In 1910 I was privileged to draw close to Him as one of His junior pupils or apprentices, and from that time forward I

have been privileged to receive the gracious guidance of more than one of the Elder Brethren. I cannot go into details, for those matters are sacred and to be treasured secretly in the heart.

But the personal knowledge of Them! How infinitely precious and overwhelmingly heartening! Without Them, and without the splendid light and warmth of the stars and friends of my life, I could not have done even the little I may

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## What Would I Do If I Lived My Life Again?

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Well, I should try to be born in India, for one can be much more Aryan in India than anywhere else, even though Herr Hitler does not seem to realize the fact. One can be much more civilized in India than in any other country in the world, except perhaps China.

But my difficulty would be the family into which to be born. It must be a very cultured family, a very Indian family, whether Hindu or Mussalman—preferably Hindu, for I must positively be a vegetarian. I am not particular about the caste, so long as the family is reasonably well-to-do, and religious in the noblest sense of the word—no rigidity, no narrowness, but steeped in the great traditions of the faith to which the family belongs.

I must be educated at home, not in any of the utterly futile schools and colleges which in these days thwart so much the renaissance of India's soul. So in my family there must be fine people to educate me in the true spirit of education—to find my happiness in helping others, in learning how to create beautiful things with my hands and to sing and to play an instrument, in the study of a great classic language and of the arts and sciences, in knowing the science of my Self, that I am an immortal soul wending my own way to my glory and helping other immortal souls to wend their ways to their glories. To find

my happiness, too, in simple living, in patriotic living, for I must love my India passionately.

I shall then hope my family will be well-to-do enough to enable me to devote myself to the services of my Motherland, and it need not be so very well-to-do to enable me so to do, for I shall be a devotee of the simple life, and little enough will be enough.

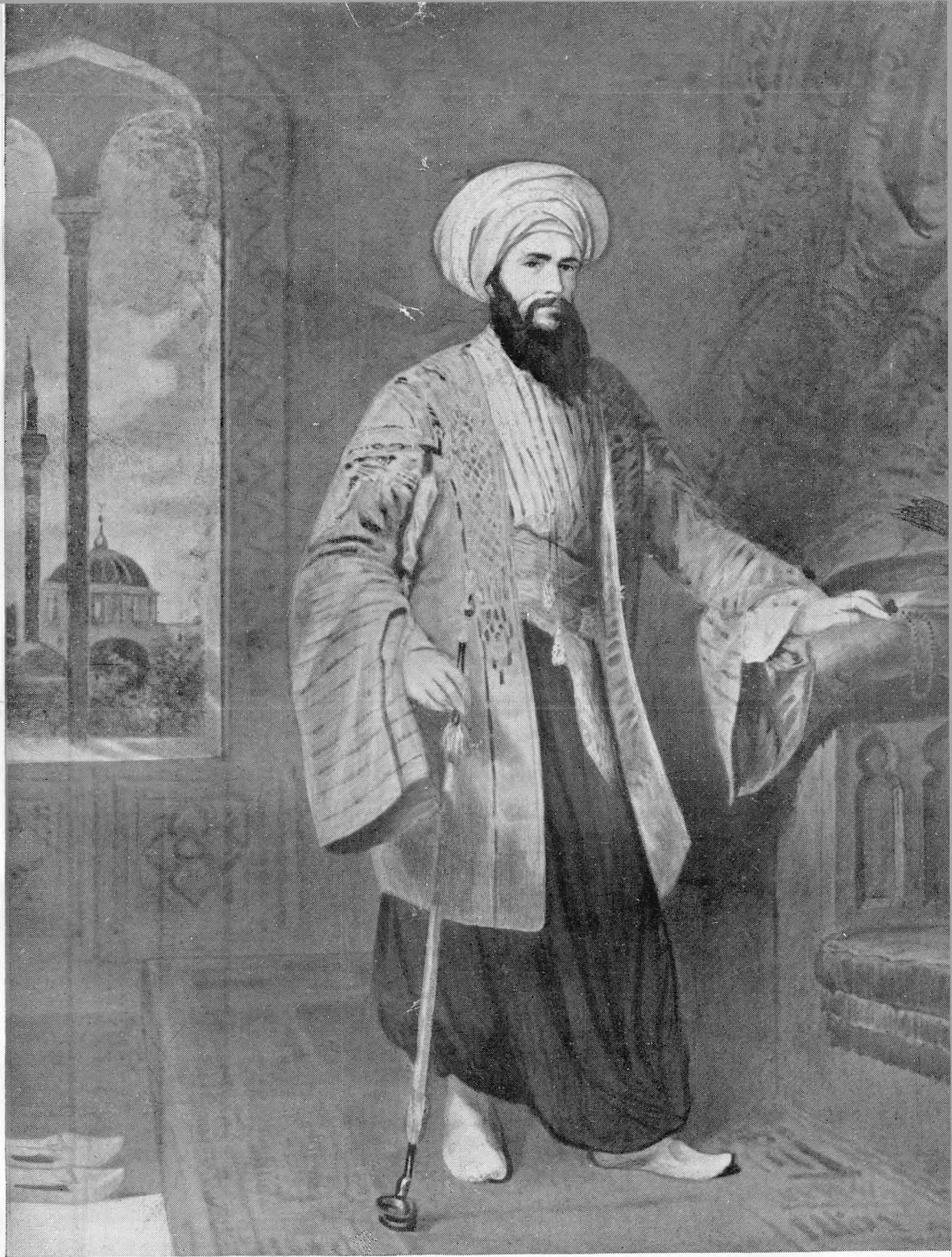
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As I so work, I must gather round me young men and women—I shall not marry, I shall have no time—to work with me and afterwards. I shall want to die at a ripe old age—so that I may have time to be a great source of inspiration to the younger generations which are coming after me—in my Asrama somewhere near the Himālayas.

I shall then die honoured by those whose honour is worth having, and regretted by none, for it will be felt that I have lived well and that my spirit will live after me.—*The Theosophist*, July 1939.



**FRANCIS ARUNDALE, ARCHITECT, THE PRESIDENT'S GRANDFATHER**



CREMATION OF DR. ARUNDALE: (1) PROCESSION TO GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE  
(2) THE FIRE IS LIGHTED

# World-Wide Tributes To The President

FROM many appreciations of Dr. Arundale received at Adyar, the following have been selected :

## Representative Public Men

SIR SULTAN AHMED, Member, Viceroy's Council, New Delhi : "India has lost a sincere and selfless worker."

SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYER, Dewan of Travancore : "Please accept my sincerest condolences and sympathy on the loss that you and the country have sustained by the demise of Doctor Arundale. He was a pioneer in education, a forceful speaker and writer, and a notable organizer. Above all he was a great gentleman and a consummate bhakta. His vivid enthusiasm for all causes that he held dear and his impetuous energy were always at the service of every cultural and humanitarian movement in India. May his soul rest in peace."

SIR S. V. RAMAMURTY, Adviser to the Governor, Madras : "The voice of Dr. Arundale was always on the side of eternal values and will be missed particularly at the present time of fundamental changes in the world. He inherited the wide and deep culture of the founders of The Theosophical Society and he was a true gentleman. Madras will specially miss his presence."

THE HON. MR. S. ANEY, Representative of the Government of India in Ceylon : "Very sorry for death of Reverend Dr. Arundale. India loses a great friend and a philanthropist in him."

MR. PURUSHOTTAMDAS TANDON, Speaker, U. P. Assembly : "In Doctor's death humanity has lost one of its most precious jewels."

THE HON. C. RAJAGOPALACHARIAR, former Premier of Madras : "Arundale was a great friend—an admirable spirit of joy and companionship flowed from him always to all that came in contact with him."

SRI PRAKASA, M.L.A., Benares : "In his death The Theosophical Society loses a great President, the world a true servant, and our country an ideal teacher. Even though when Dr. Arundale was principal of the Central Hindu College political activity was at its zenith, yet he never put any restriction on his students, rather he admitted such students who were driven out of other colleges for their political activities."

THE RAJA OF SANGLI : "The Ranisabeb and myself are deeply grieved at the sad passing

away of Dr. Arundale. His towering personality and high-souled integrity in spheres spiritual and humane marked him as a man destined to take his share from a high theosophical pedestal in shaping the world on its emergence from a war of unprecedented trials and tribulations, but God willed otherwise."

THE RAJA OF KOLLENGODE, Vengunad Palace : "His death is a great national loss. His clear intellect, his unerring judgment, his fearless views and opinions on all matters, social, educational, and political, will be sorely missed in these days when the country is in the throes of big changes and has to divert its efforts towards all-round reconstruction."

SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU, statesman, Allahabad : "Dr. Arundale's services to India can never be forgotten."

RAO BAHADUR K. V. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR, advocate, Mylapore : "Dr. Arundale was a true and sincere lover of this country which he made his own. His valuable services were always at the disposal of every cultural and humanitarian institution."

COLONEL DR. GOPINATH PANDALAI, Madras : "My wife and I send you our heartfelt condolences in your bereavement. It is a sad and most unexpected calamity, which not only the public of South India but all India reckons as a personal loss. May God give you strength and light in your distress!"

MR. K. BALASUBRAMANIA IYER, advocate, Madras High Court : "In his death, India has lost a veteran educationist, a true friend and zealous worker for India's freedom. He was a lovable person and jovial friend. I had the privilege of working with him during the Home Rule Campaign days soon after Dr. Besant's internment. I can testify to his great courage of conviction and to his sincerity of purpose."

MR. ROY BOWER, Consul for the United States of America (Madras) : "A great friend of India has passed on."

The Consul-General for Poland, MR. J. LITIEWSKI (Bombay) : "The sad news of the demise of Dr. George S. Arundale, who was my personal and sincerest friend, grieved me greatly. He was a great supporter of the freedom-loving nations and was kept in high esteem for his sacrifices for the welfare of humanity. He was a great supporter of Poland and had clarified many a time political controversies concerning my country for the knowledge of the world."

His death has deprived the world of one of the greatest personages."

Dewan Bahadur V. BHASHYAM AIYANGAR, Madras: "Kindly allow me to offer my very heartfelt condolences on the physical disappearance of your noble and illustrious consort. He was great, good and kind. Casting off his mortal body, he will still live for you and for his numerous disciples, friends and admirers for all time."

DR. ALAGAPPA CHETTIAR, philanthropist: "The nation mourns the loss of a great leader."

RAJA SIR ANNAMALAI CHETTIAR, Chettinad: "Dr. Arundale was a great servant and a great teacher."

MR. N. C. KELKAR, political leader, Poona: "We have heard men and women adopting children when they have none of their own, but the curious feature in the case of these two great persons, Dr. Besant and Dr. Arundale, was that these children adopted India for their mother. Both of them travelled far and wide in various countries all over the globe and propagated the teachings of Theosophy, which is merely the old Aryan Philosophy in its modern garb, and raised the status of India in the eyes of the whole world."

Dewan Bahadur K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, Royapettah: "Dr. Arundale meant much to many persons and many movements and he always led them to higher and higher heights. He and I have been together on many occasions on many platforms. Every contact with him had the magical virtue of endearing him all the more. I know in what high esteem he held the ideals and achievements of the Kalākshetra and how much his sympathy and enthusiasm in the cause of Indian art cheered and heartened Shrimati Rukmini Devi who is the high priestess of the renaissance of Indian Art in modern India. May his soul rest in peace!"

### Citizens' Meetings

BENARES, Aug. 16.—Citizens of Benares paid high tribute to Dr. Arundale at a well-attended public meeting on 16th August, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor, Benares Hindu University, in the chair. Many public men and University dons joined with Theosophists in organizing the meeting. Among the speakers were Dr. I. N. Gurtu, Acharya Narendra Deva and Dr. Bhagavan Das.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan said: "The Theosophical Society under the guidance of Mrs. Besant and Dr. Arundale has worked for the regeneration of the higher nature of man and the establishment of the brotherhood of all mankind. As these ideals were animating themes of Indian culture, they became devoted adherents of it.

"The Theosophical Society's ideals of the study of comparative religion and human brotherhood are what the world needs today. Pacts and agreements, leagues and charters will fail the purpose of those who are not inspired by the high ideals of the spiritual equality and interdependence of nations. The moral education of the community is what we need most."

The Vice-Chancellor acknowledged the debt that the Benares Hindu University owed to Dr. Arundale; for eight years he was principal of the Central Hindu College, which was the nucleus of the University.

ALLAHABAD, Aug. 15.—At a meeting of Theosophists of Ananda Lodge, Mr. P.N. Sapru said Dr. Arundale was only physically dead, but spiritually very much alive: "He may be here in this hall listening to what is being said about him. A life so richly lived can never be wasted; his loss is shared by all, especially those who attach importance to international brotherhood and fellowship."

BOMBAY, Aug. 13.—The Municipal Corporation of Bombay, at their meeting today resolved: "That the Corporation have learned with deep regret of the sad death at Madras on 12th August 1945 of Dr. G. S. Arundale, President of The Theosophical Society, who for a number of years took a leading part in India's cause for political freedom and by whose death the country has lost a great educationist and a staunch friend and the world a devoted servant in the cause of international friendship and brotherhood."

[These reports are typical; many others have been received beyond the limits of our space.]

### Letters From Artists

SAROJINI NAIDU, poet and politician, Hyderabad Deccan: "*My dear Rukmini Devi, —May I pay my tribute to your husband's memory . . . It was in 1911 on a golden January afternoon in Benares that I first met him. His amazing vitality, enthusiasm, humour and graciousness demanded an immediate and cordial response. He was, to use your own apt phrase, a delightful companion and he carried this rare characteristic through every mood and aspect of his life and activities. There are today hundreds of men and women all over India who share your grief for his death, but also realize that to them he remains everliving because it was he who kindled in their young hearts the flame of ideals that illumine the world. He taught not only through his mind but through the imagination and spirit . . . he imparted not merely knowledge*



*but also a lovelier thing—faith. His wisdom expressed itself not only in solemn counsel but in his gay spontaneous laughter, his wit, his humour, and his special gift of touching with glamour the commonplaces of life. He dedicated the best years and the best love of his existence to India . . . He had a reverent passion for her past, a radiant vision of her future. To him you were a living spirit of many dreams for India. . . . Be proud, not sad, dear Rukmini . . . fulfil the dreams. Your old friend and his, Sarojini Naidu."*

"MENAKA" (Leila Sokhey), Bombay, well-known dancer: "I can't tell you how sorry I am and what a sense of loss it is to everyone that such a vivid personality has passed away."

MR. HARIN CHATTOPADHYAYA, Indian poet, Bombay (has given poetry and music recitals at Adyar): "I am conscious that you are now enough in communion with the Great Spirit to enable you to understand the passing away of form in a perspective which only beings like you arrive at. George is not with you, some think, any more—but you know and I know that the ripe friendship he gave you while on earth, and the silent and splendid cooperation you always had from him—given so unstintingly and unhesitatingly—will evermore continue to remain with you . . . recall his generous and beautiful nature . . . You are as everybody who truly knows you, knows, going to create greater and greater beauty both in yourself and your art—(as also in some of us) out of your deep sorrow, making your earthly loss, a heavenly gain."

MR. RATINDRANATH TAGORE, son of the poet Rabindranath: "Deepest sympathies in your irreparable loss."

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS, Madras: "The President and the members of the Indian Institute of Fine Arts, Madras, are deeply grieved to hear of the unfortunate and sad demise of Dr. George S. Arundale, President of the Theosophical Society, the sincere and great lover of India and Indians, and second to none in fighting for India's freedom and culture. They feel that his loss is a national one in every respect and offer their deep sympathies and sincere condolences to Shrimati Rukmini Devi and the members of The Theosophical Society."

Sangeetha Kalanidhi Mazavarayanendal SUBBARAM BHAGAVATHAR, S. Indian musical genius: "Even the great souls will naturally weep when the world loses a person who has great ability to hold a very responsible and high position, who has kindness for the poor, great desire for international well-being, great admiration from others, generosity, mercy, and truthfulness."

## Educationists

DR. MARIA MONTESSORI, Srinagar: "Wonderful and great up to the last breath. Faithful to his mission. Immortal is the heart of those who have loved him. I pay my sorrowful and humble homage to him and to you."

T. L. VASWANI, Krishna Kunj, Hyderabad Sind: "The news travels to this place with the suddenness of a shock. Yet he has not passed away: he has but passed on to be renewed and rejuvenated. For his labours are not finished yet. His life was a witness to Sophia,—Wisdom of the Rishis. She was to him a living Reality. She filled the glowing skies of his youthful spirit. He saw India crucified, he saw India re-arisen in the power of Sophia, Wisdom of the Rishis. Their Messenger, he travelled from place to place, and gave everywhere the Message of Spring, of Renewal and Rejuvenation. In the noise of these days—the noise of a crumbled world,—he beheld Sophia leading the Nations of the Earth 'out of darkness into Light!' I see him still, as I saw him, a year ago, when he spoke at the meeting of St. Mira's High School, the rays of light moving upon him, his face illumined with joy. Into joy hath he entered now: the blessed spirit of Dr. Arundale! My homage to him—and to you, bearer of his message, and benedictions to a world where Christ walks through cities and villages, crushed under the weight of the cross!"

VIDWAN R. VISWANATHAN, Presidency College, Madras: "In the demise of the late Dr. Arundale the Tamil world has lost a great patron of its literature. He sincerely believed that the discovery of Tamil by the West will go a long way to heal the present ills of the world. From its very inception the Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminathaiyar Tamil Manuscript Library at Adyar was patronized by him and he was dreaming of making it a world centre of Tamil knowledge and culture. May his desires be fulfilled."

MR. MARIO MONTESSORI, Srinagar: "Our sympathy goes to you, his ideal and worshipped companion of long years, as yours is bound to us who mourn him from afar. Yet I feel he is not dead, for his spirit burns in the breast of many of us who will realize his great aims with the flaming zeal that made him a spiritual world power."

MR. M. SANGARATANA BHIKKU,<sup>1</sup> Sarnath, Benares (Maha Bodhi Society): "A pioneer of

the spiritual revival of the modern world, Dr. Arundale occupied a unique place among the practical philosophers of the twentieth century. The Buddhists throughout the world held him in high esteem. The members of the Maha Bodhi Society of India, the premier international Buddhist organization, pray the Triple Gem of the Buddha, the Dhamma, and the Sangha to bless you in carrying on the noble work of this great spiritual leader with courage and zeal."

Professor K. V. RANGASWAMI AIYANGAR, Madras: "In vision and courage as well as unswerving loyalty to ideals and unfaltering devotion to the country of his adoption, Dr. Arundale was not only the natural successor of Dr. Besant but her spiritual son. It is some consolation that he lived long enough to see the first gleam of the end of the world war, and the faint rays that herald the dawn that will usher, one would fervently hope, the enduring peace and goodwill among men for which he strove all his life."

MR. G. HARISARVOTTAMA RAU, M.A., Chairman, Executive Committee, South Indian Adult Education Association: "He was a tower of strength to us. With his usual gay manner he would give us assistance as if it were nothing to him. The very first executive committee meetings were held in Adyar. There was not one conference of ours to which he did not contribute. When we thought of our students' settlement at Adyar, it was his prompt response that emboldened us to go forward."

### Scouts And Others

THE HON. B. GOPALA REDDI, who succeeded Dr. Arundale as Chief Commissioner, The Hindustan Scout Association, Madras Presidency (and former Minister, Madras Government): "He lived a noble life. I cannot describe to you the loss sustained by the Hindustan Scout Association. He sent me a very gracious blessing when I succeeded him only recently."

MR. S. R. VENKATARAMAN, Headquarters Commissioner, Hindustan Scout Association, writes: "Dr. Arundale is no more. Long live 'Arundalism.' Though nearing seventy, the spirit of youth that vibrated in every fibre of his being, in his words and actions, was a source of infinite strength and inspiration to the tens of thousands of Hindustan Scouts whose Chief he was for many years. Since the early days of Scouting in India his services to the Seva Samiti Boy Scouts Association and the Hindustan Scout Association in their anxious periods of depression were of the highest value. Though an Englishman he was a true Indian to the core, and he believed in the spiritual destiny and unity of India."

*The Hindustan Scout Bulletin*: "His was a rich life, full of sacrifice and service in the cause of our Motherland. His faith in Scouting was something very great, and his interest can only be described as a passion. His is a splendid example, and it will continue to inspire our Scouts for all time."

D. L. ANANDA RAO, Hindustan Scout Association, U.P.: "His fervent appeal to the young men and women was to be 'future-dominated' and to lead a life of dedicated service."

A heartfelt message came also from Professor V. G. RAO, Chief Commissioner, Hindustan Scout Association, Bombay.

### Other Interests

ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE: "Great Theosophist and thinker, and a true friend of India." (From the President, Shrimati Kamaladevi, Bombay).

THE YOUNG MEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION, Madras: "His death is a National loss of the first magnitude. His talents were necessary, particularly at this juncture, when India is in the threshold of a new era in its history."

MR. K. G. SIVASWAMY, Senior Member, Servants of India Society, Coimbatore: "Your husband has always given moral and material support of our activities and he has been the first citizen of Madras in his interest in civic matters. May you be endowed with strength of mind to bear this loss and continue your great service to the Indian nation and to the world."

### Theosophists

MR. C. JINARAJADASA: "Dr. Arundale has a great record of service to many nations, but especially to India. Though born an Englishman he was heart and soul an Indian of the best tradition. Since the war started he organized several funds to assist Theosophists and others in the lands overrun by Germany. He was a brilliant speaker, full of enthusiasm and wit. Theosophists all over the world will miss his leadership very greatly."

MR. JAMNADAS DWARKADAS: "He was a great man. It was by no means easy to keep on the mantle of such a dynamic world figure as Dr. Besant which was thrown on his shoulders. It must be admitted that he bore the burden of this great office with wonderful tact and energy."

DR. BHAGAVAN DAS, philosopher, Benares: "I have just learnt that our much loved friend left us this morning. I am deeply grieved, despite all the consolations that Theosophy offers. In my mind he has always remained as he was, a bright,

cheerful youth, full of jokes and laughter, when he first came to the C.H.C. with his mother some 40 years ago."

MR. PETER FREEMAN, M.P., Wales: "The Society has lost a great President and the world a great man."

PROF. J. E. MARCAULT, France: "With you in present trial and coming great work."

MR. JOHN COATS in a message from the English membership: "He was and is and will be always with the work he loves."

MR. HENRY HOTCHENER, U.S.A.: "... Our beloved President and adored brother. May the Great Ones support you in your grief and heavy responsibilities."

SWITZERLAND: "The Section reaffirms its devotion and loyalty to the great ideal of brotherhood so magnificently expressed in his life and will pursue with increased dedication his campaign for greatness, always remembering him."

MR. K.J.B. WADIA, Bombay: "Enthusiasm in life and liberty were the keynote of his noble career. Great was he in life, but greater in death. . . he will ever remain one of the 'fire-pillars' in the dark firmament of this material world."

MR. W. L. CHIPLONKER, Poona: "He was out and out a thorough Indian, in dress, diet, life and ideals. Not only that, but by his writings, speeches and life example, he made Indians *Indian*. His perennial complaint against the Indian leaders at present engaged in public activity was that few of them are really Indian."

Rajadharmapravina Dewan Bahadur K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR, retired Chief Justice, Mysore High Court, and President, Bangalore City Lodge and Karnataka Federation; "The news flashed early this morning by All-India Radio, of the passing away of Dr. Arundale, came upon me as a violent shock. It is difficult to believe that so virile, forceful and bright a personality will no longer be with us to lead and guide The Society in the difficult and stirring days that lie ahead. But his example and memory will long remain to inspire us all."

Rao Bahadur Sardar M. V. KIBE, Indore: "A world figure has gone away from amongst us. This bereavement will be felt for a long time although philosophy is the only consolation."

### Church And Masonry

Requiem Eucharists were celebrated in Sydney and Perth on Sunday, August 26. The Rt. Rev. L. W. Burt has sent a kindly message on behalf of the Liberal Catholic Church in Australia, and the Rt. Rev. William Crawford for the Church in New Zealand.

Very Illustrious Bro. S. S. Fisher, 33°, Administrator-General for Australia, Co-Freemasonry: "He was very dear to the Brethren in Australia, where he resided for some years, and in his passing we feel we have not only lost a great leader but also a great friend."

### Knight Of Compassion

THE SOUTH INDIAN HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE, Madras, at a special meeting of the Working Committee on August 18, adopted resolutions expressing their deep sense of loss to the humanitarian world in general and this League in particular, of which Dr. Arundale was for some time President, and sending sympathy to Shrimati Rukmini Devi, who is also a past President: "India has lost a sincere humanitarian and selfless worker," adds the Secretary.

MISS RIE VRIESWIJK: "Chivalry was one of our President's characteristics. The animals, the poor, the oppressed, whether a nation or an individual, they would always find his voice and pen ready to defend them and plead their cause. They were always in his mind. Part of his presidential programme was to establish an Animal Hospital at Adyar, and such was his perseverance and strength that in spite of his many preoccupations of the last few years, he has achieved it, even though it cannot yet have a building of its own. But the work is being done day after day, and the suffering of many dumb creatures will be reduced because of his never-ceasing enthusiasm, and our little Hospital will hereafter be called The Arundale Animal Hospital, Adyar."

### TRIBUTES IN THE PRESS

LONDON, Aug. 16. *The Times* publishes an appreciation of Dr. George S. Arundale, third President of The Theosophical Society. With his death, there passes a notable figure from the life of India, the tribute says.

From the age of 25 onwards, he gave rare devotion to Indian youth, eager and determined to change its educational methods into a system that gave greater release to its genius and a clearer direction to its ambitions. He well understood that mere copying of Western educational practices was not to India's true advantage; rather was her own treasured culture a pattern to be regenerated and improved upon in the light of modern knowledge and experience.

To the last he supported all movements that went to the building up of a kind of modern India within the British Commonwealth of Nations, of which Dr. Besant and he dreamed

during their long cooperation in educational, social, political and religious reforms.

In the political field, Dr. Arundale gave unwavering loyalty to Dr. Besant, being, as she was, passionately resolute to develop India's inherent spiritual sense of unity into a firm and inviolable united Motherland to which all owed political allegiance. To this end, he advocated the "Besant Spirit" of service and re-issued her ardent appeals to India to awake, arise, and take her place in world affairs.

[This item followed an obituary announcement in *The Times* on August 13.]

LONDON, Aug. 13. Mr. B. SHIVA RAO [Delhi journalist returning from the San Francisco Conference] pays the following personal tribute to the memory of Dr. Arundale, whose death in Madras was reported in the London papers today: "Dr. Arundale took a warm and genuine interest in me from the moment I met him first in Benares thirty-five years ago, and hundreds of men all over India will, like myself, feel that they owe him a deep debt of gratitude. It was my privilege in later life to spend considerable periods in closest association with Dr. Arundale both in England and India. I cannot recall a single occasion through all these years when Dr. Arundale permitted one unkind or malicious word to escape his lips, however bitter the criticisms made against himself. Dr. Arundale's affections and friendships knew no racial or other differences. It was a joy to work with him whether in the educational field at Benares or later in the labour movement and in journalism in Madras, because of his rare gift for real companionship and human understanding."

*The Leader* (Allahabad), August 14. Dr. Arundale will be remembered principally for his services to the cause of Indian education. He had knowledge, scholarship and, above all, an amazing capacity for influencing youth. Throughout his career he was inspired by the ideal of social service and a belief that life should be made more harmonious and beautiful than it is and human beings helped to higher levels. He preached the gospel of the spiritual interdependence of the peoples of the world and held, as the torch-bearer of Theosophy, that races and religions can meet without fusion, and that while retaining their historic integrity they can establish among themselves a covenant of toleration and charity and avoid the world hegemony of any particular religion. It is not necessary to be a Theosophist to appreciate the importance of a Society which, in the spiritual sphere, discards religious imperialism. He has

gone to the "Great Beyond" but he has left behind him the memory of a life nobly lived in the pursuit of all that makes life rich, noble and purposeful.

*Free Press Journal*, Bombay, August 14. Few loved India with a more passionate devotion than Dr. Arundale; in everything he was Indian to the core; he was more Indian than most Indians. By his death India has lost a great champion of her rights; the cause of Indian education has lost a visionary and practical idealist; the Scout movement a loyal supporter and worker, the Youths their best friend, and the Theosophical Society its great and dynamic leader.

*The Mail*, Madras, August 14. His many gifts, including vision, never-failing cheerfulness and sense of humour, and a great capacity for hard work, made him an ideal guide and friend of the young. His mind was always open to new ideas, his brain quick to devise new means of serving those who needed his assistance.

As a "stalwart of Indian public life," *The Social Welfare*, Bombay, Aug. 24, writes of him: In Dr. George Sydney Arundale, President of The Theosophical Society, India loses a rare Englishman who spent himself in the service of India. In the footsteps of his leader, Dr. Annie Besant of revered memory, Arundale actively associated himself with the highest urges of Indian patriotism from the days of the Home Rule Movement down to his last moments. As an educationist, labour organizer, or as a leading worker in many phases of Indian public life this great Englishman devoted himself wholeheartedly to the cause of Indian renaissance and helped to sow seeds of that real Indo-British friendship which must one day bear fruit.

The same issue of *Social Welfare* has a two-page editorial by the Editor, K. M. Munshi, on "The Inevitability of an Indo-British Alliance," urging the Besant ideal.

*The Sunday Standard*, Bombay: In the death of Dr. George S. Arundale, India has lost a sincere British friend, who made this country his home, adopted its dress and manners, married an Indian, worked hard and long for India's regeneration, and to the very end and through the darkest days showed his invincible faith in India's destiny and appealed incessantly and with increasing force for an early understanding between his original and adopted homes.

During certain critical days in recent years, his was one of the few lonely British voices in India which cried bravely for justice and compromise

in the midst of much misunderstanding and bitterness. Week after week he poured forth through his little weekly pamphlet called *New India Survey* a wealth of idealism and much practical good sense which was honestly inspired and quite heartening, too, in the surrounding gloom.

A warm admirer of Indian philosophy, culture and way of life, a firm believer in Indian unity, an indefatigable champion of India's just cause and, above all, a man of peace, compromise and goodwill, he naturally did not like certain new trends in Indian politics and always frankly and even bluntly said so.

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*Educational India*, an All-India monthly published at Masulipatam: In the passing away of Dr. G. S. Arundale the country has lost a most inspiring and active leader in the field of education. He was one of those who, as colleagues and as disciples of Dr. Annie Besant, evolved a scheme of national education, national in the sense of an education based on the traditions of a spiritual character built by Indians from their age-long experience and found admirably suited to the conditions prevailing in the country. As Head of the Central Hindu College, Benares, which was founded to work out this scheme of national education, he did more than anybody else to instil into the minds of the educated Indian youth a justifiable and legitimate pride in the greatness of their country and the glorious achievements of his ancestors in the past, and an equally firm hope that by adhering to the spirit of India's past a future of equal brilliance and splendour can be built up. It is with the birth of this self-confidence that the national movement in India may be said to have come into existence. The same spirit influenced him and his work when later on the Central Hindu College became merged in the Benares Hindu University and he had to organize a sort of National University in Adyar. The help and the encouragement which he always gave to his wife, Rukmini Arundale, in her efforts to resuscitate the arts of ancient India—especially dancing and music—contributed a great deal to the renaissance of Indian Art in South India and its popularization here as well as abroad. It was not merely as an educationist that he was great. His activities were of a varied character. They were as extensive as life itself. Politics, economics, religion, and social reform were all dear to him. They were only different aspects of the one life of humanity. There was in him the spirit of a hero; and it was as a fearless fighter that he took to every field of his work. For generations his name will continue to be associated with most of the liberal movements in the country.

## OUR GEORGE

We know that you were ever conscious of  
your unity with Them;  
That you listened to Their voice and heard  
no other call.

We know you kept your mental home a sacred  
place; golden with gratitude, roseate with  
love, white with purity.

We know you sent no thought into the world  
that did not bless, or cheer, or purify, or  
heal.

We know you helped to make this earth a  
fairer, nobler place,  
And that you lived each day into a higher  
sense of life and love.

LAURARTHUR

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## IN HONOUR OF DR. BESANT

Through the efforts of Mr. Jamnadas Dwarakadas, member of the Bombay Municipal Corporation, a road in Bombay has been renamed "Dr. Annie Besant Road." It is the road starting from the north end of Hornby Vellard up to the junction of Cadell Road and Old Prabhadevi Road.

Public landmarks in honour of Dr. Besant increase in number. They include within recent memory the statue on the Madras seafront erected on the 50th anniversary of her landing in India; also the renaming as Besant Avenue of the road running through our Adyar estate to the beach by authority of the Madras Municipal Corporation.

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## GREAT MINDS

**Shakespeare:** "Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

**Annie Besant:** "If I had a dozen sons—I have only one—I would send them all into the Scout Movement, as soon as they could enter its lowest grade. And I would send the daughters into the Girl Guides, under similar conditions. . . . I know what a useful lot they are. . . . They are good citizens of their country, ready to work for it; ready to live for it; ready to die for it."

# The Arundale Family

J. L. DAVIDGE

WE can go back three generations behind George Sydney Arundale and trace in his maternal descent a famous architect and three members of the Royal Academy, which is surely enough to account for his artistic tendencies in the fine arts, independent of his passion for truth and beauty and the wisdom aspect of occultism which he brought over in his own spiritual ancestry. We know very little about his father, the Rev. John Kay, except that he was a Congregational minister in Surrey, nor anything of his mother, save that she unfortunately died at his birth, of puerperal fever, and that he was cared for by his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ann Arundale, until his mother's sister, Miss Francesca Arundale, adopted him and stood by him through his stormy years from boyhood to mature manhood until she in turn passed over in 1924.

## LINKS WITH THEOSOPHY

His grandmother, Mary Ann Arundale, must have been a very charming lady. He used to tell us of his recollections of her in his youth—well-endowed and decisive, dressed in black and attending church in the very strict early-Victorian manner. She and her daughter Francesca joined The Theosophical Society on 31 July 1881. For six or seven years they had been experimenting in Spiritualism, and drifted into the Allan Kardec school of philosophy, so that reincarnation was an integral part of their spiritualistic conceptions. Miss Arundale writes that when George S. Arundale was an infant, "I went to a trance séance with a Mr. Fletcher, leaving my mother with the child . . . and received a direct message from Mr. Arundale's mother, giving names and particulars, saying that the spirit entity had just visited our house and seen the child, and all would be well with him."

These investigations into Spiritualism, starting with the peculiar personal experiences of an uncle, "of a very sceptical mind," Mr. Pickersgill, on a voyage from America to England, familiarized them with all kinds of phenomena and brought them into touch with Dr. George Wyld, President of the London Lodge, Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland and other pioneer Theosophists, and with the weekly séances of Mrs. Hollis-Billing, who was a friend of Madame Blavatsky and is mentioned by Colonel Olcott in *Old Diary Leaves*. It was not surprising that because of her association with H. P. B. many of the spirit

guides manifesting through Mrs. Hollis-Billing displayed a knowledge of philosophy and occultism based on Theosophical teaching and that many of the occurrences at these séances were only to be understood in the light which Theosophy afterwards shed upon them. One day a member of this private group, Mrs. Brewerton, broached the subject of The Theosophical Society to Miss Arundale and "explained a little about it. The call came and we answered it, and both my mother and myself sent in our applications and became members of The Society . . ." Miss Arundale tells the entertaining story in *My Guest—H. P. Blavatsky*.

There were few Theosophical books in those days—*Isis Unveiled* and *The Occult World*. *The Theosophist* was being published. Miss Arundale visited the Sinnetts—who kept open house to London members—and from Mr. Sinnett's talks and papers she learned of the Masters, her first touch with Them being a note written by the Master K.H. concerning her in an instruction to H.P.B.: "A good, earnest Theosophist, a mystic whose cooperation ought to be secured through you."

Miss Arundale had the rare privilege of entertaining both Colonel Olcott and H.P.B. at 77 Elgin Crescent, and this gave the boy George, her adopted son, frequent opportunities of meeting them. H.P.B. was very fond of him and would take him to the zoo. Miss Arundale desired that he should be dedicated to the Master's service, and when he was six years old she gave H.P.B. a photograph of the boy and asked that it might be taken to Adyar. Many years later, Colonel Olcott gave it back to her; it was old and faded, but on the back was written in the Master's handwriting "Accepted." His chelaship is foreshadowed in a charming new-year letter which she sent him when he was about five, addressing him as "Georges Chela Esq.," and promising a box of sweets from Russia. It was not until after his Cambridge days and his memorable meeting with Annie Besant that the youthful George appeared to have awakened to Theosophy. After that, both he and his aunt came to India, and they worked together helping Dr. Besant until Francesca Arundale passed away at Adyar.

How little escapes the attention of the Adepts! Francesca's mother, Mary Ann Arundale, won Their appreciation, in the well-known letter to Francesca which begins: "I have watched your

many thoughts. . .” Half way through this long letter the Master K.H. says: “To your aged mother, who has trodden with you in many stony paths of belief and experience since your childhood, you owe a great duty . . . a dutiful assiduity, and loving help to develop her spiritual intuitions and prepare her for her future. Many crosses and domestic sorrows have left their bleeding scars on her heart. . . She and you have earned happy rewards for your kindness to our messengers, and Karma will not forget them.”

### ARISTOCRACY OF ART

The Pickersgills, to which Mary Ann Arundale belonged, were a family of painters, and three of them Royal Academicians. Henry Hall Pickersgill, brother of Mary Ann Arundale, exhibited at the Royal Academy—he died in 1861. He is probably the uncle Miss Arundale refers to as the sceptical inquirer into Spiritualism.

A cousin of his, Frederick Richard Pickersgill (1820-1900), was an historical painter and exhibited between 1839 and 1875. He was elected to the Royal Academy in 1857 and was keeper and trustee of the Academy from 1873 to 1887. One of his paintings, *The Burial of Harold at Waltham Abbey*, was purchased for the Houses of Parliament.

Father of Mary Ann and H. H. Pickersgill was Henry William Pickersgill (1782-1875), who was admitted into the Royal Academy as a student under Fuseli and exhibited for the first time in 1806. Subsequently he devoted himself to portrait painting, obtaining in the forties, after the death of Thomas Phillips, almost a monopoly of painting the portraits of celebrated men and women of his time. He had a studio in Soho Square, and latterly in Stratford Place, Oxford street, where hardly a day passed without some person of eminence crossing his threshold. In this way, he painted Wordsworth, George Stephenson, Richard Owen, Cuvier, Humboldt, Hallam, Faraday, Herschel, and others, and a full length portrait of the Duke of Wellington. He was for over 60 years a constant and prolific exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where nearly 400 paintings of his were shown at one time or another. He was elected an Academician in 1826, became librarian in 1856 and held the post until his death. He married a lady of some literary abilities, who, in 1827, published a volume of verse entitled *Tales of the Harem*. She was of course the mother of Mary Ann Arundale.

Of the same generation, on the great-grandfather level, was William Frederick Witherington (1785-1865), landscape painter, who joined the Royal Academy in 1840, and exhibited for

over 50 years up to the time of his death, sending 200 pictures to the Academy and the British Institution. He was uncle to F. R. Pickersgill, and his teacher.

### THE ARUNDALE LINE

Most distinguished of the Arundale line was the President's grandfather, Francis Arundale (1807-1853), a noted architect and explorer-artist, who published a number of illustrated books on architectural subjects. He was a pupil of Augustus Pugin (1811-1852) and accompanied his master to Normandy and helped him with his work, *Architectural Antiquities of Normandy*. With Pugin he stayed seven years. In 1831 he went to Egypt and in 1833 to Palestine, was nine years in the East, and spent several winters in Rome besides travelling in Greece, Sicily, Italy and France. For some time he was architect to the Sultan of Turkey, and in that capacity was engaged in the restoration of the famous Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. He died in 1853, aged 46. He married a daughter of Mr. Pickersgill and had six children, of whom G. S. Arundale's mother was one.

A water-colour portrait of this picturesque gentleman (reproduced in this issue) hangs in the reception room at Headquarters; he is wearing rich Arabian robes, with green, dark blue, crimson and gold predominating. At Headquarters also is a small oil portrait of the same benevolent and cultured person inscribed: “Dr. Arundale's grandfather: F. Arundale: Architect and artist.”

The Arundale family were for some long time associated with the Worshipful Company of Pewterers of London, and in 1899, at the age of 21, George S. Arundale became a member of it and by virtue of his membership a freeman of the City of London. The position carried with it certain privileges of an uncertain kind.

### RUKMINI DEVI'S FAMILY

Shrimati Rukmini Devi, on her side, comes of a noble Aryan line. Her family has connections with distinguished Brahmin families throughout South India. Her father, A. Nilakanta Sastri, was an engineer in the Public Works Department and a very ardent student of Sanskrit philosophy and Theosophy. Rukmini Devi was born in Madura, but has lived most of her life in Adyar and is today President of Kalākshetra, the home of unity among the Arts.

Mr. N. Sri Ram, her eldest brother, who is Vice-President of The Theosophical Society, and immediately concerned with the world-wide administration, is a fluent speaker and can discourse on a great variety of subjects with charm

and deep understanding. He is an experienced journalist also, assisted Dr. Besant on *New India* and *The Commonwealth*, and has since written for *Conscience* and *The Theosophist*. It is true to say that he has been an intimate friend of both Presidents, Dr. Besant and Dr. Arundale, and of Bishop Leadbeater and Mr. Jinarajadasa.

Rukmini Devi has three other brothers and three sisters well known in Theosophical circles, especially at Adyar and Benares. Her antecedents on her mother's side belong to a very musical family of Tanjore, home of fine arts. An uncle is

Chief Justice of Travancore State, Mr. T. M. Krishnaswamy Iyer, who is not only learned in the law, but is a robust singer and student of the Shastras and when he practised in the Madras High Court gave song recitals at Adyar. In fact all her people are round her in the cultural movement which she is leading for India's renaissance.

In these two cultured families—Arundales and Sastris—East and West have coalesced, a fitting symbol of the new impulse of Art and Beauty in The Theosophical Society and of the Unity which fundamentally sustains it.

## Dr. Besant's Greatness

(To Commemorate  
October 1st)

**G**REAT as a woman, Annie Besant was the perfect efflorescence of womanhood, the supremely womanly woman, as friend, as mother, as leader of women's causes. Yet her womanliness was infused with strength and virility which gave her tremendous power and magnetism.

Great as a writer, she kept going over a period of sixty years a continuous stream of talks and articles and books covering the whole vast range of human consciousness and activity, and plumbing the depths of the cosmos from the tiny atom to the Mind which builds a universe. All her writing was done by her own hand—she never dictated. Her books and pamphlets number over 400.

Great as an orator, she was one of the best public speakers in the world, and one of the greatest of all time. She could sway any audience. Her power of impassioned oratory was inherited from splendid lives in the past which she remembered. It suddenly burst forth in this life in her youth and remained with her till her last Convention addresses.

Great as a statesman, she proved her craft as a Nation-builder in her Commonwealth of India Bill, 1925, as an Empire-builder in her continuous advocacy of an Indo-British Commonwealth, and as a Civilization-builder in her plans for an ever-renewing world. Going down to fundamen-

tals, she reared her dream-structures on solid foundations in reality.

Great as a Yogi, she sharpened her faculties by onepointedness and meditation to almost superhuman quality. It was this touch with inner realities which gave her depth, breadth and vision. Lord Haldane and others spoke of her statesmanship and foresight. "I can tell, looking back," she wrote, "that such foresight does seem remarkable. But it is not foresight; it is due to my prompt and implicit obedience to the orders of my Guru." Her campaign from 1914 onwards, which awakened India to national consciousness, was under the inspiration of her Guru, she has told us. What amazed the world which contemplated her in her eighties was her tremendous vitality and capacity for work. When at 82 she visited 15 countries in Europe by plane, doing strenuous and efficient work day after day, she attributed her extraordinary powers of endurance to inner sources.

Great as Theosophist, she has made the evolving universe intelligible to millions of people, and from the heights of her philosophic idealism has not only guided The Theosophical Society, but set in motion thought-currents which have spiritualized, more than any other single influence, modern civilization. Her dominion has been world-wide, and her influence deep, cleansing and constructive.—J. L. DAVIDGE.

Two other notable anniversaries fall on October 1st, (1) the birth of Dr. S. Subramania Iyer, described by Dr. Besant as a noble example of "living greatness." As Vice-President he was a tower of strength to Dr. Besant in the first four years of her Presidentship. Scholar and yogi, he held high office in Madras as Vice-Chancellor of the University and three times as Chief Justice. After Dr. Besant's internment he gave up all honours, including a knighthood, conferred on him by the British Government.

(2) Another anniversary to remember is that of THE THEOSOPHIST, started 1st October 1879. It has never failed to appear and has a unique place in the Theosophical movement.



## Current Comment

THE ASSOCIATE EDITORS

### A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON ?

**A**N Oslo press telegram, August 27, states that Vidkun Quisling, Premier of Norway under the German occupation, who is on trial for treason, is being medically examined; though doctors and psychiatrists have declared that he is perfectly sane, it is thought that "he may be suffering from some disease which would account for the tremendous difference between the witnesses' descriptions of his character, youth, and early manhood and his subsequent actions and utterances."

But why should not the cause of Quisling's mental excitement be psychic? A Reuter correspondent seems to have guessed the truth in a telegram dated Aug. 22:

"The ghost of Adolf Hitler haunted Oslo's crowded courtroom today when on the third day of his treason trial Vidkun Quisling dropped all attempts at a coherent defence, shouted and gesticulated hysterically, as if to a mass meeting, to defend his faith in Norway's place in a great Nordic race union with Germany.

"The high-pitched voice of the Norwegian puppet Premier was frequently reminiscent of his master Hitler's famous 'overtones.'

"The presiding judge, M. Erik Solem, begged Quisling to 'take it calmly,' but the accused declined to sit down and repeatedly shouted that the documents produced against him presented a completely false picture . . . Quisling's excited voice snapped into a falsetto as he cried! 'The last five years have been a nightmare to me.'"

It is dangerous to dogmatise in superphysical matters, but is it not conceivable that Hitler, being dead, is obsessing Quisling, hence the remarkable likeness of Quisling's behaviour to that of his "master," or that the same influences which obsessed Hitler who was himself a psychopath, according to many competent observers, might have overshadowed his Norwegian accomplice?

### DE GAULLE PROTECTED!

My note from memory in the September THEOSOPHIST (page 230) on General De Gaulle being protected from snipers' bullets during the liberation of Paris in August is confirmed by a note in *French Weekly* published in New Delhi, August 25, as follows:

"One week after the beginning of the battle, General de Gaulle walks through the streets of the city acclaimed on all sides by delirious crowds.

"There never were such crowds, such cheers, so much joy. With General de Gaulle are Generals Leclerc, Koenig, Juin. He walks down the Champs Elysees, surrounded by those who fought with him inside and outside France. The Place de la Concorde is filled with an immense crowd. All of sudden a hail of bullets falls on General de Gaulle in the midst of the crowd in front of Notre Dame. In an instant men and women throw themselves on the ground under tanks, anywhere, but the General calmly walks on. He kneels quietly under a second spatter of snipers' bullets from the organ loft inside the Cathedral. His calm impresses people with renewed admiration and love. The air seems to quiver with the joy and triumph of freedom.

"The General salutes Paris, the city that once again stood up and freed herself. Paris, the symbol of France!" (J.L.D.)

### CANADA'S GENERAL SECRETARY

Lt.-Col. E. L. Thomson, D.S.O., who has taken over from Mr. Smythe as General Secretary of the Canadian Section, says in the Section magazine for June (which gives his portrait) he naturally feels a certain diffidence in succeeding one who has held the office "with such distinction for more than twenty-five years, especially since after all I am but a tyro in the work." Col. Thomson is giving the best of his time and talent to the Section work and to lightening the task of Mr. Smythe who remains editor of the magazine.

As a follower of the Blavatsky tradition, Col. Thomson considers the first object of our Society "so fundamental and imperative that unless it is realized and practised to its fullest extent all else is futile." Toleration might be taken as his watchword: he regards it as a virtue of supreme importance—"Toleration at any time is a graceful and engaging gesture and if practised assiduously will lead to vistas beyond man's wildest dreams."

The General Secretary makes this friendly comment: "There are many offshoots of the Adyar tradition and many branches of theosophical

tendencies that if brought together, not amalgamated—for we can agree to disagree—but united by common ties and working along lines sympathetic to the Movement and armed with mutual help and brotherly love could advance the fundamentals of our philosophy with all its implications of Brotherhood and Unity to the amelioration of the woes of mankind and eventually reach that Ultima Thule of all who aspire to the Path."

## 1945 Convention

The next Annual Convention of the International Theosophical Society is to be held at Adyar, as usual during the Christmas-New Year period. We shall not have this year the great privilege and delight of having our President with us physically to cheer and inspire us. We must carry on in such spirit that the occasion is no less for an outpouring of spiritual power and illumination than the previous Conventions at Adyar. Our sense of warm brotherliness for one another and dedication to every high ideal that the cause of Theosophy comprises will make the gathering a flood-tide of inspiration and influence which, we may hope in all humility, will flow far and wide through every channel that may be available and carry the blessings of Adyar to a world sorely athirst for them.

N. SRI RAM,  
Vice-President.

### "WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . ."

The detailed programme of the 70th International Convention of The Theosophical Society to be held in Adyar during Christmas week will be published in the November *Theosophist*. The passing away of our beloved President, Dr. George S. Arundale, makes it all the more necessary that all members who can possibly come should be present to strengthen the Convention. Difficulties there will be, but "where there's a Will there's a Way."

So, please make up your mind and register your name as a delegate and inform us of your requirements as regards room, hut, or general accommodation as soon as possible. Early intimation helps us very much at Adyar. The charges will be notified later, but as the number of rooms available is limited, please send Rs. 10-15 if you wish to reserve one.

Adyar,  
20 September 1945.

G. N. GOKHALE,  
Recording Secretary.

Col. Thomson is on the retired list of the Imperial Army. During his military career he saw much service at home and abroad. He has been in Canada for 25 years, was president of the Toronto Lodge for two terms, and for many years a member of the General Executive. His sense of unity and brotherhood augurs well for the work in his country and by implication throughout the whole Society, particularly as it enters the reconstructive peace period.

## Rehabilitation

### SINGAPORE FREE

S/L Ned Clumeck, who as an Air Force pilot escaped from Singapore at the Japanese invasion and had been on duty recently with the R.A.F. near Adyar, landed in Singapore with the Allied forces on September 5. He immediately inquired for Johannes van Buren, a Young Theosophist of Adyar, and son of Mrs. Mary Elmore, who volunteered for service in Java when the war started and had not since been heard of, and found him close by working in the P.O.W. cook-house. Johannes was in excellent health and cheery, and had been sick only ten days in four years, "even though he had been through hell." It depends on the Dutch authorities when he will come to Adyar, but he hopes to be here for Convention in December.

Van Buren says that no Theosophist in Java has died—all are well.

S/L Clumeck writes further: "Our reception was marvellous. We almost cried when the people cheered us through the streets on arrival. Throughout the hell they have undergone two things stand out: all without exception, Europeans and others, are so polite and patient; the Karma they have worked out must have been terrific—the dross has gone and a fineness remains and seems to glow. Singapore generally is in excellent shape, 1000 per cent better than I had dared hope. Very few houses destroyed and others just the same. Streets clean, water, sewage, electricity all running, telephones working too. Almost as normal as before 1941 except for the populace being more drawn, but they shine with something I cannot describe."

Durban Lodge (S. Africa) has adopted Singapore Lodge. As Singapore is free, there should be an early revival of Theosophical activity.

# A Museum Of Theosophy At Adyar

HARRY GIBBERD, A.R.I.B.A

THE first part of this plan for a Museum of Theosophy for Adyar, in our September issue, took us through the Hall of Cosmology to the Mineral Evolution Section, where we broke off for lunch. The tour is now resumed, with the Animal Evolution and the Hall of Humanity and Hall of the Sub-Races. It is useful to refer to the "General View of the Layout" in last issue, and for easy reference the various halls with their orientation are here reproduced :

1. HALL OF COSMOLOGY : North to South—looks out West ;
2. ELEMENTALS I & II : North to South—looks out West ;
3. MINERAL EVOLUTION : East to West. Open to the sky ;
4. VEGETABLE EVOLUTION : South to North—looks East and West ;
5. ANIMAL EVOLUTION : East to West—looks North ;
6. HALL OF HUMANITY : North to South—entered from the North. Looks out East and West, North and South ;
7. HALL OF THE SUBRACES : East to West—looks West and North, entered from East ;
8. HOUSE OF SILENCE : Orientates to all directions comprehensively.

## The Halls and Evolutionary Sections :

Mr. Gibberd's story proceeds :

Shortly after two we were back again, having rested our feet, incidentally ! On, then, to THE VEGETATIONAL SECTION : we hurried along together.

The Vegetable Section is housed in a Loggia—a loggia is nothing more than a covered way—where the exhibits are freed from direct intervention of the sunlight and rains. There were seven divisional bays, each of which very fully dealt with various forms of vegetational life, with a memorandum alongside of the species of life necessary for their continued existence and reproduction. Decomposition of forms was not neglected.

Much of it was done by means of large vertically hung charts, apparently in paint and plastics. Some of the more representative exhibits were by way of being model "specimens," the better to judge colour and texture of trunk, branch, stem, and leafage, flower and fruit, seed and the germination of seed.

Exhibits which could be seen at a glance were by no means exhaustive : they were on the contrary representative only. In cabinets at their side would be found varieties housed as further sets of plates, many of them photographic, many again most carefully drawn, some pressed as valid specimens, others pickled.

In due course it is thought a school of artists will complete the basic series of drawings of all plants under review. Years of work are involved—for posterity.

Extinct tree forms, ferns, etc., were actually there as fossils : *Do not touch* :—yes, even to Theosophists this injunction is necessary.

There was a globe of the Earth to each Species of vegetational life : this indicated whereabouts on the Earth's surface were to be found during the various ages (co-existent with humanity, apparently) the vegetational families with which we are more or less familiar ; their spread ; the influence upon them of climate, change of land mass, etc.



Mr. Harry Gibberd

*A Museum of Theosophy at Adyar*



THE MAIN ENTRANCE

It is important to know that a good deal of lettering was present amongst these visual exhibits, a necessity which persisted right through the entire Museum. Not only were the names of species, etc., prominently displayed (though with every regard for proportion, good taste in lettering, etc.), but the occult significance of, perhaps, sudden change in the nature of a species in a comparatively short space of Time. Pollination affecting cross-breeding was noted, particularly where occult research has already ascertained that the Atlanteans, for example, were expert at such interferences with the course of nature.

In the PLACES OF SENTIENT CHANGE were expertly retold the findings of some modern scientific efforts; such subjects as the effect of sound on the growth of sentient things of every kind might find a place hereabouts?

The flooring even here continued to be "engraved" in chart form, named and dated without confusion. Names of geological periods were present, and it was by no means unimportant that a series of panels on display related vegetational growth and evolution with the remainder of life going on upon this Earth. The end to which vegetational evolution tends was not overlooked—master charts told us where branches of it lead to, stepping out of physical life, even, well before ourselves!

This constant recapitulation was an immeasurable boon to visitors and students alike—in view of the dispersion of exhibits into several wings, there was a tendency to overlook the synthetical aspect: this provision eradicated this deficiency at a blow!

In each main Section, furthermore, there would be found at a focal point prominently displayed a copy of the Master plan of the Museum. (Similar to what they do in the Secretariats at New Delhi). Saved an awful lot of unnecessary argument!

There is one other rather delightful point to raise about this Vegetable Evolution Section, and that is this: on the one side one looks out upon green lawns and trees, and flowers too—a quiet corner, evidently, where people are not encouraged to go. A bird sanctuary, if you like. Here were to be found, as we afterwards discovered, small loggias and rooms where the Reptilian, Bird, Insect and Fish life were examined.

On the other side, towards the Hall of Humanity, there was a series of trellis screens, grown with creepers of flowering kinds. It was possible to walk out at any point into this serene courtyard, enviable for discussion, it would seem, wherein was practically nothing! Yet, even here we found certain sculptured subjects arranged

formally, but the chief charm of this courtyard lay in its seclusion and quiet. It was paved from one end to the other. In it were a very few trees. On one side a pool, by which were ranged sculptures exemplifying the Kingdoms of Nature between the mineral and Man. There were lilies in the pool, and it might have been cool had it been shut off from the Southerly sun. At evening it was almost aloof!

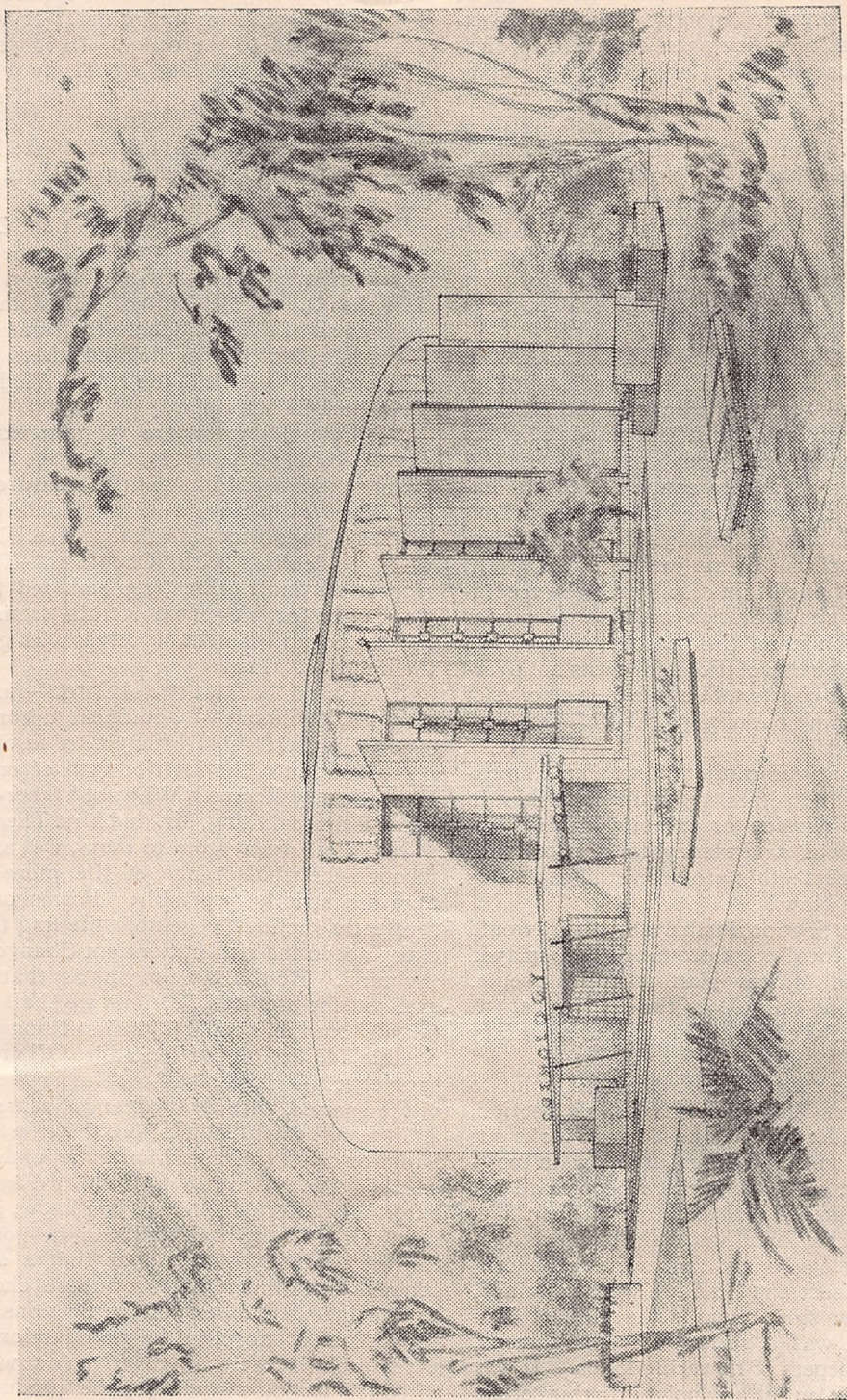
Now through the place of Sentient Change, at which point one leaves on one side the outer air, (again a symbolical setting, since it would be here that the whole Animal Kingdom "put on their coats of skin" much at the same period of Humanity, it is supposed?) and enters the buildings proper. We are in the ANIMAL EVOLUTION SECTION now.

Well, now, however are we going to do this? Are we going to permit stuffed skins? Are we going to pickle odd bits of little creatures, forgiving ourselves because we don't pickle the large species? Important questions these. However, we are dealing with Occultism—Time, the Author of this Scheme, remembered that!—so we may be forgiven if we refrain from making this a Zoo, and content ourselves with giving out the doctrine. Ha!

I insist on at least one skeleton—fascinating trophies, skeletons—magnificent decoration!—especially the fossils. Imagine a fossil all of a piece built into the interior wall of one of the Evolutionary Rooms? Why not! There is nothing like the real thing, Mr. and Mrs. Theosophist!

Now here, from room to room, we are going through the whole range of life more sentient than the strictly vegetable. Forms of almost sentimentally inclined vegetable life find their special place in the Hall of Sentient Change itself to my mind. By the same means as that already outlined for previous Sections we shall proceed, murals on the available walls being the one notable addition to our repertoire. Charts,—and such charts—diagrams of the internal anatomy of the species, with their organs of sense, please, and (if any) their chakras too, these last in their latent or developed condition in animals as the case may be. You can do it all by diagram and lettering matter *in extenso*, you know, provided always it is methodical, and can be controlled. Let me remind you at Adyar that a series of cabinets containing plates of these charts can be the indexed matter of the Sections without any difficulty, except in their production. What a research is there involved! You will need without question a studio for the production of all these thousands of charts—let them all be designed after the manner of a style—for example, let the lettering be settled as to type early

*A Museum of Theosophy at Adyar.*



THE HALL OF COSMOLOGY

on, and stick to it throughout everything. Have a range of colours too—if Mr. Walt Disney can, so can you!

There is one additional architectural development in the Animal Section to be mentioned: there is a corridor in which certain selected exhibits might well be displayed. The main body of the evolution of species, particularly as to details, is contained within the adjacent rooms, although these "rooms" are not divided off from the corridor by anything more than a screen or wall surface. The doorways are open for all to wander in and out at will. In addition there is to be a roof terrace to this Section.

Let us, then, leave the Animal Evolutionary Section, and make our debut into the **HALL OF INITIATION INTO MIND**.

The ceiling is low here, by virtue of providing a first-floor level across it. Nevertheless at the point of entrance into it the ceiling reaches to its full height.

One word before going further, lest we forget it entirely about the **MAIN ENTRANCE** itself. It is imposing. It is intended to be imposing. It would grace the terminal of an avenue of trees, for example. I hope it will do one day! Humanity has come in, as I saw it, all complete. What is the doctrine—masses of manlike intelligences *not yet having mind* whose duty it is to form the bodies of mankind?—guided, aided, and controlled by High Intelligences *with mind*?—and more!

This is immense subject matter for revelation within the scope of this Entrance Hall. I am now going to suggest that a series of pedestal sculptures be provided on the line of the approach steps to the Main Entrance, which shall make it clear that all these evolutions enter at one and the same time—(from the Moon).

Whilst "lower" evolutions are dealt with in progressive separate Sections, it is to be understood that they will enter this Earth between the Rounds at one point in Time.

It could be stated somewhere—for example, by a prominent plaque to the effect placed between the Hall of Cosmology and the first Section (Mineral)—that the following three Sections relate to the manner in which mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms respectively, are found to evolve, with the proviso that all that is shewn here and within those Sections also specially relates to what has been found to happen upon this Earth. Am I clear? Any contrasting information that it may be possible to give out of some other manner in which life-forms are evolved elsewhere (on other planets, for instance) could be the subject of a small exhibit suitably located.

Back, then, to the **HALL OF INITIATION INTO MIND**!

As I say, it is a low Entrance Hall. As you enter from the approach doorways, an effect of opening out will be experienced, in that the lowness of the initial "Hall" becomes Humanity at once, as soon as one passes forward.

Exteriorly, I have given you four great piers. They need not be heavily designed, but they ought surely to be impressive? They would be, as designed. Incorporated into the two central piers will be twin pieces of sculpture, allegorical, of course—let us do away with abstractions here as far as possible. I suggest Man and Woman, but am conscious of the doctrine of dual sexes at the outset, only to be evolved in the 3rd Root-Race to its separation.

Nevertheless, Man and Woman as the subject matter of these sculptures might not be considered inappropriate if nothing better offers.

Isolated pieces of sculpture in the round, such as a bust, would be good here—perhaps the Founders of The Society, if desired. Otherwise we might endeavour to portray the Gods themselves!—those instrumental in developing the "descent" into the physical might again be appropriate subjects for the honour. But the Founders are less controversial, and should have a place in the Museum. Where better than at this important point?

Before engaging in the actual progression of Humanity as such down the succeeding Root-Race history, there is ample opportunity to resolve this vexed question of simultaneous evolution into the physical on the part of all forms of life brought over from the Moon to Earth. No doubt further consideration will suggest the best use to which the space available may be put.

It is to be presumed that the Deva series of evolutions was also involved in this transfer from Moon to Earth between Rounds? Let that be brought out on the first-floor level, above the entrance, but again discretely. I need the utmost dignity at this point: if I were to advise, I should say let us have no distressing things just here. I have no objection, however, to discretely executed wall panels depicting comparisons between the auras of various species of physically embodied life, and Devas too—if size permits it. Somewhere this "synthetic" comparison must be displayed: where better than the first-floor level above the entrance Hall, in my submission? There are wall spaces there just as there are upon the ground floor.

The **ENTRANCE HALL** (Hall of Initiation into Mind):

A word about this: As said before, the Entrance Hall is extensive. Before one is the Hall

of Humanity itself, while to the right-hand side is the spacious corridor leading to the Sub-Races Hall of Humanity, and beyond. Behind us there will be found the Main Staircase, a gentle rising from one floor level to the next, culminating on the first-floor level.

THE FIRST-FLOOR LEVEL is also spacious, overlooking the whole expanse of the Hall of Humanity, and leading on the one side on to the roof Terrace of the Animal Section, on the other hand ultimately giving a similar balcony overlooking the Sub-Races Hall of Humanity.

There is a LECTURE HALL, however, entered from the head of the Main Staircase. This Lecture Hall is so placed, appropriately, because Mankind is under tuition, don't you know, and there is no better place for it than here. The Hall is ramped down in steps of seating, from first-floor level back to ground-floor levels; with a podium for delivering the lectures, large enough for minor ballets and so on, musicals and addresses of a recurring nature. The Hall would be fitted with a Projection Room, for cinematograph displays. (No doubt the Society is prepared to undertake the tasks of producing films on the subject of occultism?)

## The Hall of Humanity:

Now, what have we got? This is a Hall of the following dimensions:

Length: 135'0" (including "The Goal").

Width: 30'0" + alcoves between piers.

Height: 40'0" or thereabouts ("The Goal" is higher).

The Hall is divided into seven major bays, or more correctly as follows:

Higher portion of Entrance Hall

(into Mind): 17'0"

The 7 Bays (each 12'0" in extent): 84'0"

The Goal : 34'0" or so.

It will be observed that each Bay of the Hall refers to each Root-Race development. It is not going to be an easy task to set out very much information within the space of 12'0" x 30'0", but a term must obviously be placed on quantity of information displayed so that it can be seen "at one sweep."

It is therefore proposed that the left-hand alcoves between the piers shall house life-size models of Mankind. The details of the manner of doing this are later business of a Committee. It occurs to the Author, however, that if the sheer size of the species decreased in geometrical progression to 5/6' in the 4th Root-Race, from 25'0" in the 3rd—the dimensional difficulty

of providing an idea by means of a full-scale model (why not?—you have glass and plastics to use, cloudy and clear, for astral and mental matter!)—then the immensity by comparison with 1st Root-Race (Mental) man would be several hundreds of feet in height!

However, no doubt Theosophy is not going to be beaten by a small point like this. I'm sure it can be done, if all you can contrive to do is to show a small child, so to say. (But there weren't even any children—incredible!)

Whether you need to go into questions of methods of species-reproduction is another point much affecting the design of a building. It could be contained, to my way of thinking, by discretely engraved linework upon the granite facings of the piers, within the alcoves. Just what you feel impelled to show is not for me to say.

Let us move on, then; let us discuss the flooring here.

In The Hall of Cosmology it was suggested that mosaic was the best answer, all things considered (except the means to do it!)

In The Hall of Humanity (Root-Races) what about a change? I would suggest a granite slab flooring finish here, possibly highly polished, wherein would be engraved with much distinction and appeal to the reason, no doubt, the Histories of Mankind's development.

The Entomological Tree is the subject.

The amount of dates shewn, names, etc., requires most careful handling to avoid confusion, but there is the floor space to do it faithfully, even in the adopted three languages!

Further over towards the right-hand side of the Hall there are the Models of the Rounds relating to this Solar System, and Humanities' place in it.

I see no reason why these models should not be highly successful, but they require experimentation and thought on the precise manner of their making.—Materials which suggest themselves include glass, particularly for the Models of the Rounds upon the Mental planes of matter (clear glasses); and the Astral Rounds (cloudy possibly opalescent glasses?); the use of glass persisting upon the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Rounds to represent, for example, the stretch of mental and astral matter of given stated densities (?) away from the surface of the globes concerned.

The surface of the glass, particularly plate glass used (there is even unbreakable plate glass manufactured today), may be sandblasted, etched, etc., to afford the necessary information where required.

There will be a balcony on the right-hand side, an extension of the first-floor levels, for the purpose of reviewing the main exposition



described above. There is also another balcony position at the end of the Hall above the Entrance Hall, where the whole story of Humanity can be discoursed upon, but not very much from there will be visible, readable or intelligible, due to distances, and foreshortening of sight.

I am not at all satisfied that The Rounds should be in this Hall at all: rather should the models described relate pertinently to Root-Race Histories. If they are, then they might be better related to a subordinate position, for example beneath the right-hand side Balcony, within the alcoves there? As designed, the alcoves were to house a flat Mercator-type-projection map of the World, shewing land masses and seas, with the movements of Humanity revealed upon it.

Another point—the “positively terrifying” models of MAN on the left-hand side could be moved out into the body of the Hall.

The Author suggests that plaster casts of the archeological finds, such as come under the general head of “Museum pieces,” should be obtained where possible, and placed on pedestals for exhibition in this Hall, or alternatively perhaps better in the Sub-Race Hall? Such to include the heads of Cro-Magnon Man, for example, etc.

(It seems to me, by the way, that THE ROUNDS had much better be dealt with in the Hall of Cosmology? There hardly seems to be space elsewhere. The only other appropriate position for these models would be our old friend the Hall of Initiation into Mind! I can see this will really require amendment somewhere!)

Leaving on one side the Hall of Humanity (Sub-Race), let us proceed to examine the terminal feature of this Hall. This is *THE GOAL*.

I have wondered what could possibly be done here? Are we to pay honour to those members of Humanity who have already made the grade? What better can be suggested? It must be said, unless I am gravely mistaken, that this savours of religion rather too closely. Yet I will not dispute on this question: it is not a question for me, again. My job is to give you a Building suitable to your requirements, as sympathetically and as intelligently as may in me lie.

I should like to see a consortium of figures here: those of the personalities who have left us, so to say—inadequately, it's true. The resulting sculptural effect might be a marvellous thing. It would stress the commonalty of all religions, so tangled in the public mind, so insecurely held firm in our own?

That being the case, conceivably (that we shall have sculptures), the centre of this flooring might be devoted best to a presentation of the great Symbols, which synthesize this life? In any case, it is also my suggestion that this same

Symbol shall be made of plate glass, and suspended from the Ceiling above immediately in front of the veiled great South Window. It is very dramatic. I am not sure whether it is not too dramatic altogether, but the suggestion is there. It would be quite unforgettable. It could be explained by lettered matter on the spot, moreover. Obviously this must be done more than once in the Museum as now planned in the Scheme: it is also fully required in the Hall of Cosmology. But here it has gone through a process of differentiation—from noumenon to phenomenon, from unconsciousness to fuller consciousness, gone full circle so that the words “Consummatum Est” are filled with meaning.

It is only my purpose to suggest within the spirit of Theosophy.

One further point, if I may, about this Hall: in Gothic period building—cathedral and monastic works—there is a quality of uplifting aspiration, which is widely regarded as one of the hallmarks of the Gothic period, which I love and have studied. The resort to “verticals” is, perhaps, the key to this uplifting quality. I want it in this Hall.

May I ask for restraint, however. I am afraid the most fitting climax one could wish to see would a gorgeous representation of the aura. My whole mental habit is towards austerity, however, and I have therefore adopted as my climax the veiled white light of the South. (It just happens to be the south on the plan—sorry I cannot relate it to occult teachings.)

Even though we appear to owe so much to the East, I should regret to design something here which merely exalted, or appeared so to do, one particular founder of a religion. This is a delicate and controversial question, but the danger will be apparent, I feel sure. I can only point to it, having so much temerity.

By the by, the whole question of auras: The human auras could very well be incorporated in the models of man. I see no insuperable difficulty in making them—at least one special model should show what occurs within the aura during experiential moments. A place could readily be found for this momentous exhibit! It could surely be achieved by means of an epidiascope projector, fitted locally, if necessary *behind* a muslin backcloth? No doubt it will all work itself out!

Let us proceed out of the Hall of Humanity now, and walk through the adjoining courtyard to the Sub-Races.

The Courtyard might well contain exhibits of special significance such as those indicated upon the Master Plan. The “Lords of the Flame” from Venus must have a place somewhere, and

I did feel a rostrum of some kind could be located in line—with the 1st Root-Race Bay?

## The Hall of the Sub-Races :

The character of the architecture changes completely here. The main structure is conceived as being formed of three bays, each main structural member being either a reinforced concrete TRIANGLE pointing upwards, or a steel member, which would be more slender. This might well be thought to be erroneous, as the symbology of the architectural form is *upwards*, whereas the whole trend of Humanity appears to be downwards up to a point? I don't regard this suggestion as altogether a happy one for this locality.

(On the other hand I rather like the idea of a Hall built after this unusual fashion. If The Society wanted *both* the material downward-pointing triangle and also the upward spiritual one together, then, whilst anything can be done in reinforced concrete, it would be obstructive after a manner. I hardly think it's worth too much notice of this symbol, unless it can be most carefully handled. It was this sort of thing which I desired to avoid, at any rate, and now I find myself hovering round it irresistibly, it seems. Annoying !)

Well, here we simply have the Sub-Races of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Root-Races examined as fully as space permits. Space per bay amounts to 37'0" x 26'0", with substantial height in the centre of the Hall only. In addition there is planned a large room to the Southerly side of each Bay, wherein an examination in synthesis might be arranged—with, as desired, floor models, wall charts, models and everything complete !

The end of the triangular Hall facing the Hall of Humanity is filled above 7' level with clear glazing : below would be removable shutters, taken away when the weather permits. It is therefore possible to look down into this Hall from the first-floor level of the Hall of Humanity, across the Courtyard—a circumstance which increases one's appreciation of the whole Museum Section.

The end facing westerly, however, is treated differently. Here it is suggested a bay window of some size shall depict the coming 6th Sub-Race. Be it noted that each of the main three bays of this Sub-Races Hall deals with all seven sub-races, so there is an enormous mass of information to collate, select and arrange with clarity !

(This means 7 sub-races must be dealt with exclusively in the space noted above, namely 57' x 26' plus the added rooms alongside).

The use of floor charts, wall charts, and allegorical decor, statuary and skeletons (!) of modern man, etc., the shape of the land masses and the manner of their changes, climatic changes and conditions, etc., can each and all find expression and representation on the lines of previous descriptions. For the purposes of this preliminary Report I see no great need to further clarify the issue.

## The House of Silence

I do not want to say a great deal about this little idea. As you observe from the Master Ground Floor Plan it is based upon the synthetic symbols.

In brief, then, the Author imagined it would be good to possess such a place where meditation and worship on occasion could be done, as the symbolic climax of the Great Progression.

It is not intended to have anything within the House. Or rather the Author is incapable of conceiving what would be appropriate to the idea.

A small loggia would be constructed, formed out of the decorative pattern of the plan provided by interlacing triangles.

It is not a place which I personally should want to be in, but I am aware that other people might find it of use to them where meditation and beyond is needed. I can say no more than this.

It would be of no great height above the ground. The roof would be of reinforced concrete once again, echoing the shape of the six-pointed star which results from the interlaced triangles.

It could be decorated with the utmost austerity and simplicity. I can imagine a ceiling of goldleaf, or any very well chosen colour which is likely to remain permanent under the effects of tropical sunlight. Blue occurs to mind as being more suitable. It is up to you : here is the idea. I am suggesting more elegant, in the real meaning of that word, slenderness, etc. Haven't I seen somewhere a series of 7 or 8 gold balls mounted on a central post—Tibetan, perhaps? Well, I do think that would be much nicer to say the same thing !

Discussing these things with you as I am, I feel sure that if I were able to come to Adyar (of which I have little hope now) and work with you over a period in order to crystallize all these things with you all, there would be a constant struggle between what constitutes my predilection for Fine Art, and the impossibility of departing one iota from the requirements of symbology ! I do not believe we should quarrel about lesser things.

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