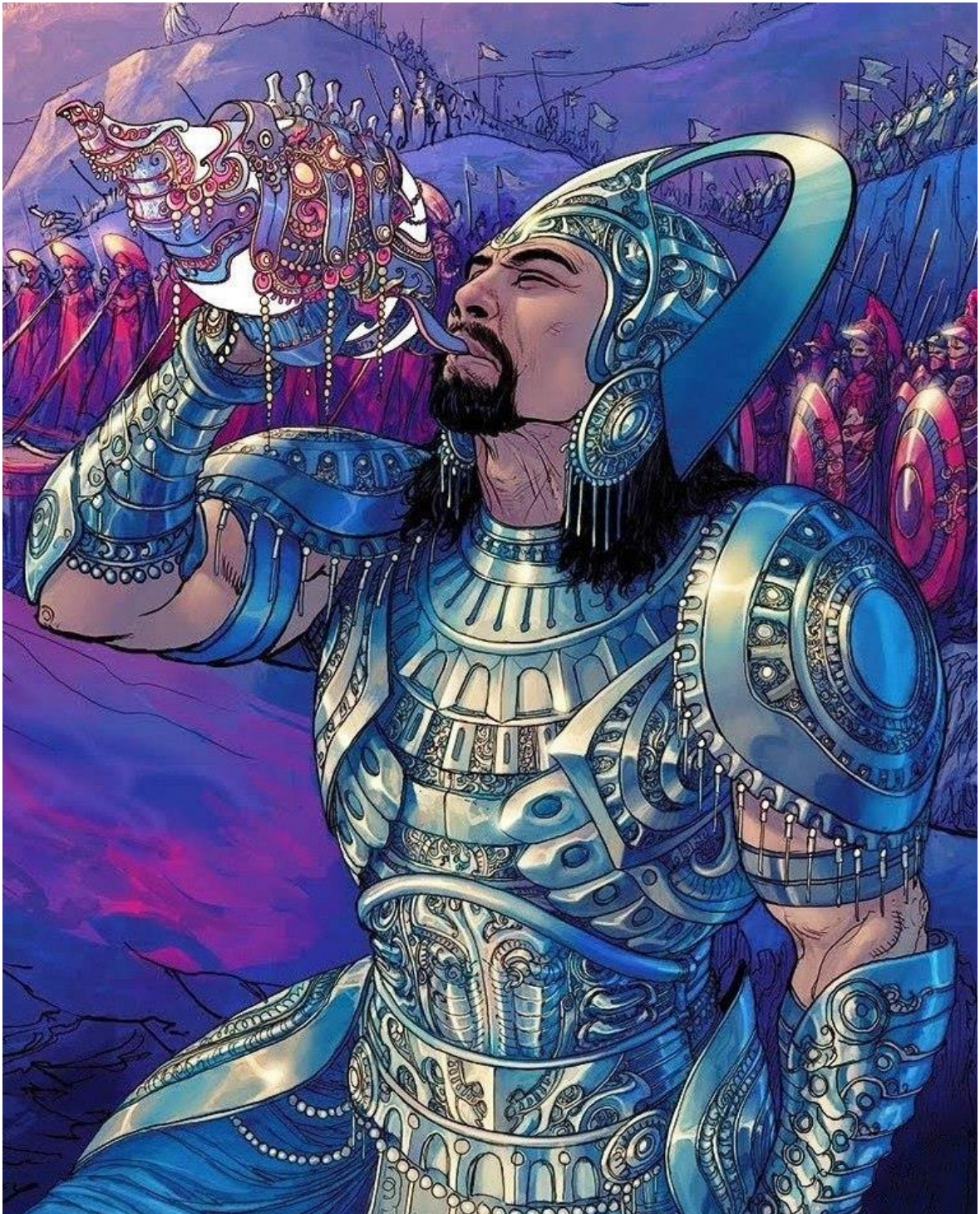


*Is the Sun of India's glory
set never to rise again?*



A strange revery, by K.P.B.

First published in *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, No. 3, November 1879, pp. 76-77.
H.P. Blavatsky responded in her capacity as Editor of *The Theosophist*.
Frontispiece: Chakravarti Raja Bharat, by Mukesh Singh.

The query naturally suggests itself to any one now observing this “poor shadow” of the Āryan land — Is the *sun of India’s glory* set never to rise again? — a question that comprehends in abstract all the philosophical, scientific, and even political interests affecting the country. And yet, how invaluable soever in its nature the point be, an answer to it is all but impossible. Hope, however, that darling supporter of humanity, never forsakes while there is still life, and makes every loving heart turn sufficiently credulous to fancy at the last a speedy recovery. Hence — the propriety for a native Hindu taking counsel with himself.

Shall, then, our glorious *Āryāvarta* lie always dark? No, she cannot; — *she* that yet takes pride in having been the earliest quarter of civilization on the globe, the first hotbed of sciences, the oldest repository of arts, and the most ancient seat of learning and improvements; the land whence such as Solon, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Ammonius Saccas and Ptolemy drew their minds. Where was that wide-famed Republic then, or that time-honoured *mistress* when thou, Queen of all Fairy Lands, wast already shining with riches, grandeur, and refinement? Art not thou the original archetype, from which the elder Egypt copied her peculiar priest craft? Was not thy wealth, as it is to this day, the envy and ambition of the Dariuses, the Alexanders, the Antoni and Maximii, as of those who preceded them even in earlier days? What, then, has made thee this day niggard all and worn out, to wail, darkling under demolitions and depredations? Ah, MOTHER! those days of thine are past, those thy glories lost, and even those brave sons of thine that crowned thy beauty and formed thy greatest pride, are gone — gone for ever! Such mighty princes as Rama Chandra, Yudhistir, Asoka, and Bikra-Maditya kind, benevolent, generous and magnanimous; monarchs, so much unlike those of the present day, the tyrannical, oppressive, selfish, and debauched — themselves immortals though mortal beings, where are they? Heroes like Lakhmana, Bhismu, Drona, Karna and Arjuna, whose very names were thy honour, whither are they gone? When will again arise sages like Janaka or Balmikee, Veda-Byasa or Manu, Patanjali or Goutama — saints, whose works and deeds have made them immortals, like the Phoenix of old! The irresistible scythe of Time has mowed them down, with all thy glories and power too. The hateful Crescent first forced in its way and did all but complete thy ruin. . . .

But “Providence protects the fallen”: the Cross at length took up the Moslem’s pace, and redeemed (Heaven willing) the disabled and captive Queen. So MOTHER, despair not! The breath that once inspired thy latent spirits shall soon revive. A great aid is come to thee: weeping so long in the wilderness, thy sighs shall now be heard — The THEOSOPHIST shall lead thy sons along.

Such being the importance of the worthy Journal and its great originators,¹ the *Theosophical Society*, there arises this “Strange Revery” which I have made the heading of this article. It is a revery, indeed, but neither unaccountable nor inconsiderate — rather the issue of ardent deliberation — to wit, a craving of the contributor to have himself enlisted as a Fellow of this great body. He seeks thereby no name or fame, before the public. A man of a philanthropic turn of mind, but in circumstances of life little favourable to the end, he desires but to gratify his desire to see himself moving within the “Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.” He is not one of those “dark lantern visages” that seeks to shed light but upon his own path, and cause all around an universal gloom; but one, whose soul generates in him an universal love. He is really of one mind with the Theosophists on questions of theology and sectarianism — or more properly, he is a *Hindu Brahmin* obeying the *Liberalism* of the Vedas. Thus, he considers himself in no way unfit and is willing to follow the prescribed rules of the Society. Favoured by such conclusions and further emboldened by the express statement in the last number of the Journal that “The Society’s members represent the most varied nationalities and races, and were born and educated in the most dissimilar creeds and social conditions”; and also that “a certain number have scarcely yet acquired any definite belief but are in a state of expectancy”; the writer strengthens himself with the hope of success, and wishes the readers in general to watch the progress of affairs with eyes of generosity and hope.

Every man of Āryan descent should feel pride, and rejoice with the fullest heart over the establishment of such a mouth-piece, and uphold to the utmost limit of his capacity his only medium of communication for him with all the contemporary advanced nations of both the East and the West. Does not this signalize a most remarkable epoch in the revival of the Āryan people? To all who are not blind, it most assuredly does. No hesitation, therefore, can there be, on the part of any sensible Hindu to resign himself into the hands of the great “Republic of Conscience,” to enjoy God’s free Light in company with those who have made that phrase their peculiar watchword.

JEYPORE, *November 7th*, [1879]

¹ Our welcome contributor is a Rajput and imbued, apparently, with that chivalrous ardour which ever characterized that warrior race. While disclaiming for our journal or Society, all pretence of assuming the leadership, or aspiring to anything more than a very humble part in the great work of Indian national reform, we nevertheless affirm the sincerity of our motives, and publish without emendation our brother’s words, in the hope and belief that his noble patriotism will awaken responsive echoes all over the land. For the regeneration of India must be effected by the efforts of her own children. — ED. THEOS.