THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE FURTHERANCE OF

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1898. No. 6.

CONTENTS.

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DUBLIN: 13 Eustace Street.
LONDON: 3 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.
NEW YORK: 144 Madison Avenue.

PRICE 4*s.* PER YEAR POST FREE. PER COPY 3*d* POST FREE 4*d*.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

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Articles in harmony with the spirit and aim of the magazine are invited. Manuscripts should be accompanied by postage for return if found unavailable.

Business communications to be addressed to PUBLISHERS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST, 13 Eustace Street, Dublin.

Subscriptions 4*s*. per annum, post free (America $1). Remittances should be made payable to PUBLISHERS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

The Editors are responsible for unsigned articles only.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

FEARLESSNESS.

Life is joy; impress that on the people.—*Katherine A. Tingley.*

Look into the deep heart of life, whence pain comes to darken men's lives. She is always on the threshold, and behind her stands despair. . . . It is we who permit them.—*Through the Gates of Gold.*

The Path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire - the light of daring, burning in the heart.—*Voice of the Silence.*

'LIFE is joy"! Does that seem too strong a statement? Strange somewhat, to our unaccustomed ears? Yet there is no mistaking the emphatic utterances of the Teachers of men. Let us therefore consider the matter somewhat in detail and try to extract from these sentences their inner meaning. Apparently contradictory, they are in reality in complete harmony. This fearlessness too; what is it but another aspect of that joy which is the true basis of life? Why then is it, that when we look at the life around us, the life "formed by the hearts of men" we seem to find only a pervading note of sadness? A sadness that has given rise to some of the most terrible forms of pessimism that have ever darkened the human mind. Why? The answer comes swiftly:— "It is *we* who permit."

The basic teaching contained in that watchword of the ages, "Universal Brotherhood," is that of a unity of being, a harmony, which is at once the cause and the effect of the true joy of life. To reach this joy, from which springs fearlessness, is simple. Every great teacher has iterated and reiterated the way thereto, in one form or another, throughout the centuries; yet still men "permit" pain and despair to reign. By persistently following the dictates of the animal in man, chaining the god in the service of the brute, they dam up the pure, sweet waters of Life; and so pain and despair seem to stand "always on the threshold." Yet let man but once realise that it is he, and none other, who creates these grim forms to torment him, how quickly will he snap these self-imposed fetters and step out into Life, free and fearless, and filled with the joy of being!

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Rarely in the history of humanity has there been such an opportunity as now presents itself to reach the threshold of the "Gates of Gold" and lift the latch which bars us from the Place of Peace. For the signs of the times, the voices of our Teachers, all unite in telling us that now is the hour when the flower of civilisation has blown to its full and its petals are but slackly held together. Disillusioned and weary in mind, man asks whither indeed he is tending, in what direction lies his goal? The darkness which comes before the dawn has descended upon him and if he would but recognise it, now is the great chance to step forward; else will he "fall back, through despondency and satiety, to barbarism."

We who are members of the U. B. have the most profound conviction that this will not be so; that by united effort, directed by right thought, the great step, for which the ages have been waiting, will be taken and humanity will come out, at last, into the light of day; already we can see the glittering rays in the distance. For the dynamic effect of such united effort and thought, and above all of deep conviction and will, is almost incalculable.

Seeking within ourselves the sweet waters of Life, we find them welling up in a stream of joy when we try to follow the simple rules of life and conduct which the great ones have laid down for us. Forgetting self in working for others, the most timid among us begins to feel something of that fearlessness which is inspired by the "warrior"* who fights in us. From whence, after all, springs that fear which dogs our steps? It can exist only in that superficial layer of our consciousness which we call that of the man of passions and desires, the personal animal-man. If we take courage and look deeper, we do indeed see that "all these beings among whom we struggle on are fragments of the divine"; that they are—*ourselves*. There, too, stands the "warrior" who has been waiting for us so long. He will fight in us; fight for man's liberation, for he is ourself, "yet infinitely wiser and stronger."

How then can we fear anything? There is no longer any loss, or pain, or any separation possible for a man, when once he has realised, however faintly, the absolute unity of all. This he can only do by working for all. Let him but have the courage to spring right away from his present standpoint of personal hopes, desires and fears, and "Ah! the profound peace that falls. . . . All is indeed changed. No longer is there any rebellion or distress, no longer any hunger for pleasure or dread of pain. It is like a great calm descending on a

* See *Light on the Path.*

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stormy ocean." Yet we must not fall into the too common error of supposing that the animal in us has to be totally suppressed! Not so. It has to be guided and inspired by the god within, our true self. All its extraordinary powers will then be devoted to the service of that humanity of which it is an integral part.

There is the path. To tread it is so simple, once we have that faith (" which is unlearned knowledge ") in our divine possibilities enabling us to step right out of our narrow groove and go forward in utter fearlessness towards a goal which we know to exist " right here and now." Not visionary, not far off, because present in man's very nature. He does but need to realise sufficiently that his true happiness lies in that direction, and in that direction alone, for him to enter into his inheritance. By his own will is he an outcast, by his own will can he at any moment gain possession of his birthright. Let nothing, then, prevent our stepping forward. This we can only do by giving the god within us sovereignty over the animal. Only thus can we cease from all fear, and live every moment as it comes, to the full ; careless of the future, fearless of the past, so only we work ceaselessly for the redemption of the Race. And lo! we shall find at last within our grasp that for which we have for long ages been blindly searching: "It is not joy nor yet distress ; but it is that within ourselves which is both joy and distress."

Yes, and he "will find there the face he has so longed to find. It is not the face of any other loved one ; it is the face of all loved ones." This quest of the ages is something of so transcendent a worth, so superlative a value, that it is little wonder few have ever found it; for it is of great price. The price to be paid is the self, the little personal man of passion and desire. Yet could we but catch one glimpse of that "face" within the veil, how easy to let all else go ! What is needed for the effort is that fire of daring burning in the heart, born of the faith that *knows*, and that utter fearlessness which will lead us to count all else as naught in the balance, so we find the Self. We know the road ; others have trodden it before us and left a path through the trackless wilderness. Who follows in their train ?

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THE GOSPEL OF REBIRTH.

THE discovery of the pivot of the Universe generally becomes for thinking people the most momentous quest. Like that of the North Pole, the search excites more attention than attendance. Nor do even the profoundest philosophers appear to know of the benefits that may be supposed to accrue from an indisputably constituted Universal Pivot, any more than our most learned geographers do of the advantages assumed to depend upon an incontrovertibly established North Pole. The general disposition is to erect a fence around these sacred things. There are some, who, gifted with more sanguine disposition or less accurate observation than their neighbours, discover poles and pivots within their own demesnes, and such an one will point out to you in a corner of his back-garden, in other respects an ordinary weedy but taxable precinct, the magic spot about which his system gyrates. The State has not yet found it necessary to restrict the liberty of all such subjects. So long as these personal poles are located off the thoroughfare, it is even permitted to guard them with a railing. They need protection.

It must be conceded, however, that in a philosophy in the conception of whose cosmos the centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere, there is scant encouragement for private pivot-mongering. Each man stands at a centre, and the conditions of his equilibrium require that there shall be no barrier between him and his fellows.

It is very frequently the occasion of genuine sorrow to the earnest worker when he has gone with the glad tidings of a new message to one he was assured stood in need of it, to find it received with indifference, with the non-recognition of a bat-eyed soul marvellously preoccupied with the entomology of darkness. But let him not be disturbed. Gods, demi-gods and heroes have proclaimed divine messages ere now to an unimpressible world, and had their only reward in the development of the tendency to labour without hire. Generations of amiable and devoted people spend their efforts in disseminating the knowledge of a name or a creed, and like the whale who drank till he burst, die in the affecting belief that the ocean of evil has been considerably lowered. The ocean is drying up, but the absorption is not due to whales.

There was a certain excellent man who placarded his community with a formula of good words, and he has been disappointed since then that the sun does not rise earlier than usual in that territory; but the sun also has many dismal places to look into, and our friends must emulate the solar patience. It was (and is) believed by many modern theosophists that if the knowledge of rebirth were to be conveyed to a

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susceptible humanity, the Golden Age would straightway stick itself right up over all the four horizons. But the Golden Age conforms to a law known as of cycles. And it might occur to our statistical chelas that if fifteen centuries be the average time between incarnations, then if every suffering mortal from henceforth for ever should achieve Nirvana in one birth, three thousand years must needs elapse before the various members of these present races, both in the flesh and out of the flesh, could exalt themselves to heavenly places. Three thousand years is a long time, and we shall have to wait longer than that.

Canon Taylor once demonstrated the fact that it would take eleven hundred years at the normal rate of conversion to convert to Christianity "the heathen" who were born each year, not to speak of the adults who could never be reached. It used to be more popular than at present to consign to a cosmic furnace these unrecked and unreckonable millions, but there remains a genuine difficulty in the minds of multitudes of devout Christians in regard to the ultimate destiny of the unregenerate. Those who are familiar with the law of rebirth, comfort themselves with the just order of life by which men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things in other lives, and are happy to know that "so shall all Israel be saved." But it is significant that the idea is absolutely repulsive to many who cannot dissociate their preconceived ideas of the future from this to them novel view of life. Of course these preconceptions cannot be harmonised with the idea of rebirth, and it is well known that human nature will abandon a fact nine times out of ten in favour of a preconception. Professor Beet, of the Methodist Church, has recently been impeached for holding opinions of his own concerning "the last things," but has been allowed to keep them, if he keeps them quiet. The *British Weekly*, which is a competent authority on nonconformist theology in England, in a clever article recently arraigned such laxity of discipline, and while summing up the several heretical speculations upon eternity, carefully refrained from making any allusion to reincarnation. Not because the *British Weekly* is unacquainted with the doctrine: the paper is a scholarly one: but it is felt to be dangerous to even allude to the old wisdom-teaching in orthodox circles, and while straw men are set up and overthrown by legions, and the Image of Dogmatic Religion is worshipped with reverent adoration, the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world is commended to ecclesiastical bushels.

Rebirth is a doctrine of liberty. It is the fact of human freedom. Those who desire to enslave others, and those who shrink from

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accepting self-responsibility are and will continue to be opposed to it. But just as we must go from the processes of eating and digestion to more important considerations of the maintenance and continuity of physical vigour, so we must go behind the phenomena of repeated existences to life itself, of which existence is a mode, before we can appreciate the glory and majesty and the unspeakable peace of eternal being.

There is one poor unhappy soul who prays from the depths of a broken heart that he may never live again. Disappointed in every honest effort, thwarted in every ambition, beguiled in every ideal, cheated in every hope, trodden upon in every path of life, shattered in health, tortured in affection, he and his like long for sleep and the night. All the mornings of many a year have been clouded for them with anguish. There is even allurement in the deep damnation of suicide. And they say that the doctrine of rebirth is a doctrine of devils. And yet if they understood the law, they would feel that if in this life only they had hope, then are they of all men most miserable. The uncrowned efforts, the blighted ambitions, the unachieved ideals, the unexpanded affections, the unexplored pathways of these broken lives are all so many inner and unquenchable impulses seeking manifestation, and a new birth and a new life will grant the conditions for their realisation.

It is not then to be expected that the preaching of the Gospel of Rebirth alone is sufficient, though there actually is a potency in its spoken declaration, as the initiated who know the distinction between preaching the Gospel and proclaiming the Word can understand. There are greater things than the mere processes of existence, and in the development of character, the assumption of spiritual power, the attainment of moral freedom, and the consummation of brotherhood, we may find tasks in which the knowledge of rebirth with its possible suggestion and temptation of a reward to come might only prove a hindrance. Yet there need be no fear that the idea will be lost to sight. There is less danger of the pole going to pieces than of the observer flying off with centrifugal force from the equatorial bulge.

Hence we may understand why many great Teachers have apparently failed to lay stress on a fact which is everywhere implied in their philosophy, and which is obvious to every thoughtful student. Even in the master-moral of *The Idyll of the White Lotus* there is no direct enunciation of the teaching which has been a gospel and a golden key to so many of our time.

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"Hear me my brothers. There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit.

"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

"Each is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them."

BEN MADIGHAN.

HOLIDAY MUSINGS.

My holiday task was the reading of Bellamy's "Equality," and it was most enlightening and thought-provoking. Amongst other things it set me thinking on Ideals. The text of this train of thought was the words, in which I found the germ of the entire book:—"That there may be no more masters and servants among you, but brethren only."

Words like these are a challenge to the reader. In his mind assent or discord arises at once, and his ideal of the relation of man to man stands revealed.

We of the Universal Brotherhood are often saying that "thoughts are things," but we need to get down to the ideals that lie at the roots of our thoughts, if we would live Brotherhood. It is my inner thought of any class of fellow-beings that is affecting my relationship to them. As I walk along the roads every man, woman and child that my eye falls upon receives a thought-ray of mine conveying either sympathy or separateness; each one is subtly affected thereby for helping or for discouraging, for healing or for hurt.

Take another Ideal. That of giving. Do we know by careful thought what it is in our power to give? We know of hunger and want, but do we realise that the body is, after all, the smallest part of the man? That there is hunger not only of the body for meat, but of the heart for love and sympathy, of the mind for knowledge, of the soul for wisdom. Some of us can give money for bodily needs. Others can give instruction whereby men shall learn of what world-stuffs they are made, of their origin and destiny and so of right living. All of us can give sympathy, and this, I find, is what most people prize more than all else. It is the heart-ache back of the bodily weariness that finally

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overcomes the will to live. In my own little corner of this great U.B. I have by the gift of unconscious sympathy prevented suicide. We all have two out of three things in our control. Time, money and thought are the three things. One of these can be given incessantly. Money may be limited, time and thought are boundless. Time may be precious, but right ideals, the simple holding of the mind in an attitude best expressed by Brotherhood, is a constant and powerful influence on humanity at large, and the greatest part of our duty towards our neighbour. F. W. L.

AMERICAN LETTER.

By D. N. Dunlop.

Since my arrival here much has transpired in every direction, and there is a great deal to reflect on. Events move rapidly in this country, which necessitates a wise use of energy if the best results are to be accomplished. Some get caught up in the whirl or thrown upon a sandbank. Both calamities are disastrous. Criticism of the malignant type generally comes from the sandbank. The expressive press here have a good phrase for such unfortunate individuals: they are called "small Americans." And from whatever country they hail they can always be recognised by the "small" mind.

It was my lot to be a good deal in contact with Mrs. Tingley for some time after my arrival, and I had by this means the opportunity of witnessing the methods adopted by one of large mind, whose outlook was not limited by any narrow-minded considerations. The occult cause of brotherhood was endangered by the attitude of some who were apparently friendly to its best interests. Its protection necessitated the adoption of strong measures, applied with a firm and skilful, yet withal a gentle hand. Through many weeks I watched the operation going on and saw with amazement the wonderful patience of this leader of men Who can tell when the destinies of nations are in the balance? Are there not times when the gods turn their faces, waiting the action of men? An epoch-making period demands one strong enough to stand guard over the sacred trust of the ages, even if the hosts of hell must be trampled to powder. If the watchers over human destiny know their business, they will be well represented at such a crisis or otherwise their previous efforts would be rendered almost entirely futile. Well! the hour arrived—that fateful moment upon which so much depended; the bow of Apollo was bent, the shining shaft leaped from the quivering cord with marvellous effect,—the cause of sublime perfection was then known without doubt to have been in safe keeping.

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Soon afterwards came a crisis in the history of the United States. War was declared between America and Spain. Success after success followed the engagements of the American forces, until Spain, on the 113th day after war was declared, is compelled to sign a protocol of peace on the terms demanded by the United States, and on the 13th day of August the declaration of peace is made to the entire world. The war was entered upon in the interests of humanity in Cuba, and perhaps for this very reason the results have far transcended the ideas of the most optimistic minds. The entire country has been united in a way it never was before. The solidarity of the people has been made complete beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. A new world power has now to be reckoned with, whose effect, it seems to me, must be far-reaching. Not that many lessons have not yet to be learned, but because the true elements are embodied in the genius of the people of this country. The pioneer of a new spirit, these United States hold out a new ideal for all nations. As the birthplace of Theosophy in this century, as the place where its influence has been most widely and potently felt, it is not surprising that it should take its place in the vanguard of the mighty powers destined to bring "Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity." In this connection the following from the London *Times* of recent date is not without significance:—

It is noteworthy that while the Spaniards, who are usually regarded as chivalrous, romantic and mediæval, have turned first to the financial aspect of the situation, the Americans, usually supposed to be intensely practical, have as yet hardly given a thought to the financial or economic side of the question. What occupies the American people at this moment is not the cost of the war, the value of their acquisitions, or the balance of the profit and loss account, but the moral result of the struggle and the nature of the ideas it stimulates.

And commenting on this, one of the leading journals here sums up the situation as follows:—

Europe is learning a good deal about Americans in these days, and one of the facts it is gradually beginning to appreciate is that with all their practicality the people of the United States are the most genuinely sentimental race on earth. They may not have the theatrical sentiment of the Latins, or the dreamy Teutonic sentiment which is wafted gently in tobacco smoke and beer and is never allowed to interfere with the business of life, but in the matter of holding ideals and making sacrifices for them they lead the world.

The civil war was fought for an idea. Every movement for human liberty or for the betterment of conditions anywhere on earth has commanded the enthusiastic sympathy of Americans. The war for the liberation of Cuba was undertaken in a spirit of pure unselfishness, in the face of certain material loss.

Americans like to make money and know how to do it, but no people can pursue a sentiment with such sovereign disregard of dollars. This is one of the features of the complex Yankee character which Europe is just beginning to appreciate.

(To be continued.)

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BY WAVE AND WAR.

Once again the ocean fulness,
  Once again the daring leap,
All my limbs o'er-lapped in coolness,
  All my joy upon the deep—
Arm that urges, wave that surges,
  Foam that flies along the flood,
Over-strive and over-conquer
All the numbness and the nullness
  In the languor of my blood,
And I dash among the breakers, and I overbear their rancour
  Till I feel myself a man in might and mood.

Once again the field of glory,
  Once again the battle-shout,
And my shield is hacked and gory,
  And the foe is bold and stout;
There are rallies, there are sallies,
  There is death in every blow,
But the mood of war grows god-like,
And the young men and the hoary
  Charge with equal hearts aglow,
Till a thrust has pierced their fury—flung them headlong—lying
    clod-like
  They are silent—but they triumph as they go!

Once again the soul's submergence
  Under warring will and sense,
By the Law's almighty urgence
  And the Sun's bright vehemence;
Plunging, diving, onward striving
  Through the shocks of change and chance—
Through the coils of flesh and passion,
Till with love-compelled convergence
  Towards the Heart of all Romance,
To the Throne of Him who watches, in the old victorious fashion
  Comes a brother in humanity's advance.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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RICHARD WAGNER ON JOY.

It may interest those whose attention has in any way been directed to the prose works of this great genius, to learn what he has to say on a subject which is just now being brought more prominently forward in theosophical literature than has perhaps hitherto been the case. Only another aspect of life; yet one which is of the most vital importance to us would we live sane, useful and therefore happy lives. Wagner himself, as I have indicated in "The Bayreuth Master," was a most noteworthy example of that living and abiding joy in life which springs from a realisation of Universal Brotherhood, welling up from the hidden depths of being.

The translation of Richard Wagner's Prose Works which Mr. W. Ashton Ellis is doing so splendidly for the Wagner Society, and which is issued *gratis* to members of the London Branch, has now run into its seventh volume, Part 4 of which has just reached my hands. It contains a masterly "Report on the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Dresden in the year 1846, together with the Programme." The Report, Mr. Ellis tells us, is an extract from the Master's "Memoirs," written between 1866 and 1871; the "Programme" having been compiled at a much earlier date, apparently, as it was used at Carlsruhe in 1853. Wagner calls it "a guide to an emotional understanding of the work—not directed to a critical analysis, but purely to reäct upon the hearer's feeling." He speaks of the famous Symphony as a "tone-work," and admits that though "the essence of higher instrumental-music consists in its uttering in tones a thing unspeakable in words," yet we may "distantly approach the solution of an unachievable task by calling certain lines of our great poet *Goethe* to our aid."

It is both interesting and instructive to study Wagner's almost reverential devotion to his great predecessor; that one who was to foreshadow to him, in this very symphony, the path he was to follow; the complete union of Poetry and Music, in the wonderful Music-Dramas he has left us.

I shall not hesitate, as in former articles, to quote largely from Wagner's own words—so ably rendered into English by Mr. Ellis—as my object is, primarily, to draw from the great storehouse of Wagner's mind thoughts which may be for us both valuable and instructive, on this special subject of the Joy of Life and its hidden source.

Speaking of those words of Goethe already alluded to and which Beethoven has used in his great symphony Wagner says that, "albeit standing in no manner of direct connection with Beethoven's work, and

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in nowise exhausting the meaning of his purely musical creation, yet they so sublimely express the higher human moods at bottom of it that in the worst event, of an inability truly to understand the music, one might content oneself with treasuring up these thoughts, and thus at least not quit its hearing with a heart entirely unmoved." Then he goes on to treat of the first movement of the symphony, which he conceives "to be founded on a titanic struggle of the soul, athirst for joy, against the veto of that hostile power which rears itself 'twixt us and earthly happiness." This, he says, may be expressed by a rendering of the poet's words which might run thus:—

Go wanting shalt thou! Shalt go wanting!

"Thus," he continues, "force, revolt, defiance, yearning, hope, midway-attainment, fresh loss, new quest, repeated struggle, make out the elements of ceaseless motion in this wondrous piece." And then, "at the movement's close this gloomy, joyless mood, expanding to colossal form, appears to span the All, in awful majesty to take possession of a world that God had made for—Joy."

Thus far the first movement: "With the very first rhythms of the second movement a wild excitement seizes us—a new world we enter, wherein we are swept on to a frenzied orgy. . . . . But we are not disposed to view this banal gaiety as the goal of our restless quest of happiness and noble joy; our gaze clouds over, and we turn from the scene to trust ourselves anew to that untiring force which spurs us on without a pause to light upon that bliss which, ah! we never *thus* shall light on." And so to the third movement.

Here "Love and Hope" come "arm-in-arm to wield their whole persuasive force upon our troubled spirit." And then finally we reach the magnificent fourth movement, where "Beethoven's music takes on a more definitely *speaking* character: it quits the mould of purely instrumental music. . . . . the musical poem is urging towards a crisis, a crisis only to be voiced in human speech." A very interesting note, here interpolated by Wagner, gives us some words of Tieck's on this "character of instrumental-music." He says, "At deepest bottom of these symphonies we hear insatiate Desire forever hieing forth and turning back into itself; that unspeakable longing which nowhere finds fulfilment, and throws itself in wasting passion on the stream of madness, battles with every tone, now overwhelmed, now conquering shouts from out the wave, and seeking rescue sinks still deeper." Almost it would seem, as Wagner remarks, "as if Beethoven had been promoted by a similar consciousness of the nature of instrumental-music, in the conception of this symphony."

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Interesting as this is, however, it is a digression from our main theme; so to return to the fourth movement, in which "the arrival of Man's voice and tongue" becomes "a positive necessity." Speaking of the now 'conquered element of instrumental music" the Master says that we may "hear expressed with clearness what boon the agonising quest of Joy shall find as highest, lasting happiness.

Joy, thou fairest of immortals,
Daughter of Elysium,
Fired by thee we pass the portals
Leading to the halidom.
Thy dear spell rebinds together
What the mode had dared divide,
Man in man regains his brother
Where thy fost'ring wings abide.

Then presently "warlike sounds draw nigh," which lead to "a brilliant contest, expressed by instruments alone: we see the youths rush valiantly into the fight, whose victor's spoil is Joy. . . . . The battle, whose issue we never had doubted, is now fought out; the labours of the day are crowned with the smile of Joy, of Joy that shouts in consciousness of happiness *achieved* anew. In the transport of Joy a vow of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD leaps from the overflowing breast; uplifted in spirit, we turn from embracing the whole human race to the great Creator of Nature, whose beatific Being we consciously attest,—ay, in a moment of sublimest ecstasy, we dream we see between the cloven skies:—

Hand to hand, earth's happy millions;
To the world this kiss be sent!
Brothers o'er heav'n's starry tent
Sure our Father dwells 'mid billions.
To your knees, ye countless millions!
Knowest thy Creator, world?
Seek him where heav'n's tent is furl'd,
Throned among his starry billions.

And now it is as if a revelation had confirmed us in the blest belief that *every human soul is made for joy*. . . . . With God to consecrate our *universal love*, we now dare taste the *purest* joy."

Sublime words, these! Who so well as Wagner knew the secret of that joy, which, as our leader tells us, is at the heart of life? "In intimate possession of our granted happiness," he continues, "of childhood's buoyancy regained, we give ourselves henceforth to its enjoyment. Oh! we have been re-given innocence of heart, and softly Joy outspreads its wings of blessing o'er our heads. To the gentle happiness of joy succeeds its jubilation: we clasp the whole world to our breast; shouts and laughter fill the air, like thunder from the

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clouds, or roaring of the sea, whose everlasting tides and healing shocks lend life to earth, and keep life sweet, for the *joy* of Man to whom God gave the earth as home of *happiness*." Richard Wagner's first and last word, as man and artist, may be briefly and well expressed in these lines:—

Joy, blest joy! thou brightest spark of Godhood!

His whole inner life expressed this joy, which is also clearly to be seen as the highest and ultimate teaching of his Music-Drama. From the *Flying Dutchman* right on to *Parsifal*, we can trace the gradual evolution of the Soul, culminating in the loftily serene yet joyful triumph of the Redeemer, Parsifal; the now fully-evolved and perfected Soul ready for all service; yet reigning as King over the Knights of the Grail, in virtue of his innate sovereignty and power—that power given by the conquering of self.

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

WAS WAGNER A PESSIMIST?

DEAR EDITORS,—In his article on "The Three Qualities in Poetry" Mr. Eglinton classes Wagner with Shelley as an "ardent pessimist." I was much surprised to see this opinion, and it is certainly contradicted by your leader on "Joy." It seems to me that the dominant note of all Wagner's work is the truest optimism. True, he is never tired of showing up the mass of shams and hypocrisies which make up our modern life, and the "heartless optimism" which seeks to find a basis on such quicksands. "I have faith in the future of the human race, and that faith I draw simply from my inner necessity"; these are not the words of a pessimist. For Wagner art was the expression of a true life; and if Emerson was right in calling art "the spirit creative," then the true artist is one who "walks with God" or works in harmony with Nature. The following quotation from Wagner's "Poetry and Tone in the Drama of the Future" makes his position quite clear:—

"Where now the statesman loses hope, the politician sinks his hands, the socialist beplagues his brain with fruitless systems, yea, even the philosopher can only hint, but not foretell, . . . there it is the Artist's unsullied vision that can spy out shapes which reveal themselves to a yearning that longs for the only truth—*the human being*."

BASIL CRUMP.

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THE USE OF STORIES IN LOTUS CIRCLES.

(*Concluded from p.* 99.)

SUCH stories as this do not bear comparison with our modern fair tales, for example, "Alice in Wonderland," "Gulliver's Travels," for these latter are criticisms on human life, and an unnatural set of combinations is brought about simply for the sake of the odd effect which can only be appreciated by adults; as a little child once asked, "Why *shouldn't* a walrus walk out with a carpenter?"

Allegories and fables are less suited for the Lotus Circles, for they lack the vividness and colouring of the true fairy story; and as fables chiefly point out defects we should not be so unwise as to bring these before the children's notice. Many a child has been first led to do wrong actions through having seen them represented in a story. We want to strengthen the good, pure, and ideal side of child life in order that it will later on become strong to resist evil.

What stories then shall we choose for our children? Of course, the old favourites which have been handed down from generation to generation of childhood, thus proving their value "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Snow-white," etc. Many of the Tanglewood Tales are excellent stories from Scandinavian, Hindu, and Greek mythologies, Macdonald's "Phantastes," the story of Hiawatha, the Search for the Holy Grail—this last especially is listened to with eager attention. Stories connected with Wagner's operas also are well suited to the understanding of children, if realised and told simply by the teacher.

A realistic story should be true to life, and should be composed of scenes and characters drawn from that portion of social life from which most of the group come.

These stories are very difficult as one can only show the development of the soul through conflicts and struggles with mature vice of which children as yet know little. The world of the poor belongs to the life of children, for among the poor are to be found incidents capable of being worked into a story in such a way as to show forth the highest ideals of love and patience.

The chief use of real incidents, however, is to vivify and bring home to children's minds the important truths of fairy stories.

One or two practical hints may not be out of place, as story-telling is an art to be acquired like all others, through constant practice.

Having chosen the story, learn it well, think over it and find out the teaching you wish to give through its help.

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It must be adapted to the experience of the children. At no time of life are the stages of development more marked. If the story is beyond the comprehension of the little ones, restlessness and inattention will result. There should be a definite beginning, middle, and end; the beginning to draw the children by a gentle attraction to the chief point of the story, the middle or apex to be gradually and steadily reached; a close not too hurried or sudden, just an appropriate farewell varying according to the nature of the crisis. Every piece of the tale should be well thought over, it must be like a solid brick, and then the little structure will stand. Bear also in mind how easily children may be over-excited The most successful story-teller is the one who can best throw himself into the story, and feel, enjoy, and live it as do the children. There will then be no separateness, but a feeling of perfect oneness, of sympathy, which will teach more and more how to put before the lives of our children bright pictures drawn from that grand world of the Ideal in which the little ones seem to be more often at home than in the Material.

MILDRED SWANNELL.

THE OTHER HALF OF THE STORY.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

AFTER Cinderella was married to the Prince and when all the people were saying "now she will be happy," the fairy godmother appeared to her one day with a very sad face. True she smiled kindly, and tried to keep the sorrow from showing, and as the Princess was still a thoughtless young creature, she only saw the smiles, which was what the fairy expected. For, you see, the fairies know what will happen, and though they try to guide poor mortals, they cannot help foreseeing the end, so they know just what we shall all do, long before *we* begin to think about it—just as some people *will* look at the last chapter of a book before they begin to read it.

The fairy godmother said, "My dear, you are now happy in so far as wealth and ease and the love of a good man can make you. Now all the rest depends upon yourself. My part is done when I have given you one warning. *Be very careful of your glass slippers.* If you should break one of them through your own fault, you will return to your name and fortune of Cinderella."

The Princess was startled, having thought herself quite secure, but easily recovered when she thought how simple it was to take care of the magical slippers.

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But her godmother sighed as she disappeared. "The silly child is too vain to deny herself the pleasure of wearing them, and she is so hasty tempered that they are not safe for a minute on her pretty little feet."

Now, my dear children, would you believe that some very learned people have proved to their own satisfaction that Cinderella's slippers were not of glass at all, but of something quite commonplace. But then we need not be surprised—for there are other people who say that "such and such a thing *happened* so and so," just as if it was not the whole work, and pleasure too, of the fairies to bring things about!

However, these wise men have evidently never thought of *why* the slippers were made of glass, for if they had they would never have tried to prove they were of leather, or silk, or whatever it is they have professed to find out they were made of. As you shall see.

The Princess had two sad faults, Vanity and Bad Temper.

For quite a long time she kept her resolution not to wear the slippers, and all was well. But when the Prince gave another great ball like that at which she had danced with him before her marriage, her vanity overpowered her caution, and she put them on once more.

The dance was nearly over, and all the people in the room who could get near were watching the performance of a Minuet de la Cour by the Prince and Princess and a lady and gentleman of the Court, when this gentleman had the misfortune to catch his foot in the train of the Princess, which almost caused her to fall backwards, and quite broke the rhythm of her steps.

When the Minuet was ended, the unfortunate courtier approached with deep humility, and, kneeling at her feet, implored his Princess to forgive his awkwardness; but alas, the Princess was angry. She had been made to look ridiculous, or so she chose to think, and although her husband begged her in a low voice to restrain herself, she did not heed him, and instead of the gracious pardon that would have become her so well, she said, in clear tones, "It is enough for you that you do not stand up in the future when I am dancing." And lo, as she spoke she stamped her little foot in fury,—the fairy slipper was shivered to atoms, and only a poor, ragged girl stood, stupefied with terror, before the ladies and gentlemen of that brilliant court.

As in a dream she wandered back to her stepmother's house, but the door was shut. Cold and homeless poor Cinderella wandered through the streets, thinking too late of her fairy godmother's parting words and of her own wicked temper, silly vanity, and unforgiving harshness.

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Meantime the Prince returned to his desolate home, pondering as to what he could do in such strange and unforeseen circumstances. He sat long into the night, his head resting in the hollow of his hand, his faithful heart aching with the sense of loss, when suddenly there stood beside him a wonderful creature, whose face, though sad as his own, was like a ray of hope and comfort to him.

The fairy godmother, for she it was, unfolded to him the whole story of Cinderella, her first condition, her disposition, and the causes of her fall.

"Do you still love so worthless a being?" she demanded.

The Prince's answer was firm and clear. "I love her only the more for her misfortunes."

Again the relentless question came, probing his heart as with a knife—"Do you love her, despite her lowly birth, her foolish pride, her cruel temper, and her unpardonable secrecy?"

"Her humble state was not her fault," answered the Prince; "her pride is no greater than my own; her temper she will curb when she has her husband's help, and as for the secret she has kept from me—have I ever asked her about these things? I do not blame her; I love and pity her, and only ask that she may be restored to me on any conditions."

The fairy gave him a beautiful smile of approval and content, and said—"Love that can conquer pride and distrust, that can brave humiliation and even share it with the beloved object, no longer needs the help of the fairies." She raised her hand as if listening to a distant sound, and saying "Go to your gates and you will receive your wife again," she disappeared as suddenly as she came.

And at the gate, impelled by an impulse of sorrow and repentance, stood a ragged woman on whose beautiful face the happy Prince read love and true humility.

And now the story may well be ended with the old, sweet words, "And so they lived happily ever after."

L. F.

I do not think any man is compelled to bid good-bye to his childhood: every man may feel young in the morning, middle-aged in the afternoon, and old at night. A day corresponds to a life, and the portions of the one are 'pictures in little' of the seasons of the other. Thus far, man may rule even time, and gather up, in a perfect being, youth and age at once.—*George Macdonald.*

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NOTES.

FROM Central Africa once more come evidences of the existence of some of those unknown races who must at one time have thickly populated what is now waste land, where it is not actual desert. A correspondent of the *British Central Africa Gazette* sends an interesting account of a trip he made from Bulawayo to Tete, to his paper. He says that "approaching Nyanza from any direction one is struck with the marvellously regular lines or contours of elevation which are to be seen from a distance running in long continuous parallels horizontally to the mountain slopes, until they are lost to sight on the observer's horizon."

***

THESE long parallels are found to be simply "retaining walls. . . . That the whole of the mountain slopes have been most beautifully and systematically terraced by the hand of man, and that a most perfect system of irrigation had at the same time been carried out and completed is plain. . . . Standing some distance up the face of any of these mountain slopes and looking downward into any of these valleys, one is at once struck with the remarkable symmetry with which the whole surface of the country is laid out. . . . Here in Central East Africa there is a record left behind by a race forgotten, whom even the Scotch would not be disgraced in copying in respect to irrigation."

***

THE writer speaks elsewhere of the delightfully "genial climate in midsummer" which he experienced on his trip, and supposes that "with such splendid facilities as those which nature has bestowed upon this portion of the earth, it was only natural that when it first met the eyes of that wandering tribe who have left so grand a monument of their intelligence and industry behind them they decided to make it their home. That they must have been a mighty host is evidenced by the fact that every foot of soil was made available for cultivation, and the magnitude of their labours will be readily understood when it is stated that frequently as many as 150 to 200 parallel walls of stone can be counted on the face of the mountains, and these walls can be followed, conforming to every contour of the ground, for thirty or forty miles along one system alone."

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NOR is this all, for our correspondent goes on to tell of "numerous traces left of old forts, strongholds, and look-out posts, all very strongly built of stone." As to the irrigation, the water courses were cut and then the water which had been flowing from hundreds of springs on the summits of the mountains finding its nearest path downwards, was let into these channels and thence regulated over the entire face of the country." A very interesting point which he notes about the possible descendants of this bygone race, is that, to quote his own words, "the men now living in the surrounding kraals have the aquiline type of nose": yet he says that these men have "no traditions of the past"; which would seem to point to the enormous antiquity of these relics of a long-forgotten race.

***

MR. CLARK THURSTON, from America, has been among us again, and we begin to catch glimpses of what has been and is being accomplished under the Universal Brotherhood organisation. We are still too near the event to discern the magnitude of the achievement last February!

***

SOMEHOW we felt nearer the movement and our Leader while he was with us. Sympathy, Work, Trust, are the messages passed on by him. We are not afraid to proclaim that humanity is still under divine guidance. Let there be no mistake as to this. How to prove it? We can ourselves do so.

***

"IT is all so simple; it is sympathy with the souls of men that is the true work. If they would only *trust*, and work unselfishly, why, they would walk straight into the Lodge."

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