

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

THE APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

BEFORE trying to apply any principle to the practices of daily life, or attempting to examine cases where such has been misapplied or ignored, it is wise to define, as far as may be, what is understood by the principle involved.

Although the principle of brotherhood has been the keynote of theosophical music since 1875, the question is still asked, What is meant by brotherhood?

It may be answered, Many minds make many divergent opinions regarding details, yet under all the different surfaces lies the same fundamental idea. Identity of origin—one source from which humanity has emerged, one centre towards which mankind is growing.

Since man is in miniature the evolving universe, to man's human life we must look for a concrete example of that brotherhood we hope to see extended to many members of the human race.

We try to regard all mankind as "children of one sweet mother." Some of us are old and strong enough to aid, guide, or comfort the weaker and younger, if we will.

Have not our personal parents taught us it is our duty, and ought to be our pleasure, to be to our little brothers and sisters the hands, feet, eyes and knowledge, with which their growth and years have not yet supplied them?

In the teaching of nineteenth-century Theosophy, it is said, as in past centuries it was taught, that all nature has but one source, though many grades, in which life is retarding, or unfolding. It is also said that humanity, as a whole, includes a plane of nature, a possibility of development not yet within the reach of the other kingdoms known to us as "lower."

The triad which, could man identify himself with it, would render him immortal, is *one* for the human race, rather than a separate possession for each personality; yet it is a possession after which we are striving, however ignorantly, in our mental and moral growing.

If we are to be really brothers to such human beings as cross our life-path—brothers in thought and sympathy with all human *life*, even if quite unknown to our personalities—it becomes necessary to try and understand the position and feelings of others; to try and alter the habits of society in our own persons wherever such habits infringe on the rights, hinder the development, or cloud the happiness of others, especially where those others are, owing to their place in the race economy, dependent on us for care or maintenance.

So long as by humanity we mean men and women, such as are in the world to-day, there must continue to be women and children.

It is with our present treatment of women and children, and the consideration of how far our attitude towards them is compatible with a sincere profession of brotherhood, that concern is to be taken in the articles of which this is the first.

It is proposed to examine whether, and in what way, present social arrangements cramp and limit artificially the physical, mental and moral stature of women, and lessen their power of developing such other faculties as may be their inheritance; to examine how far the due liberty of possessing and using their own bodies, powers and faculties, has been wrested from women in the dark ages of animal passion, through which the race has passed or is passing; to try and discover whether, and in what way, individuals are responsible for this retarding of woman's life, and curtailing of woman's freedom; to try and ascertain also whether we cannot make some effective efforts to undo, as far as our own lives are concerned, a part of the accumulated evils with which womanhood is weighted.

Out of a study of the actual and potential mothers follows naturally a study of the children, present and to be.

With widening knowledge we learn that men and women are doing, and have done, great wrong to the children of the race. These little ones are repeatedly brought into the world under radically bad conditions, and this through the ignorant selfishness or ignorant weakness of their parents.

Sufficient care is not taken that the bodies and temperaments which are given children shall be favourable to progressive development; shall be as free as may be from hereditary taints and imperfections.

And yet, more unfortunately, after birth children are commonly subjected to evil influences, and are taught and trained by methods which strengthen selfishness and covetousness, while helpful direction is often perverted into senseless restriction, or enforced and useless observance of ceremonial.

G. A. H. BRERETON.

(To be continued.)

WORK TOGETHER!

"If you would really help the noble cause you must do so now; for a few years more and your, as well as our, efforts will be in vain." These were the words of H. P. B. in 1890. Do not let us forget them in 1894. Let them come home to us afresh. She has passed from our midst for a time, having accomplished much in the face of difficulties hard for us to conceive of. Her work remains. It will not, cannot fail, but its outcome may be retarded. Theosophists to whom she gave her message have increased their responsibilities to the extent that they have received and understood it. Once acted upon, it cannot be so easily thrown aside as some appear to think. The responsibility remains.

This has been called a "black age," and after some effort expended in endeavouring to form a nucleus of universal brotherhood, we begin to realize how black it is. Some begin to despair and grow weary. They stop working. Then we see the truth of what has been said by Those who have passed along the same path before us—that progress under such conditions is absolutely impossible. Apathy, languor, stagnation is the result. They forget that efforts for good share the intensity of the age, and that at such a dark hour the dawn cannot be far distant.

Others, perhaps by the strength and sincerity of their devotion, have aroused forces, hitherto latent, within themselves; fantastic shapes throw their lurid glamour around the soul. In this new and strange land shadows are mistaken for realities; the path of duty is

forsaken; before them opens up another way; its luxuriant foliage, rich, vivid colouring, and sweet sense-soothing perfumes, present attractions which are irresistible. It is the astral morass—the path to mediumship and often death.

The first indication of reaction is usually a want of interest in Lodge work and activity, and propaganda generally. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not question the motives which lead to abstention from active propaganda. In most cases they are perfectly sincere. The desire to know more about Nature's subtle forces; to know more about ourselves, so that we may be able to control and guide these forces; to learn something of occultism and the occult arts is laudable enough. But are we right when we suppose that this is accomplished by keeping apart from those who are seeking to make known the fundamental principles of Theosophy—the underlying truth in all religions—through propaganda? I think not! Contact with one another keeps alive the social faculty, widens the sympathies, and wears away the "sharp corners." Each one gradually finds a suitable place in which to help on the work. A centre is formed through which harmony can flow. Each one learns to play some fitting part in that melody, which is the melody of Nature herself. Deep down, it may be, below the outward turmoil and discord, in low undertone, it sounds in everyone. We have but to touch the right chords to awaken it to a symphony; the harmony within will respond to its own.

In trying to place before others the ideal beauty, truth, and goodness; in tracing the plan before them; in asking them to leave

"For Beauty, Beauty's rarest flower";

to turn from "images that dazzle for a day," to things universal, we are taking the surest way to create beautiful things, and to attain that "knightly bearing" and "exquisite culture" which some set before all things, but which, as it seems to me, no policy of "abstention" can ever truly bring about. Others seeing even the rough outline of the perfect ideal will try to mould their lives in conformity.

Comrades! let us guard against the first step which leads away from the path of duty. For the years that remain, before the close of the first cycle of Kali-Yuga let us "succeed in placing the T. S. on the safe side of the spiritual current," so that it may not be swept away into "the Deep called Failure."

D. N. D.

SOUL-DEATH.

IN using terms which have become almost obsolete, it is of the first importance to give some definition of the ideas which they are intended to convey; for, through non-usage, so much of their true meaning has been lost, that, when rare occasions permit their employment, writers use them in widely differing senses. Some persons may, indeed, object to such words as "soul," "spirit," and the like (antiquated though they may be) being spoken of as *almost obsolete*; nevertheless such is not very far from the truth. No sane individual, desiring to write without fear of being misunderstood, would employ these terms as expressing any particular idea, any more than he would write about "God" as indicating any definite conception; true, such words have much poetical license, but then poetical expressions are hardly scientific.

So, then, before the real subject of the paper can be touched upon, the task devolves upon the writer of explaining, as near as may be, what he means by the word "soul."

No word in the English language has been, perhaps, more loosely used. Employed to express the most varied ideas, it has gradually come to lose a large part of its original meaning. Four interpretations, however, stand prominent: (1) the immortal part in man; (2) the understanding or intellectual principle distinguishing man from the brutes; (3) the emotional nature; (4) the vital animating, or essential principle (animal life). These, of course, without taking cognizance of the term as loosely applied to individuals or qualities of individuals.

Originally *soul* seems to have inferred some vital principle rather than anything else, the vehicle of some essential part; thus we may speak of the vital, animal soul (*Thumos*), essential to sentient existence; the instinctual soul, or intelligence (*Phren*), essential to self-conscious existence, and the spiritual soul, or higher mind (*Nous*), peculiar to the human.

In all the ancient systems the Self, or self-thinking conscious Ego was divided into two aspects, a higher and a lower. In the Egyptian, for instance, we read of Seb and Akhu; in the Gnostic, Sophia the divine and Sophia Achamoth, etc., and Plato speaks of the rational and irrational souls. These correspond exactly with what we know of in our system as the Higher and Lower Manas. Now it is of the utmost importance, and before any advance in occultism can be made, that at least some sort of understanding as to the essential difference between these two aspects be arrived at. But Manas itself has first to be explained.

Although the root of this word is the same as that of *mind*, still we can hardly associate the two, more particularly as no clear definition of mind has ever been given. Manas is, briefly, the self-conscious part of man's nature, the thinking Ego, considered as apart from its varying thoughts (just as one may speak of *matter*, considered as separate from its quality, form). Manas is ever liable to be coloured by the things it contacts. It is least "at home" on this plane. Uninjured and unaffected by its thoughts, it becomes their *conscious* creator and is omniscient. It is manifestly, then, necessary to speak of Manases, a higher and a lower, the one freed, a god, the other bound in the thralls of matter.

It is almost impossible to give any idea of the condition of the freed Ego, at least in words, and especially to persons who may have no personal experience of it; it is about as difficult as it would be for a musician to explain to one who could hear nothing more in music than a *noise* in all or any of the beauties of the varying harmonies and progressing chords in the intoning of one of Beethoven's grandest symphonies. It is, however, far easier for one who has had few and meagre experiences to write than for he who has had many; for the clearer the vision, and more complete the illumination, the greater the difficulty and more hopeless the attempt to convey its perfections in language.

.

The four lower principles of the septenary constitution of man as divided in our philosophy, are fairly easy of comprehension; the *physical body* requires no comment; the existence of the astral can be verified without much trouble by anyone acquainted with the phenomena of clairvoyance or even of that of ordinary hypnotism;

that life (Prana) must be considered as a principle can be proven by the comparison of organic and inorganic bodies. Of the fourth (Kama) a few words are necessary. It is essentially *desire* of whatever kind; the desire for existence (immaterial or sentient), or for any specific item or particular in the drama of life. It requires but little knowledge of the constitution of man, little self-analysis, to be aware of its presence in the human individual. Known to us, it is essentially a *personal* factor; animals are entirely under its sway, and in the main it contributes largely to the animal part of man's nature, or, better perhaps, the desire to gratify that nature (as distinguished from other desires).

So much, then, for the four lower principles. The fifth, Manas, we have seen as having two aspects, although of its nature and function little has yet been said; and the sixth or seventh it is scarcely intended to refer to in this essay, leaving them with the remark that they are to be considered as the holiest and most spiritual essences in man, the lights towards which those who aspire are ever turning; anthropomorphized by the vulgar mind and considered as one, they correspond to the personal gods, deities, and allahs of all ages.

(*To be continued.*)

BREVITIES.

THAT which is motionless cannot be Divine.

Deity is an arcane, living Fire, and the eternal witnesses to this unseen Presence are Light, Heat, Moisture.

There is no difference between the Christian Apostle's "in Him we live and move and have our being" and the Hindu Rishi's "the Universe lives in, proceeds from, and will return to Brahmâ."

The Secret Doctrine establishes three fundamental propositions: (1) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable Principle, on which all speculation is impossible; (2) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane, periodically the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing; (3) The fundamental identity of all souls with the Universal Over-soul.

As Pre-cosmic Ideation is the root of all individual conscious-

ness, so Pre-cosmic Substance is the substratum of Matter in the various grades of its differentiation.

It is only through a vehicle of matter that consciousness wells up as "I am I."

"Time" is only an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through Eternal Duration.

"Mind" is a name given to the sum of states of consciousness grouped under Thought, Will and Feeling.

Death is merely the door through which we pass to another life on earth after a little rest on its threshold—Devachan.

Nothing is permanent except the one hidden absolute Existence which contains in itself the noumena of all realities.

The Secret Doctrine teaches the progressive development of everything, worlds as well as atoms; and this stupendous development has neither conceivable beginning nor imaginable end.

Occultism teaches that the primordial form of everything manifested, from atom to globe, from man to angel, is spheroidal.

The field of vision, or of thought, is like a sphere whose radii proceed from one's self in every direction and extend out into space, opening up boundless vistas all around.

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

WE went forth gay in the twilight's cover;
 The dragon Day with his ruddy crest
 Blazed on the shadowy hills hung over
 The still grey fields in their dewy rest.
 We went forth gay, for all ancient stories
 Were told again in our hearts as we trod;
 Above were the mountain's dawn-white glories;
 We climbed to it as the throne of God.

We pitched our tents in a sheltered nook on the mountain side. We were great with glee during the day, forecasting happy holidays remote from the crowded city. But now as we sat round the camp fire at dusk silence fell upon us. What were we to do in the long evenings? I could see Willie's jolly face on the other side of the fire trying to smother a yawn as he refilled his pipe. Bryan was watch-

ing the stars dropping into their places one by one. I turned to Robert and directed the general attention to him as a proper object for scorn. He had drawn a pamphlet on some scientific subject from his breast-pocket and was trying to read it by the flickering light.

"Did you come up to the mountains for this," I asked, "to increase your knowledge of the Eocene age? Put it by, or—we will send it up as a burnt offering to the stars."

"Well," he said, looking rather ashamed, "one must do something, you know. Willie has his pipe, Bryan is holding some mysterious intercourse with the planets, and you have the fire to take care of. What is one to do?"

This went to the root of the matter. I pondered over it awhile, until an idea struck me.

"There is Bryan. Let him tell us a story. He was flung into life with a bundle of old legends. He knows all mystery and enchantment since the days of the Rishees, and has imagined more behind them. He has tales of a thousand incarnations hidden away in secretness. He believes that everything that happened lives still in the memory of Nature, and that he can call up out of the cycles of the past heroic figures and forgotten history, simply by his will, as a magician draws the elemental hordes together."

"Have a dragon and a princess in it," said Willie, settling himself into an attitude of listening.

"Or authentic information about the Eocene man," suggested Robert.

"I could not tell a story that way," said Bryan simply. "I could never invent a story, though all the characters, heroes and princes, were to come and sit beside me so that I could describe them as they really were. My stories come like living creatures into my mind; and I can only tell them as they tell themselves to me. To-day, as I lay in the sunlight with closed eyes, I saw a haze of golden light, then twilight trees appeared and moving figures and voices speaking; it shaped itself into what is hardly a story, but only an evening in some legendary existence."

We waited while Bryan tried to recall his misty figures. We were already in sympathy with his phantasmal world, for the valleys below us were dim-coloured and quiet, and we heard but rarely and

far away the noises of the village; the creatures of the mountain moved about in secretness, seeking their own peculiar joys in stillness amid dews and darkness. After a little Bryan began

THE GARDENS OF TWILIGHT.

I saw in my vision one of the heroes of the antique world. He rode for many, many days, yet saw no kindly human face. After long wanderings and toils he came to the Gardens of Twilight, the rich and rare gardens of the primeval world, known by rumour to the ancient Greeks as the Hesperides. He looked around with wonder; the place was all a misty dazzle with light, a level light as of evening that flowed everywhere about; the air was rich with the scent of many blossoms; from each flower rose an odour that hovered about it as a delicate vapour. While he gazed, one of the spirits of the garden came nigh him in the guise of a beautiful human child.

"How came you here?"

"I wandered for many years," he said, "I fought with the dragons that lie coiled in citron scales on the highways; I warred against oppression; I made justice to prevail, and now that peace is on the land I might have rested with peace in mine own heart, but I could not yet. So I left behind the happy hearths and homes of men and rode onward, a secret fire burning ceaselessly within me; I know not in what strange home it will be still. But what gardens are these?"

"They are the Gardens of Twilight," answered the child.

"How beautiful then must be the Gardens of Day! How like a faint fine dust of amethyst and gold the mist arises from the enchanted odorous flowers! Surely some spirit things must dwell within the air that breaks so perpetually into hues of pearl and shell!"

"They are the servants of Zeus," the child said. "They live within these wandering airs; they go forth into the world and make mystery in the hearts of men."

"Was it one such guided me thither?"

"I do not know; but this I know, whether led by the wandering spirits or guided by their own hearts, none can remain here safely and look upon the flowers save those who understand their mystery or those who can create an equal beauty. For all others deadly is the scent of the blossoms; stricken with madness, they

are whirled away into the outer world in fever, passion and unending hunger and torment."

"I do not care if I pass from them," said the wanderer. "It is not here my heart could be still and its desire cease, but in the first Fountain."

They passed on and went deeper into the Gardens of Twilight, which were ever-changing, opalescent, ever-blushing with new and momentary beauty, ever-vanishing before the steady gaze to reveal beneath more silent worlds of mystic being. Like vapour, now gorgeous and now delicate, they wavered, or as the giant weeds are shadowy around the diver in the Indian wave sun-drenched through all its deeps of green. Sometimes a path would unfold, with a million shining flowers of blue, twinkling like stars in the Milky Way, beneath their feet, and would wind away delicately into the faery distances.

"Let us rest," said the child, leaning against a tree. She began swaying a hand to and fro among the flowers; as her fingers touched the bell-like blooms of burning amethyst they became stained with the rich colour; she seemed to lose herself in dreams as one who toils not for delight, living ever amid rich joys. He wondered if she was as unreal as the gardens, and remembering her words, they seemed familiar as if they were but echoes of the unuttered thoughts that welled up as he moved about. While he watched the flitting phantasmagoria with a sense expectant of music which never came, there arose before him images of peace, vanishing faster than passion, and forms of steadfast purity came nigh, attired, priestess-like, in white and gold; they laid their heads against his breast; as he looked down, their eyes, eager and flamelike, grew passionate and full of desire. He stretched out his hand to pluck blossoms and twine wreaths for their beautiful heads.

"Do not! Do not!" cried the child. "See how every blossom has its guardian!"

There were serpents coiling about the roots of every flower, or amid the leaves, waiting with undulating head and forked tongue to strike the incautious hand. He shook off the drowsy influence of the scents and o'er-burdened air; the forms vanished. He remembered the child's words: "None can remain in safety save those who understand the mystery, or those who can create an equal beauty." He began to ponder over the meaning of the gardens.

"While we sit here, late lingerers in the glory of the twilight, I will tell you a story which my fancy brings me," he said. "I thought one came here long ago and built himself a mighty world in a dream of many hundred years."

Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

LEADING ARTICLES IN THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES.

COLONEL OLCOTT ON "SOLIDARITY AND IDEALS."

AN excellent article from the pen of Colonel Olcott appears in September *Lucifer*. After briefly sketching in outline the growth of the T. S. since its foundation, he asks, "What is the secret of this immense development?" and answers, "It is the Constitution and proclaimed ideals of the Society; it is the elastic tie that binds the parts together; and the platform which gives standing room to all men of all creeds and races. The simplicity of our aims attracts all good, broad-minded, philanthropic people alike. They are equally acceptable to all of that class. Untainted by sectarianism, divested of all dogmatic offensiveness, they repel none who examine them impartially. While identified with no one creed, they affirm the necessity and grandeur of the religious aspiration."

It has often been stated, and it is held very generally, that Theosophy appeals only to the leisured and cultured class. "No greater mistake," says Colonel Olcott, "could have been made; the humblest labourer and the average child of seven years can be taught its basic ideas within an hour. Nay, I have often proved to adult audiences in Ceylon that any ordinary child in the school I might be examining could, without preparatory coaching, be got to answer on the spur of the moment my questions, so as to show that the idea of Karma is innate. It all depends on the way the questions are put. And I may add that the value of our public lectures and our writings on Theosophy follows the same rule. If we fail with an audience it is because we do too much 'tall talking,' make our meaning too obscure, indulge in too stilted language, confuse the ideas of our hearers, choose subjects too deep for a mixed public, and send our listeners away no wiser than they were before we began. . . . What we need most is the use of common sense in discussing our Theosophy, plain, clear exposition in plain language of our fundamental ideas."

We have always claimed that Theosophy is practical, and applicable to every need and circumstance; that in its light the sphinx-like mystery of life became somewhat intelligible and full of meaning, and we are glad to see Colonel Olcott emphasizing this as he does.

"We are too prone," he says, "to regard Theosophy as a sort of far-away sunrise that we must try to clutch, instead of seeing that it is a lamp to light our feet about the house and in our daily walks. It is worth nothing if it is but word-spinning; it is priceless if it is the best rule and ideal of life." Then follows our President-Founder's unique testimony regarding Theosophy, and coming as it does from one who has such world-wide experience in promulgating its ideas, we should not under-estimate its value.

"Theosophy is the divine soul of religion, the one key to all bibles, the riddle-reader of all mysteries, the consoler of the heart-weary, the benign comforter in sorrow, the alleviator of social miseries. You can preach its lesson before any audience, being careful to avoid all sectarian phrases, and each hearer will say it is his religion. It is the one Pentecostal voice that all can understand. Preaching only simple Theosophy, I have been claimed as a Mussulman by the followers of Islam, as a Hindu by Vaishnavas and Shaivites, as a Buddhist by the two sections of Buddhism, been asked to draft a Pârsi catechism, and at Edinburgh given God-speed by the leading local clergyman, for expressing the identical views that he was giving out from his pulpit every Sunday! So I know what many others only suspect, that Theosophy is the informing life of all religions throughout the world."

The article concludes by urging members of the T. S. to purge themselves of hypocrisy, and get rid of superficial criticism.

A STUDENT'S NOTES AND GUESSES.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we read that the field of vision is like a sphere "whose radii proceed from one's self in every direction." Under the above heading in September *Path* appear a few suggestive notes on this point. "Imagine oneself condensed into a conscious drop of quicksilver, a point of pure perception. Angular measurement would be the only dimensional consciousness possessed. The distant mountain, the neighbouring tree, the drifting clouds, the waving grass, would all seem to be within. . . . All would be a panorama within from which there would be no separateness. As the point, conscious centre or drop, call it what we may, drifted from place to place, the panorama would shift, just as it would on a drop of quicksilver similarly floated about. All this, or whatever would be reflected, would seem spontaneous and within, to the point, just as the pictures shift and melt away in a dream. Fix your eyes on a distant landscape, forget your extended limbs and their sensations, forget your experiences of distance in connection with certain visual angles, and you will find presently that the picture seems within you (as in fact it is), and that you can understand why the infant grasps at the moon, and the blind man, when first restored to sight, receives from it no sense of distance . . . the consciousness of the point *is* the consciousness of the whole . . . in that which corresponds to perspective."

THE ETHICS OF STUDY.

The above is the title of an article in *Lucifer* (September) by C. J. "Consider the ants, and be wise" seems to receive rather a new interpretation; they are to be considered to be avoided. "One has often noticed the light-headedness of the ants," says C. J., "and their preoccupied and undignified way of hurrying forward." C. J. wisely urges a reverse course; we should find our bearings; "be at home with ourselves" before study can be profitably pursued. The universe is goodness; life is bliss; sorrow is but the impediment to a realization of this bliss; pain "an obstruction" to the "inherent" delight of things. "If the end and aim be life—a rounded, harmonious and gracious life—then the first means is an understanding, a grasp of life." Studies are useful and helpful as they make us "more at home with ourselves and in ourselves." "We have no business with other people's solutions of the mysteries before we have found the mysteries in and for ourselves. . . . Most of our quotation is only a confession that we have never made the thought quite our own, that we have never been at home with the thought and taken possession of it. . . . This coming home to ourselves is the first step in the way." The article is extremely interesting.

IRISHOLOGY (vol. xi. p. 221).

This questioner asks for other nationologies besides Assyriology and Egyptology. In Rev. Joseph Wild's work, *The Lost Ten Tribes and* 1882, p. 266, he will find a few lines on Ireland:

"You will be surprised to find how intimate Irishology and theology are. Ireland and the tribe of Dan have a peculiar history, which history only can be made plain by reference to the *Bible*. Ireland has had much to undergo, yet of it God says, 'To the island He will repay—recompense; so shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west.' Ireland's first name was Scuite's Land, or the Island of the Wanderers. Her second name was Scotia Major, and Scotland was Scotia Minor, and England was Tarshish, and Dannoii and Baratamac, or Land of Tin. Yár in-Eirin means the land of the setting sun. Hibernia is a Hebrew word, and means from beyond the waters."—*Notes and Queries*.

 LOTUS CIRCLE.

(For little folk.)

THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

THE wild thyme was very sweet, especially when it was crushed under foot, but there was nothing about it very noticeable, except that it was strange that it should grow where it did, for it grew close down beside the sea, in Devonshire, and there was no other wild thyme for miles and miles around. On Exmoor the heather was purple, and the bracken was changing colour, and the whortle-

berries were ripening in the August sun, but there was no wild thyme on the moor; it only grew in a little patch in the "goyal" below. A goyal is a narrow valley, and this goyal had been carved out by an industrious little stream making its way down to the shore. On either side of the stream grew trees—oaks chiefly—through the branches of which the sunlight fell and embroidered the moss and the primrose tufts with gold, but it was where the wood stopped and the goyal broadened out to the shore that the wild thyme grew, and it was the story of how it came there that the woodman told to the children.

The man had a little grey cottage in the wood, and lived there all alone summer and winter; but the children came to a farmhouse on Exmoor for the summer holidays, and in the autumn, when the gales began to blow the foam inland to mingle with the dead leaves, they went back to school, all except little Lota, who was too young to do many lessons.

They had been picking whortleberries on the moor, and they came down the goyal to the man's cottage to rest and eat plums and hear him talk, because he had learnt quite half the things that wise folk can learn by living in a wood.

There were five children. First, Jack; but he was sixteen and at a public school, and knew more things than have ever entered into simple people's heads, therefore of course he was not, properly speaking, a child, and only came to look after the others; he was an entomologist, which means that he went about with a green gauze net and a bottle of sticky stuff to smear on the oaks, and catch the poor innocent moths when they came out in the cool of the evening to see their friends. Next in age to Jack came Kit, who took great care of Lota; then Pat, a funny freckled little boy who was always laughing; then Trix, who loved Pat dearly and quarrelled with him every day, and kissed and made it up again, and then Lota, who was six years old and as soft and pink as a peach.

They came into the garden and set down their baskets; they drank at the wishing well, and then sat down under the oaks and ate plums and bread and clotted cream. When they had finished the plums, and were sitting lazily in the shade and listening to the woodman's bees humming in the wild thyme, they began to think they would like to hear a story, and asked the woodman for one.

"What sort of a story?" said the woodman.

"A story about giants," said Pat.

"No, no," said Trix. "A story about girls."

"Girls are stupid," said Pat.

"They're not as stupid as boys are," said Trix.

"Do not quarrel," said the woodman, "for they are really one just as stupid as the other."

"Whatever story we have," said Trix, "pray do not let us have one about good people."

"Yes," said Kit, "we will, because stories about bad people always end badly, though they are often so very nice at first."

"There is something in that, too," said the man. "You do not want a sad story?"

"Oh no, not a sad story."

"What is a sad story?" said the man.

"A story is sad," said the children, "when people die—of course everyone knows that."

"Ah!" said the man, "perhaps you would like to know how the wild thyme comes to grow here; I dare say you have never noticed it?"

"Why—no," cried Kit. "We never did notice it, but it is very sweet."

"The woman who once lived in this cottage thought so," said the man. "She will never see the place again, nor smell this thyme any more, but the thyme grew here for her, and I think perhaps it will not grow here much longer."

"Perhaps we might like the story."

"It is about fairies."

"Fairies? Well, that cannot be very sad, for fairies do not die."

"That is all you know about it!" said the man. "Fairies have as good a right to die as anyone else; they die in their way, and perhaps it is not so very different from our way."

"Of course," said Jack, "you can say anything you like about fairies, because there are no such things."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "I do not live in a wood for nothing; there are pixies on the moor, and elves on the shore, and fairies and brownies in the woods, to say nothing of the dryads and sprites."

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE lecture on *The Difference between Magnetism and Hypnotism*, by Countess Wachtmeister, on October 5th, was well attended, and it had good reports in the local press. She received enquirers on the following afternoon, and proceeded to Liverpool the same evening. Among other valuable suggestions for work, she explained the system of conducting "H. P. B. training classes" to our members.

The public meetings here on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during the ensuing month are to discuss the following subjects: Oct. 17th, *Islam*, opened by A. W. Dwyer; 24th, *The Pursuit of Truth*, H. F. Norman; 31st, *Temptation*, F. A. Roberts; Nov. 7th, *The Great Out-breathing*, P. E. Jordan; 14th, *The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali*, G. W. Russell.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

A series of letters on current topics by Fasper Nicmand, will begin in our next issue.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

I.

You ask me, Comrades, how we may best assist our fellows, not in material fashion, but along lines of theosophic thought. I have given much attention to this subject. All of us who truly fulfil our pledges to humanity find ourselves placed soon or late where we are obliged to consider it with care. By "pledges" I do not alone refer to spoken vows or promises to any person or body of persons, but also (and chiefly) to the asseverations made within our own hearts and natures. What we thus promise within ourselves, what we aspire to there, finds there a witness, a recorder, an accusing or approving tribunal. This inner nature is judge. This it is which "obliges" us to weigh all questions arising within ourselves, thus demonstrating the existence of that spiritual law which is said to "contain within itself its own executioners." All that we do or think or refrain from has there its first and deepest effect.

Now, as students, you should know that there is in all things a natural or sequential development, according to which experience unfolds itself in a series of conditions no less regular than those of the flowers. The law of growth is everywhere one and the same. This matter of helping others is no exception; it too has its pre-natal stages. From one to other of these we pass, and must pass, if our experience be vital in the least; if we be growing, involving and evolving at all. The endeavour to observe these stages is at all times necessary. It is the means to that self-knowledge which is the parent of brotherly thought and action.

When first we asseverate within ourselves the wish to help the world, we are prone to go about with offers of help. We look at

our fellows with a view to their salvation. Watchful we, to detect every need, every failure; is not our service a panacea for all these? Do not our fellows slip that we may help them rise?

Ah no, Comrades! Not we, but the Law. Are we alone that Law? Has it no other agents? Earth, air and all the seen and unseen elements; are they not full of these? The Dark, more full than all? So we meet with rebuffs. Or our service fails. Or that service results in the deeper bewilderment of our brothers, and we are shocked into the recognition that we are not saviours in the least. We have outrun the Law. Eagerness, over-anxiety to be doing, or personal habit have led us into situations not yet ripe for us, places all too remote, as yet, for any objective tread or touch. We precipitate crises; we stimulate unwise confidences; we startle unready natures into throes of untimely thought. Tangled events, confused issues, atrophied impulses, the jar of living nerve-lines everywhere proclaim our prentice hand. Despondent, we recoil, no more to involve ourselves in the strife of action.

The duration of this period of depression is governed by the reality of our wish to serve. Its fervour rallies us. We regain the base overpassed by our reaction; we examine the cause of our failure. The sincere light shows Law as being competent to designate its agents. Standing then upon our own base, we watch for a sign by which we shall know our own. Sometimes that watch is long. We are tried most by our highest aspirations, and often the answer made to him who asks only to serve is that mystic answer—“*Wait!*” Later on he learns that he serves most who most waits upon the Will, the Law. Other times we fail to recognize opportunities of service; we see them not at all, or all too late. Again the aspiring heart falls back to earth. But the heart of love is a winged thing; it has its home in the pure ether. Earth cannot stay it; it must again try the strength of its wings. It needs not to wait over-long. Some sign is seen and interpreted aright. From the ocean of life some airy form arises and beckons us. An interior prompting fills us with its urgency, or someone asks our aid. The tide of service comes pouring in. Then, when the eager hands knock at our hearts, from those hearts will arise a pure aspiration for wisdom in service.

This much-needed wisdom is slowly and painfully acquired.

We learn through and by our mistakes, seen in the light of dawning self-knowledge. Yet there may be a royal road to it, if any who have learned through their own want of wisdom can point out to another the stumbling-blocks in the path of devotion to mankind.

The great source of our inadequacy is this: we think it all-important that we should be wise givers of counsel to our friends. We should read aright the omens of their present and disentangle for their wearied eyes the labyrinths of Life. This were to be god-like! This were perfected sight indeed! It is a fallacy. Hope of its present attainment, an error. We cannot clearly read the simplest life line of our own. We are of import to Great Nature only by reason of our incompetence. She needs us, just as we are, in all our weakness, to work out the purposes of soul amid coil and counter coil. Our imperfections are her means of advance.

What *is* all-important is that we should help our friends to find their own wisdom. From us, not wisdom, but self-effacement is required. Yet this is in very fact the highest wisdom.

For look at this. If we give definite advice, that will inevitably be the tincture of our own minds, the essence of our personal experience or belief. Our conclusions on another's difficulty are formed upon half-presented facts; effects, these, whose cause lies many a life—many an age, it may be—behind the fitful gleam of the present hour. They appear now on planes other than that in which they had their source; they wear an altered garb; human intellect cannot discern their underlying nature. The most reverent touch is still too rough for this strange potential fact, mighty for good as for evil in the life of our brother. Refrain! Fear to disturb the balance in which a soul trembles towards its destiny. Desire thou naught but the fulfilment of Law.

I said that definite advice or plan is the fruit of our own experience. But the questioning soul which comes to us is not improbably a stranger to the whole of that experience. Our advice will have no reality. It will evoke no interior response. Respect, or love of us, or many another impulse to action, may cause our advice to be followed. The result will be that false faith which breeds fear. Action taken without one's own hearty interior assent can only breed discord. The hidden will has never moved at all.

The subject bristles with difficulty. What then can we do?

This, as I think. By observation or by question to find out the ideals of our questioner and advise constancy to those at any cost. "Be your best! Be your highest! I trust you!" Observers of that duality which presents choice after choice to the human soul as it oscillates from this pole to that, we may side ever with the higher side of our fellow-nature. We may endeavour to broaden all ideals by comparison. Nearness to universality and unity is a good test. If our brother cannot formulate his ideal to himself, we can hold up one after another before his mind and see which thrills him to response; love will find out the way. It uplifts the banner of the mightiest ideal and gazes with its brother upon that. Or we may have glimpsed his higher nature. Dissevering that nature from the lower attributes, from the mirage of self, we can hold the mirror up to it and bid him see his worthier self, bid him fix his gaze there. He will, if we look too. "Be at each moment the highest self of which you are capable and hold yourself there." It is a blessed office, this, of reflecting to our brothers the image of their noblest possibilities. We are too often but dim mirrors; feeble reflectors of their virtues, magnifiers of their defects. We turn a microscopic eye upon the more salient details of character, and loss of proportion results. False lights ourselves, we deflect the rays of the Self; the divine rays are beaten back, seeking other spheres than ours. Open the fixed mind to them and the rays pass, dissolving our poor limited forms, waxing glorious in that self-creative power which is the appanage of the living Light alone. That Light whose movement is the Law, is the only wise maker of plans. Yet it plans nothing. It provides action, reaction and circulation; mankind calls these down now as blessing, now as curse.

There are, of course, cases where actual wrong may be proposed, and in such elementary situations we can but point out, not so much the error, as the want of wisdom. The terms "right" and "wrong" have been so misused as dogmatic whips wherewith to flog people into the acceptance of creeds or personal ideas, that to-day their use irritates most minds, as with a hint of would-be authority. This revolt has its root in the soul's sense of its own freedom. It knows right and wrong to be relative terms of an existence only partially true. But Wisdom always IS. The appeal to that implies no self-righteousness.

When we have thus done all we can, we must stand aside. We cannot participate in the unwise deed. There are hours when silence is the only aid. In these we can remember that the weight of past Karma was too strong for our brother, and has set him the hard task of learning through the want of wisdom. We can look forward to meeting him at the next turning, stronger perhaps, while we are weaker, more apt to bear our burdens than we to bear his to-day; wise in that dread, yet calm, self-knowledge born of pain, pain, ever more pain. "The karmic root of all is one and runs deeper than you know. Never judge human nature on its lowest levels, and you never know all the facts." So spoke one who too often speaks in vain. We are too careful for our own attitude. Desirers we, of perfection—for *ourselves*. Painful anxiety, ours, to be *ourselves* just and right. The spontaneous generosity which springs to the brother's aid is lost sight of in the cautious balancing of our own wise persons across the sea of sin. Would we discover any other's need by the torch of our own self-righteousness? Where were then Loyalty? Where Faith? These high virtues thrive not upon the husks of material proof. Does not the Christ light say, as of old, to the sinner: "To thee much shall be forgiven, because thou hast loved much." Let us prate less of abstract perfection, abstain from so much "good advice," and give brotherly feeling, human love of the strong, quiet sort to our beleaguered fellows. Justice, do we say? Man never has it in his power to deal abstract, pure justice to man. Our only justice is compassion, and not that personal judgment born of our knowledge of how *we* would act in some given case. There are souls of rectitude which scorn to defend themselves to doubting friends; strong lips on which the seal of silence is set; great ones too high to bend to self-defence before petty self-proclaimed tribunals. And there are also sinners so strong that their reaction from sin is like the birth pains of a new star. Wisdom comes from the abandonment of the self, and Love is her guide. Before the vast spectacle of nature in her death grapple, of the soul of the world weeping as the great human orphan struggles to become; of universal mind straining to be born again as mind divinely human, the thinker bows his humble head beneath the prayer:

"O Light of all lights which are in the boundless Light, have mercy upon us also and purify us!"

If, on the other hand, we attempt to advise as from our own minds, it must be clear that we either approve or disapprove a given course; both ways our advice is coloured by our own view. We fall into the trap set by our own natures. Wrong for me may be right for you. As we are dealing with others, not with ourselves, we can only help them to find out what aspect of truth is most visible to their minds at the time, and then hold up their hands as was done for the prophet of old. All this talk of influencing others appears to me nauseating, contemptible. If we have influence, let us use it on ourselves. He helps most who influences not at all. Resist the appeal to vanity, and our fellows seek our light because their trust is in us. Well they know those who have never used or betrayed them, even to themselves. Well they know that comrade true to the evolutionary trust, who, without assumed authority as without self-seeking, ever refers them back to the law of their own soul. Of such a one the vulgar will say that he (or she) strives to "influence," but clean minds recognize the presence of that impersonal power which is the greatest force in nature. We can only exercise it fragmentarily now, but its smallest portion may feed a multitude. The world may vivisect those faithful ones whose simplicity of service makes naught of all its plans, the incense of grateful hearts may die away, but the deep "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," from the inner altar of their worship is all the reward they understand. The true, the universal lover, will, at all hazards, prevent in himself the expression of that haughty form of separateness which gives the death-blow to compassion by saying, in the presence of wrong: "I could not do that." We err. In the very same position we would do the same thing, for that situation includes the mental and physical make up, the entire Karma of that other person. Every determining factor would be the same. There were no possible escape from the same action were we the same actor. Do we thank heaven we are not the same? It imports more that our fellows shall have good cause to thank high heaven that we are other.

Again, strenuous opposition often forces the questioner in the contrary direction. And too often people ask our opinion to have their own confirmed. Failing that, it is sweet to find, in our opposition, a spur or a justification, it may be, of their course. The

Maya of Nature is endless. It happens again that some who come to us for help, apparently, really man the lifeboat of the Law sent for our succour. They may bring to a focus some long-delayed choice of our own. They may throw, as it were, a search-light upon our position, revealing us to ourselves. "What men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral." To most of us, a privilege means the exclusion of others. He who foregoes the privilege of adviser-in-chief to his fellows begins to learn a deeper wisdom of self-control that leads to wider helpfulness in fields of hidden space. Yet do not say that we can help but little. Sympathy is a vast force, and we develop by its exercise. Not the gush of puling sentiment, nor the blaze of emotion, but the quiet charity which is an occult power, that broad attractive current binding souls apparently dissevered. We touch the bond; they thrill response to its widespread harmonies.

I cannot make you more definite reply, yet you will feel helped, I venture to believe, because, while no definite path has been pointed out, a direction has been indicated where many paths do lie and are to be found. Each path must be freely chosen by him who is to tread it. Hence the wise guide will only indicate their direction.

There is more to it, though. Inasmuch as even two or three are thus met in the name of the universal Law of Brotherhood, or Identity of Souls, and when self has faded from sight, a very real guidance can and does arise from the inner selves of all. It arises from those spiritual spheres whose beings are selfless. Attracted by the harmonious aspirations quivering through the unseen light, they half incline, they listen, they recognize the voice of soul, they help the inner selves of men through the minds and hearts. Watch, then, for these, the descending gods.

Not men and women seek our aid, but souls. The soul, deeply buried in matter, seeks itself through the universe. Deep within us lies that soundless Aum which the Mahâtma—the soul made perfect—salutes in every human being. It lies so deeply hid and knocks. Material brain is occupied. The heart of desire cannot hear. Vainly the Voice resounds; the Aum knocks on, unheard by sinning man. But his brother may hear! On us Nature may have imposed that signal trust; we may have that gift to hear, to recognize the Aum in other lives. Then we may make reply. How? By returning trust

for suspicion; silence for deeds of wrong; we may uphold to our brother the image of his creator and god. Ours it is to cause hatred to cease by love, to win for that distraught and warring comrade a moment of stillness, in which the inner Voice may be heard. When we return patience for anger, that fettered soul within his body vibrates to the universal harmony. Like a miner imprisoned within a ruined mine, it hears the signal of the rescuing party coming nearer, nearer still. It feels the hope of escape, of breaking down the walls; that light approaches from without, borne in a brother's hand, to free the inner light, itself. It leaps in its stony prison. The man feels, he hears, he obeys; the soul-light floods out to know itself, to know the worlds which are but its greatest expression. Is it not an august service, thus to assist the purposes of soul?

.

Only the Teacher can know whether the soul has done well or ill. The Voice is all the guide the soul can have. It will bring it to the broad places in the end.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

THEOSOPHY AND THE EXPIRING CYCLE.

IN an article in your current number exhorting Theosophists to "Work Together," I observe reference to a belief that has often shown itself in recent theosophical writing to the effect that some crisis or cyclic period is rapidly approaching, after which further theosophical work will be "in vain." Some members of the Society have engendered the notion that we have only a few years left in which to accomplish results, and that after 1897 some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us which will render all subsequent attempts to disseminate the truths of Theosophy abortive.

This is a groundless and mischievous delusion, springing appa-

rently from some exaggerated importance attributed to phrases used by Madame Blavatsky. Many years ago, before the Theosophical Society had fairly taken root, it may have been still uncertain whether the attempt to plant theosophical knowledge in the world at large would succeed or fail. If the Society had continued the weak seedling it seemed to be at that time, and if the cyclic period which ends in 1897 had come upon us without witnessing any improvement, then it is probable that the real promoters of the movement, the Masters in the background, would have postponed further attempts to stir up the dormant spirituality of mankind by such methods as would then, by the hypothesis, have failed till the closing quarter of the coming century. But as events have turned out, we have no such failure to deplore. In many directions, I am sorry to say, the Theosophical Society has exhibited a crooked growth. This is especially the case wherever branches have allowed themselves, by an unhealthy development of a feeling highly creditable in its origin—a feeling of gratitude to Madame Blavatsky for the great work she did—to forget that the theosophic movement is inspired by an influence independent of all personalities, and to worry texts derived from Madame Blavatsky's writings, as some sectarian fanatics deal with phrases in the English *Bible*. To do this is to reduce Theosophy in turn to a sect, with its hard and fast limitations and its incrustations of error. The system is peculiarly inapplicable in the present case, because Madame Blavatsky was an impetuous writer and speaker, always pouring forth a torrent of ideas without stopping to guard them coolly from misapprehension. No work in the language, for instance, is less entitled to be treated as literally inspired than *The Secret Doctrine* itself, though studied rationally it is, of course, a mine of invaluable suggestion.

The truth in regard to the influence of the end of the cycle on theosophic progress—as everyone who is really in a position to find out how the matter is regarded by the Higher Authorities must be aware—is this: The momentum of the Theosophical Society as it now stands (however crooked in growth in some directions) is abundantly sufficient to carry it over the cyclic crisis now approaching. On the whole it has been a success and not a failure, and will live accordingly and outgrow its ailments in turn. In the course of the coming century, we have reason to believe, the knowledge at present

held by a comparatively small number of persons—that the paths of the higher spiritual initiation are still open to those qualified to tread them—will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the cultured classes. Under the circumstances the beginning of the next century, instead of being a period at which all further efforts to spread theosophic truth will be encouraged, will be the dawn of a new era, in which the uphill efforts we have been making for the last decade or so will go forward far more prosperously. I am not making this declaration with the view of implying that we ought to await that period before making any further exertions, but, on the contrary, to dispel the stultifying belief that the Theosophy of the future is going to be contracted within the limits of the sect represented by the complete works of any single exponent of theosophic teaching.

A. P. SINNETT.

October 17th, 1894.

THE APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

PART II.

IN order properly to determine whether present, as well as past social arrangements put an artificial limit to the bodily, mental and moral growth of women, and to decide whether their power of developing latent psychic faculties has been lessened in a similar manner, some definition of woman's place in the economy of the human race must be attempted—the place of the Mother Principle in Nature specified.

In considering the proper place of woman, the working hypothesis used is this.

The first duty of a woman, as of every human being, is self-preservation, self-perfecting; her duty to the race taking the second place.

Towards man woman's human duties are wholly psychic, mental, spiritual. In her are embodied the complementary parts of his human qualities. Her sexual connection with him is not human but animal—one of the consequences of mind's descent into matter; and this sexual connection is right when undertaken thoughtfully for love to

the race, and as a service to the coming generation; wrong, or at best relatively right—the lesser of two evils—when undertaken for the pleasure or satisfaction of potential parents.

In trying to understand the natural place of the "Mother Power," it is necessary to go beyond the animal kingdom, through-out which, according to one hypothesis, the feminine element has gradually been debased.

Even an elementary study of evolutionary processes shows a continuous adjustment of means to two great ends—the "preservation of the individual" and "the reproduction of the species." (Nature frequently sacrifices the welfare of individuals, but only when that of offspring demands it, never to the gratification of the other sex.) Thus the perpetuation in offspring of every advance the race has made is justly said to be the final aim of Nature's processes, the means being the welfare of the individual, without distinction of sex.

As the case stands, in the human race women have (if not always) for ages been subjected to one form of degradation after another, until in our day it is commonly said to be *inevitable*, and a necessary adjunct to civilization, that a certain percentage of women—of human beings—should be sacrificed in order that the sexual animal in man may perpetrate a vicious action which is insulting to all womanhood, a crime against future generations and destructive of the humanity of every man practising it.

In various eastern books are to be found references to the "Great Mother," the "Mundane Egg" from which the universe came forth, the storehouse of all forms, in which the "Breath" was matured, from which every living thing emerged as the processes of evolution followed their spiral course; and a somewhat similar conception, differently expressed, is found in many of the works of modern science.

Every effort of a plant's life is directed toward providing for the growth of seeds; and in reading books dealing with plant and animal life, the elaborate methods taken to ensure the fertilization of flowers and due provision of nutriment to the unfolding plants, appear very striking. Thus neither in the development of worlds nor in the life of plants do the pleasure or satisfaction of a male sexual element appear to be taken into account.

It is only after entering the animal kingdom—where owing to the loss of instinctual consciousness, the temporary introduction of a new spur to development was required, pending the evolution of mental and moral, *i.e.*, human, consciousness—that the sexual life of females is seen to be perverted; and instead of being devoted exclusively to the welfare of offspring has been made to serve the sexual pleasure of males.

The injurious effects of this functional perversion culminate in the human race, where the spur should be, not sexual desire, but reasoned morality.

The greater egoism and increasing brain development of human races have enabled animal man to abuse the female organs of reproduction, in order that his sexual passions might be satisfied.

Out of this gratification have arisen the vices of infanticide, intentional abortion and prostitution. To these artificial means of checking the growth of population, Nature has added death by starvation and by numerous diseases peculiar to infancy.

Thus animal man's sexual sin has been the abuse—unintentional it may be—of the female reproductive organs, with, as resultant, the deterioration of the race, through injury caused to offspring; the partial or complete unfitting of women for the fulfilment of their maternal duties; and the serious restriction of the individual human development of woman herself.

From various social customs based on the perpetuation of this immoral arrangement, has grown the generally received opinion that woman is a creature physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man. Indeed, the adverb womanly has come to mean "that which is crippled, helpless and ignorant," instead of that which belongs to woman.

Have we found the sought-for clue to the right education of woman and her proper place in an associated humanity? First she has to be considered as an individual human being, to whom full opportunity for the healthy development of her body and all inherited or potential powers ought to be given.

From this should follow special training of some aptitude in order that she, as an individual, should be self-supporting. That social arrangements have not up to the present been formed on these lines has been a serious loss to humanity.

One of the functions of the feminine or maternal principle throughout nature is to preserve the potentiality of all beneficial qualities. Man's failure to comprehend this as he became a thinking and moral being, has resulted in withholding from woman some of the essential means to full development, and in her failure to attain a high standard of physical excellence, a wide order of mental power, and an acute degree of moral sensitiveness. Hence her offspring have tended to become unbalanced, and a racial loss has been sustained.

G. A. H. BRERETON.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GARDENS OF TWILIGHT *(continued)*.

"HE had lived with kings and counsellors; he had wrought in magical arts, and the great and wise of the earth were his fellows. When a time came for him to depart he turned away sadly from the towers of men. He passed, without knowing it, through the strange defiles which lead to these gardens; but the light did not break upon him in iridescent waves foamy with flowers and sparkling with vanishing forms; the light was hidden in the bosom of the twilight; it was all-pervading but invisible; the essence of the light bathed his soul; the light was living; the light was exhaustless; by it everything was born; touched by it everything went forth in ecstasy, blind, seeking for realization.

"The magician brought with him the seeds of human desire and wisdom and aspiration. The light broke into his moody forgetfulness and kindled long-forgotten fires. He awoke from his darkness and saw before him in happiest vistas the island city of his longing. Around him were the men and women he knew; acting on his secret wishes the multitudes hailed him as king, they bowed before him as wise, they worshipped him as all-powerful. It was not strange to him, and rapt in royal imaginations for countless years he held sway over the island city. He dreamed of it as a poet, and there was no more beautiful city than this city of his dream. There were palaces that shot up, pinnacle upon pinnacle,

amid the jewel-light of the stars; there were courts and porticoes full of mysterious glory and gloom, magnificence and darkness; there were fountains that jetted their pearly mists into the light; around them with summer in their hearts lay the island inhabitants, each one an angel for beauty. As the dream of the magician deepened in rapture, the city wavered and changed more continually; its towers pierced more daringly into the way of the stars; for the darkness below he summoned birds of fire from the aerial deeps; they circled the palaces with flaming wings; they stained the air with richest dyes and rained forth emerald and blue and gold on the streets and sculptured walls and the inhabitants in their strange joys.

"His dream changed; he went forth no more but shut himself up in his palace with his wisest princes, and as he took counsel with them, the phantasmal and brilliant towers without faded and fell away as a butterfly droops its wings. For countless years he lived in the intoxication of thought; around him were sages who propounded wisest laws, and poets who sang of love, humanity and destiny. As his dream deepened still more in its rapture, they sang of mightier themes; there was continual music and light; there was no limit of glory or dominion which the human soul might not aspire to; his warriors stepped from star to star in dreams of conquest, and would have stayed the seraph princes of the wind and wave and fire, to make more radiant the retinue of this magician of the Beautiful.

"Again his desire changed. He sought to hold no further sway over these wide realms beyond him; he shut himself up in an inner chamber in lonely meditation, and as he entered into a deeper being the sages and poets, who were with him at his royal feasts, vanished and were no more. He, the wise mind, pondered within himself, finding joy in the continual inward birth of thought following thought, as in lonely seas wave rolls upon wave. From all things he had known or experienced he drew forth their essence and hidden meaning, and he found that he had been no less a king in his old unconsciousness than he now was, and that at all times nature had been obeisant and whatever had happened had still been by his own will. Through the light, thin fretted by the fire of his aspiration, he sometimes seemed to see the Shining Law in all things and the

movement throughout the thought-swept fields of heaven of the universal imagination. He saw that this, too, had been a minister to him. He drew nigh to himself—divinity. The last rapture of his soul was this radiant self-conception. Save for this vesture the light of illusion fell from him. He was now in a circle of whitest fire, that girdled and looked in upon the movements of worlds within its breast. He tried to expand and enter this flaming circle; myriads of beings on its verges watched him with pity; I felt their thought thrilling within me.

“He will never attain it!”

“Ah, the Beautiful Bird, his plumage is stained!”

“His glory will drag him down!”

“Only in invisible whiteness can he pass!”

“How he floats upwards, the Beautiful Bird!”

“These voices of universal compassion did not reach him, rapt in aspiration and imperious will. For an instant—an eternity—the infinitudes thrilled him, those infinitudes which in that instant he knew he could never enter but as one with all on the days of the great return. All that longed, all that aspired and dared, all but the immortal were in that moment destroyed, and hurled downwards from the highest heaven of life, the pilgrim spark began once more as a child to live over again the round of human days.”

“The spirit of the place o’ermastered you,” said the child. “Here many come and dream; and their dream of joy ended, out of each dreaming sphere comes forth again in pain the infant spirit of man.”

“But beyond this illusive light and these ever-changing vistas—what lies? I am weary of their vanishing glories. I would not wish to mount up through dreams to behold the true and fall away powerlessly, but would rather return to earth, though in pain, still eager to take up and renew the cyclic labours.”

“I belong to the gardens,” said the child; “I do not know what lies beyond. But there are many paths leading far away.”

Before them where they stood branched out paths of rich flowers. Here a region of pinks lured on to vistas of delicate glory; there ideal violet hues led to a more solemn beauty; here the eyes were dazzled by avenues of rich, radiant, and sunny green; another in beautiful golden colours seemed to invite to the land of

the sun, and yet another winded away through soft and shadowy blues to remote spiritual distances. There was one, a path of white flowers ending in light no eye could pierce.

"I will choose this—the path of white flowers," he said, waving farewell to the child. I watched the antique hero in my vision as he passed into the light; he seemed to shine, to grow larger; as he vanished from my eyes he was transfigured, entering as a god the region of gods." Æ.

(To be continued.)

LOTUS CIRCLE.

Do our "thinkers" ever grow old?—No, because they have been from all time.

Do our "thinkers" ever die?—No, they cannot die, they exist always.

If God did not make us, who did?—We made ourselves, we are part of the whole, or God.

Do our physical bodies ever return to this world again?—No, but all the particles of our body come and make another body.

Has anyone ever known what is above the sky?—Those who can see in the astral do, for it surrounds the earth and sky.

IVY ANDERSON.

The above are answers to Questions by members of the Lotus Circle, which appeared in a previous issue. Ivy Anderson is a young member of a Lotus Circle in America.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE H. P. B. Training Class meets on Monday evenings, at 7.45 p.m. punctually. *Secret Doctrine* group at 8.30 p.m. Enquirers welcomed on Fridays evenings at 8.30 p.m.

The public meetings here on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during the ensuing month are to discuss the following subjects: Nov. 21st, *Magnetism*; 28th, *Two Main Ideas in Esoteric Philosophy*; Dec. 5th, *Reward and Punishment*; 12th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*.

A new catalogue of our Lending Library will shortly be issued. An anonymous donation of £3 to the library fund is thankfully acknowledged.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

The H. P. B. PRESS, Printers to the Theosophical Society, 42, Henry St., Regent's Park, N.W.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

II.

YOU ask me, Brothers, for my thoughts respecting the Theosophical Society and its neutrality. The latter point appears to me to be one important at all times and one which should be better understood.

The Society is held to represent our ideal. It stands for Universal Brotherhood. What is that? I have heard, and I believe it true, that when the elder Brothers of that hierarchy which specially helps the West were considering the base of the T. S.—a base to be as broad as the world, free as the ether—they chose for this foundation a truth which they expressed by the term “Universal Brotherhood.” In this they followed after Nature, herself based upon that truth. The term was chosen as one fitted to convey to all minds in all languages a clear, distinct, and ethical idea. At the same time, their ethics transcend ours; the only real ethics are spiritual laws we do not glimpse as yet. So this term is held to cover and to convey in its highest sense the truth of the “spiritual identity of all Being,” on which alone can a *real* universal brotherhood, true in fact as well as in potentiality, active on all planes alike, be based. The Society is thus seen to rest upon spiritual identity, upon likeness and not upon difference, upon union and reunion as beginning and goal, and, in the intermediate spaces of Time, upon unity in diversity. Like the world-soul, the Society receives into its bosom all manner of minds, souls in all stages of evolution and involution, promising within those borders free and unimpeded development, through enquiry, to each. Thus the sole article of faith necessary for admission premises its neutrality; the one springs naturally from the other.

Let us now take up and examine the nature of this neutrality. At once we perceive that no passivity, in the usual sense, is implied. The Society does not permit the war of creeds, the attack of minds within its precincts. Members and officers are not to sit calmly by and allow the assault upon the beliefs of others to go on unimpeded. It is not permitted in the meetings; on the part of officials it is held to be a misdemeanour forbidden expressly by the Constitution. The neutrality is positive, not negative. It is active, as becomes a spiritual quality springing from a spiritual truth lying at the very foundation of Being. Rightly so, for those who sit by and allow a wrong to be done when their activity might prevent it, are sharers of the injustice which their passivity makes possible. They do not escape, by that inactivity, a really active share in the wrong. They provided a quiet shelter, so to say, for the aggressor, a field from which the evil could sally forth and take effect. We find mankind recognizing this fact at two poles, first in the common axiom: "The receiver is as bad as the thief"; secondly, in the mystic's code, "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." When the machinery of the Society is put in motion to bring about an infringement of the rules of Brotherhood, we do not escape responsibility by assuming the attitude of calm spectators, or of judges ready to deal out a justice which in truth we have not to bestow, being as yet imperfect men. Neutrality is not passivity. The last is a mental inertia, the other a fixed mental attitude. The first altogether rejects an infringement of Brotherhood, and forbids an insistence upon diversity, which the latter supinely permits. The ideally neutral attitude is that taken up by the Society. It posits for itself a broad code, a tenet wide as the fields of light and single as is the source of that light; for others it adopts an impartial neutrality. In this mental equilibrium there is no lethargy. The "holder of the balance" requires every faculty, every nerve brought into play. Try; you will not find it easy. This point of balance is the lever of Archimedes; once found, it moves the worlds. When disturbances shift the balance too far, the true neutrality consists in an effort to bring about readjustment, just as we see people instinctively throwing themselves to one side when the ship keels over or the coach careens. That is the recognition, in physics, of nature's law of readjustment, or reaction. The Society provides for it, even

to dismissal from office, if the rule of neutrality be violated, and such provision is a part of its neutrality. Ours should be no less positive. In this light an occult saying becomes understandable: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold I will spew thee out of my mouth." To be at either pole implies reaction in time, and so comes about circulation, or the condition of living, of evolving. To lie passively in a middle state where no action is, is to be spewed out of the mouth of nature, or manifestation, to fade out without further *personal* evolution. The Yogî is intensely active on the spiritual plane and negative upon the physical plane in trance. The same penalty would be incurred by the Society if it were "neither hot nor cold." Its inactivity would bring about its decay.

It would thus appear that an active charity is the legitimate outcome of the sole article in our confession of faith. An *active* charity—not verbal, not inanimate, not supine. The magnificent picture given by St. Paul delineates the aspect and mode of such a vital charity from the standpoint of the adept, and portrays the inadequacy of mere eloquence, though it spoke as angels might speak, to do justice to that living quality, without which sonorous speech "were as sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal."

Our Society is the model, the working model in the objective world, of that body known to the mystics of all ages as THE LODGE, or aggregate of spiritually active souls, embracing all the rungs of conscious mental Being.

THE LODGE is the servant of Karma. That is, its operations are guided by the laws of Being. It works along the lines of Law, using cause and effect as it finds them to its hand, provided already by mankind under Karma; using the action and reaction of currents in the Âkâsha as it there finds these. It reveals nothing. It attacks nothing. It punishes nothing and no one. It leaves all this to the Law. The withdrawal of its influence or its aid is not, properly speaking, punishment, for it only removes that which cannot be used by those who turn away from its path, the path of Law. Strictly speaking, offenders are those who have removed themselves. But it protects. It defends. It secures for its followers the right to mental freedom. It imposes no action. It offers opportunity for right action to those entitled to such opportunity. If rejected, the opportunity comes no more. The Divine is not importunate. Where

honest intent and pure aim have not secured a man from mistaken action, his soul learns a broader view, a vision more intense from the pain of the mistake, and his right intent carries him onward still. The Law thus provides that intention, motive, shall count, and so they do also count with that instrument of the Law, THE LODGE. So long as a man wills to do rightly, wills to see clearly, he is helped over the innumerable obstructions put in our way (by nature), by that LODGE itself, whose mission it is to help mankind in their progress through the mire of material life.

THE LODGE has but one insurmountable barrier, hypocrisy; one crime, ingratitude; one felony, self-abuse. For conscious root in falsity under guise of truthseeking must debar the mind from sight of the True. Denial of a gift, rejection of the giver are perjuries committed against the very nature of Life—the One Being—*itself*. All who give us aught have given us somewhat of their life; that life works in and for us; when we deny that, after any one of our numerous contemptible human fashions, we do inhibit and expel it from our spheres; we do our paltry best to stifle Life and stultify its source; we deny the very mainsprings of existence, the eternal give and take, when we give back evil in any shape of denial, forgetfulness, suspicion, for the blessings of fraternity and good will. And he who destroys the nervous vehicle destroys the inner senses in the germ and cannot penetrate to that arcanum of hidden Being because he has destroyed the path leading to it, and that, too, after a fashion which affects the atoms of nervous matter for many a life beyond the life we call to-day.

The great function of THE LODGE is also that of the Law—re-adjustment. That is to say, bringing into equilibrium the nature—human or universal—temporarily overbalanced by undue determination to one or another pole of force. When undue stress is laid upon one aspect of life, the true servant can be helped by the awakening of energies then latent at the other pole. This is done whenever *necessary*; the good gardener does not disturb the plant until it requires his care; then he only brings to bear upon it natural agencies which he has learned to specialize. Such servants form, each in his own degree, links of the great chain of conscious endeavour which stretches from man to the angels, and beyond. Once they have served, and while they do serve, that LODGE is in the

very nature of things bound to them as they to it. For such living links there is no severance unless they will it so.

Life, the Breath, the Conscious Mover, flows along the chain, *seeking and making its own bed*, choosing its own vehicles; those above cannot reject those below; those below must receive that Life by way of those above. Each put himself in his own place; not one can lose it unless he himself moves away or is moved away from that place. It is hierarchial, because the laws of Life, of the One Life in the One Substance, have made it so, fashioning plane upon plane, stage upon stage, link after link, soul after soul. "Ingratitude *is* a crime in occultism," as the Master twice has said, for he who denies one link of the chain, one source of but a single interior benefit, throws, or would if he could, throw the whole chain into confusion. He endeavours to isolate one link from the living palpitant whole; that whole resists, and he himself is torn away from it; the great stream expulses him as debris upon the naked shore, and flows on. Brotherly help is a spiritual entity; it is of the higher order of life; it is a part of the higher substance of our being—the thought-substance, the heart-substance—and we sow it in the spheres of our fellows, open to ask and to receive it.

When, then, they turn against the giver, they do violently reverse the action of those living substantial atoms within them; the sudden reversal of force is a great shock to their own inner man. Moreover, they do then, by their thoughts, expel and cast back upon us the force we have bestowed, but a force also reversed to its other pole. By this reversal of force they drag the atoms of spiritual substance down to a lower plane existence before their time. They return hatred for love; in occult dynamics this means that they give contraction, death, bitter cold for life and love. They *may* hurt the giver, if they be powerful enough, but primarily they injure themselves. In the ungrateful man you may plainly see the horrid action of this sharp reversal; he is torn by doubt, anger, suspicion; his misery knows no cessation. Peace has no foothold within him; he is the wretched playground of forces whose nature he himself has transmuted, making that deadly which was given from the fountain of life. And Life uprears its crest against him, it will have none of him except upon the terms he himself has made, the terms of violence to the essential nature of things; no

truce is given by the Law to him who has thus declared himself a foe to order and law. The Benefactor is sacred in the penetralia of spiritual truth; he cannot undo the good once done, himself; no benefit once set forth can ever be cancelled; the stream can be checked at the source but its flowing waves cannot be recalled. Present evil cannot obliterate past good so far as we are concerned; in the universal sum of things they may tend to one benefit—self-knowledge—in the end.

Hence fidelity to that Society, at once a model and a benefit, an ideal and a nucleus capable of perfection, is a primary virtue in the would-be Theosophist. He must act the brotherhood he professes, or he risks to become a hypocrite, one of those “pharisees” of whom H. P. Blavatsky remarked that they were the only class whom the Christ constantly rebuked. The mystic Christ-light will have none of the hypocrite, for he seeks a false light, one of the numberless false reflections of the One. He must be grateful, to his fellows, his officers, to the unseen givers of the ideal, to the “guardians of the base,” to the “bearers of the flame.” Otherwise, he risks to destroy the vehicle. It is not perfect, for men can provide no vehicle which shall be better than their aggregate selves.

It is for them to perfect both. Theirs is at choice that noble part of avoiding all fixed codes, all rigid methods of comparison, all hard and fast conceptions of charity or justice or neutrality or benevolence, whereby we reduce divine fluidic lights to mere forms, models of our restricted minds. Let us watch at the springs of the spirit within us; let us wait for the dawn of compassion; let us listen for the pleading of an inner voice; for the pulses of pardon, of peace and of prayer, let us keep undying watch within ourselves. When these arise, were it by but the feeblest heart-beat, let us give way to the eternal processional of the peace bringers, the currents of divinity ever ready to flow through every man who will take down his bars and evoke their passage. We are fixed; they change ever. We are mechanical; they are spontaneous. Fatigue is ours; they are immortal, tireless, ever-born and never-fading. We are the slaves of our own poor preconceptions of conduct and virtue; they are servants of the Divine Dark Children of the Father of Lights, teachers of men who yet are—if they will—themselves. Through and by our Society, that concept of spiritual and charitable

identity, we may both receive and give these boons *if so be we abide by the spirit itself*. We shall learn and become that truth than which no grander ever was set forth:

"As the one fire, after it has entered into the world, becomes different according to what it burns, so the self within all things is *different—but it exists also apart*."

Now this is an epitome of the *real* neutrality.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

"It is more disgraceful to suspect a friend than to be deceived by him."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it."—EPICTETUS.

THE following extracts are from the letters of one whose good Karma bids fair to enroll him on the list of the world's great "frauds." The name of the first on that list is not known. He was perhaps a good man of whom the Atlanteans did not approve. In the historical period we have Jesus, Apollonius, Paracelsus, many Alchemists, Saint Germain, Cagliostro, H. P. Blavatsky and others of varying degree.

These brief extracts are taken from letters which were written to various friends over a period of years. They were written on a basis of some intimacy, during times of storm and difficulty for the most part, and when the writer was nearly always being attacked either openly or privately. They are peculiar, inasmuch as from first to last they do not contain an uncharitable remark about any person, dead or living.

These extracts will, perhaps, furnish additional evidence—for some people—of the writer's immorality, unscrupulousness and

deceit. It is possible to extract such evidence from the cut of a man's clothes—when looked at from the standpoint of enlightenment. With such people we have nothing to do, so far as these letters are concerned. Theosophists will find them of interest, we believe.

THE RECIPIENTS.

"For the love of heaven do not take any tales or informations from any person to any other. The man who brought news to the king was sometimes killed. The surest way to make trouble out of nothing is to tell about it from one to another. Construe the words of the *Gîthi* about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's fancies, tales, facts or other matters, as you will have enough to do to look out for your own duty. . . . Too much, too much, trying to force harmony. Harmony comes from a balancing of diversities, and discord from any effort to make harmony by force. . . . In all such things I never meddle, but say to myself it is none of my affair at all, and wait till it *comes to me*—and thank God if it never arrives! And that is a good rule for you."

"We all differ and must agree to disagree, for it is only by balancing contrary things that equilibrium (harmony) is obtained. Harmony does not come through likeness. If people will only let each other alone and go about their own business quietly all will be well. . . . It is one's duty to try and find one's own duty and not to get into the duty of another. And in this it is of the highest importance that we should detach our *minds* (as well as our tongues) from the duties and acts of others whenever those are outside of our own. If you can find this fine line of action and inaction you will have made great progress."

"Think of these points:

"(a) Criticism should be abandoned. It is no good. Coöperation is better than criticism. The duty of another is dangerous for one whose duty it is not. The insidious coming of unbrotherly criticism should be warned against, prevented, stopped. By example you can do much, as also by word in due season.

"(b) Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all

the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never rise to trouble you.

"(c) Solidarity.

"(d) Acceptation of others."

"Yes, that business is already a 'back number,' stale and unprofitable. I have found that work tells. While others fume and fret and sleep, and now and then start up to criticize, if you go right on and work, and let time, the great devourer, do the other work, you will see that in a little while the others will wake up once more to find themselves 'left,' as they say in the land of slang. Do, then, that way. Your own duty is hard enough to find out, and by attending to that you gain, no matter how small the duty may be. The duty of another is full of danger. May you have the light to see and to do! Tell —— to remember to work to the end to make himself an instrument for good work. Times change, men go here and there, and places need to be filled by those who can do the best sort of work and who are full of the fire of devotion and who have the right basis and a sure and solid one for themselves. My love to all."

"Well, now, just at this minute I do not know exactly what to say. Why not take up an easy and fluidic position in the matter? An occultist is never fixed on any mortal particular plan. So do not fix your mind as yet on a plan. Wait. All things come to him who waits in the right way. Make yourself in every way as good an instrument for any sort of work as you can. Every little thing I ever learned I have now found out to be of use to me in this work of ours. Ease of manner and speech are of the best to have. Ease of mind and confidence are better than all in this work of dealing with other men—that is with the human heart. The more wise one is the better he can help his fellows, and the more cosmopolitan he is the better too. . . . When the hour strikes it will then find you ready; no man knows when the hour will strike. But he has to be ready. You see Jesus was, in fact, an occultist, and in the parable of the foolish virgins gave a real occult ordinance. It is a good one to follow. Nothing is gained, but a good deal lost by impatience—not only strength, but also sight and intuition. So decide nothing hastily. Wait; make no set plan. Wait for the hour to

make the decision, for if you decide in advance of the time you tend to raise a confusion. So have patience, courage, hope, faith and cheerfulness."

"Silentio, my dear, is almost as good as patience. He laughs best who does it last, and time is a devil for grinding things. . . . Use the time in getting calmness and solid strength, for a big river is not so because it has a deep bed, but because it has VOLUME."

"Let them croak, and if we keep silent it will have no effect, and as there has been trouble enough it is better not to make it any worse by referring to it. The only strength it has is when we take notice. It is better policy for all of us who are in earnest and united to keep still in every matter that has any personal bearing."

"Say, look here, never growl at anything you have to do. If you have to go, just take it as a good thing you have to do, and then it will redound to the good of them and yourself, but if it is a constant cross then it does no good and you get nothing. Apply your theories thus It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business. . . . Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

"Anyway you are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly, that is the way the Masters do it. The reaction the other way is just as you say, but the Master has so much wisdom he is seldom if ever, the prey of reactions. That is why he goes slowly. But it is sure. . . . I know how the cloud comes and goes. That is all right; just wait, as the song says, till they roll by.

"Arouse, arouse in you the meaning of 'thou art that.' Thou art the self. This is the thing to think of in meditation, and if you believe it then tell some others the same. You have read it before, but now try to realize it more and more each day and you will have the light you want If you will look for wisdom you will get it sure, and that is all you want or need. Am glad all looks well. It would always look well if each and all minded their own things and kept the mind free from all else."

"Now this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of western Occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it is wes-

tern. The symbol is the well-intended American Republic, which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand 'as a new era in the affairs of the world.' It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its declaration and constitution. 'The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in a state of friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It cannot be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And *brother* was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in fifty years we'll all be gone and forgot.

"Cut off, then, thoughts about those 'foolish children' until harmonious vibrations ensue to some extent. That absurdity . . . let go. I have deliberately refrained from jumping at such a grand chance. So you see forgive, forgive and largely forget. Come along then and with me get up as fast as possible the feeling of brotherhood.

"Now, then, you want more light, and this is what you must do. You will have to 'give up' something. To wit: have yourself called half an hour earlier than is usual and devote it *before* breakfast to silent meditation, in which brood upon all great and high ideas. Half an hour! Surely that you can spare. And don't eat first. If you can take another half *before* you go to bed and without any preliminaries of undressing or making things agreeable or more comfortable, meditate again. Now don't fail me in this. This is much to give up, but give it up recollecting that you are not to make all those preparations so often indulged in by people. . . . 'The best and most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity.' Good-bye, then, and may you find that peace which comes from the Self."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"Did you really dream all that?" said Willie. "How jolly it must be! It is like stepping from sphere to sphere. Before the night of one day you are in the morning of another. I suppose you have some theory about it all—as wonderful as your gardens?"

"Yes!" said our sceptic, "I had an uneasy consciousness it was not all pure story. I felt an allegory hiding its leanness somewhere beneath the glow and colour."

"What I want to know is how these things enter the imagination at all!"

"With what a dreadfully scientific spirit you dissect a fantasy! Perhaps you might understand if you recall what sometimes happens before sleep. At first you see pictures of things, landscapes, people you know; after a time people and places unknown before begin to mingle with them in an ever-widening circle of visions; the light on which these things are pictured is universal, though everyone has around himself his own special sphere of light; this is the mirror of himself—his memory; but as we go deeper into ourselves in introspection we see beyond our special sphere into the great or universal light, the memorial tablet of nature; there lie hidden the secrets of the past; and so, as Felix said a little while ago, we can call up and renew the life of legend and tradition. This is the Astral Light of the mystics. Its deeper and more living aspect seems to inflame the principle of desire in us. All the sweet, seductive, bewitching temptations of sense are inspired by it. After death the soul passing into this living light goes on thinking, thinking, goes on aspiring, aspiring, creating unconsciously around itself its own circumstance in which all sweetest desires are self-fulfilled. When this dream-power is exhausted the soul returns again to earth. With some this return is due to the thirst for existence; with some to a perception of the real needs of soul."

"Do you really believe all that?"

"Oh, yes! But that is only a general statement."

"I wonder at your capacity for believing in these invisible spheres. As for me I cannot go beyond the world I live in. When I think of these things some dreadful necessity seems heaped upon me to continue here—or, as you might put it, an angel with a flaming sword keeps everywhere the avenues to the Tree of Life."

"Oh!" said Willie, "it seems to me a most reasonable theory. After all, what else could the soul do after death but think itself out? It has no body to move about in. I am going to dream over it now. Good-night!"

He turned into the tent and Robert followed him. "Well, I cannot rest yet," said Bryan, "I am going up for a little to the top of the hill. Come, Felix, these drowsy fellows are going to hide themselves from the face of night." We went up, and leaning on a boulder of rock looked out together. Away upon the dream-built margin of space a thousand tremors fled and chased each other all along the shadowy night. The human traditions, memories of pain, struggle, hope and desire floated away and melted in the quietude until at last only the elemental consciousness remained at gaze. I felt chilled by the vacancies. I wondered what this void was to Bryan. I wished to see with his eyes. His arm was around my shoulder. How I loved him—my nearest—my brother! The fierce and tender flame, comrade to his spirit, glowed in my heart. I felt a commingling of natures, something moved before my eyes. "Look, Bryan!" I whispered, "this is faery!" A slight upright figure, a child, stood a little apart shedding a delicate radiance upon the dusky air. Curiously innocent, primeval, she moved, withdrawn in a world only half-perceived of gorgeous blossoms and mystic shadows. Through her hair of feathery brown drifting about her the gleam of dust of gold and of rich colour seemed to come from her dress. She raised her finger-tips from the flowers and dashed the bright dew aside. I felt something vaguely familiar about the gesture. Then Bryan said, "It is one of the Children of Twilight." It was a revelation of his mind. I had entered into the forms of his imagination.

"This is wonderful, Bryan! If I can thus share in the thought of one, there can be no limit to the extension of this faculty. It

seems at the moment as if I could hope to finally enter the mind of humanity and gaze upon soul, not substance."

"It would be a great but terrible power. As often as not we imagine ourselves into demons. Space is thronged with these dragon-like forms, chimaeras of the fearful mind. Every thought is an entity. Some time or other I think we will have to slay this brood we have brought forth."

But as we turned backwards I had no dread or thought of this future contest. I felt only gay hopes, saw only ever-widening vistas. The dreams of the Golden Age, of far-off happy times grew full of meaning. I peopled all the future with their splendour. The air was thronged with bright supernatural beings, they moved in air, in light; and they and we and all together were sustained and thrilled by the breath of the Unknown God.

As we drew nigh to the tent, the light of the fire still flickering revealed Robert's face within. He was sleeping. The warmth of the sun had not yet charmed away the signs of study and anxious thought.

"Do you know the old tradition that in the deepest sleep of the body the soul goes into itself. I believe he now knows the truth he feared to face. A little while ago he was here; he was in doubt; now he is gone unto all ancient things. He was in prison; now the Bird of Paradise has wings. We cannot call him by any name, for we do not know what he is. We might indeed cry aloud to his glory, as of old the Indian sage cried to a sleeper, 'Thou great one, clad in white raiment; Soma: King!' But who thinking what he is would call back the Titan to this strange and pitiful dream of life? Let us breathe softly to do him reverence. It is now the Hour of the King,

"Who would think this quiet breather
From the world had taken flight?
Yet within the form we see there
Wakes the Golden King to-night.

"Out upon the face of faces
He looked forth before his sleep;
Now he knows the starry races
Haunters of the ancient deep:

“On the Bird of Diamond Glory
 Floats in mystic floods of song;
 As he lists, Time’s triple story
 Seems but as a day is long.

“When he wakes—the dreamy-hearted—
 He will know not whence he came,
 And the light from which he parted
 Be the seraph’s sword of flame;

“And behind it hosts supernal
 Guarding the lost Paradise,
 And the Tree of Life eternal
 From the weeping human eyes.”

“You are an enchanter, Bryan. As you speak I half imagine the darkness sparkles with images, with heroes and ancient kings who pass, and jewelled seraphs who move in flame. I feel mad. The distance rushes at me. The night and stars are living, and—speak unknown things! You have made me so restless I will never sleep.”

I lay down. The burden of the wonder and mystery of existence was upon me. Through the opening of the tent the warm night air flowed in; the stars seemed to come near—nearer—full of kindly intent—with familiar whispering; until at last I sank back into the great deep of sleep with a mysterious radiance of dream showering all about me. Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

EDITOR *Irish Theosophist*:

The matter of charges against me seems not yet to be at an end, as I am informed that *The Westminster Gazette* has made a long story of the whole thing, as it was once before given in California and other places, and has added to it various falsifications of fact. All this has led some European members of the T. S. to say that they think I should make a reply and explanation. One would suppose that the legal maxim that a man is called innocent until he

is proven guilty is but a form in England, and that a man's friends are not obliged to defend him when accused until he has made all his proofs.

All I have to say for the present is this: that at the proper time and place I will have to say what I wish and find right and proper. Let us wait until all the innuendos, charges and accusations are fully presented. One who knows, as I do, that he is guided and helped by the Masters, knows also that there is a time and a place for everything, and is able to bide his time. That is what I am doing. When the true moment comes I will be able to speak, and then facts and circumstances will join in speaking for me.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, Nov. 20th, 1894.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

WE have had a visit from Bro. E. T. Hargrove, whom we kept busy the few days he was with us. He lectured at the Lodge Room on December 5th on *The Practice of Theosophy*, next evening at the Dublin Ethical Society on *Mysticism—The Doctrine of Common Sense*, and on the Saturday at the Fabian Society, on *The Evolution of Society*, finishing later by joining in a discussion on theosophical matters at the Contemporary Club. A conversazione was held on the Friday evening.

The H. P. B. Training Class (Mondays, 7.45 p.m.) goes on merrily; some members attend outside meetings and put in a word or two.

The Wednesday discussions during the ensuing month are: Dec. 19th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*; Jan. 2nd, 1895, *Some Aspects of Pessimism*; 9th, *How to help the Theosophical Movement*.

FRED J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The series of letters by Jasper Nicmand (of which the second appears in this issue) will be continued in future numbers. Each letter deals with questions of vital interest to all Theosophists.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

III.

COMRADES :

You ask me for a fuller interpretation of the idea that the White Lodge Acts on the expanding force, and the Dark on the contractive. I understand this as follows :—

The spiritual forces, following the action of the Great Breath, flow outwards and downwards periodically, and periodically withdraw into their own centre. This is known as the “descent and reascent of the gods.” It is for men to lift themselves in aspiration towards the descending gods. When the spiritual forces are in full play of activity they are to be felt on *all* planes, even on the physical and most objective, where they are not indeed always sensed by men who may yet act with them from some interior perception not cognised by brain-mind. Of course you will see that this is again quite different from the action of those amongst mankind who do cognise the spiritual activity, in any degree whatever, and who apprehend the meaning of right action at such periods.

Following the method of that Planetary Spirit who imparts the vibration of truth for the Manvantara, the White Lodge acts with the expanding force, and, like it, and with it, withdraws into its own plane and centre, to work no more actively (externally) when the contractive force is on. On the spiritual plane there is always activity so long as the Great Breath is in manifestation at all. Roughly speaking, at such times the Adept of the White Ray, the white sexless Unity, acts in Samadhi, &c., only. You will see that when the spiritual expansion is on in great force all planes of nature feel it, according to the higher or lower evolution of the beings of that plane. But when the spiritual currents withdraw, each plane sets up its own action and reaction in the substance of that plane.

The dark powers, on the contrary, act with the contracting force. That is to say, they act with and increase the action and reaction especial to each plane ; such planes are the physical and lower astral.

Master has said : "It is impossible to worship both sides of nature at once." The word "worship" should be deeply underscored. For by "worship" is meant exclusive devotion to both Eros, the One Ray, the expansive compassion, and to the differentiated action and reaction of Jiva-prana especial to physical nature. Some great occultists have erred in this respect. As take the example of Paracelsus. Such men have thought that they could work on the higher manasic and other planes at favourable cyclic moments, and could then act in the body in separative physical and other extremes, supposing that by this they were copying the example shown by the manifested duality. They failed to discern Karma as a universal law, and to learn that Reaction really means that the spiritual forces are withdrawn to their own plane, to their own centre, and that the action then observed by men in nature is an action of a differentiation of force common to nature alone. Hence these men failed to reach the great truths.

When the spiritual forces expand from within outward, all nature thrills responsive ; even the hierarchies of lower powers can only assert themselves on those among mankind already predisposed to their influence. But the word Reaction is one which covers, in fact, that action referred to as coming from the unprogressed Planetaries, with all their hierarchies down even to the unprogressed elementals, with tendency to limitation, to fix and arrest thought-moulds, as to fix and arrest the worlds hanging suspended in minor pralaya.

Heed now the danger of this spiritual current to those amongst you whose thought-forms, whether of creed or plan, or what not else, are fixed. Were such a current forced into a sphere largely insensible, so far as mind may reach, to noëtic action, the result would only be that these erroneous ideas of rigid mould would more actively vibrate, would more vividly impress the brain-mind. Herein lies the danger of forcing the evolution of a man. Even when Karma permits, this process is one dangerous to the co-ordination of the various bodies ; and danger, great and grave danger, is incurred either to the physical body or in the reaction set up in the mind itself.

In the case of some the danger is in large part that of the physical body. They may feel reaction in the mind also ; but forewarned is fore-

armed, and if they have been taught—and in some measure have grasped the teaching—to observe this reaction in brain-mind as the action of the dark quality in nature (*tamo-guna*); to check pictures, even thoughts, and not to regard this effect of reaction on the lower mind as an expression of the real self, they have lessened little by little and in part the tendency to be carried away by it.

In other cases the danger lies less in the physical than in the brain-mind, which may feel the reaction of which I speak, in so far as there may be these mental pictures of rigid mould, which require time ere they can be dissolved in that Light which fluxes all things, and which works to more rapid purpose as men increase its power by looking to it alone. The dark powers can make fierce assaults in ways not generally understood, but which are felt in the form of terrible mental reaction. That reaction awakens the pictures of erroneous ideas to fresh life, and casts their vivid images anew upon the brain : bewilderment results. If at these times we set all down to the reaction common to nature, and induced by the force of our aspirations, avoiding meanwhile our own fixed mental preconceptions, we soon find that a time comes in which the Readjustor does his great work. This Readjustor may be the Higher Self, its messengers, or Karmic circumstance, or a Master, and even our own inner man : in all these cases it is the Self.

On this plane the dark powers rely upon their ability to create a *Maya*. If they see that we are not to be trapped in the prominent lines of work, they lay their hands where our currents exist but in some very small matter. Let me suppose a case, and one common enough. X. may have indulged in some criticism of another, small, and coupled with sincere and kind thoughts up to his lights. The dark powers could seize upon these pictures (vivified already by sound and its objectivizing power), could dress them up with more subtle matter, could enlarge them, enliven them with elementals and also could assume X.'s image, making all appear very large and bitter to the brain, whose nervous matter they would then proceed to impress with these images more than half their own creation. The object is to make it appear that all these things came from X., and the impression of other minds and repetition by them causes the evil to grow and spread. How are we to avoid this? We should refrain from all criticisms, especially in times of disturbance, when the etheric tension is great, and when all our spheres are tense as harp strings which feel every stir of the air. We must not manage, precipitate, nor force. We may work on and leave results to the

Law and its wiser servants. Let us each assume that the others do not think harshly nor critically of us, but put it all against the dark powers of lower Nature. We may and must defend others, when necessary, but let us do so upon a basis of principle and fraternity of *the whole*. By gentleness, detachment, strict attention to duty, and retiring now and then to the quiet place, bring up good currents and keep back all the evil ones. There must be silence in heaven for a time, or the dark ones rejoice to so easily get good, malleable images for annoying us. Remember it is the little things this work is done through, for they are not noticed and their effects are not traced to them, while larger things draw the eyes and minds of all, and hence are not good "blinds."

Self abnegation and charity may yet save the day for that nucleus of the Light, that child of the cycle and of our hope, whom we have created to give forth the great blessing of the Spiritual identity of all being, and will project the T. S. into the next century as a living wedge to cleave the darkness of the darkest age. Watch then and stand, but not as men who stand in a desperate cause. Stand as those stand in whose hearts the living Light has awakened, has burned and has borne witness to the truth. Stand calmly, stand serenely ; bear witness yourselves to that Compassion which is that Light itself. Give heart to those feeble ones amongst you whom the time and great Karma may well shake, by a fraternal quiet support which is beyond all loud asseveration, which needs no defence of self, but which waits upon the Hope of the ages, the Spiritual Light which "lighteth every man in the world" if that man will.

Beware of brain pictures which partake of the chains and delusions of matter. Their oscillations in the form of brain-mind action and reaction we may largely avoid. When you are not sure, stand still. Turn the peaceful heart away from all sharp clamour and await the hour of right action, resting meanwhile on the duties of the moment. Thus shall we baffle those hierarchies which have place in the duality of manifestation, upon which the great White Lodge cannot expend those high energies of which it is the guardian and evolver, since those powers must disappear with nature when the Great Breath shall be manifest alone. But it is *our* part to wage that war, since we have given them within our spheres a home, dwelling places and a power. Ours to evolve every atom, to drive the dark dwellers from their homes dissolved by the fluid mind which yields readily to the spiritual influx, and to the changes it brings in the akasic substance. Masters have long since left that task—once their task, too—behind.

Neither should we judge those who have interpreted events, bewilderment, suffering according to their karmic tendency. Enfold them also in the divine Compassion. All we have to do is to work and to wait in silence of the lips and of the brain. If we succeed in this, ours will be the great reward of hearing more clearly from that Light within ourselves which will guide us to action when the right moment for that action shall have arrived.

Do you not now see that power is only attainable by man on condition of his being able to work with either one pole of force or the other ? With spirit which finds manifested fruition only in going forth, and not in withdrawal. Or with nature which fructifies only in so far as she is able to contract, indraw and to retain some portion of that ever-acting spirit. Man, having power to choose, makes the first right steps when he acts only through the heart-perceptions of fraternity, resignation, patience, courage, altruism, all evolved by the high magic of the great name of Humanity ; all strengthened and broadened when attained and used for love of that race which shall be the temple of the Spirit if it will, and by the help of those amongst us who have the ideal of service with and for the Elder Servitors. Otherwise you strengthen the intellect only ; intellect the perceiver of form and formulated ideas ; intellect whose proper service is to verify in Nature the *facts* of the continuity of spiritual laws, as intuition holds the office of verifying those laws with the Buddhi eye when Nature sleeps in man. Thus in every act in life you have a choice ; each tells for or against spiritual evolution. Each choice is a step : the aggregate of these steps impels you to or from right choice in all the crises of great tests when the karmic hour strikes. You should use all the knowledge given to you to interpret the action and reaction of life about you. Thus only can you have a real and living compassion, thus only can you draw nearer to that ever-living Spirit contained by no moulds but container itself of the whole. Faithful to this trust you shall be able to understand the perplexities of events, letting "action and reaction have place in you, the body active, the mind as tranquil as the summer lake." Interpreters, without being judges in the least, you shall stand firm on ground of your own, amidst the tide of the world, able to remain yourselves inactive until the inner voice shall indicate the presence of the descending gods. Then listen greatly, will greatly, and obey. This done, the blessing of the great White Lodge shall indeed be yours, won by you in that service in which they won the right to bestow it.

JASPER NIEMAND,

THE CLOSING CYCLE.

In the November number the "expiring Cycle" is referred to by Mr. Sinnett, and members are rightly warned not to be so absurd (though that is my word) as to think that after 1897 "some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us."

Who is the person who gave out the concrete statement that 1897 was to be the close of a cycle when something would happen? It was H. P. Blavatsky. There is not the slightest doubt about it that she did say so, nor that she fully explained it to several persons. Nor is there any doubt at all that she said, as had been so long said from the year 1875, that 1897 would witness the shutting of a door. What door? Door to what? What was or is to end? Is the T.S. to end and close all the books?

Nothing is more plain than that H. P. Blavatsky said, on the direct authority of the Masters, that in the last twenty-five years of each century an effort is made by the Lodge and its agents with the West, and that it ceases in its direct and public form and influence with the twenty-fifth year. Those who believe her will believe this; those who think they know more about it than she did will invent other ideas suited to their fancies.

She explained, as will all those who are taught (as are many) by the same Masters, that were the public effort to go on any longer than that, a reaction would set in very similar to indigestion. Time must be given for assimilation, or the "dark shadow which follows all innovations" would crush the soul of man. The great public, the mass, must have time and also material. Time is ever. The matter has been furnished by the Masters in the work done by H. P. Blavatsky in her books, and what has grown out of those. She has said, the Masters have said, and I again assert it for the benefit of those who have any faith in me, that the Masters have told me that they helped her write the *Secret Doctrine* so that the future seventy-five and more years should have some material to work on, and that in the coming years that book and its theories would be widely studied. The material given has then to be worked over, to be assimilated for the welfare of all. No extinguisher will fall therefore on us. The T.S., as a whole, will not have the incessant care of the Masters in every part, but must grow up to maturity on what it has with the help to come from those few who are "chosen." H. P. Blavatsky has clearly pointed out in the *Key*, in her conclusion, that the plan is to keep the T.S. alive as an active, free, unsectarian body during all the time of waiting for the next great messenger, who will be herself beyond question. Thereby will be

furnished the well-made tool with which to work again in grander scale, and without the fearful opposition she had without and within when she began this time. And in all this time of waiting the Master, "that great Initiate, whose single will upholds the entire movement," will have his mighty hand spread out wide behind the Society.

Up to 1897 the door is open to anyone who has the courage, the force, and the virtue to TRY, so that he can go in and make a communication with the Lodge which shall not be broken at all when the cycle ends. But at the striking of the hour the door will shut, and not all your pleadings and cryings will open it to you. Those who have made the connection will have their own door open, but the public general door will be closed. That is the true relation of the "extinguisher" as given by H. P. Blavatsky and the Master. It seems very easy to understand.

"Many are called but few are chosen," because they would not allow it. The unchosen are those who have worked for themselves alone ; those who have sought for knowledge for themselves without a care about the rest ; those who have had the time, the money, and the ability to give good help to Masters' cause, long ago defined by them to be work for mankind and not for self, but have not used it thus. And sadly, too, some of the unmarked and unchosen are those who walked a long distance to the threshold, but stopped too long to hunt for the failings and the sins they were sure some brother pilgrim had, and then they went back farther and farther, building walls behind them as they went. They were called and almost chosen ; the first faint lines of their names were beginning to develop in the book of this century ; but as they retreated, thinking indeed, they were inside the door, the lines faded out, and other names flashed into view. Those other names are those belonging to humble persons here and there whom these proud aristocrats of occultism thought unworthy of a moment's notice.

What seems to me either a printer's error or a genuine mistake in Mr. Sinnett's article is on page 26, where he says : "will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the *cultured classes*." The italics are mine. No greater error could seem possible. The cultured classes are perfectly worthless, as a whole, to the Master-builders of the Lodge. They are good in the place they have, but they represent the "established order" and the acme of selfishness. Substitute *masses* for *cultured classes*, and you will come nearer the truth. Not the cultured but the ignorant masses have kept alive the belief in the occult and the psychic now fanned into flame

once more. Had we trusted to the cultured the small ember would long ago have been extinguished. We may drag in the cultured, but it will be but to have a languid and unenthusiastic interest.

We have entered on the dim beginning of a new era already. It is the era of Western Occultism and of special and definite treatment and exposition of theories hitherto generally considered. We have to do as Buddha told his disciples : preach, promulgate, expound, illustrate, and make clear in detail all the great things we have learned. That is our work, and not the bringing out of surprising things about clairvoyance and other astral matters, nor the blinding of the eye of science by discoveries impossible for them but easy for the occultist. The Master's plan has not altered. He gave it out long ago. It is to make the world at large better, to prepare a right soil for the growing out of the powers of the soul, which are dangerous if they spring up in our present selfish soil. It is not the Black Lodge that tries to keep back psychic development ; it is the White Lodge. The Black would fain have all the psychic powers full flower now, because in our wicked, mean, hypocritical, and money-getting people they would soon wreck the race. This idea may seem strange, but for those who will believe my unsupported word I say it is the Master's saying.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

—o—

SOUL-DEATH.

(Continued from October issue.)

It is strange indeed that with such possibilities before it as hath the freed soul of man : the power to soar aloft among the Gods, returning to Earth laden with its experiences and the light of truth, and the power to wander amongst the Heavens and the Hells, learning therefrom the *why* of pleasures and of sufferings—it is strange, I say, that so few just now seem inclined to acquire their freedom. If we look back over the history of all the older and greater nations, we shall find that each had a definite system of freeing the soul from the body, and the religious schools of the past were one and all organised with this intent—notably amongst the Egyptians, and this is the more pronounced the further we go back in research. Were the writer to go through as much as is known of the Egyptian Religious Systems, he could show very clearly that they had very definite methods and occult knowledge. The sacred books of the Hindoos refer their philosophy to the same, although I do not know that any one school stands out

more prominently than the rest. Essentially all their works contain this one science, and the number of schools existing show traces of a common origin. In more modern times we find the Gnostics, from whose systems it is abundantly evident the Christian doctrines have sprung.

But it is quite unnecessary to bring forward the system of the ancients as evidence of the Science of the Soul : whether we speak of the arcane lore of the Chaldees, Babylonians, or Egyptians ; of the ancient philosophers of India and China ; of Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Taoism ; of the Gnostics and Greeks ; of the Pythagorean School of Philosophy ; or even of the Hebrews—it matters little ! Judging from appearances, there are few just now who are fitted to receive Soul-knowledge—and why ? Is it because they *fear* to know ? Or is it because they are physically and mentally unfitted to comprehend ? Ears they have and they hear not. Eyes have they, yet they see not—and all the while there is much to be heard and seen. One is inclined to fancy that the search after Truth is not so great as we would fain be made to believe. Few, indeed, have attempted the solution of the problem of existence, and still fewer have solved it. Nevertheless, it has yet to be done by all.

Now with regard to our first question—is it *fear* which prevents persons from acquiring Soul-knowledge ? The answer is difficult. We do not accuse many just now of being afraid. There are men who would go the furthest distance in most things to gain their end, and who could hardly be said to “fear.” And again, since it is rapidly becoming the fashion to differ from everybody else in one’s way of thinking, and yet to maintain the courage of the opinion, moral fear is not prevalent. Self-reliance and independence, indeed are the essential characteristics of the age, from the housebreaker up. But there is, I fancy, in all this a recklessness, rather than a cool, calculating courage. People have an absolute horror of facing the real problem. Those who are brave enough to separate themselves from their inherited religions, straightway entangle themselves in some political cause or some work for the “*good of poor suffering humanity*.” The good they wish to do is often the unspoken and unconscious resolve to lose themselves in some movement or excitement the easier to slay the giant gnawing at their hearts, and the mistakes they make in the service of mankind are phenomenal. Their endeavours are almost all directed toward such emotionalisms as the brightening of England’s hearths and homes, and in their struggle they utterly miss the real cause of suffering—the natures of the people themselves. In brightening the home they are apt to forget

the inmate, and to show how purely superficial is their desire to do good, one has but to point out how the rich are neglected—the poor alone considered. Verily, the upper classes require more looking after than the lower, for it is hard for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Let us alter the minds of men, and shortly their surroundings will undergo a like metamorphosis.

But who will face our problem in its entirety? Let a person set himself down to determinately find out the truth and solve the arcane problem, "Why here at all, and wherefore as thou art?" Useless our laboratories, useless our most delicate weights and scales, useless the last words of our chemists, before such a mystery. Of only one thing can a man be certain that *he* is alive. We cannot tell that our surroundings, our friends, our very forms, are not the mere figments of our imaginations. Who can say that he does not dream? And what difference is there between that which we call dreams and that which we call reality? It does not cost us much metaphysical knowledge to be aware that two or more persons can never see precisely the same thing at the same moment; and that the noumenon, the thing-in-itself, can never be perceived objectively. So that to this extent, at least, appearances are merely the robings of our creative thoughts. Carried just a little further, and we will be perforce compelled to question how much reality lies around us. And then the sudden awakening to the vital question—the startling appeal—"Am I alone?" Does *one* person only live, who dreams, dreams unceasingly, and that person I?

(To be continued.)

THE "ROW" IN THE T. S.

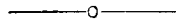
The present "row" in the T. S. will prove invaluable as a means of winnowing out the substantial from the evanescent element in that body, and has doubtless been arranged by the Masters for that very purpose. The evil forces, which sought to destroy the T. S., have been chosen as the means of purification; for Satan, though he thinks himself the enemy of God, is in reality only God's scavenger. Great must be his chagrin when walking abroad on the earth to seek whom he may devour, he is sent back to the lower regions with a bundle of refuse to burn. We have preached to a materialistic world spiritual law, and set intuition above materialistic "common-sense"; now we shall see whether we have imbibed enough of our own teaching to guide our conduct in this crisis. Many of the bold

assertors of the spiritual soul in man will deny their Lord thrice, and hail their teachers before the tribunal of that same dull, doubting intellect they have so long decried before the world. "O, my Masters, who have taught me to despise my lower mind, I cannot believe in thy servant, because my lower mind says he is a cheat! Ye send me a teacher to teach me how to crush my lower nature, but I cannot accept him because my lower nature objects."

There are some who suspend their judgment and declare that they have no means of knowing whether Mr. Judge is innocent or guilty. In plain words, *they are not able to discern who is their teacher and who is not*. Such a plight, while excusable in a man of the multitude, is not creditable to a student of occultism. I have not the least doubt that the chief object of this probation is to sort out those members who *can* tell their teachers from those who cannot.

O, thou mighty Lower Manas, great is thy day, for many shall leave the T. S. at thy command! Many have asked to be tested, and now their prayer is granted. The Sphinx has propounded her riddle, but they want to have the answer told them.

H. T. E.



"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT." *

(PART II.)

"There is no need for you to be a despairer. Reflect on that old verse, 'What room is there for sorrow and what room for doubt in him who knows that the self is one, and that all things are the self, only differing in degree?' This is a free rendering, but is what it means. Now, it is true a man cannot force himself at once into a new will and into a new belief but by thinking much on the same thing—such as this—he soon gets a new will and a new belief, and from it will come strength and also light. Try this plan. It is purely occult, simple, and powerful. I hope all will be well, and that as we are shaken up from time to time we shall grow strong."

"Let us all be as silent as we may be, and work, work; for as the enemy rages, they waste time, while work shines forth after all is over, and we will see that as they fought we were building. Let that be our watch-

* Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.

word. . . . I hope no weak souls will be shaken off their base. If they get on their *own* base they will not be shaken off."

"Every Chela (and we are all that once we determine to be) has these same difficulties. Patience and fortitude! For an easy birth is not always a good one. The kingdom of heaven is only taken by violence, and not by weakness of attack. Your constant aspiration preserved in secret has led you to that point where just these troubles come to all. Console yourself with the thought that others have been in the same place and have lived through it by patience and fortitude. . . . Fix your thoughts again on Those Elder Brothers, work for Them, serve Them, and They will help through the right appropriate means and no other. To meditate on the Higher Self is difficult. Seek, then, the bridge, the Masters. 'Seek the truth by strong search,' by doing service, and by enquiry, and Those who know the Truth will teach it. Give up doubt, and arise in your place with patience and fortitude. Let the warrior fight, the gentle yet fierce Krishna, who, when he finds thee as his disciple and his friend, will tell thee the truth and lighten up the darkness with the lamp of spiritual knowledge."

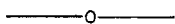
". . . We are all human, and thus weak and sinful. In that respect in which we are better than others they are better than we are in some other way. We would be self-righteous to judge others by our own standard. . . . Are we so wise as never to act foolishly? Not at all. . . . Indeed I have come to the conclusion that in this nineteenth century a pledge is no good, because everyone reserves to himself the right to break it if he finds after a while that it is galling, or that it puts him in some inconsistent attitude with something he may have said or done at some other time. . . . in ——'s case. . . . Everyone should never think but the very best, no matter what the evidences are. Why, if the Masters were to judge us exactly as they must know we are, then good-bye at once. We would all be sent packing. But Masters deal kindly in the face of greater knowledge of our faults and evil thoughts from which none are yet exempt. This is my view, and you will please me much if you will be able to turn into the same, and to spread it among those on the inside who have it not. It is easy to do well by those we like, it is our duty to make ourselves do and think well by those we do not like. Masters say we think in grooves, and but few have the courage to fill those up and go on other lines. Let us who are willing to make the attempt try to fill up these grooves, and make new and better ones."

"What a petty lot of matter we spend time on, when so much is transitory

After a hundred years what will be the use of all this? Better that a hundred years hence a principle of freedom and an impulse of work should have been established. The small errors of a life are nothing, but the general sum of thought is much. . . . I care . . . everything for the unsectarianism H. P. B. died to start, and now threatened in its own house. . . . Is it not true that Masters have forbidden their Chelas to tell under what orders they act for fear of the black shadow that follows innovations? Yes. . . ."

" . . . Keep your courage, faith and charity. *Those who can to any extent assimilate the Master, to that extent they are the representatives of the Master, and have the help of the Lodge in its work.* . . . Bear up firm heart, be strong, be bold and kind, and spread your strength and boldness."

(*To be continued.*)



THE MYSTIC NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(*Continued.*)

NIGHT THE SECOND.

The skies were dim and vast and deep
Above the vales of rest ;
They seemed to rock the stars asleep
Beyond the mountain's crest.

Oh, vale and stars and rocks and trees,
He gives to you his rest,
But holds afar from you the peace
Whose home is in His breast !

THE massy night, brilliant with golden lights enfolded us. All things were at rest. After a long day's ramble among the hills, we sat down again before our fire. I felt, perhaps we all felt, a mystic unquiet rebelling against the slumbrous mood of nature rolled round her hills and valleys.

"You must explain to us, Bryan, why it is we can never attain a real quiet, even here where all things seem at peace."

"We are aliens here, and do not know ourselves. We are always dreaming of some other life. These dreams, if we could only rightly interpret

them, would be the doors through which we might pass into a real knowledge of ourselves."

"I don't think I would get much wisdom out of my dreams," said Willie "I had a dream last night; a lot of little goblin fellows dancing a jig on the plains of twilight. Perhaps you could tell us a real dream?"

"I remember one dream of the kind I mean, which I will tell you. It left a deep impression upon me. I will call it a dream of

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

I awoke from sleep with a cry. I was hurled up from the great deep and rejected of the darkness. But out of the clouds and dreams I built up a symbol of the going forth of the spirit—a symbol, not a memory—for if I could remember, I could return again at will and be free of the unknown land. But in slumber I was free. I sped forth like an arrow. I followed a secret hope, breasting the currents of life flowing all about me. I tracked these streams winding in secretness far away. I said, "I am going to myself. I will bathe in the Fountain of Life;" and so on and on I sped northwards, with dark waters flowing beneath me and stars companioning my flight. Then a radiance illumined the heavens, the icy peaks and caves, and I saw the Northern Lights. Out of the diamond breast of the air I looked forth. Below the dim world shone all with pale and wintry green; the icy crests flickered with a light reflect from the shadowy auras streaming over the horizon. Then these auras broke out in fire, and the plains of ice were illumined. The light flashed through the goblin caves, and lit up their frosty hearts and the fantastic minarets drooping above them. Light above in solemn array went forth and conquered the night. Light below with a myriad flashing spears pursued the gloom. Its dazzling lances shivered in the heart of the ice; they sped along the ghostly hollows; the hues of the orient seemed to laugh through winter; the peaks blossomed with sparry and crystalline flowers, lilac and white and blue; they faded away, pearl, opal and pink in shimmering evanescence; then gleams of rose and amethyst travelled slowly from spar to spar, lightened and departed; there was silence before my eyes; the world once more was all a pale and wintry green. I thought of them no more, but of the mighty and unseen tides going by me with billowy motion. "Oh, Fountain I seek, thy waters are all about me, but where shall I find a path to Thee?" Something answered my cry, "Look in thy heart!" and, obeying the voice, the seer in me looked forth no more through the eyes of the shadowy form, but sank deep within

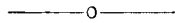
itself. I knew then the nature of these mystic streams ; they were life, joy, love, ardour, light. From these came the breath of life which the heart drew in with every beat, and from thence it was flashed up in illumination through the cloudy hollows of the brain. They poured forth unceasingly ; they were life in everyone ; they were joy in everyone ; they stirred an incommunicable love which was fulfilled only in yielding to and adoration of the vast. But the Fountain I could not draw nigh unto ; I was borne backwards from its unimaginable centre, then an arm seized me, and I was stayed. I could see no one, but I grew quiet, full of deep quiet, out of which memory breathes only shadowiest symbols, images of power and Holy Sages, their grand faces turned to the world, as if in the benediction of universal love, pity, sympathy, and peace, ordained by Buddha ; the faces of the Fathers, ancient with eternal youth, looking forth as in the imagination of the mystic Blake, the Morning Stars looked forth and sang together. A sound as of an " OM " unceasing welled up and made an aureole of peace around them. I would have joined in the song, but could not attain to them. I knew if I had a deeper love I could have entered with them into unending labours amid peace ; but I could only stand and gaze ; in my heart a longing that was worship, in my thought a wonder that was praise. " Who are these ? " I murmured ? The Voice answered, " They are the servants of the Nameless One. They do his bidding among men. They awaken the old heroic fire of sacrifice in forgetful hearts." Then the forms of elder life appeared in my vision. I saw the old earth, a fairy shadow ere it yet had hardened, peopled with ethereal races unknowing of themselves or their destinies and lulled with inward dreams ; above and far away I saw how many glittering hosts, their struggle ended, moved onward to the Sabbath of Eternity. Out of these hosts, one dropped as a star from their heart, and overshadowed the olden earth with its love. Wherever it rested I saw each man awakening from his dreams turned away with the thought of sacrifice in his heart, a fire that might be forgotten, but could never die. This was the continual secret whisper of the Fathers in the inmost being of humanity. " Why do they not listen ? " I marvelled. Then I heard another cry from the lower pole, the pit ; a voice of old despair and protest, the appeal of passion seeking its own fulfilment. Alternate with the dawn of Light was the breath of the expanding Dark where powers of evil were gathered together. " It is the strife between light and darkness which are the world's eternal ways," said the Voice, " but the light shall overcome and the fire in the

heart be rekindled ; men shall regain their old angelic being, and though the dark powers may war upon them, the angels with their love shall slay them. Be thou ready for the battle, and see thou use only love in the fight." Then I was hurried backward with swift speed, and awoke. All I knew was but a symbol, but I had the peace of the mystic Fathers in my heart, and the jewelled glory of the Northern Lights all dazzling about my eyes.

"Well, after a dream like that," said Willie, "the only thing one can do is to try and dream another like it."

Æ.

(To be continued.)



LOTUS CIRCLE.

For Little Folk.



THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

(Continued from October issue.)

And he began at once :

I told you that the fairies died in their own way ; they do not die as men and animals die, because their bodies are made of dew and sunlight and are not thick and heavy like ours ; but because they are so clear and soft, they can be melted like mist and made up into other shapes, and these shapes are always better than those that went before. An elf of the shore takes care of the pebbles, or of the sea-weed ; and this particular elf used to make the brown weed grow upon the rocks below ; now that he does that no longer, an elf whose duty it once was to take care of the pebbles, looks after the sea-weed. Now, the elves do not know of the changes that lie before them, though the dryads and the spirits who build the high mountains do ; they remember the time when they took care of the stones and the mosses and the lichen ; but the elves do not know that they will ever be anything different from elves ; they go on with their work, till at last one day they fall asleep, and in their sleep they are changed. Most of them are contented as elves, but this particular elf was not,

He was a funny little brown creature, the colour of the sea-weed, and he was named Etys ; and for very long he was contented and made the orange brown sea-weed, with its pleasant salt smell, grow beautifully on

the rocks ; but one day Etys went up the rocks and over the glistening sands at full moon, when the shadows fell blackly upon the amber-coloured shore, and away into this wood.

Etys sat down at the foot of an oak tree, and watched the moon set and the stars pale ; a pink flush came upon the horizon, a lovely yellow streamer of light shot up and lit the green of the oak, and then Etys saw a wonderful, beautiful thing ; through the rough, brown stem of the oak came forth a glorious creature, and turned its face to the sun and laughed for joy ; it was beautiful, and on a sudden it looked down and saw little Etys crouching at the foot of the tree.

"I beg your pardon, little brother," said the dryad. "I nearly brushed you away with my robes, but it was because I did not see you."

"You could not see anything so small," said Etys. "O beautiful creature—who are you ? and what do you do here in the wood !"

"I make my oak tree grow," said the great dryad, smiling.

"And you make the pretty salt weed grow up on the shore."

"How did you know ?"

"O, very well—for once I took care of those weeds myself, and I loved them dearly, only I love my oak tree better ; at first I never thought I should love anything better, but now—I have a hope."

And the eyes of the dryad were like the rising sun in their warmth and joy.

"You !— you took care of the weeds ?"

"Yes. Did you not know ? Ah ! you elves do not know, and perhaps if I tell you, you will not believe."

"I will try and believe."

"It does not much matter whether you do or not, so that you make the good brown weed grow just as nicely as you can, dear little brother ;— but I will tell you, and you shall believe as much as you can believe, and be patient."

So the great dryad sat beside the little elf, and told him something of the great secret, and when the dryad paused, Etys said :

"Then I might—O, I might one day be a great oak dryad, like you?"

"Yes ; if you take good care of the weed, and love it with all the love that is in you."

"O, I shall try," said Etys, "for I long to be an oak dryad."

"Do not think of it too much ; think of the brown, scentless weed upon the shore."

"I will try, but I long to be like you. You can have nothing left to long for."

"Dear little brother," replied the gentle dryad, "I, like you, longed to be an oak, but since I have been an oak I have ceased to long for anything, and in the minute that I ceased, Etys, I knew something I never knew before—I shall not always be an oak, and when I am an oak no longer you shall take my place."

"And where shall you be?"

"Away over the sea there is a high, cold mountain peak, where the snows lie always, and where the spirit of the snows must live alone, and there I shall live and keep the snow white and pure."

"Horrible! You will be alone."

"Yes, little brother—for the air is so clear that the dryads and elves wither in it, but the sun's rays touch the mountain and the snow shines; and then, when the mist on the water is not too thick, the sailors who live on the sea can see the mountain shine, and then they think of home, so you see it is worth living alone, because the mountain peak shines so far, though no one can live there who is not "a spirit of the summit."

"And that is where you will go?"

"Yes—then if you are called to nothing better, Etys, you will come here?"

"To anything better! I would rather be an oak than anything."

"Yes, I used to think that, too. Good-bye, Etys, but do not neglect the sea-weed. If you do the oak will wither when you have it, and insects will prick the leaves through and through.

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"OCCULTISM AND TRUTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

An article under the above heading having appeared in *Lucifer* for September, and being also reprinted in the September *Path*, and deeming it in point of fact, though perhaps not by intention, both a breach of good faith, and an impeachment of the moral standards of every member of the T. S., save the "seven" who signed it, I wrote a general protest to that effect and sent it to *Lucifer* for publication. It was declined, partly because the senior editor was absent, and for the reason that its admission would open up a fresh discussion which it was thought desirable to avoid. Acquitting, as I did, the sub-editor

from any *intentional* unfairness, I thought then, and still think it unfair, that not a word of protest should be allowed to such sweeping inferences as were, in two articles named, laid against the moral precepts held by members of the T. S., excepting only the seven who had forestalled these inferences by signing the article.

From another standpoint the article is open to the charge of breach of good faith. In Mrs. Besant's "statement" published in *Lucifer* on page 459, occurs the following paragraph: "But there is another way, which I now take, and which, if you approve it, *will put an end to this matter*: and as no Theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past, even if he thinks wrong has been done, but only to help forward right in the future, it may, I venture to hope, be accepted." (The italics in the above quotation are mine.) The plan was accepted without protest, it being understood, as Mrs. Besant expressed it, that the action taken was to "*put an end to this matter*." My contention is that the article, "Occultism and Truth," was a breach of good faith, some of the signers having been exceedingly hostile to Mr. Judge, and that by insinuation it was another blow at Mr. Judge, and by inference an impeachment of the ethical code of all who had not the opportunity to affix their signatures and so run to cover.

I do not believe that Mrs. Besant was conscious of any such motive, but I cannot so readily acquit some of the signers who had showed a personal hostility worthy of a political contest. None of the signers, therefore, can escape the logical inference. After describing a truckling spirit in which occultism and truth become sadly mixed, "mere worldly morality" is held at a discount, and the doctrine that "the end justifies the means" is held up to just censure, occurs the following: "Finding that this false view of Occultism is spreading in the Theosophical Society, we desire to place on record our profound aversion to it," etc., etc. Fortunate, indeed, is it for the T. S. that there are yet *seven* who are not contaminated by such false views! I deny emphatically that any such false views and loose codes of ethics prevail anywhere in the T. S. Had the opportunity been given for repudiating such a false code, there is not a member of the T. S. I believe in the whole round world who would not have signed it as readily and as consistently as any of the *seven*.

The Convention had adjourned. The difficulties pending had been formally settled on the best basis acceptable to all parties. There was still some stress of feeling and with some bitterness and hostility to Mr. Judge, and this under guise of a general lesson on morality found an outlet in "Occultism and Truth." So far as it can in any way refer to matters that had been considered and "put an end to"—it was a breach of good faith, though doubtless not so regarded by the signers. So far as the insinuation of lax moral ethics is laid to the whole Society, I deny it in toto. It is not true; it is mistaken judgment. Therefore I hold that the whole article is misconceived, out of place, and should never have been printed. I agree fully with Mrs. Besant's statement in the paragraph already quoted; "No Theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past, even if he thinks wrong has been done." Had this precept been generally adopted not only much of the trouble that has arisen later might have been avoided, but those who *do not* "*think wrong has been done*" would have discovered more of that Spirit of true Brotherhood which we regard as in no sense inferior to love of truth. All such accusations and insinuations must cease, and we must bear patiently with each other's infirmities if we are not to fall apart and disintegrate. No one man or woman, no one country has all the virtue or love of truth, and he who has it in largest degree is ever the most charitable toward the mistakes and follies of others.

He who believes in the law of Karma need not trouble himself to bring a brother, no matter how guilty, to open shame. If, however, the accused be conscious of no wrong, Karma re-adjusts the scales and the accuser becomes the self-accused.

J. D. BUCK, F.T.S.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

—:o:—

The following letter explains our somewhat changed appearance this month:—

42 Henry Street, Regent's Park, N.W.,

London, 1st January, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR,—The order came from Mrs. Besant and Bertram Keightley this morning to close the Press. Accordingly it is closed, and now regretfully we return the copy of the *I. T.*—Sincerely yours,

THOS. GREEN,
For the H. P. B. Press.

—o—

NOTICE.

An important letter from Dr. and Mrs. Keightley *re* "Letters that have helped me," has been unavoidably held over till our next issue. [ED.]

—:o:—

IN THE WOMB.

Still rests the heavy share on the dark soil :

Upon the dull black mould the dew-damp lies :

The horse waits patient : from his lonely toil

The ploughboy to the morning lifts his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows, dark against day's fires,

Glitter with gold-lit crystals : on the rim

Over the unregarding city's spires

The lonely beauty shines alone for him.

And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds,

And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see

How in her womb the Mighty Mother moulds

The infant spirit for Eternity.

G. W. R.

—o—

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

At the end of December, Bro. J. J. Nolan was successful in arousing fresh interest in Theosophy among the Limerick people, and discoursed for some two hours on the subject at a local club. The undersigned took the opportunity of the Christmas holidays to become personally *en rapport* with the new London Centres of activity at 6 St. Edmund's Terrace, N.W., where many of our best workers now reside, and, at 62 Queen Anne Street, where numerous activities are being rapidly developed, and new schemes for propaganda initiated. Cheerful enthusiasm is the order of the day here as there. The Wednesday evening meetings here during ensuing month are to be occupied as follows:—January 16th, *The Inner Man*; 23rd, *Theosophy and Christianity*; 30th, *Racial and Individual Evolution*; February 6th, *Conceptions of the Divine*; 13th, *Comradeship*.

FRED J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

IV.

COMRADES,—While I am glad to answer the questions which you put to me in so far as I may be able to do so, I cannot of course pretend to say the final word upon any of them. You must judge for yourselves of the relative value—if any—that my replies may have for you, while my part is to say what I have been taught and have verified to a greater or lesser extent; the extent varies according to the various matters dealt with. You ask:

“What is the difference between the ‘psychic faculty’ and the ‘psychic power,’ to use a current phrase?”

Ans.—The “psychic faculty” is that which is born with any individual, it inheres in the Skandhas, in such astral atoms as have been brought over from previous lives. It is a rudimentary trait, undeveloped, latent, or semi-latent, and its exercise is not controlled by will.

The “psychic power” is the trained and developed use, through will, of that faculty latent in all mankind.

The “faculty” is native, inborn, and arises from the evolution—in the race—of a more complex nervous system. The “power” consists in expanding, grasping, educating and governing that faculty.

“The difference between a man born a psychic and one who is made is that the former is a rough, unpolished jewel, reflecting light superficially (and usually they do not wish to learn), while the other has a perfect polish all round, reflecting equally on all sides; each man must polish himself. The inborn psychic faculty, being more sensitive, comes in contact with more force in Nature.” (*Letter of Master K. H.*)

The haphazard awakening of the “faculty,” due to mere sensitiveness of nerve fluid, makes of the born psychic a playground for astral forces. The orderly unfolding of these microcosmic points of contact with universal forces (which gradual development can only be had by

one whose mind and will have been developed and purified, provides for the safety of the individual.

All mankind is destined to evolve to a point where the psychic life or germ will manifest, more or less, through the physical body. A few among the men and women of each century lay hands upon their inheritance and train themselves into "power." They are, as I said, those whose will and mind have been *previously* evolved through purification and concentration. Hence arises the occult saying, "the psychic plane must be entered from above by the white adept;" *i.e.*, from the *higher* Manasic plane. Entering by will-force from the lower or physical door is the Hatha Yoga of the black magician. Here the term "physical" includes all the gross lower astral plane, all below the "divine astral."

2. "Can one discriminate between the person possessed of the psychic faculty and one possessed of the power? If so, how?"

Ans.—That depends upon the identity of the questioner. Some can; some cannot. There are two ways of so discriminating, which two ways may be combined in one person. The first way is by the exercise of common sense. The second way is by knowledge of occult training. (You may also *know* the rules of training and not have the mastery of them as yet.) In regard to the first way: the born psychic may be of any grade of morality and intellect, just as any other person may be. But usually the powers of endurance, the will and self-control—especially control of self-esteem and self-seeking—are absent in the person of the psychic who is born and not made. He is minus, and not plus. Correctness of psychic vision or what not else is no proof: the psychic may be correct as a photographic plate is correct—because it is sensitized. But such a psychic will not be possessed of knowledge of life and character: there will be no control of events touching the personal life, nor will he correctly interpret what is seen. After all, it is indescribable, but surely you and I can tell a practical carpenter from the amateur by that indefinable but distinct something—the "*je ne sais quoi*" which radiates from one who knows what he is talking about. A book written by a man who has been in a country has what the critics call "atmosphere" and "local colour," which are never found in the writings of one who describes what he has not himself seen. Of course I have my own tests. And you must have your own, and mind this: first test your own tests before leaning too blindly upon them. You will come to better them too, if you yourself are upon this path. But the tests of another avail little or nothing *as regards this way*.

In regard to the second way, the way of knowledge, there the tests are indeed precise, exact, scientific. All who have passed an examination in, say mathematics, not only know the man ignorant of them, but they can also give you their reasons. Let me particularise, by illustration.

You tell me that you heard of some one who claimed to have a "psychic power of looking into people" and seeing what they really are. You do not name the person—and perhaps the person is imaginary—which leaves me free to criticize the phrase. So much the better. For this phrase displays ignorance and pretension, whether conscious or unconscious. Let me tell you why.

No *psychic* examination, that is, of the mind, or of the moral nature, or the emotions; in short, no examination of anything above the mere *physical* body is made *inside*. The clairvoyant who wishes to ascertain the state of health of the whole or a part of the physical organism, looks *inside*. The term physical organism here includes the nerves and blood and all the fluidic contents of the body belonging to the material plane.

The trained psychic who looks at the character of a person, the thoughts, the moral and evolutionary status must have: (*a*) control of the third eye, to some extent, at least; or, (*b*) control of a certain other centre in the head corresponding to the matters of psychic planes up to and inclusive of lower Manas; also, (*c*) knowledge of *what* to look at and *what* to look for. The person looked at, so far as the physical body is concerned, is, by an effort of will, brought before the eye quite flat, like a figure in a camera: this figure is not looked at. Regard is had to a certain emanation and to certain things—let us call them motor-changes—in that.

In some cases of partial training, the student-observer does not sense these changes as occurring in an image outside himself. He sees them as pictures of motor-change and so forth inside a centre of one of his brains (in the head). I cannot explain further. The use of the expression "inside," or "looking *at*" persons, or inside them, or at their "magnetic aura," at once shows the ignorance of the speaker.

Moreover—and this is of vital importance—no student who would speak of doing such a thing would continue under training. It is psychic spying, psychic pickpocketing. It would never be permitted except in certain instances for just reasons, and speaking of its exercise or results would promptly entail cessation of training.

As to appearances of Masters, about which you also ask. Voice, form, all can be simulated. There is one sure way by which it may be known whether such manifestations are from the Master or not, but H. P. B. apart, I never met but one person who had ever heard any-

thing of this scientific way. This person, needless to say, is Mr. Judge. He did not tell me of it. Can I give you any hint on it? Well, just the least hint. If you have opened a reflector within yourself, it reflects back an image of its own plane and only that. It is a deep question of mysticism. As to the Thought-Body of a Master, few persons living in the outer world could stand the energy pouring from that, unless an Adept were with them to temper the force to the atmosphere of the looker-on. Otherwise the pranic energy would have disastrous results indeed.

In my next letter I will reply to your further questions on this and upon the question whether Masters work upon this plane.

3. "Mr. Judge in *Irish Theosophist* for January, 1895, p. 55, says that those who have not made a connection with THE LODGE by 1897, will not afterwards be able to make one. Does this refer to audible hearing, to clairvoyant sight and the like?"

Ans.—Not at all. All these things are misleading unless the one who uses them has had at the very least seven years of rigid training. They may exist *pari passu* with the real "connection," but would not be relied upon. The real "connection" is not to be described. It is interior, it is Manasic in its operation so far as *objectivized* to the one who has it. Its root is in "Buddhi, active," more or less. I have known two cases where the person had a Lodge "connection" and did not know it to be that, but took the "connection" to be a very high order of inspiration, and, in another case, it was not realized at all by the possessor. Of course it was quite patent to *trained* observers. The "Companion" is always known by certain indubitable signs. The Masters speak through the *inner* (higher) planes of Being. It is better not to ask whence a thing comes, but examine whether it be good. If it comes from the Higher Self, it comes from the Masters, for *the* Higher Self is the One Self, the same for all. "It is a state, a breath, not a body or form." "The Master Soul is one." Under such inspiration of "The Presence," only one trained can consciously be and consciously *enter at will*. But many a man and woman, both within and without the T. S., are helped by the Masters in their work for the world. May we all reach up *consciously* to this Power, for connection with it, aye, and later, to become it, is our birthright and inheritance as souls.

Comrades and all, you, Companions, I salute in you the *embodied* Law.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

THREE GREAT IDEAS.

AMONG many ideas brought forward through the theosophical movement there are three which should never be lost sight of. Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing. All efforts by Rosicrucian, Mystic, Mason and Initiate are efforts toward the convocation in the hearts and minds of men of the Order of Sublime Perfection.

The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, no doubt, when he said that we must be perfect even as is the father in heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the Masters—those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow—are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. B. so often said, *living men*. And she said, too, that a shadow of woe would come to those who should say they were not living facts, who should assert that “the Masters descend not to this plane of ours.” The Masters as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

Let us not forget these three great ideas.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

TEACHINGS OF A WESTERN OCCULTIST.

[ELIPHAS LEVI'S *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie* is in two volumes—the *Dogma* and the *Rituel*—each with introduction and twenty-two chapters ruled by the twenty-two keys of the Tarot. It is proposed

here to quote from and comment on the chapters, as well as can be done in the brief space allotted. The books are published by M. Félix Alcan (late Germer Baillière), 108, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, and can be had from the T. P. S. for 18s.]

I.

THE NEOPHYTE.

THIS chapter, being under No. 1, deals with the neophyte himself; for the neophyte, or rather the essence of deity within him, is the prime mover in the Great Work. "Man, know thyself!" is the motto.

"Magic is made for kings and priests alone: are ye priests, are ye kings? The priesthood of magic is no common priesthood, nor has its kingship ought to dispute with the princes of this world. The kings of the science are the priests of truth, and their sway is hid from the multitude, as are their sacrifices and prayers. . . . The man who is the slave of his passions or of this world's prejudices could not be initiated, nor will he ever attain unless he reforms himself: he could not be an adept, for the word 'adept' means one who has attained by his will and by his works."

All who cling to their own ideas and fear to lose them, all who prefer to doubt everything sooner than admit ought on hazard, are exhorted to shut the book; it would be useless or dangerous for them. The science of magic is not for the weak-willed and prejudiced; it is for the strong and the free.

But there are black magicians as well as white, and many will be anxious to know what it is that distinguishes the one from the other. Some students have a vague idea that black magic is magic that one must not do, while white magic is, so to say, "goody-goody" magic; but to others this division of magic into "good" and "naughty" savours too strongly of Sunday-school ethics, and they prefer to distinguish it into wise and foolish. It is in this way that Lévi always treats it: he does not consider the sorcerer as a magician at all, but a mere blunderer playing with fire.

"There is a true and a false science, a magic divine and a magic infernal—that is, illusory and dark; we have to reveal the one and veil the other; we have to distinguish the magician from the sorcerer and the adept from the charlatan.

"The magician avails himself of a force that he knows, the sorcerer attempts to abuse a force that he does not know.

"The devil . . . gives himself up to the magician, and the sorcerer gives himself up to the devil.

"The magician is nature's sovereign-pontiff, the sorcerer is but her profaner."

Magic is defined as "the traditional science of the secrets of nature, which comes to us from the Magi." Four things are indispensable to the neophyte who enters on its study and practice: TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL, TO BE SILENT. He must have "an intelligence made clear by study, a courage that nought can check, a will that nothing breaks, and a discretion that nothing can corrupt or mislead."

Practical occultism has often been described as a work of self-creation, of regeneration or rebuilding. The magician has to build himself an instrument wherewith to work. The following passage states this very clearly :

"The Magus is, in reality, what the Hebrew Cabalists call the *microprosopus*, that is, the creator of the little world. The first magical science being the knowledge of oneself, so the first of all the works of that science, which includes all the others and is the climax of the great work, is the *creation* of oneself."

This self-creation is explained in the ensuing part of the chapter, which treats of intelligence, will and imagination. The supreme truth is the only invariable principle, and in man the intelligence, which can identify itself with the supreme truth, is the only immortal principle. To be immortal, then, man must live according to truth and intelligence.

"It is evident that, to adhere invariably to truth, we must be made independent of all those forces which produce, by the swing of the fatal pendulum, the alternatives of life and death. To know how to suffer, how to abstain, how to die, such are the prime secrets that place us beyond pain, the greed of the senses and the fear of annihilation. . .

"Man cannot become king of the animals but by subduing them or taming them, otherwise he would be their victim or slave. The animals are the symbol of our passions, they are the instinctive forces of nature.

"The world is a battle-field wherein liberty disputes with the force of inertia, confronting it with the active force. The physical laws are mills in which thou shalt be the grain, unless thou knowest how to be the miller.

"Thou art called to be king of the air, the water, the earth and the fire; but to reign over these four symbolical animals, thou must conquer them and bind them.

"He who aspires to be a sage and to know the great enigma of nature must be the inheritor and spoiler of the sphinx; he must have its human head to possess the Word, its eagle's wings to conquer the

heights, the bull's flanks to plough the depths, and the lion's talons to clear the way right and left, before and behind.

"Thou, then, who would'st be initiated, art thou wise as Faust? Art thou impassable as Job? No? But thou canst be so if thou wilt. Hast thou conquered the whirlwinds of wandering thoughts? Art thou free from indecision and caprices? Dost thou accept pleasure only when thou willest it, and dost thou will it only when thou oughtest? No? It is not always the case? Well, it can be so if thou willest it.

"The sphinx has not only a man's head, it has also a woman's breasts; canst thou resist the attractions of woman? No? and here thou laughest in replying, and thou boastest of thy moral feebleness, to glorify the vital and material force within thee. Well, I permit thee to do this homage to the ass of Sterne or of Apuleius; that the ass has its merits I do not deny; it was sacred to Priapus as was the goat to the god of Mendes. But let us leave it at that, and merely enquire if it is thy master, or if thou canst be master of it. He alone can truly possess the pleasure of love who has conquered the love of pleasure. To be able and to abstain is to be twice able. Woman enchains thee by thy desires; be master of thy desires and thou shalt enchain woman."

H. T. EDGE.

HISTORY REPEATED.

[THE following letter of H. P. Blavatsky, dated Ostende, March 19th, 1887, seems so applicable to the present hour that we have permission to repeat it thus in print.—ED.]

DEAR —,

Having heard from my dear old W. Q. Judge how kindly disposed you are toward me, and having received from him several messages on your behalf, let me tell you how grateful I feel for your kind expressions of sympathy.

Yes, the work has brought upon me contumely, ignominy of all kinds, hatred, malice and slander. Were it only from the outsiders I would mind very little. But, sad to say, it is the "Theosophists" chiefly who tear me to pieces. Our mystic *birds* are so wise as to soil their own nest instead of leaving it and choosing another. True, "there are many *mansions*" in our Father's house, but for the world we are one. And it does seem hard that I should have created a "Frankenstein" only to turn round and try to rend me in pieces!

Well, so be it, for it is my Karma. "Barkis is willing" even to become the manure for the theosophical fields, provided it does bring crops some day. Unfortunately, the "birds" peek out even the manure, and thus we had but *accids* so far.

... Ah, poor, blind, ambitious boy! Who loved him more than I did? He was more than a son in my heart. His great intelligence and metaphysical acumen made me hope the Masters had found

a strong and a powerful engine for the work in Europe. Adulation . . . turned his head and led him off the true Path.

Dear and far distant friend, that is private and strictly confidential. I open my poor old aching heart before you. If Judge has such a great esteem for you, *you must be worth all that he thinks.*

Have patience; *The Secret Doctrine* will teach you more definite things than *Isis* now ever could. The latter was only an "essay balloon." I hope you will be satisfied with the last and final work of my life.—Yours sincerely and truly gratefully,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Note.—The expression "Barkis is willing," H. P. B. said once was a mantram unconsciously made by Dickens. She used it upon occasion to certain persons on meeting (or writing) them for the first time. Spoken, it had such peculiar force as to alarm one who thus heard it from her lips and as she used it.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

I AM minded to put down some intuitions about brotherhood and trust in persons. A witty friend writes, "Now that I have made up my mind, I intend looking at the evidence." A position like that is not so absurd as at first it seems. It is folly only to those who regard reason alone and deny the value of a deep-seated intuition. The intuitive trust which so many members of the T. S. have in William Q. Judge, to my mind shows that he is a real teacher. In their deepest being they know him as such, and what is knowledge there becomes the intuition of waking hours. When a clamour of many voices arises making accusations, pointing to time, place and circumstance; to things which we cannot personally investigate, it is only the spirit within us can speak and decide. Others with more knowledge may give answering circumstances of time, place and act; but, with or without these, I back up my intuition with the reason—where the light breaks through, there the soul is pure. Says a brother truly:

"The list of his works is endless, monumental; it shows us an untiring soul, an immense and indomitable will, a total ignoring of himself for the benefit of his fellow-members. This is not the conduct of the charlatan, not of the self-seeker. It is that of one of those brave and long-tried souls who have fought their way down through the vistas of time so that they might have strength to battle now for those who may be weaker."

Others may have been more eloquent and learned, but who has been so wise? Others may have written more beautifully, but who with such intimations of the Secret Spirit breathing within? Others have explained intellectually tattvas, principles and what not, but who like him has touched the heart of a hidden nobility? Has he not done it over and over again, as here?

"Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying out anything but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon some other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will

find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice that another has been so fortunate as to make such a meritorious Karma."

Or he speaks as a hero :

"To fail would be nothing, but to stop working for Humanity and Brotherhood would be awful."

Or as one who loves and justifies it to the end :

"We are not Karma, we are not the law, and it is a species of that hypocrisy so deeply condemned by it for us to condemn any man. That the law lets a man live is proof that he is not yet judged by that higher power."

To know of these laws is to be them to some extent. "What a man thinks, that he is, that is the old secret." The temple of Spirit is inviolate. It is not grasped by speech or by action. "Whom the Spirit chooses, by him it is gained. The Self chooses his body as its own." When the personal tumult is silenced, then arises the meditation of the Wise within. Whoever speaks out of that life has earned the right to be there. No cunning can simulate its accents. No hypocrisy can voice its wisdom. Whose mind gives out light—it is the haunt of the Gods. Does this seem too slight a guarantee for sincerity, for trust reposed? I know of none weightier. Look back in memory; consider how you have gained the truths you hold most sacred. Out of the martyrdom of opposing passions, out of the last anguish came forth the light. It was no cheap accomplishment. If some one meets us and speaks knowing of that law, we say inwardly, "I know you have suffered, brother!" But here is one with a larger wisdom than ours. Here is one whose words to-day have the same clear ring. "The world knows him not." His own disciples hardly know him; he has fallen like Lucifer. But I would take such teaching as he gives from Lucifer himself, and say, "His old divinity remains with him still."

"After all you may be mistaken," someone says. "The feet of no one are set infallibly on the path." It may be so. Let us take that alternative. Can we reject him or any other as comrades while they offer? Never. Were we not taught to show to those on whom came the reaction from fierce effort, not cold faces, but the face of friendship, waiting for the wave of sure return? If this was a right attitude for us in our lesser groups, it is then right for the whole body to adopt. The Theosophical Society as a whole should not have less than the generous spirit of its units. It must exercise the same brotherly spirit alike to those of good or evil fame. Alike on the just and the unjust shines the Light of It, the Father-Spirit. Deep down in our hearts have we not all longed, longed, for that divine love which rejects none? You who think he has erred, it is yours to give it now. There is an occult law that all things return to their source, their cycles accomplished. The forces we expend in love and anger come back again to us thrilled with the thought which accepted or rejected them. I tell you, if worse things were true of him than what are said, if we did our duty simply, giving back in gratitude and fearlessness the help we had received from him, his own past would overcome the darkness of the moment, would strengthen and bear him on to the light.

"But," some push it further; "it is not of ourselves, but of this Society and its good name, we think. How can it accomplish its high mission in the world if we seem to ignore in our ranks the presence of the insincere person or fraud?"

I wish, my brothers, we could get rid of these old fears. Show, form, appearance and seeming, what force have they? A faulty face matters nothing. The deep inner attitude alone has power. The world's opinion implicates none of us with the Law. Our action may precipitate Karma, may inconvenience us for an hour; but the end of life is not comfort but celestial being; it is not in the good voice of the world to-day we can have any hope: its evil voice may seem to break us for a little; but love, faith and gratitude shall write our history in flame on the shadowy aura of the world, and the Watchers shall record it. We can lose nothing; the Society can lose nothing. Our only right is in the action, and half the sweetness of life consists in loving much.

While I wrote, I thought I felt for a moment the true spirit of this pioneer body we belong to. Like a diver too long under seas, emerging I inhaled the purer air and saw the yellow sunlight. To think of it! what freedom! what freshness! to sail away from old report and fear and custom, the daring of the adventurer in our hearts, having reliance only upon the laws of life to justify and sustain us.

Æ.

A REMINISCENCE.

ON Nov. 27th, 1888, there was a small gathering in a room at Charlemont Mall, Dublin, of a dozen earnest students of Theosophy. It was a memorable occasion, for although the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society was chartered in April, 1886, its active public life may be said to have been really inaugurated on the Tuesday evening referred to. Among those present were two who had already laboured long in fields theosophic—William Q. Judge and Dr. Archibald Keightley. It may be interesting to recall the words then uttered, jotted down by one present. Their value remains undiminished, though the years roll past all too swiftly. Perhaps they may help some now as they helped others at the time. Mr. Judge said, in the course of his remarks:

"It had been the custom of many, both within and without the theosophical world, to suppose that the investigation of the psychic powers in man, and occult study generally, were the chief objects of the Society. These, indeed, were important, but not by any means the most so. The first and the *vital* object of the Society was the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. This had been thought to be a mere Utopian theory; very desirable, indeed, but wholly impracticable. He, however, had discovered—and it had been frequently asserted by the Masters—that we are really bound together by an invisible bond which could not be severed even by death.

"Of every being whom we meet in the street we perceive only the dense, or tangible part. This material body is surrounded by other portions of the real man, of which the aura was, perhaps, the least limited in principle. This aura extended to a greater distance than we could conceive. If a developed man wished to examine any distant object, it was by means of this subtle part of him that he would do so. Thus if we could realize that our auras were continually interpenetrating each other, it would become obvious in what manner we were really *one*, though focalized, as it were, in different centres. But our very bodies, even, were not altogether separated. For when we approached any

ordinary person we could perceive the heat, and if of a sensitive nature, the magnetism of his body. Simultaneous sympathetic thought action of different people in a room, or even at a great distance from each other, was another instance of this Oneness. He would ask us to enquire into this; and he would refer us to the utterances of the Adepts in *Light on the Path*, which was dictated by one of them, for further examples. But the sooner we agreed that we were not separated from each other, the better for humanity, for that was the true basis of Universal Brotherhood.

"The general tendency of our thought must, he considered, affect the arrangement of the atoms of our bodies. And, as with an individual, so with a society banded together for a common object, each member was like an atom in the body. Paul was very clear upon this point. Hence if one member of that society should *become dogmatic* or indifferent, it must necessarily affect every other member.

"The atoms of a man were affected by his surroundings. But if a man devoted himself to the highest line of thought every atom must tend in that direction. Now the Theosophical Society was founded in the year 1875. And in a period of fourteen years a change, for better or for worse, occurred in every individual. If a large number of Theosophists were now of the same opinions, were influenced by the same ideas, they would be capable of receiving from higher sources the truth for which they were seeking; they would be conscious of a wonderful awakening.

"The Theosophical Society, it should be remembered, was founded by the Masters, who were only men. How had they become more spiritual? Not by leaving home and friends; not by retiring into forest hermitages; but by believing in the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. What were they doing now? Enjoying themselves, as some people thought? They were working everywhere for humanity in the correction of evil and in the dissemination of good. As Theosophists we should concentrate our minds on the feeling of Universal Brotherhood. It was indeed a palpable truth that—Charity covers a multitude of sins."

Dr. Keightley, in the course of his remarks, said:

"There was one point in the observations of Mr. Judge which he considered to be of paramount importance. Next year would complete one of those periods of which an analogy, in the body of the individual, had been shown. In what way could the activity of the Society be best directed? Many seemed to think that nothing was worthy of investigation but the psychic powers of man. The Universal Brotherhood was said to be a myth. But it was this point that the Masters had emphatically insisted upon, as being the essential object of the Society; and he was glad to see that the Dublin Lodge had recognized the fact by placing the notable quotation from *Lucifer* (November, 1887)—which was the utterance of a Master—upon its walls. [He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.] It was necessary to remember that we should be absolutely united in the furtherance of such principles as were contained in that utterance.

"An attempt of this kind had been made in every century up to the present time. It was an attempt to deal with the increasing materialization of spiritual thought. It was a revolt *against dogma*.

"The various centuries, it was to be observed, had drawn to a close under similar circumstances. The end of the sixteenth century was marked by the Rosicrucians and Bruno. The end of the eighteenth by the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. The true originator of that Revolution was the Comte de St. Germain. He was an adept. The real object of that movement was quiet reform; but, owing to the unruly passions of men, this object was lost sight of, and the movement 'got out of hand.' The moral was overcome by the physical revolution. Still it was by no means a failure, for it overturned the old *régime* in France, and its influence was felt throughout Europe. We had now, he considered, entered upon a new order of things. Those of us who possessed true altruism would have to fight the selfishness of the age. If we held fast the movement would be far-reaching. The task was not one, however, to be lightly entered upon. The theosophical movement was one which, affected itself by the past, was affecting a great number in the present, and would affect a much greater number in the future."

Mr. Judge, during a few remarks at the close of the meeting, explained the method of study adopted in America.

Each Branch, he said, formed itself into sections for the purpose of studying a certain subject, such, for instance, as the *Bhagavad Gītā*. When the study was completed the sections compared notes, and produced, subsequently, a general statement of decisions upon which they could all agree. Without such a system as this the movement could not have solidarity. Moreover, it was the system adopted by groups of Chelas under the direct supervision of the Masters.

When he first heard of the Dublin Lodge he felt that it "rang" in his ears. When one heard of some Branches (and he was glad to think that they were few) the sound seemed to fall dully. In this case he felt that it was real. He hoped that it would become a living power in Ireland. He knew of no European race that was more naturally occult, especially the western Irish.

In conclusion, he said that he would counsel the Lodge to aspire to the principles of the Masters.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

III.

" . . . If we can all accumulate a fund of good for all the others we will thus dissipate many clouds. The follies and the so-called sins of people are really things that are sure to come to nothing if we treat them right. We must not be so prone as the people of the day are, of whom we are some, to criticize others and forget the beam in our own eye. The *Bhagavad Gītā* and Jesus are right in that they both show us how to do our own duty and not go into that of others. Every time we think someone else has done wrong we should ask ourselves two questions:

"(1) Am I the judge in this matter who is entitled to try this person?"

"(2) Am I any better in my way, do I or do I not offend in some other way just as much as they do in this?"

"This will settle the matter, I think. And in . . . there ought to be no judgments and no criticism. If some offend then let us ask what is to be done, but only when the offence is against the whole. When an offence is against *us*, then let it go. This is thought by some to be 'goody-goody,' but I tell you the heart, the soul, and the bowels of compassion are of more consequence than intellectuality. The latter will take us all sure to hell if we let it govern only. Be sure of this, and try as much as you can to spread the true spirit in all directions, or else not only will there be individual failure, but also the circle H. P. B. made as a nucleus for possible growth will die, rot, fail, and come to nothing."

"As before so now I will do all I can for you, which is not much, as each must do for himself. Just stay loyal and true, and look for the indications of your own duty from day to day, not meddling with others, and you will find the road easier. It is better to die in one's own duty than to do that of another, no matter how well you do it. Look for peace that comes from a realization of the true unity of all and the littleness of oneself. Give up in mind and heart all to the Self and you will find peace."

"Troubles are ahead, of course, but I rather think the old war-horse of the past will not be easily frightened nor prevented from the road. Do your best to make and keep good thought and feeling of solidarity. . . . Our old lion of the Punjab is not so far off, but all the same is not in the place some think or in the condition either."

"Let me say one thing I know: only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity aroused in the soul of someone strong enough to stem this tide can carry us through to the close of next century and onward. For Love and Trust are the only weapons that can overcome the REAL enemies against which the true Theosophist must fight. If I or you go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from desire to hold our position in the face of the world, from anything but the purest motives, we will fail. Let us search our souls well and look at it as we never looked before. See if in us is the reality of the brotherhood which we preach, and which we are supposed to represent. Let us remember those famous words, 'Be ye wise as serpents but harmless as doves.' Let us remember the teaching of the Sages—that death in the performance of our own duty is preferable to the doing by us of the duty of another, however well we may do the latter: the duty of another is full of danger. Let us be of and for peace, and not for war alone."

(To be continued.)

LOTUS CIRCLE.

(For little folk.)

THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

(Continued from p. 66.)

THE lovely dryad smiled and melted back into the tree, while Ety's went back to the shore and told the other elves, and the gnomes of the caves and the brownies and pixies; and they all agreed that it was quite absurd, since no one had ever seen an elf turn into a dryad.

The pixies, who are very clever, and live on the moor above the sea, but do not know anything about mountain peaks, told Ety's that there were a great many explanations which might account for what they called (I told you they were very clever) "the singular and scientifically interesting hallucination" of Ety's; it was probable, they said, that Ety's had "inhaled too much ozone from the weed, and it had caused an over rapid vibration of the particles of dew of which his brain was composed, productive of a mode of cerebration causing a mere illusory impression to become an objective delusion," that was what the pixies said; and when Ety's insisted that he had seen and talked with the dryad, the pixies replied that it was possible, but that the dryad was very likely mad, and if it was not so, it was probably very bad and untruthful; an impostor of the wickedest kind, otherwise it would not have pretended to know more than the pixies knew, for they lived on the highest ground there was; and as for mountains, they had never seen one, and the dryad had never been on one certainly, for oaks could not grow so high, and how could the dryad leave the oak; one could easily see that the dryad (if indeed there was such a creature) was bad and untrustworthy, or the branches of the oak would not twist into such odd shapes, quite unlike the whortleberry bushes.

Ety's grew first angry and then sad, because he could not make them believe what he had seen; but he never doubted the dryad, and he went on taking care of the seaweed until it had a most beautiful golden shade on it, like the reflection of the dryad's smile.

He often wandered up into the wood and to this cottage, and in the cottage lived a tall woman, with angry eyes and mouth very firmly closed. She was always busy, reading and writing a very great deal.

Ety's could see her through the windows, and he grew fond of her because she was all alone and seemed to be sad, and there was a look in her face as though she, too, was trying to make people believe something they would not believe.

One day he saw her come out and walk up and down beside the sea, and her eyes were very glad, though they were angry still; she held a letter, and she read it through, then she clenched her hands and laughed and went back into the cottage.

The next day she sat where the wild thyme grows now, and seemed to be waiting. This woman was going away to another country; she was very clever and wrote the most wonderful things, though they were so bitter and angry that they made people shiver. She was very lonely, for through the unkindness and untruthfulness of another woman (and

that woman her sister) those whom she had loved had turned away from her; but now there had come to her the means to punish that other woman, and she knew that she could make her just as sad and lonely and despised as she had been for years and years, until her cleverness had forbidden people to despise her; her sister, who was not strong and clever, would always be despised, and her punishment would last as long as she lived. So the woman was very glad, and sat by the shore and waited, and thought of how her sister would kneel there and plead for mercy—in vain.

And then she thought of her sister in the days when she had loved her—on the night of her first ball, and how they had gone into the garden of their old home and picked flowers for their hair, and brought them back to their old mother, and the gentle mother had fastened red roses in the woman's hair and jessamine in her sister's, and kept for herself a little bunch of pale perfumed flowers and variegated leaves.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER.

THE following message was not among those which Mrs. Besant intended to use against me—because it was not known to the prosecutors—in the recent proceedings, which never should have been begun because unconstitutional. I obtained it Nov. 1st, 1891, in the distant State of Wyoming, U.S. It reads:

"We sent him to London and made him stay so long in order to lay down currents which have since operated, for inasmuch as 'sacred names' were assailed long ago the present reaction in England more than counterbalances the assault on us which you so much deplore. But the only thing we deplore is the sorrow of the world, which can only be cut off by the philosophy you were such a potent factor in bringing to the West, and which now other disciples are promulgating also. This is the age of the common people although you may not agree—but so it is—and as we see forces at work and gathering by you unseen, we must commend all efforts that give widespread notice to even one word of the philosophy.

"This is meant for A. P. S. Have you the courage to send it.

[*"Signed by M."*]

I had the courage, copied it at the time it was received, and sent the original to Mr. Sinnett by mail from Wyoming. He must have received it, because otherwise it would have come back to me in accordance with directions on the envelope. If there ever was a genuine message this is one. It refers to the great public excitement in England, about that time, about Theosophy, in the course of which the "sacred names" of the Masters were mentioned. The person referred to as being in London "to lay down currents" is myself. I invite the attention of the prosecutors to this message.

Very probably Mr. Sinnett will not contest the genuineness of the message, because he sent me, nearly about that time, a letter from himself addressed to the Master, requesting me to transmit it and procure the answer, if any. Many of us—those who accept the above as genuine—will find it of interest, seeing that it confirms what several hold, that this is the era of the masses, and that Master has more interest in efforts for their good than on the progress of any particular person or class.

Being under no obligation to secrecy I cannot be blamed for giving out the foregoing facts at this time, when I am attacked at every point: it will certainly derogate nothing from Mr. Sinnett's standing to admit the fact of his believing, at the time mentioned, that I could transmit a request or letter to the Master.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE DUBLIN LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting convened for the purpose of considering a Voting Paper issued by Mr. Mead on 1st inst., held this evening, it was

Resolved: That this Lodge declines to take action by voting either for or against the suggested "Resolution" for the following reasons, namely:

1. That Mr. Mead has exceeded the duties of his office in issuing such Voting Paper:
2. That the vote would be unconstitutional:
3. That it calls in question the decision of the Judicial Committee appointed under the Constitution:
4. And therefore that this Lodge declines to be bound by the result of any such vote.

The Secretary was instructed to convey this resolution to the Executive Committee of the European Section T. S.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin, Feb. 6th, 1895.

BRIXTON LODGE T. S.

At a specially summoned meeting of the Brixton Lodge held at 196, Clapham Park Road, S.W., on Friday, Feb. 1st, 1895, the following resolutions were carried unanimously, save for one dissident:

1. That this Lodge requests William Q. Judge not to resign from the office of Vice-President of the T. S., it being imperative to the best interests of the Society that he shall remain in said office for the successful promulgation of Theosophy in America and generally.
2. That in the opinion of this Lodge there is no necessity for the further investigation of the charges made against William Q. Judge.
3. That this Lodge expresses its fullest confidence in William Q. Judge personally and as an official of the T. S., and also in his methods of work, and declares its determination to support him in his efforts therein.

(Signed) HERBERT CORVYN, *Pres.*

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

EDITOR *Irish Theosophist*:

A long and sustained attack has been made on me and charges have been brought forward by Mrs. Besant, and in *The Westminster Gazette*, which it is thought I should reply to more fully than I have as yet. A very good and decisive reason exists for my not making that full reply and explanation, and it is time Theosophists should know it. It is as follows:

I have not been furnished with copies of the documentary evidence by which the charges are said to be supported. These documents—being letters written by myself and some of them ten years old—have been in the possession of Mrs. Besant from about February, 1894, to July 19th, 1894, and open enemies of mine have been allowed to make copies of them, and also to take facsimiles, but they have been kept from me, although I have demanded and should have them. It must be obvious to all fair-minded persons that it is impossible for me to make a full and definite reply to the charges without having certified copies of those documents.

I arrived in London July 4th, 1894, and constantly, each day, asked for the copies and for an inspection of the papers. Mrs. Besant promised both, but never performed her promise. The proceedings and the Convention closed July 13th, and for six days thereafter I daily asked for the copies and inspection, getting the same promise with the same failure, until July 19th, when I peremptorily demanded them. Mrs. Besant then said she had just given them to Colonel Olcott, to whom I at once applied. He said he had sent them all to India. I at once told this to Mrs. Besant, saying I would give the facts to the daily papers, whereupon she went to Colonel Olcott, who said he had made a mistake as they were in his box. He then—I being in a hurry to leave from Liverpool on the 21st—let me hastily see the papers in Dr. Buck's presence, promising to send me copies. I had time to copy only two or three short letters. He has never fulfilled that promise.

These facts the members should know, as they ought at last to understand the animus under the prosecution. I shall not reply until I have full certified copies. It would seem that I am in this matter entitled to as much opportunity and consideration as my open enemies have had.—Yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, Jan. 25th, 1895.

OUR Æ.

"BUT who is Æ.? Those readers who have happened to visit the headquarters of the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society at any time, must have been struck by the extraordinary and wildly fantastic Blake-like frescoes adorning the walls of an otherwise commonplace room. These designs are pointed out as the work of a leading member of the Lodge, Mr. George Russell, an invariable debater at every meeting. Another former member of the Lodge, Mr. W. B. Yeats, inscribed the first book by which he became known, *Irish Fairy and Folk Tales* (Camelot Series), 'To my Mystical Friend, G. R.' Æ., then, is G. R., and G. R. is Mr. George Russell. Mr. Weekes formed another of this little band of Irish mystics, whose work is at length winning, by most unlikely methods, a sudden recognition."—*The Bookman*.

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

WITHIN the iron cities
 One walked unknown for years,
 In his heart the pity of pities
 That grew for human tears
 When love and grief were ended
 The flower of pity grew;
 By unseen hands 'twas tended
 And fed with holy dew.
 Though in his heart were barred in
 The blooms of beauty blown;
 Yet he who grew the garden
 Could call no flower his own.
 For by the hands that watered,
 The blooms that opened fair
 Through frost and pain were scattered
 To sweeten the dull air.

G. W. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—A report having arisen that William Q. Judge did not himself write *Letters that have Helped Me*, we ask your fraternal assistance in correcting this rumour. It is false. It attributes the letters to the dictation or the teaching of the Master "Hilarion," who is known to have been in daily (physical) intercourse with Mr. Judge in 1888 in New York. The letters began in 1886, and had ended in 1888, so far as those already published are concerned. The letters do, in fact, continue to the present day, and we are not the only persons to receive such, as extracts now appearing in your columns—none of them being from letters to ourselves—amply testify.

Those of us to whom the Master Hilarion is objectively, as well as psychically known, have the best of reasons for asserting that these letters were not from him, and we do so state now and here. Matter from him, whether "inspired" or objectively dictated, is in quite another style.

Moreover, on p. 78 of the little volume referred to, is a letter printed in italics, beginning, "Says Master." That letter is one written *through* H. P. B. by her Master, and is in the modification of her handwriting to which Colonel Olcott refers as being the form in which her Master first wrote through her. The "private directions" omitted from that letter assign to Mr. Judge the office of "*guide*," therein assigned to him by the Master, and specify the interior source of his inspiration:

" . . . He knows well that which others only suspect or 'divine.'" We shall be happy to show the original to any Esotericist whom you may indicate.

Your readers may be interested to hear that a second volume of such *Letters* will probably appear.

With thanks for the courtesy of your columns, we are,

Faternally yours,

JULIA C. KEIGHTLEY.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

London, Jan. 13th, 1895.

THE IDENTITY OF CHE-YEW-TSÄNG.

WE learn that Che-Yew-Tsäng, the author of "Some Modern Failings," in the October and December issues of *Lucifer*, 1893, and of two more recent articles in *The Path*, is otherwise known as Ernest Temple Hargrove, a member of the new H. P. B. Lodge, which is meeting temporarily at 62, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. Mr. Hargrove was quite recently with us in Dublin. Further particulars are given in the February number of *The Path*.

"H. P. B." LODGE T. S.

OWING to the resolutions adverse to Bro. Judge, passed by the Blavatsky Lodge on Jan. 5th, certain members resigned from that body and met to discuss the advisability of forming a new Lodge. The meeting took place on Jan. 8th, at Dr. Keightley's consulting rooms at 62, Queen Anne Street, London, W., and it was decided to form a Lodge under the above name and to apply for a charter at once. Rules and regulations were adopted, and twenty members signed the application for charter, which was duly granted.

The Lodge meets on Mondays at 8 p.m. at the same address, and has added several new members to its roll. The names of those who signed the charter are as follows: Archibald Keightley (*Pres.*), Thos. Green (*Vice-Pres.*), H. T. Edge (*Sec.*), Basil Crump (*Treas.*), Miss Nellie Cuer (*Libr.*), Wm. Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, J. T. Campbell, Mrs. Cleather, Miss E. Amy Dickinson, Bertie Everett, F. Farmer, Miss A. File, Miss E. File, E. T. Hargrove, Miss Hargrove, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Monk, Jas. M. Pryse, Mrs. Raphael.

H. T. EDGE, *Hon. Sec.*

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE meetings of this Lodge have been poorly attended during the past month, but the exceptionally severe weather is, perhaps, partly to blame.

The H. P. B. Press has surely reached high development, for it seems to have reïncarnated without Devachanic break! Strong helpers have come to us. With Jas. M. Pryse and Miss North in our midst to supplement the activity of our other members, work tends to become reverberative and far-reaching.

The Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing month are to be devoted to the following topics: Feb. 20th, *Comradeship*; 27th, *Wandering Fires*; March 6th, *Theosophy in Ancient America*; 13th, *Theosophy in Ancient Ireland*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

The Irish Theosophist.

"TRUTH AND OCCULTISM."

IN *Lucifer* for February, 1895, p. 442, occurs the following statement by Mrs. Besant:

"Before I left England in July I had received from Dr. Buck the assurance of his conviction—reiterated by him to Countess Wachtmeister in America—that Mr. Judge had received so severe a lesson that there would be no more of these red pencil missives. . . ."

The following correspondence between Countess Wachtmeister and Dr. Buck covers the above and other assertions. Comment would be inadequate and useless.

[COPIES.]

"BRISTOL HOTEL, COLOMBO.

"Dec. 21st, 1894.

"DEAR DOCTOR BUCK,—Do you remember telling me that I was right in believing that W. Q. Judge had acted in a fraudulent and deceitful manner in sending out spurious orders and messages, that you intended to pull him through the convention at whatever cost to honour, but that afterwards you would give him a piece of your mind, telling him that such messages must cease for the future. You told me this in Dr. Jerome Anderson's house in San Francisco. You may imagine, therefore, my disgust when I saw your name attached to this unjustifiable attack of W. Q. Judge's on Annie Besant. You know her to be innocent and the other one to be guilty, and yet you can endorse this abominable lie. No words of mine are sufficient to express my indignation at such conduct. As you have said to Annie Besant exactly the same as you have said to me I do not feel myself bound to secrecy on this matter, for by telling her (the accused) you have made it public. Stand before Master's portrait and ask Him what He thinks of your

conduct, for Master is truth Himself; how, then, can He approve of that which is untrue and false. I am sorry for you with all my heart.

(Signed) "CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER."

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I have this day received a letter from Countess Wachtmeister, of which the above is a verbatim copy. Aside from the insulting tone of the letter, which I pass by, I hereby declare upon my honour that the above statements are from beginning to end fabrications. There is not a word of truth in any single statement therein contained. I not only made none of the above statements to the Countess or to anyone else, but no such conversation ever occurred, nor did the Countess ever say to me or in my hearing that she herself believed Mr. Judge guilty. She was entirely non-committal on the subject when I saw her in San Francisco, and when, later, she was entertained for a week at my house in Cincinnati. By what means, or with what motive, the Countess has arrived at her present attitude and made these statements, is beyond conception. To the present day I do not know and have no means of knowing the source or methods of Mr. Judge's communications with Masters, but have supported Mr. Judge solely on my own knowledge of his work and character, deeming the matters involved in the said communications incapable of proof or disproof. I have never said to anyone that in these matters Mr. Judge is 'guilty' or 'innocent,' because I do not *know*, and as I see no means of knowing I have no 'belief' and do not care, but go on with the legitimate work of the T. S.

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK, M.D., F.T.S

"Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Jan. 21st, 1895."

"MY DEAR COLONEL (OLCOTT).—You are at liberty to make what you can and whatever use you please out of the foregoing. Further communication from me is unnecessary and would evidently be useless. If I had made those statements I should stand by them, for where I am known I have never been accused of cowardice, or of being a liar or a sneak. Strangers will, of course, believe what they please, as it is a matter of veracity between the Countess and myself.

"Sincerely and fraternally yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

Mrs. Besant having written Dr. Buck under date of Dec. 25th, 1894, from Adyar:

"My poor friend, you told me you would take the karma of defending Judge even at the cost of truth."

Dr. Buck replied, drawing a line under the words, "*even at the cost of truth*":

"The underlined portion is not mine, as you will see by referring to my letter just before I sailed for London. That means, if words have meaning, that I would disregard known truth or wilfully prevaricate to uphold Judge. I never knowingly did such a thing, or said it, or thought it."

Dr. Buck then enclosed a copy of the above from Countess Wachtmeister, and continues:

" . . . See how these things go. When will we come to an end of them? This statement by the Countess is without a single fact to stand on, but taken with yours will be believed and go against Judge. I tried on several occasions to draw her out on the question, but she was as mum as an oyster, never once admitted Judge's guilt, only said, 'It will all come out right.' I never said to anyone that Judge was guilty or I believed him guilty, but always 'I do not know,' and have defended him solely from what I do know, viz., his great work and general character, leaving the rest without prejudice one way or another. It seems to me that you might understand this position whether you approve it or not. We are in an awful whirl, my dear good sister: let us not even unconsciously multiply difficulties. So in regard to Judge's statements in regard to you and Chakravarti. I do not *know*. It would have to be proven to become for me a basis of action, and had nothing to do with my going with Judge in E. S. Some of the things you have done I do not understand. I cannot reconcile them, therefore I do not condemn you or acquit you. I leave them absolutely in abeyance, believing you have 'tried to follow truth' and do right, and the motive is far more important than the act. The outer whirl of matter will vanish as soon as we all get right inside. May the good law hasten the day. Here is the statement, word for word, occurring in a letter I wrote you dated June 10th, 1894: 'I would take the karma myself of *condoning a fault in Judge*, rather than see him humiliated so he could work no more, or to have the T. S. divided on the question of his guilt or innocence, as there is great danger of its becoming if we are not very wise and prudent.' We have not been 'wise and prudent,' and the division that I saw and tried in every way to prevent has come. But you must see the difference between 'taking the karma of condoning a fault to save a brother and save the society,' and as you quote me, 'You (I) would take the karma of defending Judge *even at the cost of truth*,' or, as the Countess puts it (out of whole cloth, for I never said anything of the kind to her), that I 'intended to pull him through the convention *at whatever*

cost to honour.' I did not 'pull him through the convention' or try to; there was no occasion, as the convention was unanimous in his support. Of course if you and the Countess so repeat these statements they will seem to justify your course, and strengthen your cause and hurt Mr. Judge and his supporters. Need I say more than *they are wholly untrue* and that you and the Countess have either entirely forgotten, or are willing to so entirely misconceive and therefore misrepresent my motives and sentiments. I am not personally aggrieved, because I am not in the front, only a worker in the background, trying to help all who work in Master's cause. But these things intensify the feelings against Judge, and seem to justify the attack by showing how mean are the motives and basis of action of his supporters.

"America will disregard all these *accusations* (not 'disregard truth and honour') and support Judge for his splendid work and character as we know it. The evidence we have for him is far stronger than the evidence yet brought against him. . . .

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

On page 456 of *Lucifer* Mrs. Besant says:

"Let me say I had drawn up six charges to lay before the committee. Under each of these charges I had drawn up the evidence on which the charge depended. I had made what would be called a brief; the charges were the indictments, and the evidence was practically the speech of the counsel stating what the charges were. My only deviation from the legal action was this—that I sent a complete copy of the whole statement that I proposed to make, to Mr. Judge; that, I knew, was outside the legal duty, but I did it in order that the case might be met upon its merits, that he might know everything I was going to say, every document I was going to use, and every argument I was going to employ."

Much virtue is continually claimed for sending Mr. Judge the little that was sent him in regard to the charges. The course followed is alleged to be a deviation from the legal procedure for the benefit of Mr. Judge. It was a deviation, but not in the sense implied by Mrs. Besant. Quite the reverse. I am professionally informed that the procedure in an action of law is as follows:

1. A statement of the complaint must be sent to the defendant. This Mrs. Besant did, though vaguely. Her statement consisted of the six charges and a specification of documents upon which they were based.
2. A full statement setting forth the purport of all the documents upon which the complaint is founded must be sent to the defendant.

This Mrs. Besant did not do. She sent a partial statement insufficiently setting out *some* of the documents only and entirely omitting others which, according to the specification, were intended and therefore had to be used, unless the defendant consented to their withdrawal. This partial statement Mrs. Besant calls her prosecutor's brief. Here, therefore, she departed from legal procedure and entirely in her own favour.

3. The defendant must put in what is called a "defence." This Mr. Judge did even before the second item of procedure was taken by the plaintiff.

4. The plaintiff must give full opportunity for the defendant and his agents to inspect and take copies and extracts and facsimiles or photographs of all documents intended to be used against him, and no document can be used except those produced. This Mrs. Besant did not do and never has done.

5. At least six weeks, sometimes six months or more, are allowed before the trial for the preparation by the parties of their respective evidence and witnesses. It has been forgotten that the genuineness of all documents has to be proved on oath unless admitted to be genuine by the opposite party. If evidence is required from abroad the Court will postpone the trial until it can be obtained. The fact is that Mrs. Besant delayed taking procedure No. 2 until Mr. Judge was actually leaving the U. S. A. to attend the trial, the date of which had already been fixed. This was a flagrant injustice which would not be tolerated in any Court of Law. No opportunity whatever was given for inspection and copying documents before the trial. This also is a gross breach of even legal procedure.

And now Mr. Judge is (*vide Vahan*, March, 1895) arraigned before the whole Society on charges which it has not seen, on evidence supplied neither to the Society nor to the defendant.

I suppose it to be upon the strength of Mrs. Besant's statement in *Lucifer*, as above quoted, that Mr. Mead is issuing an official statement, advance copy of which has been sent to me, as member of the Executive Committee, in which, in reply to Mr. Judge's official letter saying that he has no copies of the evidence, Mr. Mead replies that Mr. Judge has copies of all that was to be used against him. I at once notified Mr. Mead that the above statement was not true, and gave my reasons (in part) therefor. But as I now find other advance copies have been sent out, and Mr. Thomas Williams has published the same incorrect statement in *Light*, I am obliged to make public contradiction of the above. The facts are as follows:

Mrs. Besant sent Mr. Judge: (a) a rough specification of some

seventy-eight exhibits (letters, telegrams, etc.) as evidence in support of six charges. I say "some seventy-eight," because such items as the following occur:

"Various sentences written in Judge's letters to A. B., Babula, Olcott, Tookeram, Cooper-Oakley." Allotting in all such cases *one* letter to each person named, there are seventy-eight pieces of evidence. But there is nothing to show whether there are one or a dozen such letters to each person. This specification in my hands is a certified copy of the original one sent to Mr. Judge in New York.

(b) Mrs. Besant sent also what she calls "a brief." It contained many arguments based upon many assertions. In this brief were quotations from a few of the seventy-eight pieces of "evidence." I am told by three persons who have seen this brief that there are under a dozen pieces of evidence given. These latter are *all* the copies of evidence which Mr. Judge has or has had, and this is the way in which Mr. Judge has known "every document I was going to use," or has had, as Mr. Mead says, copies of all that was to be used against him. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Besant intended to use against him all the seventy-eight or more pieces of evidence quoted, for the six charges and rough specification were the official documents to be used before the T. S. Judicial Committee, not one of which could subsequently be withdrawn by Mrs. Besant, or anyone else, at their own discretion. I have not seen this brief, as Mrs. Besant required Mr. Judge to give his word of honour that he would show it to no one (Dr. Buck having previously seen it), and told several of us that she had ordered it to be burned when the matter was supposed to be settled. It now appears that Miss C——, who is not a T. S. official, has it in charge and has shown it to members. Three members who have seen it pledge their honour to the statement that it contains under a dozen of the pieces of evidence.

Moreover, Mr. Judge has not even *seen* all the evidence. None of that which is the property of Mr. Bertram Keightley was even shown to him!

Furthermore, Mrs. Besant at Richmond, in July, 1894, promised Mr. Judge, in the presence of Mr. Mead, Dr. Buck, Mr. B. Keightley, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that he should have copies of all the evidence. Why did she so promise if, as is now said, Mr. Judge had knowledge of every document and copies of the evidence before leaving America? As a portion of this conversation is now being used against Mr. Judge and is distorted, I here give the real context. *Other parts of that conversation have yet wider bearing.*

Mr. Judge asked Mrs. Besant if she would then give him back his

letters, which were the so-called evidence, seeing that the closing of the matter was under consideration. It was evidently useless to talk about bringing the matter to a conclusion, if the alleged evidence was to be promptly handed over to one of his avowed enemies, who would naturally have continued the office of prosecutor, even if that office had been laid down by Mrs. Besant. In reply to Mr. Judge's question, Mrs. Besant said that they were not all hers to give. The question was not so strange as it is made to appear, as Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. Keightley were, with Colonel Olcott, owners of the bulk—if not all of the evidence so-called. Colonel Olcott had been and was consulted on this head. Mr. Judge then said, in almost these exact words:

"Well, Annie, if the case was reversed, I would take the consequences of returning you *your* letters under the same circumstances. However, will you give me copies?"

Mrs. Besant consulted Mr. Mead by a look and Mr. Mead said:

"Why, yes, Annie, I think Judge ought to have copies."

Mrs. Besant then agreed that the copies should be given. Four of the seven persons present remember this as here set forth. The copies NEVER have been given, and the statement made by Mr. Judge in his letter, published by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*, and in *The Irish Theosophist* for February, 1895, is in every particular correct.

Mr. Judge is being asked to reply to charges based upon letters and telegrams beginning 1875 down to the present day, often very vaguely specified, as in the extract above, part of which he has not even seen. And when he makes his very natural and necessary demand, untrue statements are made in regard to him.

In any case it is not only unjust, but contrary to every code of common fairness, to endeavour to prove charges such as those brought against Mr. Judge on the strength of brief extracts from supposed letters. Everyone must know that carefully selected extracts can be made to prove almost any villainy. It is significant that Mrs. Besant admitted to many persons in July, 1894, that she was aware these charges could not be actually proven against Mr. Judge.

Mr. Judge has not at his command the lists of the Theosophical Society kept at Adyar, as have his accusers, the statements even of Mrs. Besant and my step-uncle, Mr. Bertram Keightley, being circulated all over the world by those lists, so that I must ask members who receive this statement of Dr. Buck and myself to circulate it as widely as possible.

Lucifer, p. 466, Mrs. Besant again says: "Further, by the carelessness of Mr. Judge's agents, this circular has been sent to an expelled

member of the E. S. T. in India. . . ." There is also much being said about a "quasi-private" circular and so forth.

I beg to say that copies of a circular were sent to Mrs. Besant's E. S. T. Council (ten, I think, in number) and the I. G., with the exception of Mrs. M——. These were the only copies signed—and in an unusual manner—by Mr. Judge. One of these *signed* copies was published in part (I do not say whether correctly or incorrectly) by *The Westminster Gazette*, and the exact signature reproduced. These were *the only signed copies* except my own. Mrs. Cleather and Messrs. Pryse and Coryn had and have their copies. Therefore one of the remaining members of Mrs. Besant's own E. S. T. Council published the circular to which she refers. Moreover, if any such circular was sent—and of this we have no proof—to an expelled member in India, that is the fault of Mrs. Besant's London agents, who failed to notify the American office of such expulsion—as is both the rule and necessity. I have the lists, with every name marked, by which a circular was sent out, and if Mrs. Besant will give the name to impartial referees, I am willing to place the lists in their hands. It remains to be proven (*a*) to whom the circular was sent and (*b*) by whom; for the member of Mrs. Besant's Council who published a circular in England may have also sent it to India.

In the above I do not commit myself to any statement as to whether the document referred to by Mrs. Besant as in the public prints is or is not a paper of the E. S. T., as publication and reference to such paper by Mrs. Besant or any other do not justify me in breaking my pledge. I do, however, feel justified in saying that all the nonsense about the "circulation of private slanders under the sacred obligation of secrecy" comes grotesquely from Mrs. Besant, who circulated a "private" statement, with special safeguards against discovery, as to Mr. Judge's guilt over six months ago, and after promising to say nothing to anyone until Mr. Judge should be in England. And I positively deny that there is, either in the two circulars so published or in any E. S. T. document or circular, any statement that Mrs. Besant is *consciously* doing wrong, or under black magicians, or more than a "*possible* vehicle," or is one herself. There are no "appalling" statements, and there is decided tribute to the original intention and the work of Mrs. Besant. All that is said on this head by Mrs. Besant is quite hopelessly exaggerated. I would urge members who are interested in the matter to compare Mrs. Besant's version of these "appalling" statements with whatever has actually been written by Mr. Judge. Let them go over the papers for themselves and then decide.

In regard to the so-called Council message of "Judge's plan is right," I have Mrs. Besant's own statement, written, dated and signed *at the time*, to the effect that no one had or could have had access to the papers among which this missive was found, but herself. She made also statements at various times—the last one in May, 1893, to Messrs. Main, Patterson and Hyatt, of Brooklyn, Mr. Crosbie, of Boston, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that it was absolutely impossible for Mr. Judge or anyone else to have access to those papers and place the slip among them. With the exception of Mr. Crosbie, I have the statements of the above persons attested, and all are in writing. I could produce over a score more by simply asking for them. Mrs. Besant has never defended Mr. Judge from this charge.

At the Adyar Convention, December, 1894, Miss Müller publicly accused Mr. Judge of having tried, some years ago, to force Col. H. S. Olcott to resign the Presidency of the T. S. This is utterly untrue. Both Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott knew it to be untrue. They knew who it really was who took action against Colonel Olcott with a view to force him to resign from the Presidency. They knew it was not Mr. Judge, and that the action in no way originated in America; but Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott permitted this false charge to be publicly made against Mr. Judge, in their presence at Adyar, and said no word to exonerate him.

These are some of the discrepancies which I and others shall later be called upon to point out. Very much to my regret—for all must be wearied with the constant reiteration of charges against Mr. Judge, and the consequent necessary defence—I cannot longer remain, by my silence, an accomplice in a great wrong. But the action of Mr. Mead in canvassing the European Section, and that of Mrs. Besant in her *Lucifer* publications, compel me to point out one or two of these misstatements, which, together with personal attacks, by letter and otherwise, upon almost all those who openly express belief in Mr. Judge's innocence, compel me to break—in some degree—my silence before the general public.

After the above had gone to press I received the March *Vähan*. Mr. Mead says on p. 3 that his "memory is defective" as regards the request made by Mr. Judge, at the meeting of the Judicial Committee, for copies of the evidence. The memories of Messrs. Kingsland, Firth and Sinnett are also, he says, defective on this point. Against this I can only place my own positive recollection and the equally positive recollection of Mr. E. T. Hargrove and Mr. Jas. M. Pryse.

I would further state that the conversation I have referred to as

taking place at Richmond, at which the special demand was made for at least copies of the evidence, is that which Mrs. Besant refers to in her letter in *The Review of Reviews* for February, quoted by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*. This meeting, in a sense private, has been made use of as against Mr. Judge by Mrs. Besant in the above letter. I cannot, of course, remain silent in regard to it any longer, and have given a part of the conversation as it actually occurred.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students. 1891-1894.]

IV.

"DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—I do not think that you will take it amiss that I again intrude myself before you. I am so far off, and the place where my old friend and teacher—the one who pointed out to me the way that must bring us, if followed, to the light and peace and power of truth—is so dear to me, I fain would speak with those my fellow-workers who now live where she worked and where her mighty soul left the body it used for our advantage. This is surely sufficient reason.

"Refer to the Master's letter in *The Occult World* and you will find him saying that the Masters are philanthropists and care only for that. Hence, the very oldest F. T. S. who has been selfish and not philanthropic, has never come under the notice of the Masters, has never done anything, in fact, toward the development of the soul in his possession, nothing for the race of man. It is not membership in the T. S., or any other mystical body, that brings us near the Masters, but just such philanthropic work with just the pure motive.

"Then I know, and say plainly—for as so close to each other we should plainly speak—that some of us, may be all, have waited and wondered and wished and hoped, for what? Various expressed thus: one wants to go to the Masters, not knowing even if it be fitting; another wants to know what is the vague longing inside; another says that if the inner senses were but developed, and hopes the Master would develop them, and so on; all, however, expressed by what the Master himself has written, 'You want to find out about us, of our methods of work, and for that you seek along the line of occultism.' Well, it is right for us to seek and to try and to want to reach to Them, for otherwise we never will in any age get where such Beings are. But

as wise thinkers we should act and think wisely. I know many of you, and what I am saying should help some as it does me also.

"You are all on the road to Masters, but as we are now, with the weak and hereditarily diseased bodies we have, we could not live an hour with Masters did we suddenly jump past space to Them. Some, too, have doubt and darkness; the doubt mostly as to themselves. This should not be harboured, for it is a wile of the lower man striving to keep you back among the mediocre of the race. When you have lifted yourself up over that level of the race, the enemy of man strikes and strives at all times to bring clouds of doubt and despair. You should know that all, everyone down to the most obscure, who are working steadily are as steadily creeping on to a change, and yet on and to other changes, and all steps to the Master. Do not allow discouragement to come in. Time is needed for all growth, and all change, and all development. Let time have her perfect work and do not stop it.

"How may it be stopped? How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact. As a sincere student works on, his work makes him come every day near to a step, and if it be an advance then it is certain there is a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and pretexts; he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is not arbitrary law but nature's. It is a law of mind, and the enemies of man take advantage of it for the undoing of the unwary disciple. I would never let the least fear or despair come before me, but if I cannot see the road nor the goal for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait; I would not allow the fog to make me think no road was there and that I was not to pass it. The fogs must lift.

"What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is **DUTY**, Selflessness. Duty persistently followed is the highest yoga, and is better than mantrams or any posture or any other thing. If you can do no more than duty it will bring you to the goal. And, my dear friends, I can swear it that the Masters are watching us all, and that without fail when we come to the right point and really deserve, They manifest to us. At all times I know that They help and try to aid as far as we will let Them.

"Why, the Masters are anxious (to use a word of our own) that as many as possible may reach to the state of power and love They are in. Why, then, suppose They help not? As They are Atman and therefore the very law of Karma itself, They are in everything in life, and every phase of our changing days and years. If you will arouse your

faith on this line you come nearer to help from Them that you will recognise.

"I send you my love and hope and best thoughts that you may all find the great light shining round you every day. It is there.

"Your brother,

"WILLIAM Q. JUDGE."

(*To be continued.*)

THE T. S. CONSTITUTION.

THERE are a few points in March *Vahan* which seem to need a little comment in a friendly way. In the first place it is well to note the admission of our General Secretary that last year's Judicial Committee "proved the disability of the Constitution to grapple with the difficulty." The obvious inference—especially in view of action taken by the Aryan Lodge, to which Mr. Judge belongs—is that we have to go *outside* the Constitution "to grapple with the difficulty" (of keeping up the hue and cry?). This agrees well with Mr. H. Burrows' recent declaration to the Blavatsky Lodge that "we make a mistake in applying theosophical principles to the present crisis."

Now those who are styled "Mr. Judge's adherents," whether members of the Executive Committee or private members in Europe or elsewhere, are merely people who believe in upholding the Constitution of the T. S. in letter and spirit, at all costs. For that alone Mr. Judge successfully stood last July, and for that alone let us stand. We shall be accused of quibbling, of entering "demurrers," of being "under his thumb," and what not, but what matters it? There is no complaint by the Aryan Lodge against W. Q. Judge as a private member of that Branch; there is none by the American Section against him as General Secretary of that Section, nor is there one against him *qua* his actions as Vice-President, as proved by decision of Judicial Committee last year.

As if conscious of this hitch in the man-hunt along *constitutional* lines, the General Secretary of the European Section now humorously attacks the Aryan Lodge by the remark that "it has not the courage to face the problem."

Poor Aryan Lodge! I extend you my sympathy in your present distressing condition. But stop, it may not yet be too late. Do, please, try and summon up a little courage. The European Section—nay, the Theosophical Society—is in danger unless you act boldly. Ask him to defend himself—at his peril! And please state a time limit. We can't afford to wait, you know. Never mind waiting for certified copies of documents to be put in evidence—and which nobody has yet seen. (Besides, why not try and *collect* some? Quite easy if you really apply your minds. Make it dovetail as nicely as you can, but don't show it to anyone.) You have delayed far too long already. Oh, how terrible! To keep us all waiting and reining in our fiery steeds, merely because *you* won't jump the fence. Be men, and don't put yourselves under anyone's thumb. Attack! Throw theosophical principles to the winds. Sound the charge! Attack! attack!

FRED. J. DICK.

THE LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EIRE.

A REVEREND and learned professor in Trinity College, Dublin, a cynic and a humorist, is reported once to have wondered "why the old Irish, having a good religion of their own, did not stick to it?" Living in the "Celtic twilight," and striving to pierce backward into the dawn, reading romance, tradition and history, I have endeavoured to solve something of the mystery of the vast "Celtic phantasmagoria," I can but echo the professor. In these legends, prodigal of enchantment, where Gods, heroes and bright supernatural beings mingle, are at league or war together, I have found not misty but clear traces of that old wisdom-religion once universal. There are indeed no ancient Irish Scriptures I am aware of, but they were not needed. To those who read in the Book of Life, philosophy and scripture are but as blinds over the spiritual vision. But we to-day—lost children of the stars—but painfully and indirectly catch glimpses of the bright spheres once our habitations, where we freely came and went. So I will try to tell over again some of these old stories in the light of philosophy spoken later. What was this old wisdom-religion? It was the belief that life is one; that nature is not dead but living; the surface but a veil tremulous with light—lifting that veil hero and sage of old time went outwards into the vast and looked on the original. All that they beheld they once were, and it was again their heritage, for in essence they were one with it—children of Deity. The One gave birth to the many, imagining within itself the heaven of heavens, and the heavens, and spheres more shadowy and dim, growing distant from the light. Through these the Rays ran outward, falling down through many a starry dynasty to dwell in clay. Yet—once God or Angel—that past remains, and the Ray, returning on itself, may reassume its old vesture, entering as a God into the Ancestral Self. Every real scripture and every ancient myth, to be understood truly, must be understood in this light. God, the angelic hierarchies, the powers divine and infernal, are but names for the mightier Adam in whose image man was made and who is the forgotten Self in humanity. Mystic symbolism is the same the world over, and applying it to the old Celtic romances, phantasy and faeryland are transformed into history and we are reading about the ancient Irish Adepts.

Ireland was known long ago as the Sacred Island. The Gods lived there; for the Tuatha De Dannans who settled in Eire after conquering the gigantic races of Firbolgs and Fomorians (Atlanteans) were called Gods, differing in this respect from the Gods of ancient Greece and India, that they were *men who had made themselves Gods* by magical or Druidical power. They were preëminently magi become immortal by strength of will and knowledge. Superhuman in power and beauty, they raised themselves above nature; they played with the elements; they moved with ease in the air. We read of one Angus Oge, the master magician of all, sailing invisibly "on the wings of the cool east wind"; the palace of that Angus remains to this day at New Grange, wrought over with symbols of the Astral Fire and the great Serpentine Power. The De Dannans lived in the heart of mountains

(crypts for initiation), and to-day the peasant sometimes sees the enchanted glow from the green hills he believes they still inhabit. Perhaps he believes not foolishly, for, once truly occult, a place is preserved from pollution until the cycle returns, bringing back with it the ancient Gods again.

The cycle of the Gods is followed in Irish tradition by the cycle of the heroes. The Gods still mingled with them and presumably taught them, for many of these heroes are Druids. Finn, the hero of a hundred legends, Cuchullin, Dairmud, Oisín and others are wielders of magical powers. One of the most beautiful of these stories tells of Oisín in Tir-na-noge. Oisín with his companions journeys along by the water's edge. He is singled out by Niam, daughter of Manannan, king of Tir-na-noge, the land of the Gods. She comes on a white horse across the seas, and mounting with her Oisín travels across the ocean; after warring with a giant Fomor he passes into Tir-na-noge, where for a hundred years he lives with Niam and has all that heart could wish for. But desire for Eire arises within him and returning, he falls off the magic steed, and becomes an old man weary with years. It is purely occult. Oisín, Niam, her white steed, Tir-na-noge, the waters they pass over, are but names which define a little our forgotten being. Within Oisín, the magician, kindles the Ray, the hidden Beauty. Let us call it by what name we will, so that we spare the terms of academic mysticism or psychology. It is the Golden Bird of the Upanishads; the Light that lighteth every man: it is that which the old Hermetists knew as the Fair or the Beautiful—for Niam means beauty: it is the Presence, and when it is upon a man every other tie breaks: he goes alone with It, he is a dying regret, an ever-increasing joy. And so with Oisín, whose weeping companions behold him no more. He mounts the white horse with Niam. It is the same as the white horse of the Apocalypse, whereon one sits called Faithful and True. It is the power on which the Spirit rides. Who is there, thinking, has felt freed for a moment from his prison-house, and looking forth has been blinded by the foam of great seas, or has felt his imagination grow king in contemplation—he has known its impelling power; the white horse is impatient of restraint.

As they pass over the waters "they saw many wonderful things on their journey—*islands and cities, lime-white mansions, bright greenans and lofty palaces.*" It is the mirror of heaven and earth, the astral light, in whose glass a myriad illusions arise and fleet before the mystic adventurers. Haunt of a false beauty—or rather a veil hung dazzling before the true beauty, only the odour or incense of her breath is blown through these alluring forms. The transition from this to a subtler sphere is indicated. A hornless deer, chased by a white hound with red ears, and a maiden tossing a golden lure, vanishes for ever before a phantom lover. The poet whose imagination has renewed for us the legend has caught the true significance of these hurrying forms:

"The immortal desire of immortals we saw in their eyes and sighed."

"Do not heed these forms!" cries Niam. Compare with this from another source: "*Flee from the Hall of Learning, it is dangerous in its perfidious beauty. . . . Beware, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. . . . It shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnares.*" There are centres in

man corresponding to these appearances. They give vision and entrance into a red and dreadful world, where unappeasable desire smites the soul—a dangerous clairvoyance. But in the sphere beyond their power has to be conquered, and here Oisín wars with the giant Fomor. De Dannan and Fomorian passed from Eire wrestle still in the invisible world, say the legends. We, too—would-be mystics—are met on the threshold of diviner spheres by terrible forms embodying the sins of a living past when we misused our spiritual powers in old Atlantean days. These forms must be conquered and so Oisín battles with the Fomor and releases the power—a princess in the story. This fight with the demon must be fought by everyone who would enter the land of the Gods, whether in conscious occult adventure or half-consciously after death, when the strange alchemist Nature separates the subtle from the gross in the soul in this region which Oisín passes through. Tir-na-noge, the land of Niam, is that region the soul lives in when its grosser energies and desires have been subdued, dominated and brought under the control of light; where the Ray of Beauty kindles and illuminates every form which the imagination conceives, and where every form tends to its archetype. It is a real region which has been approached and described by the poets and sages who, at all times, have endeavoured to express something of the higher realities. It is not distant, but exists in earth as the soul within the body, and may be perceived through and along with the surface forms. In a sense it corresponds with the Tibetan Devachan, and in this region Oisín lives for a hundred years, until desire to see Eire once more arises and he parts from Niam. For the details of his return, the drowsy land in which he slumbers; how he fell off the white horse and became an old man with the weariness of his hundreds of years upon him—I must refer the reader to the legends. He will read not alone of Oisín, but of many an old hero, who, hailed by the faery (divine) voice, went away to live in the heart of green hills (to be initiated) or to these strange worlds.

Dear children of Eire, not alone to the past but to to-day belong such destinies. For if we will we can enter the enchanted land. The Golden Age is all about us, and heroic forms and imperishable love. In that mystic light rolled round our hills and valleys hang deeds and memories which yet live and inspire. The Gods have not deserted us. Hearing our call they will return. A new cycle is dawning and the sweetness of the morning twilight is in the air. We can breathe it if we will but awaken from our slumber.

Æ.

THE PERSECUTION OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE OBJECT IN VIEW.

THE design from the beginning was to get me out of the way to the Presidency of the T. S. Mrs. Besant was to demand my resignation, after that Colonel Olcott was to resign his office, then Mrs. Besant was to be nominated as President; Vice-Presidency probably to go to Bert. Keightley, though on that the outer proofs are not yet definite. In London last July Mrs. Besant said several times that the object of the proceeding was to prevent my succeeding to the Presidency. But here are a few samples from her letters:

"*Calcutta, Jan. 11th, 1891.*—You must resign the outer headship (of E. S. T.) held jointly with myself, or the evidence which goes to prove the wrong done must be laid before a committee of T. S. . . . And you must resign the position of President-elect."

"*Delhi, Feb. 14th, 1891.*—He [Chakravarti] endorsed the idea that I should take sole charge of the School. . . . Indeed, he told me last summer [about August, 1893.—J.] that it had to be so presently."

"*Agra, Feb. 8th, 1891.*—As you know, I refused the offer to nominate me as President: since then I have been told [by whom?—J.] 'not to oppose,' so I remain passive and wait."

"*Agra, Feb. 14th, 1891.*—That you had made an intellectual blunder, misled by a high example. [This means H. P. B.] . . . X. would not take the Presidency at any price. *If I have to, pity me.*" [Italics are mine.—J.]

In July she told me the first day, as explaining the sentence above quoted about a "high example" and another, that I was "largely a victim," that her theory was *first*, that H. P. B. had committed several frauds for good ends and made bogus messages; *second*, that I was misled by her example, and *third*, that H. P. B. had given me permission to do such acts. She then asked me to confess thus and that would clear up all. I peremptorily denied such a horrible lie, and warned her that everywhere I would resist such attack on H. P. B. These are facts, and the real issue is around H. P. B.

RESIGNATION ASKED.

Some European Lodges and the Indian Section have asked me to resign as Vice-President. I have refused and shall refuse. The attempt to force me by saying "all honourable men resign when attacked" is silly nonsense. No office in the T. S. has any attraction for me, but I will not be forced. An "Anniversary Meeting" in India, with no power and being, in fact, only an extra meeting of the Indian Section, passed resolutions asking my resignation. To that I replied that I do not recognize either the meeting or the resolutions. T. S. Anniversary Meetings are unknown to our Constitution.

WHY NO EXPLANATION YET.

By reading the Vice-President's letter to the European General Secretary printed hereunder (see *Vāhan*, March, 1895), members will see that I cannot make any explanation without copies of my letters and alleged memoranda. In addition, I find that some of the documents have up to this day been kept back from me, so that I have not seen them at all. It is quite true that Mrs. Besant gave me a copy of her proposed statement as prosecutor; but that contained only references and a few garbled extracts, and besides, it did not cover the items they have since added to the number.

W. Q. J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS AND HER ACCUSERS.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—Wide publicity having recently been given to attacks on the late Mme. Blavatsky, will you be so good as to allow us, her only relatives in England, to say a few words on the other side.

Like the rest of Mme. Blavatsky's relatives, we have long ceased to wonder at any criticism of her wonderful life; have almost ceased to feel resentment at any misunderstanding of her almost incomprehensible personality.

It is not, therefore, with resentment that we regard these attacks on Mme. Blavatsky, but rather with wonder that, in any valuation of her life and work, there should be such complete blindness to realities, not incomprehensible at all, but very patent to everyone who has eyes to see.

It appears to us a fact, altogether undoubted, that Mme. Blavatsky made thinkable to tens of thousands the ideal of spiritual life, of the real Self that stands above the ocean of birth and death. And in making thinkable the idea of the higher Self, she has also made thinkable the inferior worth of this life of storm and sorrow.

Then again she has made tangible to thousands the theory of repeated births; of the development of the enduring Self through a long series of personal selves. Or, as she herself would say, the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, the doctrines to which she invariably linked the sanative ethical principle—whatever a man sows, the same shall he also reap.

These two teachings—the real Self and the series of rebirths—are the heart and head of Indian philosophy, and Mme. Blavatsky has made them thinkable and tangible to tens of thousands whom the transcendental works of Kant and Schopenhauer, and the academic studies of the Orientalists, have never even touched.

We are also assured by the greatest popularizer of psychic studies that “she did more to imbue the mind of her day and generation with psychic truths than any man or woman of her time.”

All this she has done, not so much by original research and speculation—these she never claimed—but rather by the sheer force of her personal power, that first seized these ideas with tremendous vividness, and then presented them with tremendous vividness to the minds of her age. She was a force, the like of which we shall not see again.

Is it a small thing to have made this immortality of the soul a thinkable, tangible reality to tens of thousands? To attempt this would have been a splendid thing; Mme. Blavatsky did more—she actually accomplished it.

If even a tithe of this be true—we think it falls far short of the truth—then Mme. Blavatsky has deserved very well of her time. And, in view of this real work done, we cannot but consider all personal attacks on her as ridiculous—not to use a harder word.

To turn for one moment to the attacks themselves. Mr. Solovyoff's volume, *A Modern Priestess of Isis*, contains two elements—private

letters of Mme. Blavatsky and the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff. In the letters, somewhat unscrupulously published, there is no proof of Mme. Blavatsky's "fraudulence." As to the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff, it is abundantly proved that he has given two quite discrepant accounts of his own attitude and doings, and a witness who does this is hardly believed when he testifies about others. We are justified in saying that the whole of Mr. Solovyoff's narrative is so completely coloured by his subsequent ideas, that it is practically a work of fiction, the only one of his popular romances that Englishmen are ever likely to read. So much for Mr. Solovyoff's book: the private letters of a dead woman, genuine and honest; the narrative of a living romancer, largely fictitious.

The second accuser, Mr. Lillie, has gracefully availed himself of the labours of others: the foundation of his work is the attack of Mme. Coulomb on Mme. Blavatsky—an attack based on letters asserted by Mme. Blavatsky to be forged. Now the most famous political trial of our days should have opened our eyes to the danger of believing in this kind of evidence, especially when the "revealer" is paid for his "revelations."

It is a noteworthy fact, that has never been sufficiently insisted on, that in no case has it been claimed that any of Mme. Blavatsky's psychical "phenomena" were "exposed" at the actual moment of occurrence; while even Mr. Solovyoff testifies to real and undoubted psychical phenomena—physical forces directly controlled by her will. Then again Mme. Blavatsky is accused of wrong and faulty literary methods. Very likely; her work was not for literary methods, but for human life. And, if her words are sometimes inconsistent, her will was perfectly, strongly consistent all through, and will is better than words.

In view of her splendid achievement, most plain people will probably agree with us that, if the failings pointed out by her accusers were real, it would have been far more generous to have left them to silence; while, if they are largely false, as we believe, then these railing accusations that made a long martyrdom of the evening of her life are something worse than ungenerous.

Mme. Blavatsky may have been wrong in many things, perhaps, but, in a few supreme things, she was splendidly right. We are,

Yours truly,

VERA JOHNSTON.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

27, LEINSTER GARDENS, HYDE PARK, W.

February 20th, 1895.

DEAR SIR.—In reference to an article by Mr. Judge in the last number of *The Irish Theosophist*, I feel reluctantly compelled to deny that I regard the message he sent me as genuine. It is a pity he challenged my testimony on this matter. He does not fairly put the facts when he says "about that time" I sent him a letter for transmission to the Master M., and must therefore have believed him in communication. The letter in question was merely a reply to the "message" spontaneously sent. At the time I merely *doubted* its authenticity and thought it best to send a reply on the hypothesis that there might be some genuine origin for the message, however it might have been dis-

torted. Later on I obtained what I consider to be certain assurance that the message, and some others Mr. Judge sent me about the same time, were not genuine.

May I rely on you to publish a statement from me to this effect, in which case I will not trouble to answer the article in your pages in any other way. Indeed if you print this letter that will suffice. But though I have not thought it my duty to take any part so far in the public controversy about Mr. Judge's claims, I cannot remain silent when an attempt is made to show that my testimony would be in their favour if it were given.

Yours very truly,
A. P. SINNETT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.—I do not wonder at your being in doubt. To me the position seems clear. It is *really* the Constitution of the T. S. that is being attacked. Apart from the personality of Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Judge, there is a *principle*. No charges have been brought against Mr. Judge in his capacity of Vice-President. Mrs. Besant states that point to have been rightly held good by the Judicial Committee in July last, and she states also that Mr. Judge is responsible only to his own Branch, in New York, who, as you know, have voted confidence in him. It becomes, then, a question of whether we are to uphold the Constitution or not. If attention was directed more to this aspect of the case, and less to the personal element, much confusion would be saved. As you say, no proofs have been brought forward in support of the charges, and besides, Mr. Judge has promised a reply. We should resist every attempt to undermine the Constitution; drop all this insanity; go on with our work, and leave time to prove all things. Is it too late?

G. L.—The statement that Masters are too high for this plane; that They do not descend to this plane, is one fraught with much danger. It could, if accepted, do away with H. P. B. and all else. (See "Three Great Ideas," February number.)

C. R.—Thanks. I have seen a great deal of what has been said about the "demise" of the T. S. "Sepharial" (W. R. Old), in giving the horoscope of the T. S., in *The Astrologer's Magazine* for March says, "the Society has not long to live." Mr. Sturdy has written about its helpless condition and "disbanding Branches" in *The Unknown World*. In the same journal Mr. Cattanaeh, writing for the President of the Scottish Lodge, talks of a "lamentable upset," and says the S. L. stands serenely apart unmoved. "No propaganda" has been its watchword from the first, and consequently it displays none of the "weaknesses" of "those provincial Lodges, who have been told what to read and think by itinerant lecturers from Avenue Road." It, of course, warmly supports the lines advocated by Mr. Sturdy as being those it has "consistently followed" all along. Can you see the humour of it? It is almost necessary to ask: what is the first object of the T. S.? Meantime the drift of events is being watched closely by *The Unknown World*. Mr. Sturdy has suggested a book depôt at Headquarters. Significant, isn't it? Like you, I was much surprised to see no exception taken to the bitter language used by Mr. Sturdy about Mr. Judge. Any suggestion put forward by such personal animus could not result in good if acted upon.

M.—In reply to your question I would like to point out that in 1889 H. P. B. gave Mr. Judge a photo, on which are the following words: "To my dear and loyal colleague, W. Q. Judge." This bears the Master's signature. I believe Mrs. Besant has seen it, and declared it to be genuine. Others also have seen it. I think the talk about East and West misleading, and grossly exaggerated in the aspect you refer to. No one disputes that the East is a storehouse of "old wisdom," which we in the West can and do use. In the light of reincarnation the problem seems simple enough. Facts bear out the statement that the cyclic wave of spiritual evolution is in the West. That India is not to-day an active spiritual centre anyone can see. The fact, too, that the T. S. is a movement started by Westerns, is significant, surely. It is not a matter of race distinction, but of *law*. Think it over for yourself.

E.—You will find on referring to *The Path* for April, 1894, that the exact words used by Bertram Keightley are as follows: "Moreover, H. P. B. spoke of her friend Mr. Judge as the 'exile,'" and Annie Besant wrote later on: "You are indeed fortunate in having W. Q. J. as chief. Now that H. P. B. has gone it is the Americans who have, as immediate leader, the greatest of the exiles." In an article in one of the old numbers of *The Theosophist*, signed "An Ex-Asiatic," H. P. B. has a footnote, "W. Q. Judge."

O.—"The Cause of Sublime Perfection." Glad you liked the new name of Theosophy. I intend to use it now and again. Others may, no doubt, do the same. So should you. It may do good. Pleased, too, that you liked those articles of Bryan Kinnavan in *The Path*. It will interest you to know that it is another name for W. Q. Judge.

H. H.—The *I. T.* is not the official organ of anyone.

J. McK.—Poem received. "No room." Suppose you send it to some of the other T. S. magazines.

M. F. L.—Article received. Will try and find room for it soon. Glad to cement the bonds of brotherhood with the U. S.

E. C.—Thanks for MS.; have a great deal in the same strain.

KATHORAS.—Your letter was not inserted, because the circular to which it referred did not appear in our columns.

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

WE hope to reproduce some notes on Bro. Jas. M. Pryse's lecture, *Theosophy in Ancient America*. The subject is a fascinating one, in view of future development predicted in *The Secret Doctrine* for that land. The next lecture on *Theosophy in Ancient Ireland*, was ably treated by Bro. Russell. Some of our distinguished archaeologists, who seem to delight in belittling the dignity and antiquity of man, might have got a wrinkle or two at these lectures. *Quién sabe?*

Discussions for ensuing month: March 20th, *Cagliostro*; 27th, *The Dream of Ravan*; April 3rd, *Occult Training*; 10th, *The Communion of Saints*.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

V.

COMRADES,—This moot question, as to whether Masters (Mahâtmas) descend upon or manifest upon this material plane, is at present acting as a kind of ferment in many minds. And I would, in many cases, let it continue to ferment in order that students may, as is beneficial, reach their own conclusions.

Yet there are members of the T. S. who are undergoing much searching of soul upon this point, a point which, it appears to me, has been raised artificially and before its time. And it was not improbably raised for controversial and destructive purposes. This probability appears to me as very great, for the reason that members who have spoken to me upon the subject have in every case gone on to say that decision upon points now in controversy hung upon the answer.

But we shall never arrive at truths relating to spiritual evolution by seeking for them as controversial weapons. The cause of search, the spirit in which any search is undertaken and the thing really looked for (whether truth, or mere argumentative success), will infallibly colour the result, as Mind colours all it looks upon. It is not with the Mind, but with the Intuition that spiritual truths are discerned. Mind reports what Intuition has seen, in cases such as this.

It would appear sufficient that the student should accept the idea of the existence and functions of the Mahâtma in evolution as a bright hope, a light in the darkness, a beacon upon the hills of the hereafter. Whether They do or do not descend upon this plane would seem to be of small moment to him, as he, assuredly—were he of the student nature in the least, were he ever so little of a seeker after truth—would not expect their aid to extend to matters purely of this material plane, at all. This is to some extent true. And being a half-truth, it is used to

colour the personal conclusions of some minds, and to lend to incomplete expositions a weight not properly their own. Yet the question is raised before its due time, in my opinion, and for this opinion I have the following reason, to wit: Almost all Theosophists are content with the ideal of the existence of Great Souls who help the upward course of the race, and I find them caring but little about the exact plane from, to or by which that help comes. Students who are striving to live the life, to help themselves and others, mystics seeking deeper and ever deeper, ever more inwardly, for the hidden Self, are very rarely scholiasts or precisians. The Mahâtma *is*. Intuition has revealed thus much to Mind. The humble seeker bends his head, reaches upward and inward, aspires, loves and believes. What to him are planes? He knows that he *is* helped, and knows no strife to verify the exact point in Mother Space from which that god-like aid descends to fill his brimming soul. He hears that the Mahâtma may be that help and yet be also a living man, and in the fact—if fact it be—he sees new proof of great Nature's mysteries. Withdraw the fact—he feels no sense of loss: you have withdrawn from him a body, not a soul, and it is Soul he seeks, and would penetrate, even to those hidden deeps where the All-Soul merges into the One-Spirit.

Thus the mystic who seeks alone. But all mystics do not seek thus. Others there are who received the initial impulse from without, rather than from within; some soul in casement other than their own passed on to them the vibratory music of the spheres, causing them thus to tremble into consciousness of their interior world. This office was filled—for many of us—by a Soul whom we name H. P. B.

It will be evident that those who have followed such a messenger, whether as followers, as students, as pupils or as observers, will be more or less affected, according as her office as witness and messenger is clear or obscure to their eyes. And H. P. B. did most clearly assert, both in print and in private letters, that the "Masters" were also "living men." The present denial of that statement has its origin, as has so much else, in a more or less organized effort to destroy H. P. B. as messenger. Let us, therefore, keep this fact well in view. I have myself seen letters from India which put the statement very clearly as follows: "these high beings do not ever descend to this plane." The pupils of *modern* India are also repeating the statement in writing and otherwise, and it does absolutely contradict the teaching of H. P. B., which teaching I accept.

It is necessary to put this point very plainly, for the reason that it explains why I shall not put forward any statements by H. P. B. at all.

Nor shall I quote from eastern literature. This has been done before; moreover, translations may be questioned. Long ago I pledged myself to speak only to you of what I knew; that is to say, of things discoverable within my own consciousness, coupled with an explanation of their bearing and the method or mode of their existence, as this came before my mind.

Now I believe that the Mahâtma is possible; that He is necessary in evolution; that He exists; that He may or may not be using a human body amongst men. It is, to my mind, quite true that the Mahâtma, *as such*, does not descend upon this plane; but you must lay stress upon those words "*as such*." Atma, spirit, does not *directly* function upon this plane. What does that mean? It means that when you are dealing with the things of Spirit you are not dealing with this material plane, nor yet when you are dealing with the Intuition, nor when you deal with Mind, nor even when you deal with nerve fluid. None of these things are of this physical plane. Take a sentence attributed to a Master: "Buddhi does not act on this plane, where the acting agent is Manas." This is simply saying that the action of Intuition—any grade of its action—is not of the material plane, and that the Intuition acts through the Mind, which again is not of this plane, but is an acting agent for this plane, just as Intuition is an acting agent for spiritual truths. The Mahâtma, or great Spirit, touches from afar the fire-soul of man, and truths are born into the womb of the hidden, mystic brain. Whether the Mahâtma is or is not inhabiting a human body in full and conscious volition, this mode of action above described is the same. You and I deal with one another after the same fashion, though so far less potent for good. Mental intercourse, spiritual perceptions, the widening experience of love or art or duty are none of them attributes of the material body; they are seen by the Mind, they are verified by mental experience, they are not of the earth, earthly. On the physical plane, as such, they are not observable. Occultism also teems with examples of bodiless entities, disembodied entities, minds of a kind, all invisible to us, yet all eyes, as it were, to see our surroundings and our physical selves. Is it not, then, clear that, in very truth, the Mahâtma *as such* descends not to this material plane?

This does not mean, however, that the Mahâtma may not be using a human body. I take it that the conscious and perfected soul may use and does use some particular body, or several bodies in as many different places. It is a question of degrees. The Spirit acts through Intuition, and that through Mind, and that again through body by means of a reflecting mirror, or brain. Just as the Breath may or may not have

condensed itself into a planet or world, formed and visible, so the Maha-Atma may or may not have adopted a human form.

There is a reason for this adoption and a very simple, because a very natural one, having to do with evolution. The races evolve, but require the aid of the Spirit in evolving. The Elder Brothers turn and help. But how? Not all men are to be reached by purely psychical and spiritual methods, making of the world a vast forcing-house and developing a race of irresponsible mediums. The self-evolved and self-initiated (though really naught is done by self alone), require to be met at a certain point with instruction in the orderly training of the bodies and the minds they use. It is clear that, if we omit from the chain of human development which stretches from man to the Arch-angels or Chohans, one stage of development which we may call a perfected soul using a body and acting upon and for men with that body, we miss out one of the links of that chain. It is as if we missed out Buddhi acting through Manas; as if we omitted Manas and said that Buddhi must act through body or not at all; or that Mind, having freed itself from the trammels of bodily necessities and limitations, must become Atma without passing through the fire-mist of the electric Intuition which alone receives from Spirit the light of the world.

There is a further reason. A perfect body is at once a reflector and a dynamo. The fully conscious soul inhabits it, and observes through its medium all the currents affecting the race. In even the most perfect body there is, locked up in its molecules, that force which represents the karmic tendency of that race. Upon the mirror of the body these forces and currents are reflected, and the Great Soul is "*in touch*" with the men of the race. He does not identify himself with his body, not in the least; but it is to him as a harp upon which the cyclic forces play and by means of which he is able to verify the notes which move the human beings of that race and period. It is a difficult idea to put clearly, but you can all the better work it out for yourselves. Body—a house to dwell in—is at first useful to the evolving soul itself; later on body becomes, to the fully evolved soul, a thing useful to the evolution of other souls, a medium by and through which to act upon and aid them. While there are men living in bodies, they will be accessible to psycho-physiological force; they cannot neglect it, it is one of the steps; hence the need, on the part of a Great Soul intending to meet and help them at a certain given point, for a storehouse or dynamo.

All the same, that Maha-Atma is not *itself* acting upon this plane or descending upon this plane. It is like a general who acts through the private soldier by means of a graded series of officers. It is also

true that the *highest* office of the Mahâtma lies upon the spiritual plane and is not experienced by the disciple *when in the body*. True, too, that a man may live with or near a Mahâtma—say as a servant, being a man of a type and order as yet quite unevolved—and never come in contact with the Mahâtma *as such* at all. This servant may be, so to say, one of the necessities of the situation, as much as food, or clothes, or a shelter may be so. Undoubtedly there are Mahâtmas who need none of these things: they are appendages to certain conditions of life, which conditions are, in their turn, necessary to that situation which I have called being “in touch” with mankind. For to touch Maha-Atma you must be Maha-Atma. You only touch, in the Mahâtma, those planes which you have developed within yourself.

We think at once too much and too little of body. The soul *needs* no body. Some birds need no nests. Yet the body and the nest are alike necessary to a certain set of conditions. Those whose most interior need it is to help the evolution of mankind, atoms of that One-Spirit-Soul which evolves all things, require a vehicle of action, a means of communication, of a certain kind, because at certain stages of progress some given evolutionary link is necessary, and the free, perfect, conscious Soul, acting through a series of vehicles of which body is one, is just that specified link. Of course these bodies would be very perfect engines and of a higher order of “matter” than that which we take up in our present bodies. And it is one of the duties of the Great Souls, one of the many duties which arise along the pathway of evolution, to evolve just such perfect atoms of “physical” matter by becoming their indwelling force or evolver: which atoms are taken up again and again by the building forces, ever at work to provide forms composed of a higher order of matter for the higher orders of men as they evolve.

For “body” is a term for a congeries of forces; the human body is the highest achievement of the building forces, and by the means of a perfect body these builders themselves may be guided (by the perfect and conscious Soul indwelling) to a still higher development of their building powers. These powers, too, must evolve: building higher and still higher forms for the evolving races to inhabit. Do not forget that Soul owes a duty to matter; that these physical atoms, so-called, are not really physical at all and are Lives, and that the sublime and perfect Maha-Atma owes a duty to all that is, for all is Himself and He is, not body or soul or even spirit, but That Self; That thou art.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

TEACHINGS OF A WESTERN OCCULTIST.*

I.—THE NEOPHYTE (*continued*).(*Continued from p. 70.*)

II.

To call a man a coward is the greatest insult we can give him; yet we are *all* cowards to a greater or less degree. A coward is a man who mistrusts the omnipotence and wisdom of his divine Self and allows himself to cringe to the forces of nature and of fate. Although it is perfectly natural to fear and to flee in the presence of danger, we despise the man who does so, because our intelligence recognizes a higher law—that of defiance and command. Hence courage amounts to an affirmation of the Higher Self, and cowardice to a denial thereof. There are many professed materialists who belie their own professions by their noble and heroic actions, which demonstrate their *real* trust in something higher than their body. There are not a few professed believers in higher law and the spiritual nature of man, whose timid and calculating policy in actual life proclaims their failure to realize the trustfulness they teach. How hard it is for the poor neophyte to yield his fate entirely into the hands of God—of the Law—and to relinquish all anxiety, all precaution, all worry over details! Yet only cowardice prevents him; cowardice born of his blindness. The life of Socrates is a priceless lesson to us cowards. We profess to believe that our chariot is driven by a trusty charioteer, yet how often do we grab the reins!

“Every man who is ready to die sooner than forswear truth and justice is truly alive, for he is immortal in his soul.

“All the ancient initiations had for their object the finding or forming of such men.”

But, adds Lévi, when the dark age came the initiators became few, and the initiations degenerated into mere ascetic practices and macerations. The blind led the blind, and both fell into the ditch of greater doubt and despair.

“On the path of the great science it behoves us not to set foot rashly; but, once on the march, we must arrive or perish. To doubt is madness; to stop is to fall; to recoil is to be hurled into a gulf.”

* From *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, by Eliphas Lévi. Paris: Félix Alcan, 108, Boulevard St. Germain. 18 frs.

Our author warns the reader to beware how he reads further, for the book will be a blessing or a curse to him, according as his motives are pure or impure. In either case, once read it cannot be forgotten or ignored. Let us remember the fate of Glyndon in *Zanoni*, and beware how we set a soiled foot on the ladder's first rung.

Eliphas Lévi then speaks of the relation of words to ideas and to forms, enunciates the aphorism, "As above, so below," and dwells on the correspondence between the macrocosm and the microcosm; a procedure which will at once recall the teachings of H. P. B. In man the creative powers are the Intelligence and the Will; but these twain have an ally "too little known and whose all-potency belongs exclusively to the domain of magic"—the Imagination, called by Kabalists the "diaphanous" or "translucid." The functions of the Imagination, and its connection with the two other powers, are of primary importance in the study of occultism. It is the eye of the soul, with which we see the reflection of the work we are to execute. It determines the form of the child in the mother's womb. It embodies the will and enables it to affect our body and our actions. "Are you in danger in a battle? Believe yourself invulnerable like Achilles, and you will be so," says Paracelsus.

The chapter ends with some remarks on faith and superstition which, though invaluable for export, may safely be recommended to Theosophists for home consumption also. The man of faith is accused by the sceptic of superstition, and by the superstitious of credulity. The Theosophist, who knows better, will recognize that no man of real faith can be either sceptical or credulous.

"To believe is to acquiesce in that which we do not know yet, but which reason assures us beforehand that we shall know, or at least acknowledge, some day.

"Absurd, then, those pretended philosophers who say, 'I will not believe that which I do not know.'

"Poor fools! if you knew, would you have any need to believe?

"But can I believe on hazard and without reason? Certainly not. Blind and rash belief is superstition and folly."

H. T. EDGE.

(*To be continued.*)

A FAMILY OF MYSTICS.

WHILE all the world has heard of H. P. Blavatsky, and while the talent of her sister, Madame Jelihovsky, and of her niece, Mrs. Vera Johnston, has appreciators upon two continents, the deep vein of mysticism, with its poetical and spiritual insight, which runs through this family, is less widely known. Therefore the following letter from Mrs. Johnston, with its enclosure, will doubtless interest your readers. What mysterious karmic lines, threading this material existence as a silver vein threads the dark one, has led these several Egos, with their spiritual tendency already formed and glowing, into the one family? Who can answer? The question is wrapped up in the underlying subject of the relation of souls to their vehicles. However, here are the letters.

“*Hallein, Jan. 10th, 1895.*”

“I enclose a letter I got from my brother when in India in 1889. As it was written about things your heart holds dear, I have translated it and send it to you and to all who may be interested to read it. My brother does not know any English and so the theosophic literature, except *Light on the Path* and part of the *Stanzas of Dzyan*, which I have translated for his especial benefit, is a closed book for him. In spite of this he certainly is one of us. I found this letter, arranging my things before leaving London, and thought it especially interesting, as it really seems to be a kind of prophecy as to things which are going on in London, six years after it was written. My brother is generally appreciated, for soldiers and officers alike love him in his regiment—but as to being understood, this is a luck which seldom befalls him. And no wonder. His interior life is so intense as not to leave him much outward energy. I have just read for the first time *Letters that have Helped Me*, with your commentaries, and so I know you will understand what my brother is talking about. When we were children, we each of us had our little garden in Tiflis, and I remember, once we were watering our flowers, and the waterdrops coming out of the can sparkling in the sunlight, he said to me: ‘Look up into the sky—the sun is God, and all these little reflections in these little drops are human souls.’ This probably happened a quarter of a century ago, and yet I often think of it as if it were only yesterday. Is it not a splendid illustration of the oneness of the human race, that he, who lives thousands of miles away, all alone in the mountains of the Caucasus, should

find such a ready echo of his thoughts in you, who never knew of his existence up to now. He was greatly amused when I asked his permission to send his letter to you, and says I may do what I like about it, as it could not do either good or harm unless people have it all in themselves already, when they would not, he says, want any of his rubbish."

"St. Petersburg, Jan. 10th, 1880.

" . . . As usual, I have been a very long time about writing to you. Now I have begun, at last, but I do not know in the least what news to give, as there is none. As before, I go to my school,* ride and stay at home. To be frank, it is in the latter occupation that I find the most interest and variety. I think, were I to live by myself in St. Petersburg, I would have forgotten how to speak, as it would be perfectly superfluous. At school, during lessons, the art of talking is practised very little, and even this as an unnecessary luxury, having nothing to do with real business. But out of service, communion with fellow creatures fast loses its attraction for me. And unfortunately so.

"I begin to understand that, when withdrawn into one's own shell and examining it closely, one may find in it a world much wider and brighter than the one outside; but still I say unfortunately, because I am only catching glimpses of it, and God alone knows whether I shall ever find it.

"The only thing one may rely upon is: 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

"I firmly believe that, as soon as that world is able to influence a man, be it ever so slightly, it will give him peace before all other boons that it may reveal after. This beginning is the most important; the rest being altogether dependent upon the man's greater or lesser capacity of reflecting light, that is to say, his personal powers and gifts from above.

"You write that the theosophical movement in India looks considerably different† when one is near to it. It is always so. Examining a picture at a distance, you lose the greater part of details and receive an impression of a more perfect finish. Theosophy—or rather what we long to find in this word—is bound to exist in a limited circle only, not conditionally, but because of its very essence.

"The Society may be scattered all over the world, but in spirit it

* The writer is a dragoon officer and was at the time master of riding at a cavalry soldiers' school.—V. J.

† I was greatly disappointed with it. I was young and foolish, don't you see, still expecting help from outside, not understanding that the "kingdom of heaven is inside us."—V. J.

has gathered into a very limited body, lit up with the light of truth, reflecting light like silver; the light in whose disjointed rays wander all kinds of human societies from the days of Adam, seeking the path to this light in knowledge, religions, sciences and various systems. But it is rare for a man to turn to the one instrument that can give knowledge, and, entering the road of painful reconstruction, to find the path within himself. Only having conquered oneself, only having reached the depths, and felt oneself in one's reality, one may give light-sensitive-ness to the *feeler*, or organ, if you like it better, which is hidden deep within us; is crusted all over with our coarse materiality, is hardly ever recognized.

"Only then we shall be given free entrance into the mysterious body, which is the earthly abode, one of the many in the house of 'the Father.'

"This mysterious body exists, has existed, and will pass away only with humanity.* Where it is I do not know, because that is to be known only by him who has entered it. But I know that its work is in spirit and truth, and also that it is in spheres far above all religious sub-divisions. In spheres which may be opened to an uneducated man, who has unconsciously followed the path of religion only through the strength of his own faith, and has reached one of the promised abodes, having got rid, at last, of his own flesh, this accumulation of living cells, of the so-called microbes and bacillæ, which teem in a heap of all kinds of rubbish, to the wonder and sometimes the delectation of our scientific world. This accumulation of all kinds of substances and organisms† carries on an independent work: it has soiled all that makes a man; it has spread a thick cloud over all our finest organs of highest perception.

"To get rid of this 'original sin,' to wipe the dirt off the receptacles of the light of truth is possible only through the path of faith, which purifies our interior reasoning, or through the path of constant labour within oneself, which shall reveal to us, at the end, the man in us restored to sight in the light of truth; that light which is to show us the essence of true being in every archi-microscopic particle. Not every one is able to carry on this kind of labour, for it is hard and obscure, and difficult it is to get access into the mysterious body.

"I am little acquainted with the Theosophical Society and know it mostly on its exterior side. And yet I am in sympathy with it, and yet it seems to me it is an old story being told over again. The career of

* "The *Louge*," where people are to ask for Chelaship, as I understand it.—V. J.

† The so-called elementals?—V. J.

this Society will be similar to those of many preceding ones; it is not itself which is meant to go ahead, but a *few are meant to progress through it*. As to itself, it will remain, having lost its precious kernel, a mere empty shell in the hands of lodges, which have multiplied and divided until they have become perfectly unlike each other. And its very essence will become an unintelligible hieroglyph, with no more meaning to it than the key of Peter the Apostle in the keeping of the Pope of Rome.

"The same thing happened to the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians and many other societies that existed still earlier. Can it not be that Theosophy is also this sort of filtering? Besides, religions also are filters, only with a more constant basis. But I have written so much, I may be writing nonsense. . . ."

Here ends the letter. But the thoughts it awakens are not thus ended!

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

THE LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EIRE.

II.

IN the recently published *Story of Early Gaelic Literature*, attention is directed to the curious eastern and pantheistic character of some archaic verses. Critics are for ever trying to show how some one particular antique race was the first begetter of religion and mystic symbolism. Perplexed by the identity between the myths and traditions of different countries, they look, now here, now there, for the original. But it was not in any land but out of the Christ-Soul of the universe that true wisdom at all times was begotten. Some ignorant peasant, some Jacob Boehme, is pure and aspires, and lo! the God stirs within him and he knows the things that were taught in elder days and by unknown people. Our own land, long ago, had its Initiates in whom the eye of the seer was open. This eye, concealed in the hollow of the brain, is the straight gate and the narrow way through which alone the mortal may pass and behold the immortal. It is now closed in most men. Materialism, sensuality and dogmatic belief have so taken the crown and sceptre from their souls that they enter the golden world no more knowingly—they are outcast of Eden. But the Tuatha De Dannans were more than seers or visionaries. They were magicians—God and man in one. Not alone their thought went out into the vast, but the Power went along with it. This mystic Power is called the Serpentine Fire. It is spiritual, electric, creative. It develops spirally in the ascetic, mounting from centre to centre, from the navel to the

heart;* from thence it rises to the head. He is then no more a man but a God: his vision embraces infinitude.

The action of this Power was symbolized in many ways, notably by the passage of the sun through the zodiacal signs† (centres in the psychic body). A stone serpent was found a little while ago in Ireland marked with twelve divisions. The archaic verses alluded to have the same meaning:

"I am the point of the lance of battle. [The spinal cord, the Sushumna nadi of Indian psychology.]

I am the God who creates in the head of man the fire of the thought.

Who is it throws light into the meeting on the mountain? [The meeting of the mortal and the immortal on Mount Meru, the pineal gland.]

Who announces the ages of the moon? [The activity of the inner astral man.]

Who teaches the place where couches the sun?" [Spirit.]

The Serpentine Power is the couch of the sun, the casket of spirit. Hence the Druids or Magi who had mastered this power were called Serpents. Though St. Patrick is said to have driven the serpents out of Ireland, traces still remain of the serpent wisdom. Lest the interpretation given above should seem arbitrary I will trace further explicit references to the third eye. Diarmuid, the hero and darling of so many story-tellers, whose flight with Grania forms one of the most mystic episodes in Celtic romance, is described as having a spot in the centre of his forehead which fascinated whoever gazed. He is called the "Son of the Monarch of Light." He is the Initiate, the twice-born. This divine parentage has the sense in which the words were spoken, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." In the same sense a Druid is described as "full of his God." From the mystic Father descends the Ray, the Child of Light. It is born in man as mind, not reasoning: earthly nor sensual, but as the heaven-aspiring, thinking mind. In itself it is of the nature of fire. The man who knows it become filled with light, aye, he moves about in light within himself.

The following description of a giant, taken from the story of Diarmuid, refers to still another aspect of our occult nature.

"He has but *one eye only* in the fair middle of his black forehead. . . . He is, moreover, so skilled in magic that fire could not burn him, water could not drown him, and weapons could not wound him. . . . He is fated not to die until there be struck upon him three blows of the iron club he has. He sleeps in the top of that Quicken tree by night, and he remains at its foot by day to watch it. . . . The berries of the tree have the virtues of the trees of faeryland."

The Quicken tree is the network of nerves in the magnetic astral body. Readers of the Upanishads will remember the description of the arteries, thin as a hair split a thousand times, which proceed from the heart, and in which the Ego rests during deep sleep. It has just the same significance in the legend. The meaning will be still better

* "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of *living waters*. This spake he of the Spirit."—*John*, viii. 38.

† "The twelve signs of the Zodiac are hidden in his body."—*Secret Doctrine*, II. 519

understood by a comparison of the youthful Finn in his encounter with a similar one-eyed Titan. There is a most interesting version of this in Curtin's *Irish Myths and Folk-Tales*. Too long to quote in its entirety, the story runs as follows. Finn meets a giant who carries a salmon in his hand. This Titan has "but one eye as large as the sun in the heavens." He gives the fish to Finn to cook. The moment the giant closed his eye he began to breathe heavily. "Every time he drew breath he dragged Finn, the spit, the salmon, and all the goats to his mouth, and every time he drove a breath out of himself he threw them back to the places they were in before." While Finn is cooking the salmon he burns it, and in trying to hide the blister he burns his thumb. To ease the pain he put his thumb between his teeth, and chewed it through to the bone and marrow. He then received the knowledge of all things. He was drawn up the next minute to the giant's eye, and plunged the hot spit (a bar of red-hot iron, says another account) into the eye of the giant. He passes the infuriate giant at the door of the cave something after the fashion of Ulysses, by driving the flocks out and himself escaping under the fleece of the largest goat or ram.

The meaning of this story, with all its quaint imagery, is not difficult. It is an allegory describing the loss of the third eye. The cave is the body. The fish is a phallic symbol, and the cooking of it refers to the fall of the early ethereal races into generation and eventually into gross sensuality. The synthetic action of the highest spiritual faculty, in which all the powers of man are present, is shown by the manner in which everything in the cave is dragged up to the giant's head. When Finn destroys the eye by plunging into it a bar of red-hot iron, it simply means that the currents started in the generative organs rose up through the spinal cord to the brain, and, acting upon the pineal gland, atrophied or petrified it. The principle of desire is literally the spirit of the metal iron, and a clairvoyant could see these red fires mounting up by the way of the spinal canal to the brain and there smothering any higher feelings. The escape of Finn under the fleece of the ram means that, having destroyed the spiritual eye, he could only use the organ of psychic clairvoyance, which is symbolized here, as in the mysticism of other countries, by the ram.

This symbolism, so grotesque and unmeaning to-day, was once perfectly lucid and was justified in its application. A clairvoyant could see in the *aura* of man around every centre the glow, colour and form which gave rise to the antique symbol. One of the Gods is described as "surrounded by a rainbow and fiery dews." Cuchullin, whose hair, dark (blue?) close to the skin, red beyond, and ending in brilliant gold, makes Professor Rhys elaborate him into a solar myth, is an adept who has assimilated the substance of the three worlds, the physical, the psychic and the heavenworld; therefore his hair (*aura*) shows the three colours. He has the sevenfold vision also, indicated by the seven pupils in his eyes. Volumes of unutterably dreary research, full of a false learning, have been written about these legends. Some try to show that much of the imagery arose from observation of the heavenly bodies and the procession of the seasons. But who of the old bards would have described nature other than as she is? The morning notes of Celtic song breathe the freshness of spring and are full of joy in nature. They could communicate this much better than most of their critics could do. It is only the world within which could not be ren-

dered otherwise than by myth and symbol. We do not need scholarship so much as a little imagination to interpret them. We shall understand the divine initiators of our race by believing in our own divinity. As we nourish the mystic fire, we shall find many things of the early world, which now seem grotesque and unlovely to our eyes, growing full of shadowy and magnificent suggestion. Things that were distant and strange, things abhorrent, the blazing dragons, winged serpents and oceans of fire which affrighted us, are seen as the portals through which the imagination enters a more beautiful, radiant world. The powers we dared not raise our eyes to—heroes, dread deities and awful kings—grow as brothers and gay children around the spirit in its resurrection and ascension. For there is no pathway in the universe which does not pass through man, and no life which is not brother to our life.

Æ.

MRS. BESANT AS A PROPHET.

"Sydney, Feb. 17th, 1895.

"DEAR JASPER AND JULIUS,—I address you in this way, for these are the names of the friend I have long respected and have grown to love. As the years roll on the bonds get closer, till now the time has come when this old silent friendship must take phenomenal expression. Just a word to express grateful thank-you's for the help you have given to aid me in seeing reflected that part of the Universal Soul I may call my own. I think Herbert Coryn's true ideal of a friend is a beautiful one (see "Heavenworld"). So here I am passing you the countersign right in the heat of the day of battle, for it is a glorious privilege to range oneself heart, soul and mind under the banner of our chief W. Q. J. Since then many letters have passed between us in which he honours me by calling me his friend.

"This is a big struggle, Jasper, isn't it? A struggle for the awakening of the soul in man. 'The spot of our own,' as Krishna says, that no one in the world can wrest from us. All the dark, abject centuries of blind authority, *form* and prejudice are rallying up for one wild, mad attack on the calm, still power of the awakening of Manas to rightful ownership in each one of us. But we can defy the hosts of superstition and credulity if we have but one grain of that immortal golden philosophy made verily *our own*, if we have not turned its power aside by doubts and suspicions.

"Ah, me! it is easy for us to write in this way from the free shores of America and Australia, where the evolutionary tendencies of a grander and better race are all helping us; with a crop of Irish elementals to aid us also in acknowledging no authority that does not pass the countersign to our own hearts. The racial difficulties of the English people are tremendous; the 'pious business,' the supposed immaculate virtues, the sole right to open heaven for the universe and to have *scapegoats*. The Englishman that pulls through all this is indeed a hero! I enclose a copy of our little piping shout from Australia that says we prefer to think for ourselves, and my own individual declaration of principles, which I have forwarded to Mead and Olcott and which I hope will see light in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. At present a dual debate has been going on, and now Australia claims to have a say with

no uncertain sound—at least, those who have found voices to speak in this country.

"In a few words, the whole situation is explained from A. B.'s present position, 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dogs bark.' But the 'lion's whelps' will growl, even if they are forced to keep pretty silent so as not to play too much into the hands of the crafty ones.

"My salutations to all comrades, especially Archibald Keightley, Herbert Coryn, H. T. Edge, and that doughty old knight of the Middle Ages, James M. Pryse.

"I believe, after all, 'the sticks' will keep together in the bundle, and what a grand time we will have binding up each other's wounds and laughing at the whacks we gave each other in the dark.

"Ever eternally yours,

"T. W. WILLIAMS."

The above letter was followed on March 26th by the following cablegram, which, with other letters of the same tenor from New Zealand and Australia, are in sufficiently amusing contrast with Mrs. Besant's prophecy upon Australian matters as confidently expressed to the Adyar Convention last December.

"Vigilate, London. Sydney Branch votes in confidence Judge."

Foregoing received from Sydney.—*Reuter*.—[ED.]

SOME QUOTATIONS.

For some time past we have heard a number of statements which may be summed up as follows:

1. H. P. B. never taught Western Occultism.
2. H. P. B.'s interest lay chiefly with India and the East.
3. Mr. W. Q. Judge has attacked the Brahmans as an entire caste and has tried to foment discord.
4. The idea of Mr. Judge, to wit, that the cyclic wave of evolution has at present forced America forward to a position of primary importance, is a part of the wily schemes of that gentleman.

In the light of these statements put forward by Mrs. Besant, Mr. B. Keightley and others, it may be of a curious interest to read the following quotations. Mohini and Damodar were very high caste Brahmans.

Occult World, p. 83 (Master K. H.):

"I cannot endure for any length of time the stifling magnetism even of my own countrymen. I have seen some of our proud old Sikhs drunk and staggering over the marble pavement of their sacred temple. I have heard an English-speaking Vakil declaim against Yog Vidya and Theosophy as a delusion and a lie, declaring that English science had emancipated them from such degrading superstitions, and saying that it was an insult to India to maintain that the dirty Yogees and Sunnyasis knew anything about the mysteries of Nature, or that any living man can, or ever could, perform any phenomena. I turn my face homeward to-morrow."

Lucifer, V. 86, October, 1889 (H. P. B.):

"These teachings [Theosophy] are most undeniably the back-bone of the Theosophical Societies *in the West*, but not at all in the East, where such Branch Societies number almost five to one in the West. Were these special doctrines the 'heart and soul' of the whole body,

then Theosophy and its T. S. would have died out in India and Ceylon since 1885—and this is surely not the case. For not only have they been virtually abandoned at Adyar since that year, as there was no one to teach them: but while some Brahman Theosophists were very much opposed to that teaching being made public, others—the more orthodox—positively opposed them as being inimical to their exoteric systems.’

Isis Unveiled, I. 589:

“When we say indiscriminately ‘India,’ we do not mean the India of our modern days but that of the archaic period. In those ancient times countries which are now known to us by other names were all called India. There was an Upper, a Lower, and a Western India, the latter of which is now Persia-Iran. The countries now named Thibet, Mongolia and Great Tartary were also considered by the ancient writers as India.”

Man : Fragments of Forgotten History, p. xi (Mohini):

“Man! man is thy brother! Give to thy brother what he has not and supply thy own deficiencies from what he offers thee. The right hand must aid the left; the East must unite with the West: the young must join hands with the old and the beauty of harmony will smile on the face of the earth.”

The Theosophist, I. 196-7, May, 1880:

Damodar K. Mavalankar leaves his caste, saying: “I saw that, if it were not for this distinction [of castes], India would not have been so degraded, for this distinction engendered hatred among her sons. It made them hate and quarrel with one another. The peace of the land was disturbed. People could not unite with one another for good purposes. They waged war with one another, instead of devoting all their combined energies to the cause of ameliorating the condition of the country. The foundation of immorality was thus laid, until it has reached now so low a point that, unless this mischief is stopped, the tottering pillars of India will soon give way. I do not by this mean to blame my ancestors, who originally instituted this system. To me their object seems to be quite a different one. It was based, in my opinion, on the qualities of every person. The caste was not then hereditary, as it is now. This will be seen from the various ancient sacred books, which are full of instances in which Kshatriyas and even Mâhârs and Châmblhârs, who are considered the lowest of all, were not only made and regarded as Brahmans, but almost worshipped as demi-gods simply for their qualities. If such is the case, why should we still stick to that custom which we now find not only impracticable but injurious?” Damodar belonged to one of the highest castes of Brahmans.

As it has been said by several persons, in public and in private, that H. P. B. never taught Western Occultism as such, but only spoke of the Eastern School, let us look at *The Idler* for March, 1895. We shall find there, on p. 280, in a review of Mr. Solovyoff's book, the following from the pen of W. L. Alden, who knew H. P. B. in the States and was present, I am told, when the T. S. was first formed. The gentleman is by no means a believer in H. P. B., which makes his testimony less suspicious, perhaps, to those who might doubt her friends. Mr. Alden says:

“Growing tired of spiritualism, she next pretended that she was a member of the Mediæval Society of the Rosy Cross, which, according to her, still existed and had its headquarters in Amsterdam, whence the brethren, who presided over the Society, frequently came to America to visit Blavatsky in their ‘astral forms.’”

A PROPHETIC MESSAGE.

H. P. B. TO THE AMERICAN CONVENTION T. S., 1891.

"SISTERS and brothers of America, I thank and I bless you for your unremitting labours for the common cause so dear to us all. Let me remind you all once more that such work is now more than ever needed.

"The period which we have now reached in the cycle that will close between 1897-8 is, and will continue to be, one of great conflict and continued strain. If the T. S. can hold through it, good; if not, while Theosophy will remain unscathed, the Society will perish—perchance most ingloriously—and the world will suffer.

"The critical nature of the stage on which we have entered is as well known to the forces that fight against us, as to those that fight on our side. No opportunity will be lost of sowing dissension, of taking advantage of mistaken and false moves, of instilling doubt, of augmenting difficulties, of breathing suspicions, so that by any and every means the unity of the Society may be broken and the ranks of our Fellows thinned and thrown into disarray. Never has it been more necessary for the members of the T. S. to lay to heart the old parable of the bundle of sticks—divided, they will inevitably be broken one by one; united, there is no force on earth able to destroy our Brotherhood.

"On some . . . the effect is generally disastrous . . . at the present crisis of the Society a lack of self-control and watchfulness may become fatal in every case.

"If every F. T. S. were content to be an impersonal force for good, careless of praise or blame so long as he subserved the purposes of the Brotherhood, the progress made would . . . place the ark of the T. S. out of danger."

The last time I referred to H. P. B.'s words Mr. Sinnett replied, in effect, that she was an impetuous speaker and writer, and that the importance attached to her words was often much exaggerated. It may be so. But I think they have, even more frequently, been underestimated. To many the words quoted above will afford further evidence, if such were necessary, of the "wonderful insight and prophetic vigour" of H. P. B. Others may attach no significance to them. Some good brother "suspected something." He whispered his suspicions abroad. Everywhere they spread with amazing rapidity, gaining fresh impetus on the way. Mrs. Besant, whom we all loved, was chosen to voice these suspicions. They had now the required force. One brother is not satisfied. Mrs. Besant may fail in her duty, so he secures certified copies of the "evidence" without permission. He thinks he is justified in doing so. And for the good of the T. S.!

On it goes. All is done that can be done. A point is reached where the Constitution of the T. S. does not provide for further prosecution. Still suspicion must find some justification (so far it has had none). The "builders" of the Constitution did not foresee this deadlock to "truth and justice," so-called. It must, therefore, be amended or altered, so that penalty may be inflicted on a brother *suspected* of fraud.

Happily, recent events have proved that there exists in each Section (apart from America, which is solid) a nucleus, united in their loyalty,

love and devotion to William Q. Judge: who have been guided by theosophical principles in this matter, and who are prepared to carry the T. S. into the next century as H. P. B. left it. We have been asked to sacrifice one of our Founders, close up our ranks and go on without him. No, brothers, not this time.

Bales of "evidence" may be scattered around, but it does not *prove* guilt. That will be found impossible, I verily believe. If you wish to continue the prosecution outside the T. S. Constitution, you can, of course, do so. Fume, storm and rage as you will, you cannot destroy the "ark of the T. S." The real T. S. exists, and will continue to exist, prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding. It will expel no one. It will welcome all who wish to enter its ranks in the true spirit. That is the issue. The battle has been fought and won.

Those who clamour for a new Constitution and new Society should think twice before severing their connection with the old. They may form a new T. S., but I venture to prophesy it will be a "flapdoodle."

D. N. D.

TOLSTOI AND KARMA.

[Letter written by Count Tolstoi to the Editor of *The Northern Messenger*, in Russia.
Translated by V. J.]

"I SEND you a Buddhist tale entitled *Karma*, which I have translated from the American magazine *Open Court*. This tale has greatly pleased me with its naivety as well as with its profundity. The best part of it is the exposition of the truth, so often obscured in later times in various ways, that the getting rid of evil and acquisition of good can be got only with personal effort, that there is not and there cannot be any contrivance through which could be attained either individual or common good, save one's own personal effort. This exposition is especially good in this, that it immediately demonstrates that the good of every separate man holds true only in case it is common good as well. As soon as the brigand, climbing out of hell, wished good only for himself—his good stopped being good and he dropped back again. This little tale seems to shed light on a new side of the two fundamental truths revealed by Christianity: that life exists only in the renunciation of one's personality—'he that loseth his life . . . shall find it' (*Matt.*, x. 39), and that the good of men is only in their unification with God and through God with each other, 'As thou art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us' (*John*, xvii. 21).

"I read out this tale to children and they liked it. And amongst grown-up people its reading always gave rise to conversation about the gravest problems of life. And, to my mind, it is a very good recommendation."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

I DESIRE to address a few words to your readers on the subject that is in all our thoughts. We must not lose sight of the future in the kâmic whirl of the present. The present is the vortex out of which the T. S. is to be reborn, if it is to exist at all in the coming century. We

in America have no shadow of doubt of that existence, as we stand squarely on the platform and are working persistently on the lines laid down for us by H. P. B., and that work is not interrupted by the present troubles. The reason for this solidarity is not far to seek. It is this sentence, backed by many others to corroborate and support it, from H. P. B., "The day W. Q. J. resigns, H. P. B. will be virtually dead for the Americans. W. Q. J. is the Antaskarana between the two Manas(es), the American thought and the Indian—or rather the trans-Himālayan—esoteric knowledge." In America to retain confidence in H. P. B. and stand squarely by Mr. Judge means exactly the same thing, and America is a unit on this point. The question, then, is simply: what relations can we sustain, if any, in the future to our brothers of other Sections. If such association is to be determined by our joining the assaults on Mr. Judge, then the separation has already come, and more bitterness and crinations are worse than useless; they will only react on their authors. Much has been said in regard to a "committee of honour," and Mr. Judge has been charged with evading it. I declare and can prove that this is not true. He evaded it no more than did those arrayed against him, for all agreed that it would be *useless at that stage of the proceedings*, as the result in any case would be accepted by one party only. Had a committee of brothers been suggested and arranged, or even *tried*, before Mrs. Besant appeared as public accuser, can anyone doubt that matters would have taken very different shape? Should extreme measures among *professed* brothers be resorted to *first*, or after all other methods have failed? I leave each to answer this question from his own code of ethics. The *methods* employed from the beginning have been the most mistaken that could have been suggested. My object in saying this is not to locate blame, for when the karmic records are open none of us may be found without blame; but to suggest whether it be wiser to continue in evil lines fraught already with so much bitterness, or to let wiser counsels prevail. One of the latest offences charged against Mr. Judge is that he accuses Mrs. Besant of using black magic, and with great eloquence our Indian brothers were carried indignantly and "unanimously" by this point. But, my brothers, Mr. Judge *has made no such charge*, and believes no such thing. Can capital made inadvertently or designedly out of a charge that has no existence do anything but harm to all? Let anyone with a fair knowledge of English read what Mr. Judge *did* say, and let him read dispassionately that which contains no passion, and judge for himself.

But, say my English and Indian brothers, you in America may condone fraud and feel no shame in upholding and associating with it, but *we* will have none of it. Is, then, *accusation* equivalent to *proof*? Do you desire to be so adjudged yourselves? Does the shore of the ocean, be it east or west, determine the honesty or dishonesty of a race? Are all "dishonest" who disagree with you, my brothers, and is this where the ethics of brotherhood has landed you? If so, then had we not better return to barbarism at once?

Now what do your American brothers expect or desire? So far as I know, that you shall stop this crusade of accusation and denunciation. It will not "purge" the Society, it has already divided it, and if persisted in will make that breach irreparable. When passion has subsided and wiser counsels prevail, we may adjust our matters, perhaps, to the satisfaction of all; at least, adjust them like brothers and not like politicians.

Last June I wrote to a very dear friend in London a letter containing this sentence, *based on that friend's view of the case*; not mine, as it regarded Mr. Judge: "I would rather take myself the karma of *condoning a fault* in Judge than to see him broken and humiliated so he could work no more, or to see the T. S. divided on the question of his guilt or innocence, as it is very likely to become if we are not very wise and prudent." Have we been very "wise and prudent"? And now do you wish with eyes wide open to make the division permanent? Let each answer this question dispassionately for himself, and act accordingly.—Fraternally,

J. D. BUCK.

124, W. 7th Street, Cin., Ohio, Feb. 15th, 1895.

REVIEW.

PHANTASMS. By Wirt Gerrare. [The Roxburghe Press, Westminster. Price 3s. 6d.]

THE significance of the phrase, "taking the book by its cover," will be understood in future generations when reviewers, psychically trained, will be able to detect at a glance the nature and value of any book by its *aura*. The aura of this book is sooty; I can find no other word which quite describes it. There is plenty of ability in *Phantasms*, and much cold analytical power. But why the author should have stationed himself on these ghastly outposts of life—where not one feeling of human brotherhood warms, and where no shadow even can be found of that unearthly beauty which lights up the wildest tales of Poe—I cannot imagine. I feel like imploring him for his own sake to discontinue his gruesome nightmare thoughts, which glow like the interior of a chimney. The spook of such a person let loose in Hades would be a horror worse than anything he has imagined. To preclude any possibility of the author haunting me, I remain,

ANONYMOUS.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE meetings lately have been much better attended, and the discussions have improved in consequence. The paper on *Cagliostro* was full of instruction and information, provoking much dissent from some visitors, who blindly accept Carlyle's garbled account of this servant of the Great Brotherhood.

A discussion at a local club on the witch-burning at Clonmel enabled a member to show that the belief in elemental spirits never died, and that it could not so long as they existed; the much-abused peasants being nearer the truth, if lacking in discrimination. Bro. Pryse has taken himself off for a short trip; he is much missed.

The Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing month are as follows: April 17th, *The Resurrection of the Body*; 24th, *West and East*; May 1st, *The Life Everlasting*; 8th, *Original Sin*.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

VI.

COMRADES,—One of the first questions which meets us upon this path of ours is the question of right action. Into the many details of this question we will not at present enter, but we will occupy ourselves with one aspect only, to wit:

How shall we learn to discover and to encourage that Intuition which alone leads to right action?

Now there are three phases of consciousness which students are prone to confuse with a fourth, which is Intuition. These three are Intellect, Impulse and Instinct. What we require is some clear idea of the distinction between these and the Intuition. With Intellect it is easy to deal, for we readily distinguish its action in the reasoning faculty. Intellect has so little in common with Intuition that no danger of confusion arises here. To study, to reason, to debate, to analyze, to think in detail—all this is not Intuition and we are in no danger of mistake.

A real difficulty arises when we come to Impulse. Very many students mistake their impulses for intuitions. Yet the distinction is really very marked.

Intuition is the synthesizing faculty carried to its highest power. Facts are marshalled and synthesized in a flash; their array passes too rapidly for the brain consciousness to take note of separately; it notes the sum total alone, as the optic nerve sees the ray of light only when it becomes objective and—so to say—stationary, and not during its long journey towards the eye nor in its many millions of vibrations. The Intuition is Buddhi-Manas. It synthesizes and perceives. Also it informs. Very often its light falls upon some truth of which in this life we had no previous knowledge, for Intuition gazes directly upon

the Real. It is, in fact, itself a ray of the One Light, and one of its highest aspects is, as you know, the Kundalini force. But to-day we are only dealing with that form of Intuition which the ordinary man and woman can trace in themselves.

The distinguishing trait of Impulse is an interior propulsion towards action. It differs from Intuition in that this is a seeing, is apperception, while Impulse is invariably a desire to do. Impulse is wholly kamic.

Instinct, on the contrary, is largely pranic. It is the interior selective faculty. By it the lower mind takes what the physical and animal self most needs in life. By it the cells on their plane select, reject, assimilate. By it the creatures live, move and procreate. From its action comes the automatic self-preservation which we notice even in states of unconsciousness. By its action also does the astral or vital body of all creatures attract or repel that which is needful or harmful to its preservation and development. By the aid of instinct the kamic principle chooses what the intellect most desires—or what it wills—be it high or low. By it also the purified Soul seeks the real source of Truth and Light. For Instinct is of all planes and is the unbiassed servant of the Mind and Will. Where these are not as yet evolved, the Instinct is guided by the Life principle and by Kâma, which is pure in the pure and mindless creatures, and in the lower elementary lives, animal, vegetable or mineral. Instinct is one and undivided, but desire is manifold. Desire—and later on, Will, if all goes well with man—is the driver of Instinct.

The chief difficulty, therefore, is to distinguish between Intuition and Impulse. The best present guide for the student is the fact before named, that Intuition sees, while Impulse drives forward. Intuition is the seer. Impulse is the actor. Instinct, and not Impulse, should be the vehicle of Intuition. It would be so if our minds were free from sensuous desire. For our Instinct would be guided by Intuition toward the higher life. Or to put it differently, what Intuition sees, Intellect should establish and Instinct should carry out. For Intuition sees by its own true light, it is self-luminous, and the Instinct of men who have developed their Intuition is of the same order of life and gravitates by its own nature towards that light which it needs in order to live the life desired. When the purified mind instinctively discovers the true path, the path of its true needs, this path is from time to time illumined by flashes of Intuition. Intuitive ideas rise, full-orbed and flashing, upon the expectant mind.

Impulse is the vehicle of human desire. Its invariable tendency

to action shows this. We never feel an impulse to sit still. We may feel an instinct to do so.

Intuition carried to its highest power is, of course, *Buddhi*. In manifestation upon this plane it is *Manas*. "*Buddhi* never acts on this plane, where the acting agent is the *Manas*." It is moved by the will-force of occultism. That *shakti* is a spiritual force which sets a certain centre (in the case of *Buddhi*) in motion. But, as was before said, we are not now concerned with this highest form of Intuition. Few are they who even know the approaches thereof.

The developing Intuition may be known by a flash of a certain color in a certain centre, accompanied by an impression of knowledge, of a sure conclusion, upon the brain. A great mystic once said that the Intuition might be known from the simplicity of its utterance, which was always, "Thus saith the Lord." Its action is instantaneous; it illumines the darkness of the intellect. It is *unaccompanied by any feeling or emotion whatsoever*; note this well. The flash is in the head centre; the stir arises in the heart as a rule, and is thence flashed into the head centre. But no hard and fast rule can be given. Such intuitive knowledge is a partial recovery of what the soul has seen during sleep or trance, or what it knew "when journeying with Deity." For the pure Soul is pure Light in its own nature and is itself the Truth which we seek. The flash spoken of here is the moment of registration of this intuitive knowledge, or recovery of Truth, upon the brain. This registration, in cases of trance, is said to occur at the last moment of the passage back from the spiritual state to the objective state, and through this registration the knowledge gained is "brought through." In the cases of students not adepts, the knowledge has more difficulty in getting through; it may occur some time later and is but partially recovered, and usually mixed with error, for reasons pertaining to scientific occultism into which we will not at present enter.

Many persons who might hear all this about Intuition might say: "Oh, yes, I know that Intuition." But it is far less frequently known than is supposed, because few discern its action from that of mere brain flashes ("flashes in the pan" literally), which often arise from a variety of causes, even physiological ones. The light of the *Manas* is not the light of *Buddhi*. Neither its color, its mode of motion nor its action is that of *Buddhi*. But even were I able to fully describe these, I would not do so, lest they be falsely imagined to exist where they do not.

Of Impulse again it may be said that the student will find it to be of an explosive nature. That is, an outward propulsion of force takes place, usually attended by more or less heat or warmth spreading

suddenly through the body, and, sometimes, a sudden heat in the brain. A swift quickening heat and an attraction towards action; thus can Impulse best be described by me.

Of Instinct again it may be said that the upper brain appears unconscious of its action. This action is felt in the lower brain, the centre of automatic action and the real "Home of Isis," if mankind only knew it. The self-preservation of the drowning; the leaping aside from a danger before the brain has cognized the fact of danger; the going unexpectedly to a place or to a person where we meet what we most desire, all these are instances of instinctual action. Generally speaking, we are led by Instinct just as we breathe the air, without conscious thought. Instinct is pranic and wholly impersonal, which Impulse never is.

The Intuition is only true for the average man when judgment, heart and conscience verify it. These three are the witnesses of Intuition. But Intuition is Lord over all. It affirms; the witnesses only attest.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE JUDGE CASE."

FINAL REFUSAL TO GIVE COPIES OF DOCUMENTS TO ACCUSED.

IN order to give the prosecutors every opportunity I wrote in February to Colonel Olcott, asking again for copies of the written documents in his possession forming the basis of Mrs. Besant's charges, and reminded him of his promise at London last July to send me the copies. While doubtful as to the result, I thought that perhaps he would see the propriety and wisdom of giving me the copies. But it is now quite evident that no intention ever existed to deal fairly. He replies under date of Feb. 26th, 1895, as follows:

"MY DEAR JUDGE,

". . . I don't know where you get your law from, but hang me if I ever heard of an accused who has been furnished with a copy of the charges pending against him, expecting that the documentary proofs in the hands of the prosecuting attorney shall be given him before the issue is on for trial. . . . I have given copies to nobody; Old's copies were taken by him before the action began and *while he was the custodian* [italics mine.—J.] of the documents *prior* to their coming into my possession. He had no right to take them or to use them. How many duplicates he may have made and given out I cannot imagine. . . .—H. S. O."

The *law* requires inspection and copies of letters if demanded by the accused; Theosophy and brotherhood would not require less than law.

It is singular that Mr. Old was the "custodian before" Olcott got the letters, when many of them were letters to Olcott himself. This part of the letter is, of course, untrue—to call a spade by its name. He calmly admits that Old as an enemy was allowed to take copies—Olcott having handed the originals over to Old out of his despatch box—and shows he does not care really how many duplicates were made. But the accused cannot have the copies.

It may be that as Olcott is coming to London this summer "to settle the Judge case," as he says himself, he is keeping the copies from me because of some new campaign he is aiding the virulent prosecutors to begin.

The Theosophical Society has become, in Europe and India, a detective bureau, an organization for assaults on character, for punishments, and has ceased to be a portion of the real theosophical movement.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

ADEPTS AND MEDIUMS.

IN *The Theosophist* for April appears a "postscript" by Colonel Olcott, repudiating the letter sent by one of the Masters through H. P. B. to certain Brahmans, which was published by Mr. Judge in the April *Path* and declared by him to be genuine. Colonel Olcott asserts that the communication contains "palpable proof of fraudulency" in that he thinks it to be "an ill-tempered attack" on Brahman orthodoxy, and that, moreover, it "grossly violates that basic principle of neutrality and eclecticism on which the Theosophical Society has built itself from the beginning." There are many, however, who differ absolutely from the Colonel in their opinion of this letter, and consider it to be one of the finest of the series. It is reprinted in a recent pamphlet issued to many members of the T. S., who will be able to judge for themselves. It is a candid but just criticism, not of the spirit of the Brahmanic philosophy, but of the hard forms, castes and creeds which have grown up around it, and which it was H. P. B.'s mission to break up and sweep away from all religions.

Colonel Olcott twice misquotes from the letter a very important word. He says that it asks the Brahman to "repudiate his religious beliefs, cast aside his splendid Scriptures and *turn Buddhist*!" Italics are mine. And again he quotes a passage thus: "which of them is ready to become a Buddhist, a *Nastika*, as they call us." The word used in the letter is "*Budhist*," not "*Buddhist*." Why does he so mis-

quote it when H. P. B. has so carefully explained the radical difference between the two words? Owing to the impression conveyed by the title of Mr. Sinnett's book, *Esoteric Buddhism*, that Theosophy was only a form of Buddhism, she explained in her Introduction to *The Secret Doctrine* that Buddhism is the religious system of ethics preached by the Lord Gautama, and named after his title of Buddha, "the Enlightened," while Budha means "wisdom" or knowledge (Vidya), the faculty of cognizing, from the Sanskrit root "budh," to know. She further said that Buddhism is not correctly spelt or pronounced in English, and should be Buddhaism. The word Nāstika means, according to *The Theosophical Glossary*, one who does not worship or recognize the gods and idols.

Colonel Olcott advances the theory, which both he and Mrs. Besant have already applied to the case of Mr. Judge, that H. P. B. was a medium not always responsible for what was given through her. He is driven to invent this miserable and insulting excuse in order to avoid accusing her of conscious fraud. This theory is untenable, and to prove it I cannot do better than quote from an article by Jasper Nie-mand, entitled, "Judge the Act, Not the Person," which appeared in *The Path* of July, 1889. The writer there says:

"What difference is there between the instrumentality of H. P. B. and that of any transmitting medium? There is that radical difference which exists between the two extremes called by us poles. H. P. B. is an Adept; the other not. The Adept is such by virtue of the active principle. The medium is such by virtue of the passive principle. . . . H. P. B. is an active, conscious agent, acting through will power, having attained the power of perfect registration and trained concentration, able *at all times* to give a full account of all she knows, and one fitted to the development of the questioner, one responding to his physical, astral or spiritual sense. She is learned, acute, profound; disease of the body has not impaired her work, its quality, quantity, or her fidelity to it. The great proof is thorough comprehension, to the fullest depth, of all she has taken or received, AND THE BODY OF H. P. B. IS HER OWN INSTRUMENT; SHE EVEN HOLDS IT BACK FROM DISSOLUTION." [Capitals mine.—B. C.]

The medium theory being disposed of, a second question arises out of the position taken up by Mrs. Besant, Colonel Olcott and others.

Granting that H. P. B. was a Messenger from the Masters, would those Masters Whose name had once been taken in vain ever use the same instrument again?

The answer is undoubtedly No. All that has been written by H. P. B., by W. Q. Judge, by Jasper Nie-mand and others on the rules of occult

training, on the qualifications necessary for real chelaship, on the sacred relations between Master and chela, prove that such a thing is utterly impossible. H. P. B. has written that all the so-called "occult" letters must stand together or fall together. Yet it is sought to get rid of what is not approved by inventing theories which throw mud at the Masters and Their Messenger, and which violate the cardinal rules of Occultism. This is a question for those to whom the existence of Mahâtmas is a fact or a matter of personal belief, and that is why the charges against Mr. Judge can never be tried without fixing the dogma upon the T. S. Those who take teaching and advice from one whom they believe to be a Messenger of THE LODGE cannot say that some is true and some false. They may test by their intuition and assimilate what they can, but they may not attempt to put the seal of their paltry condemnation upon that which does not seem to them to be good. H. P. B. once wrote in *Lucifer* that "a member of the E. S. who receives instructions emanating from the Masters of the Occult Philosophy, and doubts at the same time the genuineness of the source, or the honesty of the humble transmitter of the old esoteric doctrines—LIES TO HIS OWN SOUL, AND IS UNTRUE TO HIS PLEDGE." [Capitals mine.—B. C.]

Hear also this extract from "the words of great Teachers," given by H. P. B. to her pupils as "the golden stairs up which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom":

" . . . A LOYAL SENSE OF DUTY TO THE TEACHER, A WILLING OBEDIENCE TO THE BEHESTS OF TRUTH, ONCE WE HAVE PLACED OUR CONFIDENCE IN, AND BELIEVE THAT TEACHER TO BE IN POSSESSION OF IT. . . ."

We have, then, these definite facts before us at last—I speak to those only who believe in Mahâtmas and that they communicate through chosen disciples.

1. That both H. P. B. and Mr. Judge are accused of making bogus messages.

2. That it is admitted that genuine messages were delivered by H. P. B. and Mr. Judge *after* those which are alleged to be false.

3. That the charges cannot be gone into before the T. S. without fixing the dogma of the Mahâtmas upon it.

Finally Colonel Olcott asserts that the question of this letter to the Brahmans does not bear upon the issues which [he thinks] he will have to judicially dispose of in London. I say that it is the fundamental and only issue, the complaint in both cases being identical at the root, and the step that the President has now definitely taken shows more clearly than ever that H. P. B. is the real centre of attack, and through her the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.**April 17th, 1895.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—April *Lucifer* calls for a word or two of comment. Mr. Bertram Keightley sets forth “with extreme reluctance” to “controvert” certain statements made by Dr. Archibald Keightley, who is at present in America. It is probably not for the first time in the history of the Theosophical Society that letters have been written “with extreme reluctance.” But Mr. B. Keightley, in his letter to *Lucifer*, is particularly careful to controvert nothing. He vaguely disputes Dr. Keightley’s account of the legal procedure which Mrs. Besant did *not* follow, but does not say which item set forth by Dr. Keightley—who had been professionally advised in regard to what he wrote—is, in his own opinion, incorrect: nor does he give what he considers to be the proper procedure.

Mr. B. Keightley next promises members that they will soon have “the whole of the evidence in their hands”—but in regard to this point I need only refer your readers to the pamphlet recently issued, *The Plot against the Theosophical Society*, where the nature of the proposed publication is explained. The “whole of the evidence” is, of course, nonsensical. Mr. B. Keightley is not reckless enough to assert that Mrs. Besant’s prosecutor’s “brief,” which Mr. Mead proposes to publish, contains copies of the seventy-eight and more exhibits specified as the “evidence” against Mr. Judge. Mr. B. Keightley *knows* that the “brief” does not contain copies of “the whole of the evidence.” Why does he go out of his way to make a statement which is not correct, and which is calculated to delude a number of members?

The next paragraph of his letter is ingenious. At the meeting at Richmond, in July, 1894, Mr. B. Keightley says that “Mrs. Besant did not promise Mr. Judge that he should have copies of all the evidence” *in the sense of any undertaking to provide him with such.* Has Mr. B. Keightley discovered a way of promising to give something to someone, without implying an “undertaking to provide him with such”? That is what he asks us to believe. Must we believe it? That would be a Jesuitical promise; would it be Brahmanical?

Then in regard to what took place at the Judicial Committee: Mr. B. Keightley’s memory is “in entire accord” with the memories of Messrs. Mead, Kingsland, Firth and Sinnett. That is unfortunate, for a reference to the March *Vahan* shows that he is in accord with emptiness. Mr. Mead there says that his “memory” is “defective” as to what took place, and the other members I have named were “defective” with him, if we are to accept Mr. Mead’s statement. But Mr. B. Keightley so phrases his assertion as to lead the unwary to imagine that he remembers something; whilst, in fact, he says that, like Mr. Mead, he remembers nothing. Is that Brahmanical? Mr. Judge, Dr. Keightley, Mr. James M. Pryce and myself have a positive recollection of a request being made by Mr. Judge for copies of the so-called evidence. Does Mr. B. Keightley imagine that his bad memory affects our statement?

Mr. B. Keightley wisely makes his next paragraph unintelligible. But in spite of italics and a "*verb. sap.*" at its close, he in no way disputes Dr. Keightley's statements that (a) the circular of Nov. 3rd was given to *The Westminster Gazette*, either directly or indirectly, by one of Mrs. Besant's own E. S. T. Council; (b) that if it was sent to an expelled member in India—a fact not yet proven—this was due to the carelessness or laziness of Mrs. Besant's London office, which did not inform the New York office of such expulsion, and (c) that in no case could Mr. Judge have had anything to do with sending it out.

I may add that such care was taken to avoid sending the circular to expelled members in India, that to this day some twenty Indian members have not received a copy for fear that they too might come under that head. This was done because those who sent out that circular, myself among them, were aware of much recent carelessness at the London office in Avenue Road, and were also aware that Mrs. Besant considered a large proportion of the members in India what she called "untrustworthy." Without knowledge of our own to go upon, we were obliged to trust to some extent to her opinion, and therefore did not send to a considerable number, as I have said.

But this should show that both Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. Keightley, in mentioning this circular at the Adyar Convention as "quasi-privately circulated," were either deceived, or were using what I will call personal imagination to further their end and aim and aspiration of expelling Mr. Judge from the Theosophical Society. Here I do not mean that Mr. B. Keightley has a positive aim and end of the sort; I refer to him rather as faithful Echo. But I do assert that Mrs. Besant has made the expulsion of Mr. Judge a clause in her creed. Does not Mrs. Besant's communication to the February *Lucifer* prove this? Did not Mrs. Besant write to London in a letter that was received on Feb. 4th, 1895, that "if the European Section will back up the Indian Section, Mr. Judge will be expelled from the Society in July, as he ought to be"? And this in spite of the emotion-moving conclusion to Mrs. Besant's *Daily Chronicle* letter, in which she said that Christ ate with sinners, and that she would take no part "in trying to ostracize him (Mr. Judge) from future work in the Society." Was this change in Mrs. Besant's attitude due to longer residence in India?

Mr. B. Keightley's last three paragraphs he perhaps intends as a joke, but I would suggest that joking has necessary limits, and that to speak of the "evidence *produced* against him (Mr. Judge) last July" savors too much of a "joke" once perpetrated on a man by his younger brother, who swore a criminal information against him "just for the fun of the thing."

Before leaving Mr. B. Keightley I should like to point out to him, as also to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Mead, a phrase in Colonel Olcott's letter published in the same issue of *Lucifer* (April), in which the Colonel lays down the following as one of the "conditions" under which he will confide to Mrs. Besant "the documents" to be used against Mr. Judge: "On the conditions of . . . your placing your statement and the evidence in the hands of the General Secretary of the European Section for distribution to Branches and members, AND OF HIS SUPPLYING A CERTIFIED COPY OF THE EVIDENCE TO MR. JUDGE FOR HIS INFORMATION AND USE." And so Colonel Olcott recognizes the fact that up to the present day Mr. Judge has no such copies, and that Mr. Judge's statement to that effect is correct. And will Mrs. Besant and

Mr. Mead (the latter acting on Mrs. Besant's assertion) now apologize for their reiterated misstatements to the contrary effect? I doubt it.

It is still possible to laugh heartily and good-naturedly at many of the absurdities committed by those who are so vigorously hounding Mr. Judge, as Dr. Keightley laughs in his "Luciferian Legends," but now and then it is not easy to restrain a feeling of great and almost irrepressible indignation at their method of carrying on this nineteenth century man-hunt.

It is, however, of interest to note that the prosecutors are not agreed as to the crimes (?) about which complaint is made. Compare the following statements:

MRS. BESANT.

It is stated by Mr. Judge that "I practised black magic on Mr. Judge and two others."—*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 11.

Mr. Judge's circular "contains unproven accusations of the most shocking character—namely, of black magic—against a T. S. member, . . . and against myself. . ."—*Lucifer*, p. 466, February.

MR. B. KEIGHTLEY.

"Now even Mr. Judge himself does not accuse Mrs. Besant of any wilful wrong-doing. . . . On the contrary, he throughout alleges that she is deluded, 'has had herself no conscious evil intention.' . . ."

It should be noted that the above statement was made by Mr. B. Keightley in his circular on *A Common-Sense Letter*, etc., AFTER the diametrically opposite statement had been circulated by Mrs. Besant. But the difference was adapted to support a different argument, it may be urged!

A word or two in regard to Mr. Mead. As junior editor of *Lucifer* he devoted much space in the March "Watch-Tower" to calling me many names. Now that did not interest me, and there is no reason why it should have done so. I wondered for a few moments whom it could interest, but presumed that Mr. Mead knew his readers better than I—for I am very rarely one of them—and so went on with my work. Mr. Mead praised my writings, but I have quite forgiven him that. It was the worst there was to forgive! But I have no intention of entering into that matter so far as Mr. Mead thought it concerned myself. I only wish to point out that he endeavoured to draw into his scurrilous and silly defence of himself the name of a lady who has taken no public part in any of these proceedings; that the lady's husband (Dr. A. Keightley) then wrote a letter of protest, utterly disproving Mr. Mead's attempted insinuation and showing that Mr. Mead's statements in regard to this lady were (a) untrue, (b) vulgar, (c) libellous. This letter appeared in the April *Lucifer*. Did Mr. Mead apologize for his previous misstatements? Did he withdraw his insinuation of deception? He did neither, and I hardly expected that he would. He thought the natural protest of a gentleman and a husband under such circumstances "too ridiculous to need a reply." It would, of course, appear to be so to Mr. Mead. Constant practice must make it a matter of trivial importance to accuse other people of fraud, deception and so forth. Protest against such false insinuations and accusations would certainly then appear absurd. For if one were to judge by a standard of ordinary behavior it would appear that Mr. Mead no longer takes into account the truth of the accusation he makes. That, to him, is of

no importance: what is of importance is *that the accusation shall be made*. Yet I am quite well aware that it would be foolish to judge Mr. Mead from the standpoint of ordinary behavior. Thank Heaven, it is not my duty to judge him at all, and I think that his action is largely explained by nervous over-strain and loss of balance. He is excited and does not think, so we will wish him a quick recovery and better luck in the future.

But a statement made by Dr. Keightley in his letter to the junior editor is disputed by "B. K.," apparently as co-junior editor. Dr. A. Keightley wrote: "Mrs. Besant was informed [as to the personal identity of Che-Yew-Tsang] immediately on her return from the Chicago Congress, and it was by her express desire (reiterated in her letters from India) that you [the junior editor] were not told." To this "B. K." volunteers a footnote: "This last statement has been expressly and emphatically denied by Mrs. Besant in recent letters" (p. 160).

To this I can only say that I absolutely refuse to believe such a thing of Mrs. Besant until I see it clearly stated over her own name. If I ever see that I shall have something more to say.

It is a minor point, and certainly does not concern either myself or the morality of my past actions. But it concerns a clear statement made by Dr. Keightley which I know to be true, and to which a second-hand denial is given by "B. K." It would be superfluous to endorse Dr. Keightley's statement. If it is called in question at any time ample endorsement will be forthcoming.

But how I wish that *Lucifer* would check its down-hill career of licentious slander; how I wish it would return to its original purpose of propagating Theosophy! We must all hope that *Lucifer* may usefully survive, but the facts are ominous and call to mind the ancient saying that "those whom the god would destroy he first makes mad."

Faternally yours,

ERNEST T. HARGROVE.

25, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, London, W.

[It should be noted that the above was written on April 17th, being received in Dublin on the 18th—long before the appearance of the May *Vâhan* and of Mrs. Besant's "brief" against Mr. Judge. These further confirm several of Mr. Hargrove's statements.—E.D.]

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

May 2nd, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER,—We send you herewith the monthly report of this Lodge and trust you will be able to find room for it in your magazine. Unfortunately we are precluded from the pages of *The Vâhan* by the censorship now being exercised by its editor; for this identical report was sent to *The Vâhan* for insertion, only to be mutilated by having every word that referred, in terms of trust and loyalty, to W. Q. Judge cut out.

We would take this opportunity of suggesting that you should at once start an "Activities Column," and invite reports from all those Lodges and Centres which, in supporting Bro. Judge, are unable to get their reports inserted in *The Vâhan*. It can no longer be said that *The Vâhan* is an official organ of the European Section. We trust you will see your way to adopting this idea.

We are, dear brother, fraternally yours,

103, Bow Road, London, E.

GORDON ROWE, Hon. Secs.
WALTER H. BOX, Hon. Secs.

BOW LODGE, T. S.

103, Bow Road, London, E.

ATTENDANCE somewhat low in number. The class for the study of Theosophy is now thoroughly remodelled, the subjects being all reárranged in better order; the Class is now much more interesting and active and is held *every* Saturday evening.

In view of the warring elements now seeking to disrupt the T. S. and to overthrow its members, this Lodge has started an informal class for the *heart's* consideration of Z. L. Z.'s invaluable *Letters that have Helped Me*. This choice of book is especially appropriate at a time when certain people are charging the author with vulgar fraud or irresponsible mediumship, and if proof were wanting as to the real and true status of William Q. Judge, one need not go further than a careful study of these helps to students; for they do unmistakably bear the stamp of one who is no stranger to the life of the Soul, do witness assuredly to one who sees the Heart of mankind with the unsealed gaze of the true disciple of the Great Brotherhood.

GORDON ROWE, } *Hon. Secs.*
WALTER H. BOX, }

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—As the Countess Wachtmeister has thought fit to publish in *Lucifer* part of a letter to her, written by me, together with some comments thereon, kindly allow the whole of the letter to appear in your column, with a few remarks added.—Yours fraternally,

WM. LINDSAY.

London, Feb. 17th, 1895 (posted March 1st).

DEAR COUNTESS,—You will, no doubt, remember telling me the following some time ago, "*for use if at any time required.*" Please note, therefore, that I shall use it, should I think fit, in defending Mr. W. Q. Judge. What you told me was, that before H. P. B. died she showed you a box wherein was Master's seal, and that immediately after H. P. B.'s death you took the box with the Master's seal in it into your keeping, and that the box was not in *anyone* else's hands till given over by you to Annie Besant on her return from America. When the box was opened by Annie Besant the *Master's seal was not to be found in it*, and all this took place *before* Mr. W. Q. Judge came to England.

You may be hurt that I should take this action, but you must not forget that the above information was given me for the express purpose of defending Mr. Judge should it be needful. I know you now regard Mr. Judge in a very different way, but that is no reason why I should not now use the information.—Sincerely yours,

WM. LINDSAY.

Every F. T. S. knows by this time that there is no darker sin against the Manifold Deity who runs the European Section (for whom, I take it, G. R. S. Mead acts as Manifested Logos) than want of courtesy. I, remembering this, and wishing to live yet a little longer, wrote the above letter to the Countess Wachtmeister prior to using the information contained in it. By which act I am, at the earliest possible date, honored by the now rather common distinction of being called a liar in *Lucifer*.

The Countess practically confirms her statement to me in the remarks following the extract of my letter, though she puts it in new language, for which confirmation I beg to thank her. Following these remarks are some by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, Miss Cooper and Mr. Bertram Keightley, which is strange, seeing that the Countess addressed her letter to the Editor of *Lucifer* from India. How, then, is it that comments are made by these people, who are in England, in the same issue; unless it be, as I have for some time suspected, that *Lucifer* is, in fact, edited by a syndicate, trading, if I may use the term, under the title of G. R. S. Mead?

One thing, however, is worthy of note, viz., that a common cause has a wonderful power of drawing people together, however antagonistic they may have been toward each other in the past; for we find T. S. members who, while it was only a matter of forming the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood that they had in hand, were willing to wage war continually among themselves, now that a really congenial and worthy cause is to be upheld, *i.e.*, the persecution of a brother Theosophist (W. Q. Judge), are (apparently) ready, aye, are *anxious* to join hands, forgetting past differences, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight for this noble ideal.

Truly I have heard of many "experiences" in divers lands of Mr. Bertram Keightley, but of this particular one, relating to the seal in question, I have never before been told.

Of course I am not responsible for the truth of the statement made by the Countess, but only for the correct rendering of such, as told to me, which I maintain I have done, and, after all, the principal point remains unchanged, viz., *that the seal was gone before W. Q. Judge came to England.*

WILLIAM LINDSAY.

April 23rd, 1895.

REVIEWS.

THE DREAM OF RAVAN: a Mystery. [Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 2s. 6d.]

THIS reprint introduces to the public, practically for the first time, a most remarkable though unknown mystic. It purports to be an account of a little known Indian poem. There seems to be some occult allegory running through every detail of the fantastic narrative. But, even without understanding this, everyone can enjoy the most original humor and vivid descriptions of ancient Indian life. There are passages which, for mystical beauty, are not surpassed by anything in our later literature. I would instance the evolution of the Titanic Ravan's soul, the analysis of the three Gunas, of the four states or tabernacles of the Spirit, and also the interpretation of the mirages as being most perfect in their way. The freedom and clearness with which the varying states of consciousness are handled could only come from one who had vision over a wide field—one in whom there is no longer effort but perfect achievement. Though seemingly thrown off in play, *The Dream of Ravan* still compels attention, fascinates with its power, ideality and tenderness, and its note of occult familiarity. For all its inaccuracies of style, it has a great literary quality and should reach a wider public than the T. S. The publishers have sacrificed to the Gods by reissuing it, and deserve well of Karma on this account.

THE YOGA OF CHRIST, or the Science of the Soul. [Theosophical Publishing Society.]

WE have heard much and mysteriously lately of the modern Indian Teacher. His disciples have heralded him by quotations which were hardly self-illuminative, and which made us long for context to see if they definitely referred to anything. Now that he (perhaps it should be He) has come forth and unfolded himself, he turns out to be only a Sunday school teacher after all. *The Yoga of Christ* is the kind of thing we used to sleep under in church. We hear just such dreary sanctities droned out from many a pulpit. There is neither vigor of thought, observation, nor knowledge in it from first to last—neither Yoga nor Christianity. It teems over with maudlin ecstasies about the Lord, “Nothing seems felicitous except His loving presence.” He sees “His Face and tears roll down his eyes (*sic*) for joy.” As the poles of good and evil are apart so is it asunder from the teaching of Christ. “Love your enemies,” taught the Master. Our Indian Sunday school teacher amends as follows: “Friends should be few and well selected, the human heart is not large enough to find room for many.” The deadly dullness and lack of humor displayed amount to a more positive sin than the open licentiousness of other books. Witness the precious epistle in which the wisdom of Deity is applauded and our attention is called to an array of facts like the following:

“Man is strong—woman is beautiful.

“Man shines abroad—woman at home.

“Man has science—woman has taste,” etc.

We might add to his list of things not usually perceived,

“Man parts his hair on the side—woman in the middle.”

Let us practise concentration with regard to these things. The letter on punctuality would need a Mark Twain to do it justice, to set it so that its fatuousness would become a witty virtue. As it is, it is only painful reading these utterances of the second childhood of a race once wise and spiritual. The seal of the T. S. is on the cover of this book, which has been applauded in *Lucifer*; which things combined lead one to suppose that it is intended to bring Theosophy into disrepute and is part of the plot against the T. S.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE “man-hunt” along unconstitutional lines still proceeds. So far it has been a sickly clamor, devoid of one redeeming feature. Mrs. Besant has come back to England; “back to her work; back to her indictment against ‘Brother Judge’.”

* * *

In her “statement” to the delegates at the European Section Convention last July, Mrs. Besant said that in matters of controversy her vision was not always clear, and this confession is fully borne out in everything that has come from her pen, and in her utterances, in connection with “the present troubles.”

* * *

Take, for example, the following from the interview that appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* a few days after her arrival in London:

"But what does Master Morya say to Mr. Judge's doings?" "He told me first that *the messages were forged*." [Italics mine.—D.]

Again, compare another statement made to this interviewer with one made on a previous occasion:

"I have had the full evidence against Judge for eighteen months, and I am now preparing it all, from the very first, for publication."—*To W. G. Interviewer*.

"Yes, but the Master's words were such that they did not exclude the possibility of *the messages being automatic*."

"It is no part of my duty, as a humble servant of the Lords of Compassion, to drag my brother's faults into public view."—"Neutrality T. S.," *Lucifer*, xiv. 458.

* * *

In the same interview, excusing herself for not having "cleared up the whole matter" earlier, "as directed by the Master," Mrs. Besant says: "I was glad to give the benefit of the *doubt* to the man who had done so much good and noble work for the Society." Does this "doubt" no longer exist? The conflicting statements as to "messages," quoted above, would indicate that it does still exist. It will be noticed also that Mrs. Besant does not scruple to use the names of "Those Who to some of us are holy" in support of her charge of "forgery" and "fraud," even in face of the striking admission that the "Master's words" admit "of the possibility of the messages being automatic."

* * *

Another example of confusion:

"Eighteen months ago He [the Master] told me to clear this matter up."—*To W. G. Interviewer*.

"I offered to take on myself the onus of formulating the charges against him (Brother Judge) . . . in this decision for which *I alone* am responsible. I meant to act for the best, but *it is very possible I made a mistake*."—"Neutrality T. S.," *Lucifer*, xiv. 458.

Can Mrs. Besant reconcile these two statements? Can she prove that the Master's instruction to clear the matter up is a genuine message? Is it as tangible, in form, as those Mr. Judge is accused of "forging," and which are stated to be in "the well-known script"? If not, can Mrs. Besant say how it was communicated? It is an important point, and should be "cleared up" if this prosecution is to go on. Will the accusers of Mr. Judge insist on a committee of investigation?

* * *

Now what is this expensive [*£50* Mr. Mead wants] "indictment" all about: this revised edition of *Isis very much Unveiled*? Suppose we look for a moment at the "charge." Says Mrs. Besant:

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not charge, and have not charged, Mr. Judge with forging in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving *a misleading material form* to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways, without acquainting the recipients with this fact."—*Lucifer*, xiv. 459-460. [Italics mine.—D.]

And again:

"*Mr. Judge's error* lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself, and not saying that he had done so."—*Lucifer*, xiv. 459. [Italics mine.—D.]

"A misleading *material form*." "Mr. Judge's *error*." Note the words. Was the "error" *really* Mr. Judge's? Let us see.

"Mr. Judge has believed himself to be justified in writing down . . . the message, psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving *that person to wrongly assume* that it was a direct precipitation (Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, xiv. 46r). Further, if "the sources of messages can only be decided by direct spiritual knowledge, or intellectually by the nature of their contents, and each person must use his own powers, and act on his own responsibility, in accepting or rejecting them," as Mrs. Besant states (*Lucifer*, xiv. 46r), then I ask whose is the "error"? The "receiver" who, relying on the "material form," has "wrongly assumed," or the "giver," who does *not* "assume" the "receiver" to be ignorant of the manner in which the source of messages can be decided?

* * *

In this connection the following quotations on the methods of precipitation may not be out of place:

"Most of the precipitations are done by cheias. . . . I see His orders, and the thoughts and words he wishes used, and I precipitate them in that form."

"Well, what of their handwritings?"

"Anything you write is your handwriting, but it is not your personal handwriting, generally used and first learned, if you assume or adopt some form. Now you know that Master's handwritings, peculiar and personal to themselves, are foreign both as to sound and form—Indian sorts, in fact. So they adopted a form in English, and in that form I precipitate Their messages at Their direction. . . . The message has to be seen in the Astral Light in *facsimile*, and through that astral matrix I precipitate the whole of it."—H. P. B., "Conversations on Occultism," *Path*, p. 18, April, 1894.

"Scripts may be produced by automatic or *deliberate writing* with the hand . . . and those who afford the necessary conditions can be *thus used*."—Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, xiv. 46r. [Italics mine.—D.]

"Another method which, since it saves time, *is much more frequently adopted*, is to impress the whole substance of the letter on the mind of some pupil, and leave him to do the mechanical work of precipitation. That pupil would then take his sheet of paper and, *imagining he saw the letter written thereon, in his Master's hand*, would proceed to *objectify the writing*."—*Transactions of London Lodge*, No. 24, p. 88, April, 1895. [Italics mine.—D.]

It will be seen, then, that a recognized method in precipitation, and the one most usually adopted, is for the pupil to objectify the writing through "that astral matrix," which is a "facsimile" of the form adopted by the Master. Why does Mrs. Besant always talk of "the messages being *automatic*," when, as she says, "scripts" may be produced by "*deliberate writing*" by those who afford the necessary conditions? Do the messages Mr. Judge is accused of "forging" not "admit of the possibility" of having been *deliberately* written?

* * *

There seems to have been a deliberate and systematic refusal to furnish Mr. Judge with certified copies of the documents on which the charges against him are based. Colonel Olcott hands them over to

Mrs. Besant in order that she may publish "her indictment against Bro. Judge," stipulating that the General Secretary of the European Section shall furnish copies, and this after refusing them on Mr. Judge's direct application, as will be seen on another page. What, then, is the result? Mrs. Besant is allowed every facility to publish the "full evidence," without the necessary opportunity being afforded Mr. Judge of replying in time for his reply to go out with it. In *Lucifer*, xv. 456, Mrs. Besant writes:

"I thought that the Committee was to try a brother, and so we did not desire any sort of triumph, or any kind of advantage, but only absolute truth. *Every possible opportunity for explanation should be placed in Mr. Judge's hands.*" "To try a brother" sounds strange, but why has not *the one* opportunity he asked been granted?

* * *

A very good course under such circumstances is suggested by Mrs. Besant in *Lucifer*, xv. 458: "If statements are made when a person has had no opportunity of answering them, it is right . . . *to form no opinion until the answer is made.*" How many will act on this suggestion? It will be interesting to see.

* * *

Just on the eve of going to press Mrs. Besant's "case" against Mr. Judge comes to hand. Supposition and suspicion absent, there is no evidence which will prove the "charges" made against Mr. Judge. It will be found the weakest "case" on record.

There are six charges, but, says Mrs. Besant, "they really form *but a single charge* of seeking to gain influence and authority by unfair means"—now mark what follows—"in assuming a position of authority in the T. S. to which his long and eminent services *justly entitle* him." And so this is the charge now: using "unfair means" to obtain what he was "justly entitled" to. Queer, isn't it? Why should there be any necessity to use "unfair means"? Did someone dispute the *just title*? If so, was it not obviously unjust and unfair to do so?

* * *

Turning to the "presentment of case," what do we find put forward as *proof* of non-genuineness of "messages."

- (a) Error in matter of fact.
- (b) Threat based on mistake.
- (c) Triviality.

No *proof of forgery here*; nothing about a "misleading material form." Those who are familiar with what H. P. B. has written on the subject of precipitation will remember that the accuracy with which ideas may be transmitted from the Master depends on the *chela's state*, so that, even admitting *a, b* and *c*, there is no evidence on the "main question," but rather to the contrary.

* * *

Mrs. Besant has taken extracts from Mr. Judge's letters to her, in support of a charge of fraud against him, and afterwards destroyed the letters. What think you of this? Is it *fair* means?

D. N. D.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

THE following report from a correspondent will give a general impression of the proceedings of the first Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America. The details and elaborations are equally important, but they will come later.

When the records and minutes concerning the early days of the T. S. were looked up, at the idea of some Boston members, a surprising state of things became apparent, making action by the Convention necessary. Had these facts been known, it is the opinion of those voting some proxies as "Nay" that the Branches so voting would have changed front and will change. As it was, there were not ten dissents—some individual, and not important when Branches—out of 205 votes. The voting was like the tramp of a great army. Yes, yes, yes, yes—almost unbroken. The first vote, which was "Yes," boomed and echoed through the Hall. A. K. was accorded an extraordinary reception, but the climax was reached when the resolutions were read. On the clause that the Chief be President for life, deep, loud, determined cheering set in, unlike any I ever heard; not excited at first, but having a cold determination about it that made the sound massive. It went on for two minutes and beat down like thunder upon the frail, bowed form of the Chief, who sat like a marble figure. (He has been very ill, as you know.) Then the audience took fire from itself, sprang from its feet to chairs, to tables even, and waved and roared, great lashings of sound. . . . This scene was repeated, but checked sooner by the same fear (the illness of Mr. Judge) when, towards the close of the Convention, the President for life took control of the Convention as "President." One wild roar leaped from the whole mass, in which were but two individuals of contrary opinion. The same thing occurred at the public evening meeting in a hired hall, filled with the public, when Mr. Judge as speaker was introduced as President of the T. S. in America. When the Convention had closed its dignified and fraternal session, marked by the entire absence of all ill-feeling, temper or accusation, the President for life *offered to the Section which had never asked it, and did not want it*, his explanation of the charges—necessarily incomplete as he had not the evidence. He is able to speak but a very few minutes, and hence asked Dr. Keightley to read the long paper. The stillness was intense and only broken at one point. When it became known that it was Mrs. Besant who had accused Colonel Olcott, coming to America for the purpose, and had endeavored to secure his removal, while allowing Mr. Judge to bear the blame in *The Westminster Gazette* and at the Adyar Convention when accused by Miss Müller, a gasp of astonishment made itself heard in the Hall. At the close, Dr. Anderson proposed a resolution of thanks, while saying that the Society did not need and had not asked Mr. Judge to explain, and cheers carried it in another ovation. An amusing interlude at the Convention, in a lull of business, was caused by a prominent Boston editor and F. T. S. showing a letter of Mr. Bertram Keightley's, saying that Mrs. Besant and himself had

"loyally" kept faith with Mr. Judge after the committee on charges until the circular of Nov. 3rd. As the letter was shown to person after person each would burst out laughing and would say, "How about 'Occultism and Truth'?" and "Doesn't Mr. Keightley read *The Review of Reviews* and Mrs. Besant's admissions?" There was merriment even at the reporters' table.

One of the best addresses was made by Mr. Smythe, of Dublin, now resident in Canada. It was markedly quiet and restrained where all were so, but had great force about it. This gentleman asked me to give to the Dublin Lodge "the Irish wish and the Irish heart." I've a mind to keep them for myself!

The work done has been greater than ever; the treasury is in better condition than ever before. Extracts from letters of H. P. B. were read—some bearing singularly upon the situation. In one she entreats Mr. Judge to be elected for life in reorganizing American T. S., and says it is the Master's wish. In another, on the eve of leaving Ostend for London, she says she goes to "galvanize a corpse" in England, and that later, when she has given it life, it will turn and destroy her. In another she gives a "vision" of the present state of the T. S., but predicts that America will prevail. Outside the T. S. public opinion is with Mr. Judge, as it is argued that the withholding of his legal rights, and the official action of Mr. Mead in refusing to examine the specification of charges and ascertain for himself Mrs. Besant's inaccuracy, show something rotten in the state of Denmark. The initiation of the cycle of accusation by the case of Colonel Olcott, as opened by Mrs. Besant, and her failure to free Mr. Judge of that blame, is also looked upon by the public as conclusive evidence of an ambitious plot. It is surprising how much interest the newspapers now take where once they would publish nothing. But the matter is now an old story, and the damaging circumstances under which the accuser has laid the "charges" leaves little room for interest in the evidence. Dr. Hartmann's letter was very greatly admired. A score of people asked for copies. The new Constitution is passed, and some of the bye-laws referred to the Executive Committee. And now we can all get to work.

In another letter a friend writes: The resolution putting the American Section on its original and proper basis was arrived at by 195 to ten—present and proxies. And the other people, who have been canvassing hard ever since January, could only get ninety to sign a protest out of some three to four thousand members. My own impression is that the action will be a surprise to most, for it is *not* secession and the legal points of the historical sketch cannot be got over.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE discussions at recent meetings have been devoted to subjects with somewhat doctrinal titles, such as *The Communion of Saints*, *The Resurrection of the Body* and *The Life Everlasting*, the last of which received masterly treatment at the hands of Brother Pryse.

Extracts from *The Light of Asia* and the seventh chapter of *The Bhagavad Gita* were read on White Lotus Day.

The present session will be brought to a close by papers on *The Study of Theosophy and Christianity*. FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

VII.

COMRADES.—Replying to a former letter of mine, you say that some persons have advanced the following argument, to wit:

“That Masters may use bodies, but they never interfere, or notice, or take interest in temporary affairs.”

This is not an “argument.” It is a statement of belief, unaccompanied, as you put it, by reasons. It would not be noticed among people of good breeding, for the reason that it expresses a dogma, a creed, a personal belief, and one would not criticize such, any more than one would criticize the dress, or the manners, or the features of another. There is a good breeding of the spiritual plane—little as some may think it—and it exists in ethics as well as in psychical life, and everywhere it forms a part of the mental equipment of true souls, freed from the shackles of self-conceit.

If, however, anyone were to ask whether my experience agreed with that statement, I should frankly reply that it does not. Even upon its face it is illogical and against reason. For why should Masters have or use bodies—which bodies are governed by two brains—if all questions relating to the physical plane are to be excluded from those brains, the engines or motors of this plane of human life? There is some truth in the statement, I believe, but it needs a discriminating care. And I must admit that a feeling of indignation will, at times, arise in my heart against the cruelty—that worst form of cruelty which seeks to fetter the mind—exercised by those who make a veiled statement of that kind, knowing that other minds will be entangled in it, while they themselves, the only fit guardians of the truth in their own eyes, are saved from falsehood, and also from laying the truth before the multitude, by verbal double-dealing.

It is true, and may well lift our hearts, that Great Nature always recompenses. Those who bring us to doubt and despair become angel

visitors entertained unawares if, through the pain to which they bring us for purposes of their own self-seeking, we learn to think for ourselves. The race has not yet learned how to think; Manas is too recently acquired and is not yet fully involved by that race as a whole.

Let us, then, set aside interlopers and thresh out this matter for ourselves. We understand the "Mahâtma" to be a perfect Soul. And by the term "Adept" we mean one far advanced in practical occultism but not yet a Mahâtma. It is stated on the authority of H. P. B. and also in letters from himself, that Master K. H. was not yet a "Mahâtma" at the time when he wrote the letters in Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*. It would appear unwise, a waste of energy, that one of the very rarest products of Nature—the Mahâtma—should do work for which less advanced members of the GREAT LODGE are fit and able. And this is true, *as a rule*. But just as there is no gap in the ladder of Evolution, so there is no gap in that of the GREAT LODGE, and we may hence expect to find, and I believe that we do find, some one Great Being whose duty it is to preside over all that relates to the evolution of men, from our present plane on to the highest planes, and to assist, both by his own powers, knowledge and action, and by those of his hierarchical supporters, assistants and pupils, in that great work. For to THE LODGE this is the greatest work; it is THE WORK. Those who are engaged in deepest spiritual research, wholly remote from this earthly plane of ours, still pursue that arduous toil for man; Man, the final word of the manifested universe and the first promise of Spirit—perfectible Man and Man perfected. If the Mahâtma, in his duly appointed place and work, is to help man, he must take interest in this plane, of which man to-day almost wholly is, in which he lives and from whose chains he must rise. There always have been and there always will be natural distinctions, departments, duties in the universe, just as white light can always be decomposed into rays. There are Mahâtmas whose specialized function it is to watch over the East and others who watch over the West; there are those who watch on the starry confines of this globe and those who watch its teeming interior; there are those who search the Light and those who question the Dark; but each has evolved to his place and his duty and all pass along the rounds of universal duty, all great and none less. Else analogy has no voice and Law—or the sequence and order of Being—no meaning.

It is my belief that the Master, or Mahâtma, whose special function it is at this period of time to watch over the involution of Manas and its evolution by and through Egos now embodied in the West, is He whom we call Mahâtma Morya. But name Him as you please, or let

Him—better still—be nameless. Regard Him as a Great Soul known only to some advanced men “BY ITS LIGHTS,” and to others by its influence. We may be sure that matters *not* having to do with the evolution of human souls engage him not. Buying and selling, marrying and burying, the mart and the home, all these countless details of human interest are but effects of previous causes, and the Master deals not with them, but the Law runs its course. The Master deals not with them *as such*. But also, we do not know when, precisely, any given matter has to do with the evolution of the soul. A man is a fool who would limit the action of a power he does not fully understand. We may know, and some of us believe this, that the Mahâtmas occupy themselves with all men and movements tending towards evolution, by which I mean tending towards universality. It would be strange indeed if they did not. He who climbs helps those below him, else he risks one day to stand upon the peaks of solitude. In such an interior solitude the perfect soul will never be found. So the Master would naturally—*i.e.*, in virtue of his own nature—help the leaders and workers of a spiritual movement so long as these were capable of being helped at all. But he would do so upon strictly hierarchical lines, by duly appointed means and agents and agencies, all evolved to the point where reception and comprehension were possible. Observe the processes of Nature. In Nature, “gratitude” has its cosmic expression in that law by which a stream makes its bed along the line of least resistance and follows that alone.

In the Tao are these beautiful thoughts, sent to me by a friend. “Effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings—this is the way of Tao. . . . Therefore the wise man takes great account of small things and so never has any difficulty. . . . Transact your business before it takes form. . . . The tree which fills the arms grew from a tender shoot.”

The last part refers to the mind, and its purification and wisdom, for from it all actions spring. But also it is very true that in very small things, unobserved by the crowd, lie the great results of the future. And why? Because all exists first upon the astral or etheric plane as a nodule, or embryo form. When these forms first come into activity upon one plane—and it is usually as what we call “thoughts” in human minds—they appear trivial; yet the right impetus can make them great. And that man or woman who has power to evoke the soul, and the high qualities of the soul, in others, that person has touched diviner things. Moreover, the life elementals are less obstructive while the grosser energies are inactive or subdued.

There is not space for me to extend these suggestions, but you can do that better than I. Yet one word more.

There is far too much talk of proving things of the spirit and soul by the things of sense. Would you smell, touch, hear, see the perfect Soul? When you know that Soul, there may be further lessons for you in the way the vibrations of its ethereal body or its thought-body affect your nervous fluid; but you will never prove the independent existence and perfectibility of the Soul to the world by any such means. You will only fall amid jeers and laughter. Rather say boldly: "I know the Soul by its touch upon my soul, and the Spirit by that which is nameless among men." In *The Voice of the Silence* we find that all senses must merge in the *concealed* sense before we can find the Master.

Moreover, such appearances are more rare than you suppose. In a letter published in *The Occult World*, Mahâtma K. H. says how very rare such an appearance is, that it is only in great crises. The ocean rolls between me and my books, but seek the quotation for yourselves. And the use of physical terms is forbidden to Chelas in this connection.

You will find, I think, that in most cases the Teacher teaches through the mind. He may, and doubtless does, instruct his special agents in other ways. But the appearance of his form is so rare because the student's mind creates an ideal image in his own mental sphere, which image can be made visible. The Master can use it as a vehicle of communication, but a special training on the part of the student is necessary before he knows how to *form such an image out of the proper grade (or plane) of nerve fluid*. In this secret lies the whole difference between right or wrong interpretation of the message sent through that form or vehicle, which may appear to speak, so far as your eyes and ears are concerned. Consider a moment. The "message" is vibratory, if real—a vibration sent along the Akasha. If the atoms of which you have composed this image are not atoms of a very highly evolved etheric substance ("light," as the occultists call it), those atoms do not vibrate "purely," *i.e.*, in consonance with the vibration, and you get a sense impression which is incorrect. It is for this reason, among others, that at least seven years of scientific training are required before the pupil can even begin, and far longer before he can be exposed to the energetic play of the real Mayavi-Rupa of a Mahâtma unless there is an Adept near at hand to protect him without undue waste of energy. In *The Path* for June you will find more upon this theme.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

A "MASTER BUILDER" TO THE SOCIETY IN KORINTHIOS.

BUT concerning the Breath-beings, brothers, I do not wish you to be ignorant. You know that you were once of the common herd, deceived by means of the voiceless Shells, even as you were allured. For that reason I make known to you that no one speaking by the Breath of God calls Jesus a temple-offering; and no one *can* speak of Jesus as Master save by the hallowed Breath. Now, there are diversities of magical powers, but the same Fire-breath. . . . To one through the Breath is given the Word of Wisdom; and to another, the Word of Knowledge, according to the same Fire-Breath; . . . to another, the energizing of forces; to another, speaking by soul-inspiration; to another, the discerning of Breath-beings; to another, various symbolical languages; to another, the interpretation of mystery-languages. . . . Desire ardently the better magical powers—and yet I point out to you a more excellent Path.

Though I speak in the symbolical languages of Men and of Messengers divine, *but have not Love*, I am become but sounding brass or a cymbal clanging. And though I have speech soul-inspired, and know the Mysteries all, and all the Secret Lore; and though I have all Wisdom, so that I could remove mountains, *but have not Love*, I am nothing. And though I give away all my possessions, and allow my body to become parched up, *but have not Love*, it profits me nothing.

Love is patient, is kind; Love does not envy, does not vaunt itself, is not inflated, does not appear fantastic, seeks not the things of self, is not irritated, does not impute evil; rejoices not in injustice, but takes glad share in the World-Soul; accepts all things, understands all things, bears patiently with all things.

Love perishes never, whether soul-inspired speech shall cease, or symbolical languages be made an end of, or the Secret Lore be abolished. For our knowledge is from a fragment, and our soul-inspired speech is from a fragment; but when the Period of Consummation shall have come that which is from a fragment shall be done away with. When I was a child I talked as a child, thought as a child, imagined as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child. For *now* we see as by means of puzzling images in a mirror; but *then*, face towards face. *Now* I know only from a fragment; but *then* I shall know again even as again I am known. And thereafter shall abide Wisdom, Realization, and Love, these Three: but the greatest of these is Love.

Follow Love, be desirous for the Fire-breaths; but more that you should speak soul-inspired. For he who speaks in a symbolical language speaks not to Men, but to God: no one *hears*, but by the Fire-breath he speaks Mysteries. But he who speaks soul-inspired speaks to Men for an upbuilding, an evocation, an exhortation. . . . I give thanks to my God that I speak symbolical languages more than you all; yet in the Society I would rather speak five words with my own Soul, than I may teach others also by word of mouth, than countless words in a mystery-jargon.

H. P. B.

[THE following extracts from the letters of H. P. Blavatsky are in several instances prophetic. Addressed to more than one person, the originals are all in the possession of the sender. Some are written as late as 1890, as will be seen by the allusion to Mrs. Besant's trip to America. Two are evidently to Mr. Judge (so stated), who was prevailed upon to give them to friends on account of their prophetic nature.—ED.]

"If, knowing that W. Q. J. is the only man in the E. S. in whom I have confidence enough not to have extracted from him a pledge, he misunderstands me or doubts my affection for him or gratitude, then in addition to other things he must be a flapdoodle. . . . There is nothing I would not do for him and I will stick to him till death through thick and thin. . . . He says and writes and prints he is my agent (of the Master rather, not mine). Therefore it is easy for him to say that any alterations are as by myself. . . . And look here, if he does protest . . . against what I say about him in my forthcoming Instructions, then I will curse him on my death-bed. He does not know *what I do*. He has to be defended whether he will or not. He has much to endure and he is overworked. But so have I, and if he threatens me with such a thing [as resignation] then I had better shut up shop. . . . May our Savior, the mild Jesus, have him in his keeping."

"He *who does all and the best that he can* and knows how does ENOUGH for Them. This is a *message* for Judge. His *Path* begins to beat *The Theosophist* out of sight. It is most excellent. . . . *The Path alone is his certificate* for him in Theosophy."

". . . Oh, my poor crushed chum, what would I give to help him. I try to be with him as much as I can. I am often watching him.

. . . He should gather strength from one who is oftener with him than he knows of."

"Judge . . . whom I trusted more perhaps than I did Olcott—or myself."

"My Co-Founder, W. Q. Judge, General Secretary in America."

"Master *wants* Judge to be elected for life, for reasons of His own—that's God's truth. . . . Less than you would I want to see X—or anyone (save Judge) elected for life. . . . But if I do not like the idea it is because I trust *no one* any longer, save Judge, and Olcott perhaps. I have lost my last faith in mankind and see and smell (rightly, if you please) Judases everywhere. But with Judge it is different. . . ."

"My dear W. Q. J. . . . my *only* friend. . . . Judge has done for me so much lately, I owe him such gratitude, there is nothing I would not do for him. . . . 'Pon my word, I never knew I cared so much for him personally. . . . I will never forget Judge's loyalty and devotion, his unswerving friendship . . ."

"Thanks for all, my dear old chum [W. Q. J.]; may the Masters protect him. His ever and till and AFTER death."

[To W. Q. Judge.] "Well, sir and my *only* friend, the crisis *is* nearing. I am ending my *S. D.* and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. I know you will have success if you do not lose heart, but do, *do* remain true to the Masters and *their* Theosophy and THE NAME. . . . May They help you and allow *us* to give you our best blessings. I am offered any amount of money, an income, board, lodging, all free to come to America and work without you, *i.e.*, *against*. . . . I rather lose the whole American lot to the last man, X— included, than you. Perhaps soon now, you will know why. . . . Now be so kind as to write to me plainly (so that I could read) what you expect me to do and what I must *not* do. And I *give you my word* that I shall follow your instructions. Let us understand each other, mutually. But till now no one ever said to me a word about you asking to do this or that. Write to me direct and I will do it. Good-bye, my Irish crocodile, and may Masters protect you."

". . . Affairs and events may be turned off by unseen hands into such a groove that you will be unanimously elected for life—just as Olcott and I were—to go on with the work after our deaths. Do you understand what it means? It means that, unless you consent, you force me *to a miserable* life and a MISERABLE DEATH, with the idea preying upon my mind that there is an end of Theosophy. That for several years I will not be able to help it on, and stir its course, because

I will have to act in a body which will have to be assimilated to the *Nirmānakāya*, because even in occultism there are such things as a failure and a retardment and a misfit. . . . Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved W. Q. J."

"If I thought *for one moment* that *Lucifer* will "rub out" *Path* I would never consent to be the editor. But listen, then, my good old friend. Once that the Masters have proclaimed your *Path* the *best*, the most *theosophical* of all theosophical publications, surely it is not to allow it to be rubbed out. . . . One is the fighting, combative Manas; the other (*Path*) is pure Buddhi. . . . *Lucifer* will be Theosophy militant and *Path* the shining light, the Star of Peace. If your intuition does not whisper to you 'IT IS SO,' then that intuition must be wool-gathering. No, sir, the *Path* is too well, too *theosophically* edited for me to interfere."

"I trust Judge more than anyone in the world. . . . He has numerous enemies who work against him underhand and openly too, as — does. Now I have to hold in check and counterwork their machinations when they write or say to Olcott that Judge is a liar, etc. Now this is a — lie. . . . I am thinking of going to U. S. with Annie Besant when the spirit moveth me."

"The night before last, however, I was shown a bird's eye view of the present state of Theosophy and its Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death-struggle with the world in general and with other nominal but ambitious Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as *you in America will prevail* if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. Is Judge ready to help me to carry on the sacrifice—that of accepting and carrying on the burden of life, which *is* heavy? My choice is made and I will not go back on it. *I remain* in England in the midst of the howling wolves. Here I am needed and nearer to America; there in Adyar there are dark plots going on against me and poor Olcott." [*Note by K.*—And one "plotter," who is named by H. P. B., still plots to-day.]

[To W. Q. Judge.] "Take my place in America now and, after I am gone, at Adyar. If you have no more personal ambition than I have—and I know *you have not*, only combativeness—then this will be no more sacrifice for you than it was for me to have Olcott as my President. . . . I am yours truly in the work forever. Dispose of me. I will . . . help you with all my powers. . . .

"Well, I have raised a 'Frankenstein' [the T. S.], and he seeks to devour me. You alone can save the fiend and make of him a *man*.

Breathe into him a soul if not the spirit. Be his Savior in the U. S. and may the blessings of my SUPERIORS and yours descend on you. Yours—the ‘old woman,’ but one ready to offer you her *inner* life if you begin and proceed with the work. . . . But as the ranks thin around us, and one by one our best intellectual forces depart, to turn *bitter* enemies, I say—Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition, for intuition is better than intellect. . . . Yours ever, H. P. B.”

“THE JUDGE CASE.”

[COPY.]

COL. H. S. OLCOTT, *President-Founder of the Theosophical Society of New York.*

DEAR COLONEL,—Last June and July I laid before you the point that I was never elected Vice-President of the “Theosophical Society”; consequently that office was then known to you to be vacant. The decision then arrived at by you, Mr. Bertram Keightley and Mr. George R. S. Mead that I was Vice-President was invalid, of no effect, and quite contrary to the fact. The original notification to the public that my name was attached to the office was merely a notice of your selection, without the authority of the Society you are the President-Founder of, and without any election by a competent, regular and representative convention of that Society. I also informed you in July that no notice was ever given to me of the said invalid selection.

A long and bitter fight has been waged by Mrs. Annie Besant and others, one of the objects of which is to compel me to resign the said office which I do not hold. I have refused to accede to their requests, and would refuse even did I hold that I was legally the Vice-President.

But as I have worked a long time with you in the cause of Theosophy, and am with you one of those who helped H. P. B. to start the American movement in 1875; as I would aid you in all proper ways, and since I hear that you are to be in London this summer to “settle the Judge case,” as you have proclaimed, I now beg to again point out to you that I do not hold, and never have held, the office of Vice-President of any Theosophical Society of which I am a member, and that you can consider this as my declaration that I cannot and will not oppose your filling the said so-called office in any way you may see fit, either arbitrarily or otherwise.

While on this point, I would say to you that my signing my name hitherto as “Vice-President” was in ignorance of the important facts since ascertained showing conclusively the *de facto* character of the act.

Should you ask why, then, I raised the objection so long ago as July, I reply that the Master whom you think I do not hear from directed me to do so, and at that time I found only the fact of non-election in support of it.—Fraternally,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

May 8th, 1895.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—May I request your insertion of the following letter to Editor of *The Vahan*, for which I wish to secure a wide circulation. I also ask your permission to say, through your columns, that the Countess Wachtmeister has apparently misunderstood me to say that I believed H. P. Blavatsky to have reincarnated in a physical body. I never had and have not such belief. I have no *knowledge* upon the subject, one way or the other, but I always inclined and do still incline to the contrary belief. I also believe H. P. B. to be consciously working on the inner planes of Being.

Countess Wachtmeister apparently has reference to a confidential conversation, of no immediate interest to the public, which related to quite another point.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of The Vahan.

May 21st, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Having read in *The Vahan* for May, 1895, the statement of Mrs. Besant in regard to the "Chinaman" episode, I ask your editorial courtesy in order to say, definitely and clearly, that that statement, as such, is wholly incorrect. I do not use the word "untrue" because, to my mind, that word would imply a conscious moral perversion on the part of Mrs. Besant, while I do not know—I have no means of knowing—what her state of consciousness is. When working with or for Mrs. Besant, whether in America or in England, I always required from her her directions *in writing*, in order to guarantee myself against her constant forgetfulness and her characteristic inability to admit herself to be mistaken, an inability which I was wont to call "her sunspot." No human soul can maintain itself above its own experience for any great length of time; my experience inclines me to the belief that Mrs. Besant, when she changes her mental attitude, forgets much of what she thought and said under the influence of a prior state of consciousness. Examples of this on her part are not wanting, even from the English daily press. Hence I say advisedly that *the statement*, as such, is not true to fact.

Mrs. Besant herself requested that Mr. Mead be not told who the Chinaman was, and in response to to my suggestion to the contrary. She gave as her reason Mr. Mead's "feelings," and also the prevalent jealousy of the members of her household at 19, Avenue Road, in regard to the relations between herself and others. She used the words: "Do not tell these children." No promise of secrecy was asked from her at that interview, or ever, so far as my knowledge goes; but I understood that the usual *editorial* inviolability was implied, it was not worded.

Mrs. Besant sent me a letter from India, quoted in "Luciferian Legends," addressed inside to Dr. Keightley, the Chinaman and myself. In that letter she requests that it be not shown to Mr. Mead and two others (named; one, another employé of her own), because she named the Chinaman. If *we* had asked her to keep the matter private; if the wish for secrecy towards these persons was *ours*, why ask *us* not to show them the letter?

If Mrs. Besant asked Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead of his identity and Mr. Hargrove failed to do so, why her praise of Mr. Hargrove's moral worth in letters to me from India much later?

As to the matter of jealousy, I have a letter from Mrs. Besant which goes into that subject in relation to 19, Avenue Road, with clear and kindly criticism of her household.

While I cannot ignore facts—and facts of record—it is not my present wish to publish these letters, which are of a personal character; but on my return to England I contemplate some arrangement for their inspection by some honorable persons, under the auspices of the General Secretary for Europe (yourself); in the midst of a sudden and deep family affliction I cannot now give my mind to such matters.

It was my hope that the literature of contention would pass into oblivion without the smallest contribution from me. Let others fulfil their Karma uninterrupted by my intrusion. But the attack of Mr. Mead upon Mr. Hargrove, and that of Mrs. Besant upon Dr. Keightley for telling the truth as known to him, leaves me no alternative if I would maintain the right of others to have justice. May I be pardoned the suggestion that there are persons of private life to whom truth and honor are none the less vitally dear, because they do not make of them professional adjuncts? "I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted." So says one of Stevenson's most living characters.

There are also those whom it is necessary to impugn and impeach—in the interests of the present self-righteous outbreak—because they will not forget that noble saying of Master K. H. in the letters of *The Occult World*:

" . . . We see a vast amount of difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on *his way to his daily quiet work*, and another is on *his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station*, while the men of science see none: . . ."

The italics are mine. We are, all of us, in danger of forgetting those early landmarks set up to direct pioneers upon the true theological path: why not study them afresh, then?

In conclusion, I beg to say that as my daily word is my word of honor to me, and as I strive ever to bring that more and more into accord with the unseen laws which alone are true, I can only affirm that the above is a true account of what took place (before three witnesses), such as I would give—and will give when desired—under oath in a court of justice. But I have no desire to influence others in their free choice between the true and the untrue facts. Right discrimination is their privilege. It is only attainable by the abandonment of the personal view.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

May 14th, 1895.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—Mrs. Annie Besant has succeeded in breaking her own record. Very soon after the death of H. P. B. we see her rushing over to America, bringing accusations against Colonel Olcott, clamoring for his removal. Omitting minor instances, we next find her writing of H. P. B. as largely responsible for the “crimes” of her favorite pupil. In both cases acting privately and speaking of both Colonel Olcott and H. P. B. meanwhile in the highest terms, for the benefit of the public. After informing several persons that Mr. Judge was a “forger,” under promises of secrecy, we next find her publicly attacking him, and one by one all those who do not agree with her in this respect are added to her little list of criminals—Dr. Archibald Keightley being the latest addition. Fortunately there is too much of comedy in the situation to permit of serious indignation for any length of time.

In the April issue of *Lucifer*, Dr. Keightley wrote in regard to Che-yew-Tsang and Mr. Mead’s travesty of events in relation to the writing of “Some Modern Failings.” Dr. Keightley stated that it was at Mrs. Besant’s express desire that Mr. Mead was not told as to the personal identity of the writer. “B. K.” volunteered a footnote to the effect that Mrs. Besant denied this statement. In the May issue of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST I wrote that I must refuse to believe such a thing of Mrs. Besant until I saw it over her own name. This was because I knew Dr. Keightley’s statement in regard to Mrs. Besant’s connection with the matter to be correct in every detail.

And now, in the May *Vahan*, Mrs. Besant offers this denial for whatever it may be worth. She flatly contradicts Dr. Keightley’s account, and giving this as her only instance, bases upon it one of her characteristic accusations, amounting to a charge of wholesale lying—namely, that Dr. Keightley has been circulating “many extraordinary and false statements” about her during her absence from England.

I do not write in order to defend Dr. Keightley. It would be simply absurd to offer a defence when Mrs. Besant is the only accuser and the only witness. It would, in any case, be absurd to defend him from a charge of such a nature. But it is a good instance of the mental delusion from which Mrs. Besant would appear to be suffering. It is, in any case, my duty to state the facts.

Dr. Keightley wrote in “Luciferian Legends”: “We therefore suggested that Mrs. Besant be told who the Chinaman was. This was done on the evening of Friday, Oct. 6th, 1893, in our sitting-room at 17, Avenue Road, Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Keightley, Mr. Hargrove and myself being present. Mrs. Keightley, who has always had a loyal regard for Mr. Mead, then suggested that Mr. Mead be told. Mrs. Besant opposed this, on the ground that the feelings of Mr. Mead would be hurt. . . . However, Mrs. Besant adding, ‘Do not tell these children’ (referring to Mr. Mead and other residents at headquarters), it was then agreed that no one should be told.”

As stated by Dr. Keightley, I was present during the whole of that conversation, naturally following it with the closest attention, making a note of it in my diary that same evening (thus being able to supply the date), and I give my word of honor that Dr. Keightley’s account as above set forth is accurate in every detail.

And what does the fourth person present say? In the May *Vāhan* Mrs. Besant denies the above account, putting forward an exactly opposite statement, asserting, "On the contrary, I advised Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead." The fact is, the whole of Mrs. Besant's first paragraph does not contain a word of truth, and the only correct statement made in it is the short sentence: "The facts are simple."

Here you have three people, Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand), Dr. Archibald Keightley and myself, the word of each being at any time at least as good as Mrs. Besant's, agreeing perfectly as to what transpired, stating that they have often referred to that conversation since, and now contradicted by the only other person present—Mrs. Besant. That should be sufficient in itself. But there is much more to say. It is not simply a question of veracity, three to one. It is a question of common-sense.

It should, at least, be evident that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself must be totally disinterested in the matter. It is trivial in itself. It is only of interest as a side-light on Mrs. Besant's state of mind. Her approval or disapproval of my action as Che-Yew-Tsang conveys nothing to me. Her approval would certainly not imply that my action was right; her disapproval could not possibly show that it was wrong. I alone am judge of that, and I am not interested in the opinions of those who do not know the facts. No one could imagine that either Dr. or Mrs. Keightley are personally interested. No other two members have made greater sacrifices for the Theosophical Society, both financially and otherwise. No two other members could have less to gain by association with it; few have as much to lose, for in a worldly sense we do so lose—in England at all events.

I do not believe that Mrs. Besant deliberately says what is false, but I make it a distinct issue that either she is hopelessly deluded and confused, or that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself are deliberately lying. It is impossible to conceive that we can have collectively forgotten, or collectively "made a mistake." It is either an unmitigated lie or it is true.

Examine the probabilities, apart from the fact that there are three witnesses against one, and that the accuracy and memory of that one have already been very seriously questioned. Mrs. Besant asserts that she advised me to tell Mr. Mead, and that I agreed to do so. (1) Mrs. Besant was at that time one of the outer heads of the E. S. T., of which I was a member. Those who know me must be aware that in a case of that sort, where no question of right or wrong was involved, I should have at once followed Mrs. Besant's advice, and with as little delay as possible, if she had advised any such thing. (2) If Mrs. Besant's version be correct, I failed to keep my alleged promise to her, by not telling Mr. Mead. Why, then, did she not mention the matter to me, either verbally or by letter? I find an entry in the diary which I then kept, that on Sunday, Oct. 17th, 1893, eleven days after Mrs. Besant had been told who the writer was, and two days after the first article had actually appeared—I had a long conversation with Mrs. Besant in "H. P. B.'s room" at 19, Avenue Road; that I then gave Mrs. Besant an outline of what I proposed to say in my next article; that I consulted her as to whether it should be sent in for the November or for the December issues of *Lucifer*; that she told me she knew that most of the "I. G." regarded her as a "deluded psychic," etc.; but no question about telling Mr. Mead, although I had had eleven days in which

to do so after having told her that it should be done. Did my alleged "failure to perform" cause her much anxiety?

(3) Repeating the question: Why did she not mention her alleged wish or advice again, seeing that she knew I had not told Mr. Mead and that many enquiries continued to be made as to the writer of "Some Modern Failings"? I have shown that, although talking future articles over with me, she never suggested such a thing. And how was it that in her letters from India, both to Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself, she said no word of reminder? As was shown in "Luciferian Legends," Mrs. Besant wrote in reference to "the Chinaman," and in a tone of very distinct trust and friendship; but no mention of telling Mr. Mead, only the words, "But don't give them [Mr. Mead and others] the letter, as I have put 'the Chinaman.'" In a letter to myself, dated Jan. 16th, 1894, after the appearance of the second article in *Lucifer*, Mrs. Besant wrote: "I did not think the Chinaman's second article up to the level of his first [I did not wonder!]. . . . He will not mind the friendly criticism." Mrs. Besant then adds: "Mrs. Keightley's influence, and the Doctor's, have been invaluable at Headquarters, as indeed I felt sure would be the case." But no word of reminder of my alleged unfulfilled promise; no question as to whether I should not tell Mr. Mead. Not a word!

Is more needed? Then take this sentence of Mrs. Besant's from *The Vahan*: ". . . but I should not have revealed Mr. Hargrove's identity, as I was told it as a secret, and *unfair as it was to trap me* without my consent, I felt none the less bound." Italics mine. The letters quoted in "Luciferian Legends," and the facts given above, must seem strange as coming from one who had been "trapped unfairly"! Or is this more of "the Christ who ate with sinners"? If so, it was out-Christing Christ, I would suggest. But consider the matter further: Mrs. Besant says she was "trapped unfairly" on Oct. 6th. The first article was then in proof only. *Lucifer* did not appear till Oct. 15th. If she felt she had been trapped, why not have stopped the appearance of the article? It would have been easy. It was what would have been done *if* Mrs. Besant had been "trapped unfairly." Those who know her know this. And I assert that Mrs. Besant gave no verbal promise of secrecy in any shape or form. She was not asked for any promise, nor did she volunteer one. There was an understood "promise of secrecy" on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, as well as on the part of Mrs. Besant, as I stated in *The Path*. But there was no verbal promise given in any case, and all assertion as to "trusting" to anyone's "honor" bears its absurdity on its face. In this I directly contradict Mrs. Besant. But it is not merely a question of contradiction. A few days after Mrs. Besant had been told, and had *not* promised secrecy verbally, Dr. and Mrs. Keightley left for the north of England. I wrote them, pointing out that Mrs. Besant had given no promise. I wondered if she would tell Mr. Chakravarti. Telling Mr. Mead would have been one thing; telling Mr. Chakravarti quite another. Mrs. Keightley replied on behalf of herself and Dr. Keightley. I still have that letter. She wrote that any formal promise would be a "crude superfluity." Remembering Mrs. Besant's words at the time she was told, I at once agreed to this view. But how account for this letter if Mrs. Besant had been asked for or had given her word of honor that she would keep the matter private?

The thing is absurd. I repeat again that there is not a single word

of truth in the whole of that long paragraph under the heading, "The Chinaman," in May *Vahan*. Mrs. Besant seems to go through some such sub-conscious process as this in "remembering": What *would* I have said?—arguing from her present state of consciousness. Then this "would have said" immediately becomes "did say." She is utterly confused—and I do not wonder at it.

The Case against W. Q. Judge is full of similar instances. Accusation gone mad. A volume might be written on the subject, but I should hope the above is sufficient.

One word more as to a pamphlet just issued by the Countess Wachtmeister, entitled *H. P. B. and the Present Crisis in the Theosophical Society*. I am not surprised at its having been written, but surely it was published without the consent of the Countess Wachtmeister's friends! It consists almost entirely of what H. P. B. is supposed to have said to the Countess some years ago. One extract from a letter is given to which I will refer later. I am obliged to flatly contradict one statement she makes. On page 10 of her pamphlet she says: "Mrs. Archibald Keightley also confirmed this statement [that H. P. B. had reincarnated], telling me that she had seen and conversed with H. P. B. in her new body. This autumn Mrs. Keightley said to me that she had been mistaken in her vision." Taking the last statement first, I can only say that I was present during the whole of that conversation, which took place in the drawing-room at 62, Queen Anne Street, in the autumn of 1894. I was calling upon Dr. and Mrs. Keightley at the same time as the Countess and her son. Dr. Keightley was present. I sat between Mrs. Keightley and the Countess during the greater part of the conversation between them, and close beside them during the remainder. I heard every word that was said, and I absolutely deny that Mrs. Keightley said what the Countess puts into her mouth. If asked by the Countess to repeat that conversation, I will do so. She may remember some statements she made in regard to the occupants of 19, Avenue Road.

In regard to the first part of her statement: I was not present when Mrs. Keightley is alleged to have made this very remarkable and highly improbable statement. But at Maidenhead, when staying at Miss Müller's with Mr. Mead, the Countess and others, very shortly after this conversation is alleged to have taken place, the Countess gave me an entirely different version of it which flatly contradicts her present account. I did not say a word about it to Mrs. Keightley, but some weeks later she herself told me what she had said to the Countess, and this version agreed exactly with what the Countess had before told me. So I have the Countess's first version, confirmed independently by Mrs. Keightley, which absolutely contradicts her statement as made in her recent production. I therefore conclude that all the other hearsay which the Countess volunteers, from conversations with H. P. B. to those with Mr. Judge is, to put it mildly, faulty.

But the Countess does quote one letter which is of interest, and I thank her for doing so. She supplies a missing link. In the Preface to *The Case against W. Q. Judge*, p. 10, Mrs. Besant says: "It was these experiences, related to her by me, that H. P. Blavatsky wrote to Mr. Judge under date March 27th, 1891: 'She hears the Master's voice when alone, sees His Light, and recognizes His voice from that of D——.'" Mrs. Besant quotes this as a complete sentence, without asterisks to show the omission of words. It is put forward as a sen-

tence by itself. Now turn to what the Countess gives as the whole sentence, and notice the words left out by Mrs. Besant, who is so very particular about other people's "lack of straight-forwardness" that she cannot exist in the same Society with one whom she merely *accuses* of such a thing. Turn to the omitted words: "*She [Mrs. Besant] is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*, and yet she hears Master's voice," etc. Italics mine. But why did Mrs. Besant quote as a complete sentence what was only part of one? Why did she leave out those very pregnant words, "*She is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*"?

Bah! Why will not people try to purify themselves before trying to crucify others for alleged "lack of straight-forwardness." "If it were not for delusion such action could only be called hypocritical." But I would to God they would stop these slanders and leave others to go on with the work. It may here and there be momentarily amusing, but such amusement becomes monotonous. Here are thousands crying out for these eternal verities, for a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation, and the time is taken up by attacks on Mr. Judge and his friends and in necessary refutation and defence. I say it is a shame. Let us go on with the Work, the Work, and leave time and great Karma to do the other work of scavenging if any at all be needed. Let us think of those who have not yet heard of Theosophy, and these petty attacks would soon be stopped and forgotten.—Faternally yours,

E. T. HARGROVE.

25, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

I certify that I have seen the originals of all the letters quoted or cited by Mr. Hargrove, and that these quotations are correctly given.

BASIL CRUMP, *Temple*.

May 31st, 1895.

As Mrs. Besant's article in the May *Vahan*, containing the above-mentioned incorrect assertions and accusations, required comment in the same journal, I wrote a letter to the editor endorsing Dr. Keightley's statement of fact. This I did well in time for the June issue, according to the usual rule. Mr. Mead had not the common courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, nor, as I now see, did he insert it. Is it possible that he thinks Mrs. Besant's attacks no longer require reply? Or must we take this as further proof that Mr. Mead is only interested in ventilating any accusation against one of "Mr. Judge's friends," since he will not insert an answer? Courtesy from our executive officer I have ceased to expect.

E. T. H.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

THE following interesting letter is sent for publication, with the writer's consent:

MY DEAR —,

I have been away in the North or I would have written to you sooner *re* the statement lately published above the signature of the Countess Wachtmeister concerning Annie Besant's claim to supersede W. Q. Judge. As I have now read it I think my testimony may have some weight with those who were with us in the Lansdowne Road days, when first the E. S. was formed.

I was sitting one afternoon with H. P. B. in the back part of the ground floor room of 17, Lansdowne Road; she was telling me about her disease, which was then beginning to grow very troublesome; she said she knew she must soon leave us. I asked her about the filling of the void and said it would be, so far as an ordinary man could judge, impossible adequately to fill it. She answered that W. Q. Judge was her favorite pupil and would worthily bear her mantle when she was gone. Shortly after he came over on a visit and she introduced me to him, saying distinctly that he was her destined successor. After he had gone back to America she always spoke of him in the same way to me and, I have no doubt, to others who were seeing her nearly every day. As for the letter quoted by Countess Wachtmeister, where H. P. B. couples Annie Besant with W. Q. Judge—she evidently hoped that all would proceed normally, and that no karmic flood would burst forth to whirl away a good woman on an evil tide; still, she seemed to know that some serious disturbance would surely occur after her departure. In this connection I asked her if she meant to reincarnate immediately; she answered that she would not do so but would be able to help in the good work better as a Nirmānakāya. This help is especially needed now that loyal support seems denied even to him who has been bearing the brunt of Philistine attack for so many years. But happily Judge is not yet surnamed Belisarius.—Yours sincerely,

ROGER HALL.

10, Southchurch Avenue, Southend, May 25th, 1895.

REVIEW.

LYRICS, by R. H. Fitzpatrick. [London: W. Stewart and Co.]

WHILE one race sinks into night another renews its dawn. The *Celtic Twilight* is the morning-time and the singing of birds is prophetic of the new day. We have had to welcome of late years one sweet singer after another, and now comes a volume of lyrics which has that transcendental note which is peculiar to our younger writers. It is full of the mystery and commingling of the human and the divine soul:

“Hail, thou living spirit!
Whose deep organ blown
By lips that more inherit
Than all music known;
Art is but the echo of thy mysterious tone.”

These lyrics, I imagine, have been wrought in solitary wanderings, in which the forms and shows of things and human hopes and fears have been brooded upon until the intensity of contemplation has allied them with that soul of Nature in which the poet finds the fulfilment of all dreams and ideals. And in this refining back to an Over-Soul there is no suggestion of the student of academic philosophy, no over-wrought intellectualism. Such references arise naturally out of his thought and illuminate it. One can imagine how such lyrics were engendered:

“I stood and twirled a feathered stalk,
Or drank the clover’s honey sap,
Happiest without talk.

"The summer tidal waves of night
 Slowly in silence rippled in;
 They steeped the feet of blazing light,
 And hushed day's harsher din."

This aloofness from conflict, if it has hindered him from fully accepting and justifying life, the highest wisdom of the poet, has still its compensations. He has felt the manifold meaning of the voices through whose unconsciousness Nature speaks, the songs of birds, the aerial romance and intermingling of light and shadow, and has vision of the true proportion of things in that conflict he has turned his back on:

"All things sip,
 And sip at life; but Time for ever drains
 The ever-filling cup in rivalry,
 And wipes the generations from his lip,
 While Art looks down from his serene domains."

Æ.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE first annual Convention of the T. S. in America, held at the New England Headquarters, Boston, on April 28th and 29th, was a splendid and worthy achievement. The reports in the public press were numerous; all sympathetic, and many quite enthusiastic. The reply of our American brothers to the charges made against Mr. Judge was to elect him President for life. To quote Mrs. Besant's words with regard to Mr. Judge on a former occasion, in a somewhat similar connection: "If the past may count for anything in judging of the future, no hands could be found to which to confide its destinies more loyal, more strong, and more true."

* * *

The action of our American brothers is regarded by Mrs. Besant and others as secession from the "T. S.," and it is so put in this month's *Vahan*. By this time the historical facts regarding the T. S. are in the hands of members, and they will be able to judge of the truth of this for themselves. If these inside facts are correctly given, the action taken by the Convention at Boston was the only possible one. There is no doubt whatever that the T. S. in America was the parent Society. That has always been recognized. A declaration of independence in all administrative affairs is *not* secession. The point was admirably put by Brother Corbett at the Conference of the North of England Federation T. S. on May 11th, when he advised "that each Section should have its own rules only, and be perfectly autonomous, the bond uniting the several Sections to be not one of law, but of love and co-operation." Real secession, then, is disregarding this important fact of brotherhood; this union of harmony, the nucleus of which the T. S. was formed to create. Unless we succeed in making it real and actual we had better erase the motto from our shield.

* * *

The fifth annual Convention of the "European Section of the T. S." will be held, on July 4th and 5th, at the Portman Rooms, Baker

Street, London, W. It will afford a fitting opportunity, after nine months of internal turmoil and strife, to sink all personal aims "in one great sea of devotion to the cause." The Rules and Constitution of the T. S. will, of course, have to be fully considered and discussed, and some action taken. Two points have been commended by the Northern Federation to the representatives of their various Lodges, assembled at their recent Conference, for consideration before Convention: (1) with reference to each Section being autonomous; (2) with reference to expulsion of members. Whatever questions may arise, there can be no doubt that a great responsibility will rest on the delegates present. Only by calm judgment and wise discrimination can the existing crisis be tided over. "The tranquil state attained, therefrom shall soon result a separation from all troubles."

* * *

In the matter of government, we could with advantage take a leaf from the masonic book. For example, in a new territory, when there are a number of lodges formed (three only are needed) they federate themselves together and become a Grand Lodge, which becomes sovereign in its jurisdiction, and communicates in various ways with other Grand Lodges all over the globe. This is a good illustration of autonomy. I can assure those who talk of secession that there is no "gulf fixed" between Ireland and America in consequence of the latter having declared for legislative independence. Why should there be, indeed? Our bond of union has not been one of "red-tape." United in aim and aspiration, we stand to-day as we stood before. Outward forms may change as necessities arise, the inner attitude remains unchanged; it alone gives strength and power, it is the attitude of the Soul. What matter if India, Europe, America, Australia, have each separate administrative organizations with full legislative powers, if they are joined hand and heart with one common object? Let each answer.

* * *

Conventions are generally supposed to have "keynotes." I would suggest that the "keynote" of the 1895 Convention be "HOME-RULE." Wherever we turn, we find that experience shows federal government to be too cumbersome and unwieldy for practical purposes. Business usually becomes so congested that progress is impossible. In the T. S. we have had, within the past twelve months especially, striking example of this. Let us, then, take advantage of a unique opportunity, and "go in" for autonomy. The "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" would make a good and fitting title. We need not slavishly follow America in every detail in framing a Constitution; but we certainly should endeavor to have a Constitution as simple and practicable as possible, and theirs is, to my thinking, a model of simplicity. Branches on the continent, wherever strong enough to have an independent organization, should become perfectly autonomous also, and if desirable affiliate with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland." Wherever there are Lodges outside of Great Britain and Ireland not strong enough to have a separate administrative organization, and where there exists no T. S. affiliated—as indicated above—they could become federated with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" on the same conditions as Lodges within its territory. The important thing to remember is: that the theosophical movement circles the world, and that it is not confined to the organizations that go under that name. There are probably

more outside the T. S. than in it doing Master's work. We are not building for to-day only, so that we need not be in too great a hurry to do all the work at once. Let us take as comprehensive a view of things as possible, and we will have more time to laugh. "One of the wants of the age is more laughter." A greater appreciation of the humorous side of things might have saved much of the trouble of the past year. Suppose we began the Convention with a good hearty laugh. I think the effect would be magical. All we want is the presence of the Supreme Humorist.

* * *

A feature of our General Secretary's report will necessarily differ this year from previous ones. I refer to that dealing with the wonderful "consumption of paper" by the H. P. B. Press. To regret the altered circumstances would be foolish (would it be theosophical?). There are so many fields and pastures left unexplored, that the cessation of one form of activity may be but the opening to other forms even more desirable, and leave many free to go in search of treasures "rich and rare" that lie awaiting the explorer. Consumption of paper is certainly not everything; on the contrary, it is of little value compared with the quality of the work produced. Much of our work in this direction has been of a tentative and temporary character; we will have to turn our attention to work of a more enduring nature that will be good as literature, and command attention. Literature, art, music and the drama, will all have yet to be enlisted in the service of Theosophy. Translations from Sanskrit, Greek, Spanish and French will have to be done, as well as original work. In fact, the work has already commenced.

* * *

Delegates to former Conventions, who turned in to the H. P. B. Press to see the "wheels go round," will remember the faithful worker who was responsible for the "ten tons" of work produced. Excellent as the work was, it but afforded opportunity for one phase of Brother Pryse's abilities. He has lately been engaged on work of a different character. From what I have seen of it, I can assure our readers that, if nothing occurs to interrupt, a treat lies in store for them if they care, when the time comes, to take advantage of it. He is busy unearthing "treasures."

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE regular weekly public meetings have, as usual in this Lodge, come to a close for the summer months, to be resumed in September. The Monday evening group for study of *The Secret Doctrine* will, however, meet as usual from 8.30 to 9.30.

The midsummer meeting of the Lodge for consideration of agenda relating to the Annual Convention in London, and other business, will be on Wednesday evening the 19th inst., punctually at 8.30. As important matters affecting the welfare of the movement will come up for discussion it is hoped that there will be a very full attendance.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

The Irish Theosophist.

THE WISDOM OF THE "FIRST PEOPLE."

WHILE many members of the European T. S., fondly imagining themselves to be the elect of the race, have been throwing away their opportunities for effective work, and in the clamor of denouncing each other, the din of personal recrimination, have all but forgotten the three objects for which alone the Society was organized, many an "outsider" of strong soul and clear sight has been working steadily and successfully along the exact lines pointed out to us by H. P. B. Among others is J. Curtin, whose *Hero Tales of Ireland*, though solely the result of independent investigation and thought, surpasses in wealth of material and depth of insight the entire hierarchy of meagre books, with pretentious titles, which of late years have almost destroyed the literary reputation of the European T. S. Since the glad days when the pens of H. P. B. and M. C. flew over paper and made our souls rejoice, not a book, or even a pamphlet, has been published inside the Society that would repay more than a cursory glance; and but for the contributions of American members and of the "outsiders" our library shelves would remain painfully empty of new works on Theosophical subjects. Mr. Curtin seems deeply impressed with the importance of rescuing, without delay, what still survives of primitive beliefs in record and tradition before time and materialism have obliterated them. He has supplemented his researches into Keltic literature by working eight years among the American Indians, whose traditions he considers the most complete he has yet met with. He says:

"The Creation myth of the New World is of great value: for by its aid we can reconstruct that early system of belief which was common to all races; which has one meaning, and was, in the fullest sense of the word, one—a religion truly Catholic and Œcumenical, for it was believed in by all people, wherever resident, and believed in with a vividness of faith which few civilized men can even imagine.

"The 'First People' of the Indian tales correspond to the earliest Gods of the Keltic and other races. For ages these 'People' lived together in harmony. But in each imperceptibly some mysterious change was going on, and at last conflicts arose among them.

"Some few of these Gods in whom no passion developed remained undifferentiated: they either went above the sky, or sailed away westward to where the sky comes down, and beyond, to a pleasant region where they live in delight. Of the majority, however, the struggles were gigantic, for the first people had mighty power; they had also wonderful perception and knowledge. They felt the approach of friends or enemies even at a distance; they knew the thought in another's heart. If one of them expressed a wish it was accomplished immediately; nay, if he even thought of a thing it was there before him. As the result of their conflicts came the Fall of the Gods, and all were forced to enter some lower form. Thus every individual is a divinity, but a divinity under sentence, weighed down by fate, with a history behind him extending back along the whole line of experience.

"During the period of struggles the Gods organized institutions, social and religious, according to which they lived. These are bequeathed to man; and nothing that an Indian has is of human invention, all is divine. An avowed innovation would be looked on as sacrilege. The Indian lives in a world prepared by the Gods, and follows in their footsteps—that is the only morality, the one pure and holy religion.

"These accounts of the life of the world before this, as given in the tales, were delivered in one place and another by some of these 'former people,' who were the last to be transformed and who found means to give needful instruction to men.

"To sum up, we may say that the Indian tales reveal to us a whole system of religion, philosophy and social polity, and from what is known of the mind of antiquity, we may affirm as a theory that primitive beliefs in all places are of the same system essentially as the American."

Orthodox mythologists and folk-lorists, glamored by the eighth-race aura with which Darwin got saturated during his investigation of the luckless eighth-race folk caged in the Regent's Park Zoo, interpret all ancient legendary lore on the theory of the worship of objective natural phenomena by "primitive" men who gnawed bones in caves and hollow tree-trunks. Against this repulsive notion, caught by Darwin and his followers from the thought-aura of baboons, we place the legends of all ancient peoples, who unanimously declare that out of the God-world man stepped full-formed, with the aura divine enfold-

ing him like a mantle, and the sacred Word of magic vibrant in his breast. Only as man lets the divine light die out within him does he fall progressively into the ritualistic worshipper, the materialist, the cave-dweller, the ape. In one of the oldest manuscripts found in Guatemala the first men are thus described:

"Men perfect and beautiful, whose form was the form of the divine man. Thought *was*, and went outward; they saw, and directly their glance was raised their vision embraced all things; the entire world they knew, and when they contemplated it their sight flashed in an instant from the vault of heaven to behold anew the surface of the earth. All the most hidden things they saw at will, without needing to move first; and when also they cast their eyes on this outer world they saw also all that it contains. Gentle was the appearance of these races, soft the language of these peoples, and great was their wisdom. Now, all had but one language; they did not yet invoke either wood or stone, and they remembered only the Word of the Creator and the Fashioner, of the Heart of the Heavens and Heart of the Earth. They spoke, in meditating, of that which the rising of the sun conceals; and filled with the sacred Word, filled with love, obedience and reverence, they made their requests" (*Popol Vuh*).

CAMPEON.

UNCOMFORTABLE BROTHERS.

TO ONE OF THEM.

"To freedom you are called, Brothers!—only that your freedom be not a pretext for the flesh. But serve each other by love. But if you bite each other and eat each other, take care that you are not exterminated by each other.

"I say: Act according to Spirit, and you will not obey the cravings of the flesh. Because the flesh wills what opposes Spirit; and Spirit, what opposes flesh. They oppose each other, so that you do not do what you would. But if you are led by Spirit, then you are not under law.

"The doings of the flesh are known, they are: unlawful sexual passion, sexual self-indulgence, impurity, self-indulgence; serving idols, sorcery; animosity, quarrels, envy, anger, contests, discord, separation, detestation; murder, drunkenness, disorder, and things like these; I warn you, as I warned you before, that they who act like this will not inherit the divine kingdom.

"But the harvest of Spirit: love, joy, peace, tolerance, gracious-

ness, charitableness, faith, gentleness, self-control: over these things there is no law."—THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

You say that you would willingly make an end of it, go away, and have done with these Uncomfortable Brothers once for all.

Yes, it would be easy enough, and a great relief perhaps, to be rid of this Uncomfortable Brotherhood; but what about the still more Uncomfortable Brotherhood that you were born into, and entered with no apparent choice of your own?—the Brotherhood of mankind. To this greater Brotherhood you are bound, you are tied hand and foot, and there is no prospect at all that your bonds will ever be unloosed.

No one who knows anything of this greater Brotherhood, and all of us perforce must know a good deal of it, will deny that there are in it Uncomfortable Brothers enough, and a large variety among them.

There are Uncomfortable Brothers who love to make daggers, and curved swords, and knives with ragged edges, to be presently thrust, with the keenest enjoyment, through each other's ribs and hearts. From Uncomfortable Brothers like these you would gladly separate yourself; yet, by your involuntary birth in the greater Brotherhood, you are bound to them, tied to them hand and foot, and there is no prospect at all that your bonds will ever be unloosed.

Then there are Uncomfortable Brothers who steal, and lie in wait for each other, and cheat, and by all possible means seek to rob each other of the fruit of their lawful or unlawful labours. Of them, too, you would doubtless gladly be rid; yet you are bound to them, tied to them, and there is no prospect that your bonds will be unloosed.

And again there are Uncomfortable Brothers who, to gratify all sorts of unholy passions, to satisfy all sorts of dark and midnight cravings, will hesitate at no cruelty or knavery, or uncleanness. Here, again, you would doubtless gladly be quit of these Uncomfortable Brothers of yours, yet you seem to me to be so bound and tied to them that there is no prospect at all of your ever getting separated from them.

Then there are Uncomfortable Brothers, perhaps the most uncomfortable of all, who, for the sake of their truth and for the sake of their goodness, would use every effort to strangle your truth and your goodness; who would bind your thought, and fetter your heart, and lay chains on your soul; nay, who would and did and will again, at the first possibility, put chains and fetters on your body, and prepare for you the rack and the thumbscrew and the stake, in the cool of the morning; prepare them, and apply them too, till there is nothing left of you but

a handful of ashes, until you are born again among them to your sorrow. From these last Uncomfortable Brothers, you would gladly escape and be rid of them, without any question at all; yet it seems again that you are so bound and tied to them that there is no hope at all of your ever getting away.

It seems, therefore, that, quite against your will, you have fallen into a very discreditable Brotherhood indeed; a Brotherhood that private opinion and public opinion, and every other opinion, including that of each Uncomfortable Brother about all the others, will without hesitation condemn, and with very little hesitation denounce. Yet to this quite discreditable Brotherhood it seems to me you are so tied and bound, as indeed we all are, quite as much as you, that there is no prospect at all of your or our bonds being unloosed for ever.

And as it is impossible for you and for us to get away from this discreditable Brotherhood, it seems to me that there are only two courses open to us: to bend our eyes only on what divides us from these Uncomfortable Brothers, to look only at our points of difference; or to bend our eyes only on what unites us, to look only at our points of union.

In other words, we may follow the course that the Chief of Sinners—who felt himself to be a very Uncomfortable Brother indeed—has called the way of the flesh: animosity, quarrels, envy, anger, contests, discord, separation, detestation.

Or we may follow the course that he has called the way of Spirit: love, joy, peace, tolerance, graciousness, charitableness, faith, gentleness.

These are the two ways. And I do not think that you have any doubt, that we have any doubt in our heart of hearts as to which of these two ways will, in the long run, be most effectual towards making this discreditable Brotherhood a little more creditable, towards bringing a measure of comfort to these Uncomfortable Brothers.

And it seems to me that in their credit and comfort lies your only hope and ours, for we are bound and tied to them, hand and foot, soul and body, and there seems no prospect at all that our bonds will ever be unloosed, either here or there, either now or at the end of ends.

And if you come to look at it in this way of good-natured tolerance, of charitableness, of graciousness, this way of Spirit, as the Chief of Sinners called it, you will begin to see that each of your Uncomfortable Brothers has a case of his own, a truth of his own, a rightness of his own.

The first, the Brother of daggers, is really, in a blind way, fighting for the divine and inviolable Self; when he comes to see the Self in all

beings, he will find a wiser way of doing its work. And we have no real doubt in our hearts which conduct of ours, the way of the flesh—detestation—or the way of Spirit—love—will sooner bring this Uncomfortable Brother to the wiser way of looking at things.

And the Uncomfortable Brothers who lie in wait for each other, who would satisfy all kinds of dark and midnight cravings, they are really, in the blindest way, trying to give expression to the Self which is bliss. And here again we have no real doubt which of the two ways is likely to bring them to a more comfortable and more creditable mind.

Even the most Uncomfortable Brother of all, the Brother of the thumbscrew, is only trying to give expression to the Self which is Truth. Some day he will learn that Truth is reality, that the highest reality is oneness, that the expression of oneness is not detestation but love; and that this love's companions are joy, peace, graciousness, charitableness, gentleness, and other qualities far enough apart from thumbscrews.

So that, if you rightly look at it, each of your discreditable, Uncomfortable Brothers is only following his highest truth for the time being; is only trying after his highest good.

For it is a law of pretty wide extent that a man cannot help trying for his highest good; can help it as little as a dog can help trying for the largest and nicest of two bones. If you have tried it you will agree—if you have not it is worth trying—that the best way to wean a dog from a bone that is objectionable to you, is not to lay hold of the other end and pull, but rather to offer him a bigger, nicer, and more tempting bone.

So with your Uncomfortable Brother; show him a less discreditable highest good, and he will presently leave his own way to follow the better. In other words, try the way of union, not of discord. And if you have no more creditable highest good to tempt your Brother, then be counselled, leave him to himself, and he will presently find a new and better highest good for himself; one, perhaps, in advance of yours, and which you will therefore have the pleasure and advantage of following too.

So that, Uncomfortable Brother, be counselled to follow the largest tolerance, not sour and supercilious at all, but good-natured, genial, full of understanding and sympathy, full of graciousness, charitableness, gentleness. This is the only way, as you in your heart of hearts know, by which this great discreditable Brotherhood to which we all belong may, some day, after a long time, be won to a better and sweeter mind.

A truce with evil? Toleration of evil-doers? Yes, or rather a truce, a lasting peace with your Brothers, from whom by no chance or accident you will ever be separated, even at the end of time.

For there is no evil but stupidity, but the seeing of the highest good in the wrong places; there is no stupidity like discord, and no cure for discord but—well, the answer to that you know well enough yourself.

“He who beholds all beings in Self, and in all beings beholds Self, thereafter censures none.

“In whom all beings have become Self through wisdom, for him what delusion, what sorrow is there, beholding Oneness?”

This, therefore, is the counsel of an often equally Uncomfortable Brother.

C. J.

A DREAM.

I DREAMT I stood in a beautiful glen, with flowers and ferns abounding, birds twittering, and the sound of a running stream making soft murmur in my ears. All was music. By my side was one, fair as a god, winning in manner, with speech soft, sweet and flowing; he was telling his love, and I—I returned that love as one fascinated, yet with a strange inward shrinking. Not far away stood his mother, tall and stately, clad in flowing garments, watching. Presently he asked me if I loved him and would promise myself to him, and though as he pleaded something within me repelled, yet my great love conquered, and I gave the promise. He threw his arms around me and pressed his lips to mine; then swift at the touch my soul awoke, and I knew it was no god I loved, but a devil. With all the strength of my will I recalled that promise, and tried to withdraw myself from his embrace. Then his mother, watching there, seeing that I knew and was inwardly strong, stretched out her arms and waved them with strong gestures fiercely around her. At once all was black darkness; I was thrown violently to the ground; tongues of flame darted round me, lightning flashed, thunder shook the very earth; great shapes arose living, moving, terrible—twisted, curled, and then shrieking, hissing, roaring, flaming, exploded and disappeared, giving place to things still more awful and venomous. I struggled violently to escape, but held firmly in the terrible clutches of these creatures, I could not. How can I tell of the horrible tortures these hellish legions inflicted on me: their very hand-touch was as a flaming sword passing through me. And I seemed to know that if I would but say in my heart, “I yield,” all this would

cease; but I dare not say it, so fierce a power stirred in me, and through fearful sufferings I held firm, till suddenly these fiends left me, writhing on the brown earth in agony, and then—all was blank. . . .

I awoke; my hands were wet with clammy moisture; I lay exhausted, restless, haunted with the horror of my dream. The little clock on the mantel chimed three—I felt relieved, those notes somehow seemed sweet as a companion's voice. A little while and I slept again.

I found myself in a great, wandering old place, curiously built—past and present, ancient, mediæval and modern shapes mingled and confused—situated in a rocky wild, cragged and formless. It was filled with women—some old, some young, the faded and the beautiful side by side. And as I looked on them, I knew all had been deceived as I, but had been conquered, and now were slaves though no chains bound them and they seemed to know it not, half unwilling, half unhappy, yet not wholly discontented with their lot. I wandered about lonely, for I had nothing in common with the others; a great longing was in my heart to escape. Soon I became aware that passing in and out amongst the women were the dread mother and son, those fiends wearing human form, and ever as they passed they struck and jeered at me. Nowhere could I rest, for, unlike my companions, my pillow would be beset by large beetles or horrible crawling things, and I must still wander on, worn and weary. So some time passed—I know not how long—until at length I became conscious that there was a symbol by which I could force a passage from this bondage and save myself. Then I was seeking, ever seeking. At last I met four unhappy creatures who desired to escape too, but weak and miserable, lacked the hope and strength to try. One day, as I longed with eager longing to be free, there was borne into my mind the symbol of the cross, and I knew it was the weapon of self-defence I had been so long seeking. With swift trembling hands I fashioned out of a piece of cane a cross or sword, and grasping it tightly in front of me, full of hope, I set out on my journey. The perils that beset me I cannot describe. I know that I passed through winding passages, down tortuous stairways, the fiend himself following, lurking in corners, darting out at me, striving to make me fall or so frighten me that I might drop the cross, for with that he was powerless to harm or touch me; but clutching the symbol I pressed on and on, slipping and stumbling almost at every step, my heart now beating high with hope, now sinking with dread and fear. At last, oh, joy! I was free and unharmed; I stood beneath the starlit sky, the cool, pure nightwind seeming to whisper sweet welcome, my being pulsating with joy and thankfulness. Suddenly I became sick

with horror, for I remembered those four trembling, unhappy weaklings whom I had left behind. How could I rejoice while. . . . I turned, grasping the cross firmly, and filled with desire to help them, went back. I felt strong with a great strength; dangers and horrors that before had nearly broken me now scarce caused a start. Back through those perils into that dreary rocky waste of dead aspiration I went, and then returned with those poor fainting souls. As I emerged with the little band, a ray of rosy light stole gently over the eastern horizon, a bird's sweet call rang out from a neighbouring tree; the light and the note were in our hearts, for we knew we were delivered from hell.

P. G. T.

BROTHERHOOD.

TWILIGHT a blossom grey in shadowy valleys dwells:
 Under the radiant dark the deep blue-tinted bells
 In quietness reimage heaven within their blooms,
 Sapphire and gold and mystery. What strange perfumes,
 Out of what deeps arising, all the flower-bells fling,
 Unknowing the enchanted odorous song they sing!
 Oh, never was an eve so living yet: the wood
 Stirs not but breathes enraptured quietude.
 Here in these shades the Ancient knows itself, the Soul,
 And out of slumber waking starts unto the goal.
 What bright companions nod and go along with it!
 Out of the teeming dark what dusky creatures flit!
 That through the long leagues of the island night above
 Come wandering by me, whispering and beseeching love,—
 As in the twilight children gather close and press
 Nigh and more nigh with shadowy tenderness,
 Feeling they know not what, with noiseless footsteps glide
 Seeking familiar lips or hearts to dream beside.
 Oh, voices, I would go with you, with you, away,
 Facing once more the radiant gateways of the day;
 With you, with you, what memories arise, and nigh
 Trampling the crowded figures of the dawn go by;
 Dread deities, the giant powers that warred on men
 Grow tender brothers and gay children once again;
 Fades every hate away before the Mother's breast
 Where all the exiles of the heart return to rest.

R.

A BASIS FOR BROTHERHOOD.

MANY have wondered how the study of ancient religions, philosophies and sciences, and the knowledge of the psychic powers latent in man, could in any way help forward that universal brotherhood, to work for which is the foremost aim of the Theosophical Society. In an ideal state, the love of a man for his comrade would be natural, and without motive; love would be part of life. But we have so far departed from the elemental attributes of being, that I do not slander men when I say that it is much easier to be indifferent than interested; our hates are more passionate than our loves. For one born into an age with universal coldness of heart as his heritage, but one thing remains, and that is to do his duty.

Now our conception of duty must depend upon our knowledge, and he to whom this last wish remains, must study the development of society, and the nature of the units of which it is composed. I do not think that there can be found any real basis for altruism in the speculations of modern science.

It coldly shows the necessity of coöperation in order that the Self may exist, but there is nothing in such a knowledge to give birth to that divine heroism which flings self-interest aside, when the interests of others are concerned. I do not mean to say that among materialists heroism does not exist; we all know it does, but it is in spite of their creed, and because man in his essence is good, not evil. One feels a strange reverence arise for that which has worked unceasingly for others, with no chilling of tenderness because no reward, or fruition of life, seemed possible in the hereafter. How many of those whose names are foremost now in philanthropic effort because their creed promises them much, would work as Charles Bradlaugh did, and as others have done, if they too had no belief in a future state? I had better not think it out. Returning to those whose opinions are founded upon the theories of modern science alone, I say, if love does not already exist, there is nothing in their creed which would make altruism a duty—that which ought from the nature of things to be done. We must look elsewhere for a conception of a nobler scheme of things. Having satisfied ourselves that little light can be thrown upon our spiritual life by a study of force and matter alone, we should make sure that we have reasons for our belief in spirit, and that it is not a mere will-o'-the-wisp we are following.

The examination of a few of the simpler experiments in hypnotism, if well considered will, I think, be sufficient for this purpose. They show clearly that within the mind there are agencies at work which the physicist cannot explain; factors in the evolution of man undreamt of by the Darwinian; for it is clear that in the scheme of development conceived of by Darwin, where the life evolved departs suddenly from the normal line, there is no provision made for intellectual sanity or clearness of vision. Hypnotic experiments show, on the contrary, that people who in the normal condition are ignorant or dull, show great powers of imagination: the faculty of vision becomes something almost miraculous in its acuteness, and there is a similar increase of intensity in the other faculties. This is beyond question, and is quite sufficient as evidence without investigating any of the rarer phenomena, such as clairvoyant vision, diagnosis of disease, or the appearance of the "double." The development of these powers not being due to conscious effort on the part of the individual who displays them, they must belong to a different stream of evolution. To put it shortly, while matter has been evolving upwards, ever tending towards rarer and finer forms and essences, capable of interpreting spirit; spirit has been involving itself into matter, following a line of development of its own, and it is from a knowledge of these forces, so potent for good or for evil, that our conceptions of duty must arise, and the brotherhood of humanity be built up in the ages to follow ours.

The methods of investigation employed in Europe, admirable for their accuracy in dealing with physical things, have been most barren of result touching the problems of life and mind. We meet everywhere confessions of inability to determine their character; they fall within the region of the "unknowable." Confessedly, then, as the bridge between mind and matter is impassible to the scientist, we must adopt other than material instruments and means in our search; and here the study of ancient literatures, sciences and religions helps us. The modern scientific investigator has, in his search, gone further and further away from the primeval fountain of life, and sits bewildered amid deserts of barren matter of his own creation, while those, to whom matter has been but a passing illusion, have laid hold of the eternal.

I do not propose to make any analysis of the different religious systems. In their essence they are identical, though they differ somewhat from each other in the application of their ideal to life and conduct. They all postulate one universal, eternal life, from which all things proceed. This life periodically manifests, and as it outbreathes

a great drama begins, in which Gods and men take part: worlds are generated, sphere within sphere,

And beauty, wisdom, love and youth,
By its enchantment gathered grow
In age-long wandering to the Truth,
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

From this it would follow that all life in its essence is one, and we should therefore expect to find that, the more spiritual self-consciousness was aroused, the more this unity would be felt, and from a deeper life there would come a wider vision.

It would seem that there is a law in these things; that every man must *become* for himself that life before he *knows* its meaning. But this at least he can know: that the way is clear. With the multitude of things observed by men of science, there is not one fact which contradicts this unity of life, and the intimate connection between mind and mind. In the *Journal of the Psychical Research Society*, January, 1884, we find that Society claims "to have proved the reality of thought transference; of the transmission of thoughts, feelings, and images from one mind to another by no recognized channel of sense." It has been no hasty conclusion; hundreds of the most carefully conducted experiments have proved that this psychic connection between mind and mind is no mere theory, but a fact in nature. Thoughts, feelings and images are communicable, not alone by speech and gesture, but also by the inherent energy of silent will. These do not pass in a miraculous way without bridge or medium of communication. A substance which we may call ether is diffused through space; it receives and registers these images generated in the mind, and its currents are capable of being controlled and directed by the will. This is the memory of nature, the "book of life" of the Apocalypse. It is a vast storehouse in which are garnered up all the thoughts and feelings of men: not an action is unnoticed. All that is noble, all that is base; the god-like visions of the poet; love and consuming hatred; strange fantasies; the brooding of despair; all that men desire, are caught and pictured in this universal ether which surges around and breaks in upon the consciousness of men.

(*To be continued.*)

COUNTRESS WACHTMEISTER'S OPINION IN 1894.

[COPY.]

P. O. BOX 26, SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

June 2nd, 1895.

Dr. Buck.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I would like to say a preliminary to what follows, that personally I am very fond of Countess Wachtmeister, and only write the following because I consider it duty pure and simple. If at any time W. Q. J. or yourself should consider it testimony that should be made public, do so. It is at your disposal, make what use of it you choose.—Faternally,

L. A. RUSSELL, *Sec. St. Cruz T. S.*

In May, 1894, during the lecture tour the Countess Wachtmeister made through California, I had the pleasure of accompanying her from Santa Cruz to Watsonville.

Knowing her to be an earnest student of Theosophy and a pupil of H. P. B., I naturally confided to her some personal experiences and asked her opinion. I told the Countess I had tried to tell the same experiences to Mrs. Besant but could gain nothing from her. Countess Wachtmeister, after listening to all the facts of the case, advised me to write just what I had related to her to W. Q. Judge, as he was a more experienced occultist than Mrs. Besant, cautioning me not to act in any way without consulting Mr. Judge, as he was the only person who could decide upon it.

The day before the Countess left Watsonville we were sitting together visiting. Looking up, she said to me: "I am writing to Judge concerning X. [a gentleman of our Branch who was gifted in oratory and had previously worked along humanitarian lines] asking Judge to take him under his especial charge"; as she thought if he could be brought under theosophical influences he would be of great use in the T. S., and through the T. S. his gifts would be of service to humanity.

I asked her why she did not correspond with him herself, as he had met her and seemed very much drawn toward her.

The Countess's answer was: "I do not feel myself competent to even assist such a turbulent nature as X. has." Then referring to what Claude F. Wright had accomplished under Mr. Judge's training, she

turned from her letter, faced me, saying in a most decided and earnest manner: "Do you not know that W. Q. Judge is the greatest living occultist known to the Western world since H. P. B.'s death?"

L. A. RUSSELL.

REVIEW.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA. Translated by Annie Besant. [Theosophical Publishing Society, London.]

THIS is another instance of the tireless energy with which Mrs. Besant pursues her ideals. To make familiar to English-speaking people the noblest of books in Indian sacred literature, this translation has been made. It is most convenient in size, and its price (in paper, 6d.) is unprecedented in works of this character. We could have wished, however, that for the purpose of popularizing the *Gîtâ* some one of the many translations already existing could have been utilized. An accomplishment Mrs. Besant has not acquired is the writing of good English. Her sentences are often tortured and involved beyond reason or grammar, and sometimes are simply barbarous, an effect due to her habit of leaving Sanskrit words in a state of semi-translation, as here:

"Whence hath this dejection befallen thee in this perilous strait un-âryan. Svarga-closing, infamous, O Arjuna?"

There is a sentence for you! There are many like it. We fail to see what advantage is gained by the use of words such as "Manas," "Buddhi," asuric," "Svarga," which occur on every page and convey but a faint meaning or none at all to readers unversed in Sanskrit. If Mrs. Besant wished to convey the precise shade of meaning which ought to be attached to our words "mind," "understanding," "demoniac" and "heaven," she could have used footnotes to give the Sanskrit term and any further definition she thought necessary. We hope that in future editions the Sanskrit words will drop to the bottom of the page, and the despised English equivalents be promoted from the footnotes into the text.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE EUROPEAN SECTION T. S.

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the European Section T. S. was called to order on Thursday morning, July 4th, at 10 o'clock, at Portman Rooms, Baker Street, London. The chair was taken by the President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott.

Mr. Jameson (Bow Lodge) pointed out that, according to the Rules of European Section it was necessary to elect a chairman from the

meeting, and at same time formally moved that Colonel Olcott take the chair. This was seconded by a delegate.

Mr. Mellis (Liverpool Lodge): "I protest against Colonel Olcott occupying the chair at this Convention until we have investigated the charges brought against him by Mrs. Besant, because while those charges rest on him he is not a fit and proper person to preside at this meeting."

Mrs. Besant: "I rise to say that I have brought no charges of any kind against Col. Olcott, and therefore the statement made is not the fact."

Election of Secretaries and roll-call of Branches was then proceeded with.

Mr. Bertram Keightley was received as delegate of the Indian Section, and Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett as a delegate from "the intended new Section in America." A telegram was also produced from the General Secretary, Australasian Section, sending greetings on behalf of Australian Branches.

Minutes of last Convention were taken as read.

Colonel Olcott then proceeded to read his address. He gave a rough sketch of the Society's history, and the powers conferred on him by the Council in America, ignoring the fact that such powers not having been given in accordance with the by-laws of the parent Society, were illegal. He referred to the "Judge case" and the "secession" of the American Section, and suggested that those who were dissatisfied with what he had said should appeal to the General Council. He also referred to the "dastardly and iniquitous action" of those who brought charges against the private character of an official, especially when the accused made "no pretence of superior sanctity" (loud and prolonged applause). Considering his attitude in the "Judge case," this could not be taken as referring to Mrs. Besant's action in bringing charges of a private character against Mr. Judge as an official. It was evidently a reference to the charges brought against himself by Mrs. Besant, his address having been prepared before Mrs. Besant's public denial in Convention. He concluded his address by making various suggestions to the "discontented minority" within the Section as to what steps they might take to obtain sectional autonomy, at the same time making it quite clear that they would not be permitted to have any connection with the new Society in America.

The next business was the arrangement of programme and under this head Dr. Keightley moved and Mr. Dick seconded that the resolution standing in Dr. Coryn's name on the agenda, to consider the legal status of the Section as related to "Parent Body" should be taken immediately following "Reports of other Departments of Theosophical Work."

Colonel Olcott proceeded to argue against the resolution, at same time ruling Dr. Keightley's motion for precedence out of order.

After some discussion, it was moved by Mr. Hargrove and seconded by Mr. J. T. Campbell, "That this meeting begs to dissent from the ruling of the Chairman, who has ordered that Dr. Coryn's resolution be not taken." This was put to the vote and lost by thirty-nine to fourteen.

The next business was reading of "Letters of Greeting." Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett read a letter of greeting from some American Branches.

Mr. Dick (Dublin) then moved and Mr. Jameson seconded that the letter of greeting from the T. S. in America be read.

Colonel Olcott ruled this out of order, owing to a technical inaccuracy in the way it was addressed.

The matter was discussed for some time, and on a vote being taken it was decided that the letter should be read. Colonel Olcott then read the letter.

Mr. Dick then moved that a reply be drafted to the letter that had been read, as it was asked, and expected from the Convention. This was seconded by Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Jameson then spoke at some length in support of the motion.

Mrs. Besant then moved as an amendment: "That the letter do lie on the table," and supported the motion by a long speech. Mr. Firth (Bradford) seconded.

Colonel Olcott ruled all reply out of order, and on the amendment being put it was carried by thirty-nine to thirteen, as reported from the chair.

Colonel Olcott proposed that business be proceeded with.

Mr. Hargrove (H. P. B. Lodge) then rose on a question of privilege and asked to make a statement, which was as follows:

"I have to protest on behalf of some others, who perhaps will speak with me by rising from their seats [a large number of members here rose], against the action taken by this Convention in rejecting the address presented to us by the Theosophical Society in America [shame]. The address has been laid on the table, which really means a rejection of their brotherly overtures, because they ask us to answer it and the majority here present have declined. They hold out to us the hand of brotherhood. You have laid that hand down. As a Convention we have refused to accept it. And now we beg to say that, in our opinion, this action has been the final abandonment by the majority of this Section, of the fundamental basis upon which we are working [hear, hear]. I said 'the final'—I am corrected, and it is a good correction—not final, but temporary, we will hope.

"But so long as these views are held by any majority, it is a mere farce for us to continue together, since we are not working for the same object.

"We protest, then, on this point of brotherhood. The majority have continually rejected each friendly overture and suggestion: first by refusing to even consider Dr. Coryn's resolution; now by refusing to reply to the overtures made by the Theosophical Society in America. We protest, and I believe for the last time [hear, hear]. We will now leave the meeting." [A large number of delegates and members then left the room.]

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE.

(ORGANIZED AUTONOMOUSLY AS SUCH.)

FOLLOWING the proceedings above reported, the delegates, members of Branches and unattached members who had found it necessary to protest against the action of the "European Section T. S.," first, in rejecting the resolution of Dr. Coryn to consider the legal relation of the so-called "European Section T. S." to the Parent Society established at New York in 1875, and second, the refusal to send a fraternal

reply to the letter of greeting sent by the T. S. in America, assembled at the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm, 23, Great Cumberland Place, W., who had, with her usual kindness and courtesy, set apart the necessary accommodation for their use. On the meeting being called to order Dr. Coryn was elected chairman, and D. N. Dunlop was elected secretary to the meeting.

Dr. Coryn called upon the Secretary to read Preamble and Resolutions, which were moved and seconded.

After some discussion a Committee was appointed to draft a new Preamble, to be submitted to the meeting.

The first resolution was then considered separately :

"That the members of the 'European Section T. S.' here assembled hereby declare their complete autonomy, and that from and after this date this new organization shall be called 'the Theosophical Society in Europe.'"

Various suggestions and proposals were made regarding the name, and after a lengthened discussion the following Committee of delegates and representatives were selected to consider the question of legal status and name: Dr. Keightley (H. P. B. Lodge), E. T. Hargrove (H. P. B. Lodge), Dr. Coryn (Brixton Lodge), C. H. Collings (Bow Lodge), F. J. Dick (Dublin Lodge), W. Jameson (Bow Lodge), Miss Morant (Blavatsky Lodge), H. Crooke (Southport), J. Hill (Liverpool), Dr. Packer (York), C. H. Rosher (Croydon Lodge), M. A. Opperman (Charleroi), R. Machell (Earl's Court), D. N. Dunlop (Dublin).

The Committee retired, and after about an hour's deliberation returned to make their report to the meeting.

Dr. Keightley as Chairman of Committee reported that they had considered the facts submitted in the Historical Sketch and decided unanimously that their connection with the Parent Society was *de facto* only and not *de jure*. They had then proceeded to consider the name and decided (Miss Morant dissenting) that the most suitable one was "The T. S. in Europe," the name of each country to follow in brackets. This report was put to the meeting and unanimously adopted.

Dr. Keightley, Dr. Coryn and D. N. Dunlop were then appointed a Committee to draft a Constitution. Miss Morant proposed that the same Committee should draft the preamble, in place of the one chosen earlier. This was agreed to and so ordered. The meeting then adjourned till Friday, July 5th, at 2 p.m.

The meeting reassembled on Friday at the hour appointed.

Dr. Coryn was elected chairman *pro tem.*, in the absence of Dr. Keightley.

D. N. Dunlop then read the following report on behalf of Committee on Preamble and Resolutions:

"WHEREAS, conditions have arisen within the body hitherto known as the 'European Section of the T. S.,' contrary to the principles of Universal Brotherhood, evidenced by its formal refusal, in Convention assembled, to reply to the fraternal letter of greeting sent by the T. S. in America, and

"WHEREAS, the 'European Section of the T. S.' in Convention assembled further formally refused to consider its legal status and connection with the Parent Society established in New York in 1875, notwithstanding the fact that a carefully prepared statement of the historical facts had been brought under the notice of its officials and members, and

"WHEREAS, the said historical statement clearly shows that 'The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,' with headquarters at Adyar, had none other than a *de facto* existence as related to the Parent Society founded in New York in 1875, and that the powers conferred on the President-Founder were not given in conformity with the Rules and By-Laws of said Parent Body, and

"WHEREAS, it is clear that there is nothing final or sacred in the external form of the T. S., and that new forms must be adopted to meet the requirements of the world-wide theosophical movement whenever and wherever required, and

"WHEREAS, the control of a central authority, as regards the movement as a whole, is no longer necessary, and

"WHEREAS, it is desirable that each national part of the movement shall be completely autonomous;

"Resolved, that the representatives of Branches of the so-called 'European Section T. S.' here assembled do hereby declare their complete autonomy, and that from and after this date the new organization shall be called 'The T. S. in Europe.'

"Resolved, that this meeting is the first Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe organized autonomously as such,

"Resolved, that the T. S. in Europe hereby places on record its appreciation of the long-continued services to the theosophical movement of Col. H. S. Olcott, and affirms his right to the honorary title of President-Founder of the Theosophical Society."

The Preambles and Resolutions were considered point by point, and on being moved and seconded and put to the Convention were carried unanimously.

Dr. Keightley, having arrived, then took the chair, and explained the difficulties experienced by the Committee on Constitution and how they had, after long deliberation, been overcome.

Secretary Dunlop was then called upon to read the new Constitution, the chief features of which are as follows:

(a) Objects:

1. To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, caste, sex or color.
2. To encourage the study of Eastern and other literatures, philosophies, sciences and religions, and to vindicate the importance of that study.
3. To investigate the psychic powers latent in man, and unexplained laws of nature.

(b) Complete autonomy for each national Branch or group of Branches.

(c) A President of the whole Society, elected annually.

(d) President's duties to be confined to ratifying existing charters and diplomas on application, and the issuing of new ones in countries where no Branch or group of Branches already exists.

(e) An Executive Council composed of members elected annually by each National Branch or group of Branches, one only for each country.

(f) Each Executive Councillor to perform the duty of the President, as regards issuing charters and diplomas for his own country.

(g) Annual Conventions.

(h) Perfect neutrality as regards beliefs or disbeliefs of members.

(i) Affiliation with other autonomous organizations of the T. S. not in Europe.

The following Resolution, having been moved and seconded, was

put to the Convention: "*Resolved*, that the Constitution hereby submitted be adopted, subject to further consideration at next Convention." This Resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman announced that the next business before the Convention was the election of President of the "T. S. in Europe."

Dr. Coryn moved and G. Mellis seconded "that William Q. Judge be President of the T. S. in Europe."

Dr. Keightley and other speakers supported the Resolution, and on being put to the meeting the whole assembly rose to their feet and carried it by acclamation and with great enthusiasm. The motion was quite unexpected, and some difficulties appeared at first; but on looking more closely into the provisions of the Constitution it seemed as if it had been specially drafted to suit such an arrangement. It was also felt by all present that, in view of the recent charges, it was a duty to the one who had "suffered most" and "expected least," and that the connection with the original body through one of its Co-Founders was thus ratified and established.

The Letter of Greeting from the "T. S. in America" to the "European Section T. S." was then considered, and E. T. Hargrove read a draft reply thereto. This was agreed to and accepted, subject to the altered conditions, and was ordered to be sent. On the question of our attitude towards other Societies pursuing the same or similar objects, it was moved by D. N. Dunlop and seconded by James M. Pryse that the following Proclamation be adopted and issued widely.

PROCLAMATION.

The Theosophical Society in Europe by its delegates and members in first Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of theosophical societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and coöperation.

To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race or religious belief, whose intentions aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of man and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose effort is directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

And lastly, it invites to its membership all those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *Path* to tread in this.

This was agreed to unanimously.

The first Annual Convention of the T. S. in Europe was then adjourned *sine die*.

The representatives of the English group of Branches then proceeded to elect officers for current year as follows: Dr. Keightley, President; W. A. Bulmer, Vice-President, and H. T. Edge, Treasurer; the

President having power to appoint such other assistants as the duties of his office required. President, Vice-President and Treasurer were then appointed to draft by-laws for the English group of Branches for use during current year.

The Irish delegates also met and proceeded to elect officers for their national division as follows: D. N. Dunlop, President; Geo. W. Russell, Vice-President; F. J. Dick, Treasurer.

After all the business of Convention was over Dr. and Mrs. Keightley submitted to those present evidence of an important character, which they had received since Mr. Judge's reply to the charges made against him was issued.

After the inspiring events of the day, the members met in the evening to talk over what was in their hearts. The storm had passed and there was a great calm. Want of space prevents a full report. Mrs. Keightley said there was no longer any doubt that the "living wedge" would cleave the darkness of the next century. Brothers Crooke, Mellis, Pryse, Oppermann, Russell, Coryn, Machell, Dunlop, Hargrove, Keightley and others also spoke.

NOTICES.

A VERBATIM report of the proceedings at Portman Rooms, up to the time that Brother Hargrove protested against the action of the Convention in refusing to reply to the letter of the T. S. in America, together with a report of the proceedings at the Convention of the T. S. in Europe, held at 23, Great Cumberland Place, including Resolutions, Constitution, etc., will be published as soon as possible.

Members on the roll of the "European Section T. S." on July 4th, 1895, desirous of coming under the Constitution of the T. S. in Europe should send their diplomas for endorsement by the President. Where Lodges are not unanimous, a new Lodge should be formed (five members are necessary for this), and application made for a charter under the Constitution of the T. S. in Europe.

Mr. Judge being President of the T. S. in Europe, all existing charters and diplomas of those accepting its Constitution, require endorsement by him. To facilitate the work they should all be sent, in the first place, to Dr. Keightley at 62, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Information regarding the new organization can be had from Dr. Keightley or H. T. Edge at above address; W. A. Bulmer, Eaglescliffe, Yarm-on-Tees, and from the office of this paper.

IMPORTANT.—Mr. Judge wrote to THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST in November last that, when the proper time arrived, events and circumstances would combine to speak for him. This is now being fulfilled. From many sources evidence is being sent in spontaneously. Those who have seen some of it declare that it entirely disposes of "the case against W. Q. Judge." It will, no doubt, all be published as soon as possible.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE [IRELAND].

3, Upper Ely Place.

THERE will be a special meeting at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, 17th inst.

Printed on "THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST" Press, 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.



THE SPEECH OF THE GODS.

"Master of the Green-waving Planisphere, it is thus we invoke thee."

The Irish Theosophist.

—"YES, AND HOPE."

They bring none to his or to her terminus or to be content and full,
Whom they take they take into space to behold the birth of stars, to learn one
of the meanings,
To launch off with absolute faith, to sweep through the ceaseless rings and
never be quiet again.—WHITMAN.

HERE is inspiration—the voice of the soul. And we, who professed to bring such wisdom, what have we to say? Have we uttered with equal confidence such hopes, or with such daring and amplitude of illustration? Let us confess we have not. There are one or two exceptions which will occur to everyone. Now, as we adventure afresh, let us see what it is has brought despondency and failure in our work upon us in the past. I think it is because we have been saying things we have never realized; we have been repeating without imagination the words of those few leaders. We have lowered their heroic tone because we thought we were speaking to a fallen people who could not respond to our highest. But it was not the way, it was not the way. It is not with the dust we have brotherhood, but with the ancient spirit it clouds over. To this spirit we must speak heart to heart as we know how. I would not willingly recognize aught in anyone but the divine. Often indeed the form or surface far removed from beauty makes us falter, and we speak to that form and so the soul is not stirred; it will not respond. But an equal temper arouses it. To whoever hails in it the lover, the hero, the magician, it will answer, but not to him who accosts it as *Mr. So-and-So*. Every word which really inspires is spoken as if the Golden Age had never passed. The great teachers ignore the personal identity and speak to the eternal pilgrim. Do we not treasure most their words which remind us of our divine origin? So we must in our turn speak. How often do we not long to break through the veils which divide us from some one, but custom, convention, or a fear of being misunderstood prevent us, and so the moment

departs whose heat might have burned through every barrier. Out with it—out with it, the hidden heart, the love that is voiceless, the secret tender germ of an infinite forgiveness. That speaks to the heart. That pierces through many a vesture of the Soul. Our companion struggles in some labyrinth of passion. We help him, we think, with ethics, with the moralities. Ah, very well they are; well to know and to keep, but wherefore? For their own sake? No, but that the King may arise in his beauty. We write that in letters, in books, but to the face of the fallen who brings back remembrance? Who calls him by his secret name? Let a man but feel for that is his battle, for that his cyclic labor, and a warrior who is invincible fights for him and he draws upon divine powers. Let us but get that way of looking at things which we call imaginative, and how everything alters. For our attitude to man and to nature, expressed or not, has something of the effect of ritual, of evocation. As our aspiration so is our inspiration. We believe in life universal, in a brotherhood which links the elements to man, and makes the glow-worm feel far off something of the rapture of the seraph hosts. Then we go out into the living world, and what influences pour through us! We are “at league with the stones of the field.” The winds of the world blow radiantly upon us as in the early time. We feel wrapt about with love, with an infinite tenderness that caresses us. Alone in our rooms as we ponder, what sudden abysses of light open within us! The Gods are so much nearer than we dreamed. We rise up intoxicated with the thought, and reel out seeking an equal companionship under the great night and the stars.

Let us get near to realities. We read too much. We think of that which is “the goal, the Comforter, the Lord, the Witness, the resting-place, the asylum and the Friend.” Is it by any of these dear and familiar names? Alas, our souls are becoming mere bundles of theories. We follow the trail of the *Monad*, but often it is only in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. And we talk much of *Atma*, *Buddhi* and *Manas*. Could we not speak of them in our own tongue and the language of to-day will be as sacred as any of the past. No wonder that the *Manasa* do not incarnate. We cannot say we do pay reverence to these awful powers. We repulse the living truth by our doubts and reasonings. We would compel the Gods to fall in with our philosophy rather than trust in the heavenly guidance. We make diagrams of them. Ah, to think of it, those dread deities, the divine Fires, to be so enslaved! We have not comprehended the meaning of the voice which cried, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord,” or this, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates. Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of

Glory shall come in.” Nothing that we read is useful unless it calls up living things in the soul. To read a mystic book truly is to invoke the powers. If they do not rise up plumed and radiant, the apparitions of spiritual things, then is our labor barren. We only encumber the mind with useless symbols. They knew better ways long ago. “Master of the Green-waving Planisphere, . . . Lord of the Azure Expanse, . . . it is thus we invoke,” cried the magicians of old.

And us, let us invoke them with joy, let us call upon them with love, the Light we hail, or the Divine Darkness we worship with silent breath, hymning it in our hearts with quietude and more enraptured awe. That silence cries aloud to the Gods. Then they will approach us. Then we may learn that speech of many colors, for they will not speak in our mortal tongue; they will not answer to the names of men. Their names are rainbow glories. Yet these are mysteries and they cannot be reasoned out or argued over. We cannot speak truly of them from report, or description, or from what another has written. A relation to the thing in itself alone is our warrant, and this means we must set aside our intellectual self-sufficiency and await guidance. It will surely come to those who wait in trust, a glow, a heat in the heart announcing the awakening of the Fire. And, as it blows with its mystic breath into the brain, there is a hurtling of visions, a brilliance of lights, a sound as of great waters vibrant and musical in their flowing, and murmurs from a single yet multitudinous being. In such a mood, when the far becomes near, the strange familiar, and the infinite possible, he wrote from whose words we get the inspiration:

“To launch off with absolute faith, to sweep through the ceaseless rings and never be quiet again.”

Such a faith and such an unrest be ours: faith which is mistrust of the visible; unrest which is full of a hidden surety and reliance. We, when we fall into pleasant places, rest and dream our strength away. Before every enterprise and adventure of the soul we calculate in fear our power to do. But remember, “Oh, disciple, in thy work for thy brother thou hast many allies; in the winds, in the air, in all the voices of the silent shore.” These are the far-wandered powers of our own nature and they turn again home at our need. We came out of the Great Mother-Life for the purposes of soul. Are her darlings forgotten where they darkly wander and strive? Never. Are not the lives of all her heroes proof? Though they seem to stand alone the eternal Mother keeps watch on them, and voices far away and unknown to them before arise in passionate defence, and hearts beat warm to help them. Aye, if we could look within we would see vast nature

stirred on their behalf, and institutions shaken, until the truth they fight for triumphs, and they pass, and a wake of glory ever widening behind them trails down the ocean of the years.

Thus the warrior within us works, or, if we choose to phrase it so, it is the action of the spiritual will. Shall we not, then, trust in it and face the unknown defiant and fearless of its dangers. Though we seem to go alone to the high, the lonely, the pure, we need not despair. Let no one bring to this task the mood of the martyr or of one who thinks he sacrifices something. Yet let all who will come. Let them enter the path, "Yes, and hope," facing all things in life and death with a mood at once gay and reverent, as befits those who are immortal—who are children to-day, but whose hands to-morrow may grasp the sceptre, sitting down with the Gods as equal and companions.

Æ.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

VIII.

COMRADES,—What you ask me of pertains to the mysteries. Therefore I must make answer in parable.

You say: "Who are the companions?"

It is said:

Before the aspirant can become one of the Companions, he shall have taken the vow of Poverty. Now this Poverty shall be intimate and interior.

And when one of them is attacked the Companions shall defend him, because he is their Brother. But they shall defend him without malice and without aggression, because he is their very Self.

In that Self are the aggrieved and the aggressor; the minute and the inexhaustible; the good, the evil and that which is the Cause of both.

Therefore the poverty of the Companions is that great humility of soul which manifests itself by the abandonment of results. It is not what the world calls humility, which is but another form of vanity arising from intense self-consciousness. By this is meant consciousness of the false self as "I," or perception confined to a reflected and distorted light. Study the laws of light on this plane and a clue will be manifest.

When the Companion turns his face to the world, he will not be seen to be in a state of great sweetness and light. What the world sees as such qualities are but rays proceeding from the false and refracted lights. THE PEACE is not objective; it is not a state of *human* serenity; it is a Consciousness of the Universal. A Western mystic.

Thomas à Kempis, has bidden men beware of this mental state of sweetness and false satisfaction, which is one of the more subtle snares of Mâyâ. Those *who know*, in facing the world, wear the gathered brows of self-restraint and have a power of silence. When the light of the Master Presence is upon them they are only seen by one another. Yet there are many who are of this company and know it not; they will know when their lowliness of mind has dispelled those mists which throw up the mirage of the false self.

A Companion passed through the Hall of Learning, the rock corridor leading to THE LODGE. All must pass through its various stages, but none should linger.

Where the spiritual consciousness is fully developed, the psychic consciousness exists also, for it is the vehicle of the higher consciousness, for use, *when trained*, upon lower planes of Being. He who has the whole, has the parts.

There are sentences written in light upon the walls of the Hall of Learning. They sparkle out as the neophyte advances. Some fade; they are not for him as yet. Others sparkle out and engage his attention. These are the clues by means of which he may pass safely through the labyrinthine Hall. They are in cipher, but this cipher makes their meaning known at once to the brain in any language. A first difficulty is that the neophyte is prone to strive after those sentences which fade as he approaches and to neglect those which are obvious and easy to be had. The evanescent lures and bewitches him, while any time will do for the sentence so deeply graven there, as he thinks. This is a false concept, for all things have their karmic hour. Let him take only that which is his own.

A Companion saw this:

THE TRUE MASTER.

The true Master is felt; He is not seen.

When He who was unseen is seen, He disappears.

Then the spiritual Presences are gathered into the Unity; they know not one another, but they are the One Self.

In that Darkness there is but One.

In that Silence there is no knowledge, but Being—which is all—is fulfilled.

This is the path of the true disciple.

Before man, the lowest immortal, can find the true Master, he must lose Him; that loss is pure gain. To lose Him thus, is to find Him indeed.

This should be known: the disciple who finds Him on the plane of

the senses has objectivized his Karma; he loses the Master after a higher fashion.

When He speaks through the soul, the ignorant disciple says, 'it is I myself;' he rejoices to be so wise.

Know that there is only the ONE SELF, THE MASTER, and lose thyself also to find Him who is never found until He has been lost.

When He is lost to every sense then the One Flame arises, pure as before the beginnings of worlds.

This thou shalt never know; thou art It.

1. There are many and serious mistakes made on the subject of so-called appearances of Masters. The voice, the form, the "Lodge perfume" of the Masters, all can be parodied or simulated. All exist as pictures in the nerve-aurea of individuals, for the brain, the wonder-worker, has fashioned them out of nervous matter only one degree less gross than the matter of the physical brain, but many degrees more subtle and dynamic. The play of energy, liberated by Thought, upon these pictures, sets them in motion, and their vibrations, communicated along the lines (or media) of nervous ether, causes the brain to receive their reflection. Anything which (*a*) inhibits physiological action; or (*b*) which heightens nervous action; or (*c*) which causes increased tension in the etheric field (such as, for example, (1) the creation of vortices or currents therein, whether by magnetic passes, music, sound or concentrated thought, and also (2) the control, by a magnetizer, of the mere physiological senses of any person or persons), would cause such voices, sounds, odors, forms or what not else, to be visible or to be made visible in the place where they exist, to wit, the aura or magnetic sphere of man, or in the nervous ether of the earth. The more evolved elementals—as well as consciously dark powers among men—and intelligences could also clothe these pictures, so existing, with grosser matter, thus causing these to become visible and for their own purposes. There is thus both (*a*) evocation and (*b*) automatic action tending to objectivization of these pictures.

Consider these lines of *The Voice of the Silence*.

"Allow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine. . . ."

"Silence thy thoughts, and fix thy whole attention on thy Master, whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest."

"Merge into one sense thy senses, if thou wouldst be secure against the foe."

The one sense is the sense of *feeling*. With eyes closed, ears

stopped, we know the presence of one friend from another, all untouched by them. We have sensed the aura. The true Master may be truly known by the aura, read esoterically. The Companions know Him "*by His lights.*"

There is but one safe mode by which the disciple of at least seven years training (and it is usually far more) may know the Master. This means is by the seventh (esoteric) principle; it is the highest âkâshic differentiation. To sense it, or rather to have the apperception of it, you must have developed to some extent, at least, a rudiment of the same thing in yourself. The path leading to the Master is "that sense alone which lies concealed within the hollow of thy brain" (*Voice of the Silence*); to put it differently, the Master's aura can only be "felt" in that *hollow spot* which is the "home of Mother Isis." This purely spiritual quality must be, to some extent, developed in the seer before he can "feel" its like. There must be, in his own sphere, a conscious centre of similar âkâshic substance to receive and register (*i.e.*, feel, or get the impression stamped upon it) this highest âkâshic vibration. This hidden centre, the Isis home, is made "white" by will; to this refer all the sentences in the *Voice* about cleansing the "mind body" and also paralyzing the lunar body; the lower vibrations of the nervous ether are checked and the âkâsha in the hidden spot of the skull held "white" or negative, plastic, by will-power. It is a matter involving a distinct knowledge of noëtic action in a high grade of substance, and how to prevent the atoms, or monads, from throwing up those pictures which they hold, as already impressed upon them by the action of energy. This is the difference between the medium and the disciple. The one makes his nervous ether and brain stuff passive. The disciple rolls back all currents from the secret hollow and "whitens" (*i.e.*, intensifies its tension) by a supreme effort of will-power. But this will-power must be intelligently directed *and it must be fire-born.*

Most of the forms of Masters seen are these mind forms made temporarily visible by increased vibration, as that caused by a train, or by the etheric tension in an audience, or in many other ways. The Master might use these pictures as a vehicle to impress an idea to those seeing them; so, also, may the dark powers in Nature or among men. By "dark powers among men" I mean and include those persons who merely work for some end to which they are partial. Hence Masters by preference, in cases where there is no Adept-guru helping on the physical plane, prefer to speak "through the inner planes of being," which are the soul and mind. But mere sentiment and religious gush are not within the Master Mind.

As I understand the matter, the thought-body (Mâyâvi-Rûpa) of a Master (which is himself) does not visit any but a highly trained disciple, unless an Adept be at hand to modify the great vibrations coming from this energetic "body" for the unprepared (by long training) disciple. As in the case of H. P. B. when Colonel Olcott first saw the Master. Otherwise the energetic volume and force would injure the physical and nervous body of the perceiver. The training extends over many years and even many lives. It differs in different races. Embryo students of less than seven years' training in any one or several lives, and without the aforesaid "spiritual quality," are unable to tell whether an appearance of a Master, or any of His manifestations, down to letters written by His order, are genuine or not genuine. Seven years are required for each new body, even by an Adept. Those who have evolved certain centres, and can cause them to "breathe" (*i.e.*, intensify and vibrate) at will, at a spiritual rate far beyond any known to ordinary men—only such persons can "feel" the Master. And these persons will never be found to use terms of the senses to describe "The Presence," even "feel" being a blind or substitute for "tremble" or "vibrate." Nor will they endeavor to prove the spiritual Presence by terms of sense to the material mind. The Companions say fearlessly:

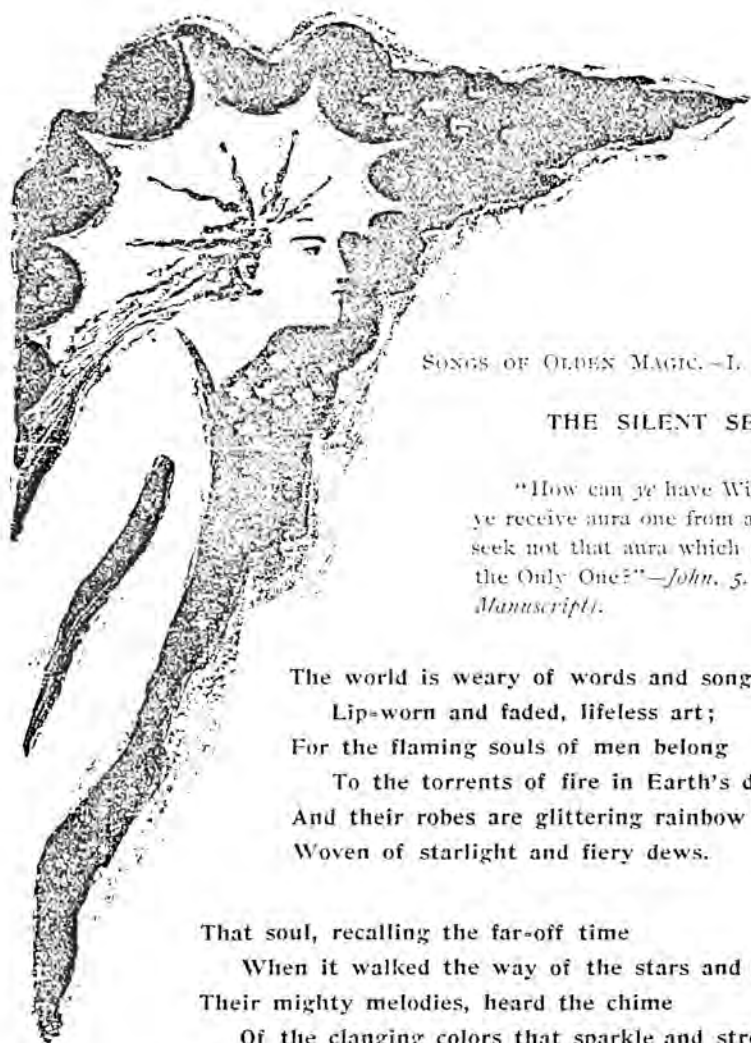
The spiritual is its own proof. Only to Consciousness can Consciousness be known.

A large proportion of men and woman know what absolute, interior conviction is. To such, the first rudiment of the real Consciousness is known. It would be wise to trace it *to its source* in ourselves; a clue lies there.

Consider also that paragraph in *The Secret Doctrine*, where the seer is depicted as watching the first differentiation of a milky "spiritual substance." The human process is an image or model of the world process.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)



SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—I.

THE SILENT SEER.

"How can ye have Wisdom, when
ye receive aura one from another, and
seek not that aura which comes from
the Only One?"—*John. 5. 24 (Vatican
Manuscript).*

The world is weary of words and song,
Lip-worn and faded, lifeless art;
For the flaming souls of men belong
To the torrents of fire in Earth's deep heart,
And their robes are glittering rainbow hues
Woven of starlight and fiery dews.

That soul, recalling the far-off time
When it walked the way of the stars and knew
Their mighty melodies, heard the chime
Of the clanging colors that sparkle and strew
Space with worlds and the life they hold,
Has hearing for naught but the magic of old.

And he who has come to his own again
Though he speak no word, and sing no song,
Himself is a Voice to the hearts of men:
For the silent Seer, the swift, the strong,
Has touched the radiant vesture spun
By the starry Gods for the Only One.

ARCTAS.

“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

V.

“Now as to *The Voice of the Silence* and the cycles of woe (undergone by the Arhan who remains to help mankind) it is easy to understand. You must always remember, when reading such things, that terms must be used that the reader will understand. Hence, speaking thus, it must be said that there are such cycles of woe—from our standpoint—just as the fact that I have no amusements and nothing but work in the T. S. seems a great penance to those who like their pleasures. I, on the contrary, take pleasure and peace in the ‘self-denial,’ as they call it. Therefore it must follow that he who enters the secret Path finds his peace and pleasure in endless work for ages for Humanity. But, of course, with his added sight and knowledge, he must always be seeing the miseries of men self-inflicted. The mistake you make is to give the person thus ‘sacrificed’ the same small qualities and longings as we now have, whereas the wider sweep and power of soul make what we call sacrifice and woe seem something different. Is not this clear, then? If it were stated otherwise than as the *Voice* has it, you would find many making the vow and then breaking it; but he who makes the vow with the full idea of its misery will keep it.”

“Be true lovers, but of God and not of each other. Love each the other in that to one another ye mirror God, or that God is in you each.”

“There are valleys in which the greatest shadows are due to old lives in other bodies, and yet intensity of universal love and of aspiration will dissipate those in an instant of time.”

“The question of sex is not the most difficult. The personal one is still harder. I mean the purely personal, that relating to ‘me.’ The sexual relates really only to a low plane gratification. If Nature can beat you there, then she need not try the other, and *vice versa*; if she fails on the personal she may attempt the other, but with then small chance of success.”

“We all err; I too. We never *were* anything but only continually are. What we are now determines what we will be.”

“This is the right conclusion, to let all talk and other people’s concerns slip by and not to meddle. No one should be taking information to another, for it fans a flame, and now we have to ignore every-

thing and just work on, be good and kind and, like St. Paul's charity, overlook all things. Retire into your own silence and let all others be in the hands of Karma, as we all are. 'Karma takes care of its own.' It is better to have no side, for it is all for the Master and He will look out for all if each does just right, even if, to their view, another one seems not to do so. By our not looking at their errors too closely the Master will be able to clear it all off and make it work well. The plan of quiet passive resistance, or rather, laying under the wind, is good and ought to work in all attacks. Retreat within your own heart and there keep firmly still. Resist without resisting. It is possible and should be attained. Once more, *au revoir* only, no matter what may happen, even irresistible Death itself. Earthquakes here yesterday; they signify some souls of use have come into the world somewhere; but where?"

"Woe is set apart—not by Masters but by Nature's laws—for those who, having started in the path with the aid of H. P. B., shall in any way try to belittle her and her work, still as yet not understood and by many misunderstood. This does not mean that a mere person is to be slavishly followed. But to explain her away, to belittle her, to imagine vain explanations with which to do away with what is not liked in that which she said, is to violate the ideal, to spit back in the face of the teacher through whom the knowledge and the opportunity came, to befoul the river which brought you sweet waters. She was and is one of those brave servants of the universal Lodge sent to the West to take up the work, well knowing of the pain and obloquy and the insult to the very soul—worst of all insults—which were certain from the first to be hers. 'Those who cannot understand her had best not try to explain her; those who do not find themselves strong enough for the task she plainly outlined from the beginning had best not attempt it.' She knew, and you have been told before, that high and wise servants of the Lodge have remained with the West since many centuries for the purpose of helping it on to its mission and destiny. That work it would be well for the members of the Theosophical movement to continue without deviating, without excitement, without running to extremes, without imagining that Truth is a matter of either longitude or latitude; the truth of the soul's life is in no special quarter of the compass, it is everywhere round the whole circle; and those who look in one quarter will not find it. . . . Push forward and raise high on the circular path of evolution, now rolling West, the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world—the light of the true Self who is the true Master for every human being; all other Masters are but

servants of that true ONE; in it all real Lodges have their union. . . . Organizations, like men, may fall into ruts or grooves of mental and psychic action which, once established, are difficult to obliterate. To prevent those ruts or grooves in the Theosophical movement its guardians provided that necessary shocks should now and then interpose, so as to conduce to solidarity, to give strength such as the oak obtains from buffeting the storm, and in order that all grooves of mind, act or thought might be filled up."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE SWEET-TONGUED VOICES OF ILLUSION."

DURING the past three months there have been appearing in *Lucifer* a series of "extracts of letters received from Indian friends" of Mrs. Besant's, and which are put forward by her under the high-sounding title of "The Doctrine of the Heart." That Mrs. Besant can seriously, and in all sober earnest, present these extracts as appropriate subject-matter to be placed under the almost sacred title of "The Doctrine of the Heart," only proves to what extraordinary lengths she has gone in the acceptance and promulgation of what is certainly a more dangerous form of religious teaching than the gush and emotionalism which is usually associated with certain forms of orthodox Christianity.

It would seem scarcely necessary, or indeed worth while, to take much notice of these "extracts of letters"—for one would imagine that to most sensible and unprejudiced men and women they would carry on their very face their own condemnation—were it not that Mrs. Besant now figures as a prominent teacher of Theosophy; and when this sort of thing is given out to the world seriously, and under such an utterly misleading title, it is time that some protest should be raised, some word of warning uttered, in the interests of what many of us conceive to be the true theosophical teaching. For the pen of the writer of these letters exudes a honied and cloying sweetness; and the mâyaïc regions to which he beckons have allured and detained even the highly cultivated and otherwise sane and keen intellect of so gifted a woman as Mrs. Besant.

Let us examine a little closer this pabulum for the soul which Mrs. Besant has found so "helpful" that she wishes, and very rightly and naturally, to share it with others.

We find, in the first extracts given, that much stress is laid upon "devotion." So far so good. But devotion to what? To the Lord within? Man's seventh principle, the Self? Not so, but to something

altogether outside; something, or someone, that the devotee "feels nearer to . . . when he lands in India"; the "Lords of Love and Light" (picture, *en passant*, the disgust of our old Lion of the Punjab over these lusciously-sweet "letters that have helped" Mrs. Besant), the mention of whose "Lotus Feet" occurs with constant and painful iteration throughout these extracts.

What is all this but a return to the worship of the personal? A return—subtle and insidious, it is true—to the cultivation of priestcraft and its attendant abominations. Is there not here creeping in, and that apparently quite unobserved by Mrs. Besant, for she appends no warning or explanatory footnotes, a return to the old domination of the PERSONAL GOD? With that obsessing and monstrous idea H. P. B. waged an almost life-long war. Yet it is one of her own pupils (her "successor," according to the pupil) who is now doing her unconscious best to help lay this burden once more upon the shoulders of those who had succeeded in freeing themselves from it, under the influence of H. P. B.'s saner, wholesomer, and more virile teachings.

Again, I note in these extracts a peculiar glorification of the virtue of self-sacrifice, that virtue which so dangerously soon becomes a vice, and a praise of suffering which seems to be exaggerated out of all just proportion. Take a few sentences at random:

"It seems to me that there is a peculiar sweetness in being resignedly patient, in gladly sacrificing one's own will to the will of Those Who know better and always guide aright."

"Try to realize the beauty of suffering. . . ."

"How sweet it is to suffer when one knows and has faith; . . ."

"Let us rejoice that we have opportunities of serving the great Cause by personal sacrifices, . . . a disciple . . . should, therefore, suffer ungrudgingly and gladly. . . ."

Comments on the above are surely not needed, nor do the omitted portions materially alter the sense, indeed they do but serve to emphasize the truth of what I have already put forward.

The writer further assures Mrs. Besant that the idea—the *feeling*—of *isolation* is a mere product of *Mâyâ*, that from it flow ignorance and all personal desires, and that it is at the root of all our misery. I had understood that it was the "sense of *separateness*," rather than the "*feeling* of *isolation*," which is the fertile cause of all these above enumerated woes. That I am not in error in making this distinction is proved by the constant mention of "the blessed Feet of the Lords" ("under" which the disappointed disciple is driven "to seek shelter"), the "Holy Ones"; in fact, something outside ourselves to which we

should fly for refuge, much as the devout Christian is bidden to seek shelter under the cross of Jesus. "Life," for instance, is said to be "only worth having as it is sacrificed at Their Feet."

All this is bad enough; but there is more, and worse, to follow. Take the extract given on p. 301 of the June number, where the writer says that "self-reliance is quite unavailing and even deceptive" under trials which are stated to proceed from "the Dark Powers." That as "these troubles and illusions come not from the self, the self is powerless against them," and that, therefore, "the only way to escape from these illusions is to devote oneself completely to Them." Now note the corollary. "The reason of this, too, is plain enough. *The force, in order to be effective in its opposition, must be on the same plane as that on which the power to be counteracted plays*" [italics mine.—A. L. C.], and proceeding, as these "troubles and illusions" do, "from the Dark Ones, they can only be neutralized by the White Brothers"!

So then, we find to our amazement that, according to this Hindu letter-writer, those Masters in whom so many of us believe *act on the same plane as "the Dark Ones."* That any appeal to, or call upon, the Higher Self (for that, I presume, is meant by "the self," though it is not even treated to a capital letter) is useless, because it is "powerless" to help. Masters, however, will neutralize *for the disciple*—so I understand the writer—the operations of "the Dark Powers" which so distress and harass him. If this is not good Christian orthodoxy I am at a loss to find another name for it. But enough of this sorry travesty of the true Doctrine of the Heart. We have not so learned Theosophy.

Mrs. Besant is absorbing her new teachings with almost fatal rapidity; witness her reply to Mr. Gladstone in *The Nineteenth Century* for June. Therein can plainly be traced her subtle and misleading interpretation of the idea of sacrifice. She says: "The Law of the world's progress in the whole and the parts is sacrifice, . . . the very Logos is the Self-limited God: . . . such self-limitation and manifestation can only be a supreme act of sacrifice . . ."—and so on, as we have all probably read for ourselves.

It seems sufficiently evident that this blind and almost unintelligent devotion to the idea of pain and self-sacrifice can only proceed from an unbalanced attitude of the soul in the presence of the difficulties and trials which beset the path of the would-be occultist. For if, as we believe, the Mahâtma is he who works in perfect harmony with Nature's laws, he must accept the fact that he cannot give without receiving, for this is the Law; nor could perfect equilibrium be other-

wise preserved. Yet this is precisely what is so completely lost sight of in this new teaching of Mrs. Besant's.

Finally, I must maintain that all this continued harping on self-sacrifice and pain is not only morbid and unhealthy, it is false, because only a partial and one-sided presentment of fact, of Law; that such presentment is contrary alike to common sense and the true science of Life; that it is at variance with the real trend of all theosophical teaching, which is founded on observation of the nature and action of Law, and not on mere emotionalism, of however refined and exalted a nature, and however ably put forward.

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

IF we wish to control the forces that are in us we must study them. Mere surface information or theoretical knowledge is not enough; science must go hand in hand with art, theory with practice. The completest intellectual acquaintance with facts is only like being familiar with the tools and rough materials brought together to construct an edifice; it requires higher powers to design, adjust, accomplish. Besides unremitting study, keen observation and practical testing are needed for the task of conquering the animal and liberating the god.

Every kind of knowledge is a help in dealing with these complex forces—whether of their nature, origin, interaction or relation to the Kosmos—for the action of the mind transmutes and absorbs them. When transferred to the rarefied atmosphere of the intellect gross entities cannot breathe; dense matter is soon disintegrated by a high rate of vibration.

The presence of titanic forces acting in and through us in defiance of our will is felt by everyone. Who has not, at some time, been swept away by appetite, passion, emotion, or struggled in vain against sloth and mental torpor? By studying these things we get partly aloof from them, and they become attenuated. It is possible to literally starve them to death by persistently refusing them food; to do this a strong and steady will is necessary. In a little while they grow ravenous and clamor fiercely; they will fling themselves with the desperation of a starving man on the smallest scrap of nourishment we grant them and thus prolong their own existence and our discomfort, for we cannot but feel pain while any part of us is suffering. The fire of knowledge, focussed by concentration, helps to burn up what cannot

be starved out; and still more potent aids are the endeavors to live in the Eternal, and the yearning of the inner man to go out into the Infinite.

To get some preliminary ideas of the constitution of man it is well to regard it in as many different ways as possible. The familiar septenary division might, of course, be treated so as to include all the various points of view, but for clearness it is better to take each one separately. The following are a few of the aspects in which the constitution of man may be regarded:

As the product of three distinct agencies.

As manifesting the six primary forces in Nature.

As connected with the "Celestial Hierarchies."

As pure spirit and its five sheaths.

As related to the Kosmos—the earth chain—the three streams of evolution, etc.

As Atma, and the three vehicles in which Atma can function independently of the rest, *i.e.*, the three vehicles which can be separated by an adept without killing himself. (The seven principles cannot, of course, be so separated.)

Such various standpoints might be multiplied indefinitely, and from the study of each some useful practical hints might be gathered.

The first-mentioned of these different aspects in its baldest presentation is merely a translation of the septenary nomenclature into terms of Spirit, Force and Matter. The greatest possible number of combinations of three things is seven, as algebra shows. Thus we have S, SF, SM, SFM, F, FM, M, representing the seven principles Atma, Buddhi, Manas, Kâma, Prana, Astral Body, Gross Body.

As a general rule, whenever seven entities are mentioned in any connection whatever in Eastern philosophy, we find that these *seven* come into existence from *three* primary entities, which three again are evolved out of *one* single entity or Monad. To take a familiar example: the *seven* colors of the solar ray which are evolved out of the *three* primary colors—yellow, red and blue—are merely the *one* white ray unfolded.

These secondary principles are quite different in their nature from those they spring from. Their union does not correspond either to mechanical juxtaposition or to chemical combination. Consequently no valid inferences as regards the nature of the combinations can be drawn by analogy from the nature of the components. For instance, it does not necessarily follow that if Spirit, Force and Matter correspond to yellow, red and blue respectively, that Buddhi (SF) must be orange, or Manas (SM) green, or the astral body (FM) lilac. Such facts, how-

ever, as that Kâma is Force (Fohat, Shakti, etc.) and that Prana is the only principle uniting all three should be suggestive.

These same three primary causes which bring a human being into existence must be present whenever life is to be evolved. Professor Tyndall demonstrates it thus in his *Germ Theory*. Whenever any of the myriads of protoplasmic germs floating in ether fall into water some form of life will be evolved. The energy which springs into activity at the touch of the germ and the water corresponds to Force; the protoplasm to Matter, and the water, the basis or field in which this takes place, to Spirit.

E. W.

WORDS TO REMEMBER.

[Extracts from Mr. Judge's speech at close of European Convention. 1893.]

"I WOULD like you to reflect for a moment on the history of the Society. Eighteen years ago it was founded, and I am talking to you as one who was present at its foundation. It was begun with a purpose by those who were determined to proceed. But soon the greater portion of those who had entered in its early days left it. These deserters were many of them spiritualists who expected to see a new and more striking form of phenomena, because their mediums had been prophesying wonderful things; spirits were to appear in public in the streets and upon lecture platforms. But when they discovered the real aims and purposes of the movement to be different from their notions, they left it. Yet the Society grew, members increased, work spread, the organization embraced the earth. Now, was this growth due to a constitution and to red tape? No; it was all because of the work of earnest men and women who worked for an ideal. Red tape, and votes, and laws to preserve votes, or to apportion them, are useless for any purpose if they are such as to hamper effort. Bind your soul about with red tape, and like the enwrapped mummy it will be incapable of movement. . . .

"The next point I would like you to consider is that of dogmatism. . . . One has a perfect right to have a settled conviction, to present it forcibly, to sustain it with every argument, without being any the less a good member of the Society. Are we to be flabby because we are members of an unsectarian body, and are we to refuse to have convictions merely because no one in the Society may compel another to agree with him? Surely not. . . .

"Most important of all . . . to be acted upon during the next twelve months, is a deep and living feeling of harmony and brotherhood. A union in name has no force or power. Eighteen years ago

we formed the union, the attempt to create a nucleus of a universal brotherhood, and since then we should have made progress towards realizing what was then but a sound. Such an actual brotherhood is an important fact, its absence a very great obstruction and difficulty.

"Too many have failed to make brotherhood a real thing in their life, leaving it merely as a motto on their shield. Our brotherhood must naturally include men and women of very various characters, each with different views of nature, having personal characteristics which may or may not grate upon others, as the case may be. The first step, then, to take is to accept and tolerate personally all your fellows. In no other way can we begin to approach the realization of the great ideal. The absence of this acceptance of others is a mortal defect. It leads to suspicion, and suspicion ruptures our union. In an assembly where harmony is absent and brotherhood is not, the labors of those assembled are made almost *nil*, for an almost impenetrable cloud rolls out and covers the mental plane of all present. But let harmony return, and then the collective mind of all becomes the property of each, sending down into the minds of everyone a benediction which is full of knowledge."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE T. S. in Europe is not dead, as some appear to think. It lives. At no time, perhaps, were its prospects brighter. The forces that operated to shake the firm fabric of Theosophy to its base have but burst the commonplace. When such forces are at work the true issues are obscured and real things become inverted, like shadows in a stream—broken into strange fantastic lines. Masters do not fail before such shocks.

* * *

Now that the sun has arisen, expelling the last lingering remains of the old troubles, it is not well to recall them. Forward! The future beckons. We work for the future. In New York in 1875 the seed was dropped, which was intended to sprout up and grow till its branches covered the world. Nothing has, so far, succeeded in impeding its growth. To-day, from the same centre, flows the life-stream. Its currents are strong and can be felt. What can withstand it? Nothing. Cheer, brothers! It will go on and on.

* * *

Let us get, then, to our real work. The liberating powers are at work which unbind the Soul in men. We can be instruments, if we will. Let us build, build, build, like Titans, "firm, fast and sure."

* * *

Ah! that meeting at 23, Great Cumberland Place, London, on the evening of July 5th was wonderful. I can't forget it; it was like one grand apocalypse. One was there who furnished the base all through the storm; one was there whose strong hand held it. Such services should not easily be forgotten.

* * *

Since the foundation stone of our new theosophical structure was laid, the building operations have been going on steadfastly and sure. "The building forces are busy as universal bees. . . . Everywhere the storm-drenched are lifting their heads. . . . I seem to hear the hum of vast energies at work, and the skies are vibrant with the passage of Great Souls." Thus writes a correspondent.

* * *

It seems that a few Branches in America have been converted into a section of the T. S. (Adyar). This list looks something on paper, but it is well not to be deceived by appearances. The most of the Branches mentioned have for a long time been "dead," and three of them are incorrectly given, as they have been chartered under the T. S. in America.

* * *

On the other hand, the T. S. in America is growing rapidly. All the strong workers belong to it, and are working with undiminished zeal in the cause of Theosophy, with a determination to succeed in spreading it everywhere, so that in the coming century it will revolutionize the thought of the whole country.

* * *

Good news from N. S. W. (Australia). Brother Willans writes "that a beautiful start has been made," and that over twenty members have applied for a charter under the T. S. in America.

* * *

The illustrations in this number are due to experiments with the process said to be communicated to the mystic artist William Blake by the spirit of his dead brother. They make no pretensions to elaborate artistic execution; but we hope that, however crude, they may serve to add variety and interest to our pages.

D. N. D.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

A PERIOD of great quiet—almost silence—has followed the eventful "Fourth of July," when out of the stormy vortex of the Fifth Annual Convention of the "European Section" of the Theosophical Society, the Theosophical Society in Europe was born. Free once more, our Child of the Ages has paused awhile to gather its forces and bend anew

to the work. The moment of choice has passed out to the Lodges and Centres; Brixton and Croydon quickly ratified the new Constitution, and Southport soon followed suit, the motion being carried *nem. con.* At Bow the result is not yet reported but is expected to be the same, as also with the H. P. B. Lodge; but at Bristol only three have come under the new *régime*. The first new Lodge to which Dr. Keightley has had the pleasure of granting a charter (no more charter fees, comrades!) is one at Liverpool, named Arjuna.

There has been a busy search for a suitable central office for the T. S. in Europe, and a very convenient first floor front in Great Portland Street has been selected. Negotiations have been entered into with a view to taking it on a short agreement, as a beginning, and it is hoped that they will soon be completed. The position is a capital one, close to Oxford Circus and the Underground Railway. The H. P. B. Lodge will make use of the room for its meetings, classes, etc., and will pay half the rent. It will also be open as a reading-room, library, and dépôt for books and periodicals.

An important piece of work has been the framing of the By-Laws of the T. S. in Europe (England), which are now printed, and will probably be ere this in the hands of members.

Finally, there is a happy thought in fixing the annual general meeting on White Lotus Day, when the members, met together from all parts, will be able to close the day's work with an evening meeting in honour of H. P. B.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

At the meeting on July 17th the action of the delegates was fully and unanimously ratified, including the election of officers to end of present year, as announced in last issue. The Constitution of the T. S. E. and By-Laws for Ireland are now in the hands of all members. Those not present on 17 ult., and others who have not already done so, are requested to send their diplomas at once to the President of the T. S. E. (I.), 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin, so that they may be forwarded in bulk for endorsement by the President of the T. S. E. (William Q. Judge).

The regular weekly public meetings will be resumed on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, at 8 p.m. The subjects for first two evenings are: Sept. 4th, *The Earth and her Children*, G. W. Russell; Sept. 11th, *Karma*, A. W. Dwyer.

FRED. J. DICK, *Concener*.

Printed on "THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST" Press, 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

VIII.—(*Continued.*)

2. *When He who was unseen is seen, He disappears.*

Those who come to rely upon appearances (or sounds) of a Master, such as may be experienced by physical or psychic (lower) sense, soon lose touch with His true and real Being, for the cheating powers gladly rush in to deceive that person. Are we not warned against *lingering* in the Hall of Learning? All must pass there, but should not “*linger*” (see *Voice of the Silence*). The noëtic is one mode of atomic action, from within outward. The psychic is another, from circumference to centre. The atom must have both inbreathing and outbreathing. It should inbreathe—from circumference to centre—only from the spiritual world; “the breaths” are drawn from that world: it is the world of the highest energies or force, and not, as some think, the world of religious sentiment. It is not by means of religious emotion that Brahman formed the worlds. It was by Yoga concentration—or intensified vibration.

The atom, drawing in its breath from the spiritual, should breathe out into the world of form. It should take from the spiritual and give to the psychic, which animates or informs the physical. The reverse is what most frequently takes place. We take from the (lower) psychic world instead of giving to it.

The terms “psychic” and “astral” are too loosely used. They have become terms of reproof and of offence. There is the higher and lower psychic, the higher and lower astral. The pure psychical plane is that of the pure ether. A nervous body formed of such pure ether is a necessary vehicle. The pure astral is the plane of the highest starry influences. Beyond these is the spiritual, the innermost. Let us discriminate and avoid offence. We shall thus avoid (to some extent) ignorance, which is only inoffensive to itself. The psychic is no

proof, but it is an indication; when purified it is a vehicle of the Nous, the noëtic. Those who know the noëtic action will not harshly judge the psychic plane, however they may warn.

When the Master Himself uses such forms as His temporary vehicles or modes, reaching a man by the only avenue as yet opened by that man, He trains the disciple to the use of the "spiritual quality," and the disciple is soon beyond the need and reach of form and sound manifestations, in the usual acceptation of "sound" and "form." In other words, the disciple is helped to enter that condition which is the One Master, Alaya's Self. It is described in:

3. *The spiritual Presences enter into the Unity.*

These Presences are Atma-Buddhi-Manas. Gathered into the Unity, coördinate and one, they are the Higher Self. "The Higher Self is a state, a breath, not a body or form," wrote the Master. It is a state of Universal Consciousness. "The Higher Self of one is that of all." It is far above sense registration. Its first indication is "a sense of freedom"; this is not one of the five physical senses: it is a consciousness of freedom. In the Unity, these Presences do not know one another, *i.e.*, as separate one from another, but they are the One Self.

4. *In the Darkness (and Silence) there is no knowledge . . .*

That is, no knowledge of external manifestation, or of anything external to the Self. Knowledge implies a knower and a thing known, two distinct and separate things or states of Consciousness.

. . . *but Being, which is all, is fulfilled.*

In pure Being the states above named become one; there is only the One Self. Along this path is led the true disciple. He is not misled by the senses or sense appearances in super-sensuous matter. Behmen said, as did Paracelsus, that the spiritual sense was one, it was Sensation, pure and simple. That is to say, Consciousness of the spiritual Breath. In the next stage that Consciousness of the Breath as external to ourselves, or separate, passes away; the Consciousness and the Breath are one, are pure Being. The Breath is the spiritual energy in Spirit-Substance. This is the path of the true disciple; he becomes that path himself.

If we talk of appearances which are satisfying to the physiological standards, we fall into a trap.

There are sentences quoted from letters of Masters which seem to give point to an opposite view. It should be borne in mind that these referred to chelâs in training under supervision, and also that they are to be taken, often, in a spiritual sense. "Form an image of the Master in your heart as a focus of will-power." This does not mean that you

shall make in your mind a little picture of a Master's physical body and try to drag it into your physical heart by an effort of the imagination. It means that you should dwell in thought upon the great qualities of the real Master, the perfected Being (not his house, or form, which he uses) and do this until your imagination warms to the sublime conception of absolute justice and wisdom, and the heart (the inner heart) kindles and emits its energies; the divine conception, immaculate, invokes the Soul; it arises in majesty and goes forth to find its own.

To take in a literal sense the directions given to disciples living under conditions quite different from our own is to make a grave mistake. We live where gross magnetisms, lower psychic action and low grade emissions of nervous ether make up picture-forms which will vibrate into objectivity under the play of currents corresponding in grade wherever and however such currents arise. Therefore let us arise and go unto the Master *within*, the Father of Lights, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.

5. *Man, the lowest immortal.*

That is to say, the lower quaternary. It is only immortal when Lower Manas is transmuted. The three aspects are not immortal. Lower Manas, identical in essence with the Higher Manas, is alone immortal of the lower quaternary. Before it can find the true Master, it must lose all preconceptions of Him as aught of sound and form. Abandon form and sense. Look for the first traces of the Master in the purified thoughts of the lowest immortal. Thus the false conception may be absorbed and the real Presence found.

6. *He has objectivized his Karma.*

The Karma, or action and reaction of the less evolved atoms in his sphere, cause the living pictures he has impressed upon these atoms to become visible, and the more he depends upon them and their false voices the more he puts aside all opportunity for communion with the Master "*after a higher fashion.*" He grasps at the form and loses the touch of the spirit.

7. *The ignorant disciple says, "It is I myself."*

When the first promptings of the Master Self are felt in the mind, the disciple does not recognize them to be such. He should know that all which is universal partakes of that higher Consciousness which is the same to all who reach it, though each attains after his own fashion. Trance is not that state. Trance, as the term is generally understood, has nothing in common with that state. All lower, personal tendencies of mind must be uplifted and enlightened before man can himself become the path on which is found that Master who is never (really)

found until all sense preconceptions of Him have been utterly merged and lost. When they are indeed lost, then Buddhi (centre) becomes action and the *one Flame arises*. But also it must be *pure as before the beginnings of Worlds*, that is, forms or bodies: pure as before differentiation into crystallized form. It can only be thus pure in the absolutely pure mind. In occultism, "pure" means wholly free from sense of self, from the concept of the false self as being the real. The beginner is adjured to leave every sin behind before he sets his foot upon the lowest rung of the mystic ladder (of the spinal cord).

8. *This thou shalt never know; thou art It.*

The disciple can never know that Flame, for in knowledge is duality. In Being there is unity. When we are the Self, consciously, we cease to observe or to know it as a separate object or state, for we are the One Self.

Now when he is seen to shine with "Great Glory," the Companions rejoice. But when "Divine Dark" enfolds him, that highest they have not seen, save as they have become That.

Not knowing, thou shalt deem it ever possible. Salute in every man this divine possibility. But in thyself await it not, but create it.

Create the Uncreate by awakening "Great Glory." Upon that follows the Darkness, the Not-to-be-named, the Unknowable.

For Knowledge cannot contain Being. Can the drop contain the well-spring?

Can man, the spark, know the Flame? Not so, yet all men are That.

May the Flames, the devourers of the gross, arise! May they purify our lowest immortal ones! May we become wise! May we see as we are seen! May the Aum resound!

JASPER NIEMAND.

AN OLD STORY.

A MAN journeyed in the night. And there came out unto him a soul that gazed into his soul, and said, "Who art thou?" And he answered: "I whom thou seest am the soul."

And later there crawled unto him a strange beast that peered into his flesh, and said, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I whom thou seest am the body."

And the strange beast said, "Behold he has lied!" But the man went on his way in peace.

C.-V.-T.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

NOTE.—The following translation of the passage in *Matthew*, from iv. 23 to vii. 27, is not a paraphrase but an attempt at a more literal rendering than the received version done from the Latin *Vulgate* and “diligently compared with the original Greek.” Waiving the fact that the Greek text is acknowledged to be not an original but a translation from a lost manuscript, supposed to be in Syro-Chaldee, the diligence of the learned translators and revisers failed to compensate for their absolute ignorance of all psychic things, not to speak of things spiritual and magical. They have made woeful havoc of the mystical terms employed; all their work is vitiated, even to the extent of *suppressio veri*, by their pious desire to dissociate what they believed to be the unique literary productions of Deity from all pagan sources. As said with unconscious honesty by the lexicographer Parkhurst, when apologizing for the very unclassical Greek of the New Testament: “Let us suppose, that a person whose native language was *Greek*, and who had read some of the best *Greek* authors, but was entirely ignorant of the *eastern* tongues, had met with some or all of the sacred books of the New Testament soon after their publication: the *principal* difficulty, I apprehend, which one thus qualified would have found in understanding their *style*, would have arisen not from the *oriental* idioms occurring therein . . . but from the peculiar senses in which they apply *single words*: as, for instance, *pistis* for *faith*, or *believing in God*; *dikaïosunē* for *imputed righteousness*; *ktisis* for *creation*, or *production from nothing*; and it will be necessary to observe, that in delivering that precious doctrine which was *to the Greeks* *foolishness*, it was absolutely impossible for the sacred writers to express themselves at all, concerning the *most essential points*, unless they had either coined new words, or used such old ones as they already found in a *new sense* . . . The writers, therefore, of the New Testament, or rather (with reverence be it spoken!) the Holy Spirit whose penmen they were,” etc. Thanking quaint old Parkhurst for the candor of his admissions and the delicacy of his humor in reducing the Deity, fresh from his successful feat of “production from nothing,” to the necessity of using old words in a new sense in the very book where he advises against putting new wine into old bottles, we still prefer to ignore these “peculiar new senses” and return as nearly as possible to the old ones. For, purified from the theological atmosphere which now envelops them, an aura of untold mustiness and of stuffiness unutterable, and with the technical meanings restored to the mystical ter-

minology, pagan in origin, which is consistently employed in them, the books of the New Testament, and preëminently the four Gospels, stand unrivalled in religious literature, only a few other scriptures being comparable to them for depth of occult meaning, breadth of moral teaching, height of spiritual exaltation, or plerōma of tenderness and compassion.



AND Iēsous went about all Galilaia, teaching in their assemblies, and openly making known the good magic* of the Realm, and healing every disease and weakness among the people. And the rumor of him went abroad into all Syria; and they brought to him all who were ill, being afflicted with various diseases and torments, and obsessed by evil spirits, and moon-stricken, and paralyzed, and he healed them. And large crowds followed him from Galilaia, and Dekapolis, and Ierousalēm, and Ioudaia, and beyond the Iordanos. But when he saw the crowds, he went up into the mountain;† and when he was seated his pupils came to him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Immortal‡ are the votaries of the Breath:§ because theirs is the

* Gr. *evangelion*, of which "good tidings" is an inadequate rendering: it is a magical message, precisely as the *angeloi* are magical messengers—ethereal beings of every degree, from the high Gods down to mere magnetic breaths. The "Evangel of the Realm" (*basileia*) is the instruction concerning the "single eye" and its awakening through the action of the Holy Breath (*pneuma*) or electric Fire—the "Fiery Power" and "World-Mother" of *The Voice of the Silence*. The Breath is the "Intercessor with the Father" (*paraklētos*, mistranslated "Comforter" in the authorized version).

† According to *Luke*, vi. 17, the sermon was delivered on a plain, after Iēsous had come down from the mountain. "Mountains" are the usual glyphs for force-centres in the aura of man, and the psychic and spiritual states of exaltation to which they correspond.

‡ Gr. *makarios*, free from fate or death, emancipated, immortal. The *makarōn nēsoi*, "Isles of the Immortals"—the Gods and deified dead—were golden islands floating in the blue ocean at the extreme West; and there the blest dwelt in "a tearless eternity." The pagans apotheosized their heroes, the R. C. Church canonizes its saints; and the first step towards canonization is the beatification or public declaration that the individual is received into heaven (whether the western heaven of sunset skies or not, Jehovah alone knows) and should be revered as one of the blest. The *makarioi* are the souls freed from the bondage of rebirth.

§ Gr. *pneuma*, wind, air or breath, a female principle, the daughter of the Logos, and mother of the world. It is sevenfold, as given in *Rev.* v. 6-14: "In the midst of the Throne [chair of initiation] and of the Four Beings, and in the midst of the Ancients, stood a Lamb [Neophyte] as though it had been sacrificed [initiated], having seven horns [or, "wing-like appearances"—auric radiations] and seven eyes

Realm of the Over-world.*

Immortal are they who mourn: because they shall be interceded for.†

Immortal are the tranquil ones:‡ because they shall inherit the earth.

Immortal are they who hunger and thirst after right conduct:§ because they shall be provided for.

Immortal are the compassionate: because they shall receive compassion.¶

[the seven centres of the Breath], which are the Seven Breaths of the Heavenly One (*theos*) sent forth into all the earth [psychic world]. . . . And I heard the voice of many messengers [*angeloi*] . . . thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was sacrificed, to receive force and wealth and wisdom and power and majesty and radiance and good-will.' And every created thing which is in the sky and on the earth, and under the earth, and those that are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying: 'Unto him who sits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, good-will and majesty and radiance and victory throughout the life-cycles within the life-cycles!' And the Four Beings said 'Amēn.'"

And these are the magnificent magical writings which for centuries have been monopolized and misread by pretentious theologians, who should all have said, as did the disciples at Ephesus when Paulus asked them if they had received the Holy Breath. "We have not so much as heard whether there *is* any Holy Breath" (*Acts*, xix. 2).

The above initiation scene from *Revelation* may be paralleled with the one which concludes *The Voice of the Silence*: "In songs of praise both heaven and earth unite. And from the fourfold manifested Powers a chant of love ariseth. . . . From the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, all Nature's wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth." etc.

* Gr. *ouranoi*, skies, considered to be the abode of ethereal beings and Gods. Symbolically, the different states or strata of the earth's aura. In the singular, *ouranos*, visible space, the vault of the sky: the conception appears to be that of a hollow globe ensphering the earth and constituting a world for the Gods, who move upon its surface as men do upon earth. As a God, Ouranos is the husband of Gaia, the Earth; the two symbolizing respectively the spiritual (sidereal) and psychic aspects of the earth's aura—the sphere of star-stuff surrounding it, the astral (starry) light. They who, by the evocation of the Breath or Fiery Power awaken the "single eye" attain to this sidereal world.

† When the soul, after ages of immersion in matter, out of world-weariness longs for its primal home, then the Holy Breath becomes its Intercessor (*Paracletos*) with its Father, or real Self, who "has naught to do with the purgations of matter."

‡ Or, "dispassionate ones." Inner tranquility or quiet gives vision of the higher psychic regions.

§ Gr. *dikaiosunē*, the practice of rectitude: the perfect performance of duty which leads to illumination. To aspiration for guidance in life, the soul itself gives answer.

¶ Compassion being the purest manifestation of the World-Soul.

Immortal are the pure in heart:∗ because they shall see the Holy One.†

Immortal are the peace-makers:‡ because they shall be called the Sons of the Holy One.

Immortal are they who have been exiled for the sake of right conduct: because theirs is the Realm of the Over-world.§

Immortal are you when they shall upbraid you, and exile you, and utter every hateful expression against you falsely for *my* sake. Rejoice and exult: because your recompense is great in the Over-world: for in this way they exiled the soul-inspired ones¶ who were before you. *You* are the salt of the earth.** But if the salt becomes tasteless, with what shall it be salted? It is good for nothing any more but to be thrown out and be trampled on by men. *You* are the light of the world.†† A town lying on the mountains cannot be concealed.‡‡ Neither do they burn a lamp and put it under the measure.§§ but in the lampstand, and it gives light for all who are in the house. In the same way let *your* light shine in front of men, that they may see your good [magical] operations.¶¶ and add radiance to your Father who is in the Over-world.

* By all ancient peoples the heart was regarded as the seat of the soul. Purity of soul brings the vision of the Master or real Self.

† Gr. *theos*, "a name reclaimed from the Heathen, and used by the writers of the N. T. for the *true God*," says Parkhurst. On the contrary, it is certain that the writers of the N. T. used the word in its glorious pagan sense, and could have known nothing, except by clairvoyant prevision, of the "true God" which a night-marish theology of later times created after its own image. *Theos* conveyed no such conceptions as *God*, and it is to be feared that the latter word is past reclaim.

‡ Those who attain to "that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons" (*Light on the Path*).

§ Referring to the highest of the men-immortals, those souls who, though having reached emancipation from the bondage of rebirth, voluntarily incarnate as teachers. This properly ends the series of nine classes of Immortals, the last possessing, like the first, "the Realm of the Over-world," or divine seership.

|| This paragraph is simply in antithesis to the last, as the self-exiles are usually slandered and exiled by the mob of profane mankind whom they are trying to aid.

¶ Gr. *prophētēs*, one who interprets, or declares, the will of the Gods.

** The stable and pure souls of the psychic world.

†† Embodied souls.

‡‡ A sacred city among the ancients was usually built upon a mountain or hill, natural or artificial, a crypt or underground chamber beneath the temple being used for the sacred rites.

§§ *Luke*, xi. 33, reads "in a crypt," or cellar.

¶¶ Gr. *ergon*, a work, or operation; a word technically applied to the dramatic performance of the ritual, by the *leitourgos* or priest; or the display of phenomena by the *theourgus*, magician, or *thaumatourgos*, marvel-maker.

Do not suppose that I am come to abolish the ritual or the soul-inspired. I am not come to abolish but to make complete. Amēn,* for I say to you, Till the Firmament and the Earth pass away, not one letter *i* or one accent shall pass away from the ritual, until all things come into being. Whosoever, therefore, shall relax the most insignificant of these injunctions, and teach men so, shall receive a small name in the Realm of the Over-world; but whosoever shall fulfil, and so teach, shall receive a great name in the Realm of the Over-world. For I say to you, Unless *your* right conduct much excels that of the Transcribers of the Ritual and the Pharisees, you surely shall not enter into the Realm of the Over-world.

You have heard that it was said to the people of old:

“You should do no murder:

“And whosoever shall do murder shall be liable to condemnation” [*Ex.* xx. 13; *Deut.* xvi. 18].

But *I* say unto *you*, every man who rashly becomes angry with his brother shall be liable to condemnation; and whosoever shall say to his brother “Dolt,”† shall be liable to the High Council; and whosoever shall say “You soulless being,”‡ shall be liable to the Burning Valley of Fire.§ If, therefore, *you*¶ offer *your* gift upon the altar, and there remember that *your* brother has anything against *you*, leave there *your* gift before the altar, and go, first be reconciled with *your* brother, and then come and offer *your* gift.¶ Be of kindly disposition towards *your* opponent promptly, until you are on the path with him, lest perhaps

* The Greek *Amēn* is an exact equivalent for the *Aum* or *Om*, and has no such meaning as “verily” or “so be it.” It is the mystic “Name” of Christos, the word used in evoking the Holy Breath. “These things saith the Amēn, the Witness wise and real, the First of the Foundation (*kīsis*) of the Holy One (*theos*)” (*Rev.* iii. 14).

† *Raka*, a contemptuous expression; its precise meaning is unknown, or from what language it is derived.

‡ Gr. *mōros*, tasteless, insipid, mad: an evident reference to the preceding passage, “if the salt becomes tasteless,” where the verb is a derivative of *mōros*.

§ Gr. *gehenna*, after Heb. *gy hinnom*, Valley of Hinnom, which was devoted to crematorial purposes. It is the opposite of Paradise, and symbolizes the animal passions in man.

¶ The singular pronoun is here distinguished from the plural by a point preceding it.

¶ Freedom from all uncharitable and impure thoughts is imperative before beginning the mystic meditation, else will the Fire, instead of rising to Paradise (the occult brain centres), strike downward into the centres of animal passions—an actual “hell” a trifle worse than the fanciful one of the orthodox. Similarly, a group of students who are not in perfect harmony while studying will only arouse the impure and malignant forces of the animal soul.

the opponent deliver you up to the judge, and the judge deliver you up to the officer, and you be cast into prison.* Amên, I say to you, You shall not come out thence until you have paid the very last farthing.

You have heard that it was said :

“You should not commit adultery” [*Ex.* xx. 14].

But I say unto you: Every one who looks at a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery with her in his heart. Now, if your right eye ensnare you, pluck it out and cast it from you: for it is an advantage to you that one of your members perish, and not your whole body be cast into the Burning Valley. And if your right hand ensnare you, cut it off and cast it from you: for it is an advantage to you that one of your members perish, and not your whole body be cast into the Burning Valley.†

But it was said :

“Whosoever puts away his wife,

“Let him give her a divorce” [*Deut.*, xxiv. 1, 3].

But I say unto you: Every one who puts away his wife, except for the cause of harlotry, makes her commit adultery: and he who marries one who is put away commits adultery.

Again, you have heard that it was said to the people of old :

“You should not forswear yourself,

“But should pay unto the Master your oaths” [*Ex.* xx. 7; *Lev.* xix. 12].

But I say unto you: Do not confirm by an oath at all; neither by the Firmament, for it is the throne of the Heavenly One [*Isa.*, lxvi. 1]; nor by the Earth, for it is his footstool [*Isa.*, lxvi. 1]; nor by Ierousalēm, for it is the city of the great Ruler‡ [*Psa.*, xlviii. 2]; neither swear you by your head, for you can not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be Yes, yes; No, no; for that which is more than these is useless.§

You have heard that it was said :

“An eye for an eye,

“And a tooth for a tooth” [*Ex.*, xxi. 24].

* The “prison” is simply the physical body, which the offending soul will be compelled to inform.

† Referring to soul-death: the terms “right eye” and “right hand” having each a special mystic sense.

‡ The hierophant of the national mysteries.

§ Or, “from the left-hand path.” Gr. *ponēros*, useless, depraved; a term applied to the profane, and to those who practise the magic arts, or sorcerers: as opposed to *chrēstos*, noble, worthy, bestowed upon the neophyte.

But *I* say unto *you*: Resist not the useless; but whosoever shall strike *you* on the right cheek, turn to him the other also: and him who would sue *you* at law and take *your* frock, let him have *your* cloak also: and whosoever shall press *you* into service for one mile, go with him two. To him who begs of *you*, give; and from him who would borrow of *you*, turn not away.

You have heard that it was said:

"You should love *your* neighbor,

"And hate *your* enemy" [*Lev.*, xix. 17, 18].

But *I* say unto *you*: Love your enemies, and speak well of those who call down curses upon you: do rightly by those who hate you: offer prayers for those who abusively threaten and pursue you: that you may become sons of your Father in the Over-world, for he causes his sun to rise on the useless and the good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust. For if you shall love those who love you, what recompense have you? Do not even the tax-collectors do that? And if you shall welcome your brothers only, what do you more (than others)? Do not even the multitude do the same? You, therefore, shall be perfect,* even as your Father in the Over-world is perfect.

Take heed that you perform not your charities before men, so as to be seen by them, else you have no recompense in presence of your Father who is in the Over-world. When, therefore, you perform charities, do not sound the trumpet before you, as the interpreters† do in the places of assembly and in the streets, that they may be glorified by men. Amén, I say unto you, They fully have their recompense. But when *you* perform charities, let not *your* left hand know what *your* right hand is doing, that *your* charities may be in the occult; and *your* Father who sees in the occult shall repay *you* in the manifested.

And when you offer prayers, you shall not be as the interpreters: for they love to pray, standing in the places of assembly and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men. Amén, I say to

* That is, *universal*, accepting all men, rejecting none. The Perfect (*dehioh*) are the Initiates, those who have reached the perfecting period (*dehos*) or unity with the Father. Thus Paulus says: "We talk wisdom among the Perfect, yet not a wisdom of this present time nor of the Archons [occult teachers] of this present time, who are becoming of no account; but we talk wisdom divine, in a Mystery arcane" (1 *Cor.*, ii. 6, 7). Or as said by the Christos in an invocation to the Father: "The Radiance (*dora*) which thou hast given to me I have given to them, that they may be one, even as we are one, I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made Perfect in one" (*John*, xvii. 23).

† Gr. *hypokritai*, "those who explain," as actors: diviners, who professed to interpret dreams and omens.

you, They fully have their recompense. But when *you* offer prayers, enter into *your* treasure-vault,* and when *you* have closed the door pray to *your* Father who is in the occult, and *your* Father who is in the occult shall repay *you* in the manifested.

But when offering prayers do not jabber, like the foreigners; for they think that they will be understood because of their volubleness. Do not be likened to them: for your Father understands your need before *you* have asked him. Thus, then, *you* should pray:

Our Father who art in the Over-world, thy Name be intoned,† thy Realm‡ return, thy Will§ arise.

As in the Firmament, so on the Earth.¶

*That Bread of the coming day¶ give us to-day; and free us from our obligations, as WE also have freed those under obligation to us; and bring us not to the test, but deliver us from uselessness.***

For thine is the Realm, the Force and the Radiance,†† throughout the Life-cycles. Amēn!

For if you forgive men their mistakes, your Father in the Over-world will also forgive *you*; but if you do not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive *your* mistakes.

ARETAS.

(To be concluded.)

* Gr. *tamicion*, treasure-house, store-room, cellar or subterranean vault for concealing valuables; here used symbolically for the auric sphere or treasury of all the soul's experiences, into which the aspirant should withdraw and "close the door"—that is, insulate himself magnetically—before evoking the Breath, or Fiery Power.

† Or, "chanted." The Name is the Amēn, or word of evocation.

‡ Divine seership.

§ The self-creative power of the *monogenēs*, the one "born from one (parent)," that is, born from himself as his own Father.

¶ The psychic nature has become pure like the spiritual.

¶ Gr. *epiousion*, a coined word found nowhere except in this prayer; it clearly does not mean "daily," but evidently "which is coming" or "of the future." The Bread is the "Bread of Life," of which the Christos says: "I am that Living Bread that came down out of the Firmament. If anyone eats of this bread he shall live throughout the Life-cycle (*aiōn*)" (*John*, vi. 51).

** All the conditions and incidents of earth-life, for each incarnate man, being regulated for him by his own soul or mystic "Father" as a training through which he may rise from the uselessness of a mere "image" (*eidōlon*) to be a Master-builder in spatial life.

†† Gr. *dōxa*, shining; the auric body of the Self-born.

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—II.

THE ROBIN OF THE KING.

His candle shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness. —*Job*, xxix. 3.

On the bird of air blue-breasted
 glint the rays of gold,
 And a shadowy fleece above us
 waves the forest old,
 Far through rumorous leagues of midnight
 stirred by breezes warm.
 See the old ascetic yonder,
 Ah, poor withered form!
 Where he crouches wrinkled over
 by unnumbered years
 Through the leaves the flakes of moonfire
 fall like phantom tears.
 At the dawn a kingly hunter
 passed in proud disdain,
 Like a rainbow-torrent scattered
 flashed his royal train.
 Now the lonely one unheeded
 seeks earth's caverns dim,
 Never king or prince will robe them
 radiantly as him.
 Mid the deep enfolding darkness,
 follow him, oh seer,
 While the arrow will is piercing
 fiery sphere on sphere.
 Through the blackness leaps and sparkles
 gold and amethyst,
 Curling, jetting and dissolving
 in a rainbow mist.
 In the jewel glow and lunar
 radiance rises there
 One, a morning star in beauty,
 young, immortal, fair.



Sealed in heavy sleep, the spirit
 leaves its faded dress,
Unto fiery youth returning
 out of weariness.
Music as for one departing,
 joy as for a king,
Sound and swell, and hark! above him
 cymbals triumphing.
Fire an aureole encircling
 suns his brow with gold
Like to one who hails the morning
 on the mountains old.
Open mightier vistas changing
 human loves to scorns,
And the spears of glory pierce him
 like a Crown of Thorns.
As the sparry rays dilating
 o'er his forehead climb
Once again he knows the Dragon
 Wisdom of the prime.
High and yet more high to freedom
 as a bird he springs,
And the aureole outbreathing,
 gold and silver wings
Plume the brow and crown the seraph.
 Soon his journey done
He will pass our eyes that follow,
 sped beyond the sun.
None may know the darker radiance,
 King, will there be thine.
Rapt above the Light and hidden
 in the Dark Divine.

Æ.



THE SIXTH SENSE AND THE SEVENTH. WHICH IS NON-SENSE.

THE big Joke vibrated in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. *From an Ogham Inscription.*

SORROWSOME experiences have I had in the astral regions. Many of these I have written out for theosophical magazines under the title, "A Chelâ's Dreams"; and some have even been published during the temporary absence of the editor, or of his fifth principle. But they were all elaborated by me in the astral sub-state of my waking consciousness, as until the last fool mûn I was yet a neophyte of the pin-feather degree, and incapable of coping successfully with elemental and mental forces. Somewhat to my surprise, however, I *have* had a dream: it was that I heard a big goose cackling as it laid an egg, which fell from a height of four planes upon my head. It produced a protuberance on my caput and awakened a chakram which reaches from ear to ear, and which I have not discovered in any of the Hindu diagrams. Then it was that for the first time I went out into the astral, boldly and bodily. Hence this experience is genuine, which accounts for its not hanging together very well. Neither did my astral body, which did not go out simultaneously, so to speak, but proceeded by detachments.

Now, as every anxious enquirer knows, there are six directions of Space, leading to various places, and a synthesizing seventh, which leads nowhere. I struck the latter track, my mind following its natural bent. Somehow I felt at home there—as if at last I had found my own ray, and would be appreciated.

Absolute and vacuous darkness gloomed before me. Written on that darkness, in letters darker than the darkness itself, were these words, which I read:

Hear the Doctrine of the Liver:
Blest are they who agonize:

Tight boots rub out much bad karma;

Toothache leads thee to the skies;

On thy tramped-on corns, lugubrious,

Thou shalt rise to greater pain.

Know that every burst of laughter

Goes against thy Mamas' grain.

Humor is the blackest magic;

Duggas *always* love a pun;

Jokers' feet take hold of Hades:

Hell is paved with *Punch* and *Fun*.

Cheerfulness is not for those who

Tread with stockinged feet the car-

Pet-tacked path of self-inflicted

Needless rows that jolt and jar.

Small discomforts, channel crossings,

Indurate thy budding mind.

Till at length thou welcomest gladly

All the woes that vex mankind.

Other planes will then awaken:

Macrocosmic tears must pour.

Ere thy hand can grasp the knocker

On the Cosmic Nightmare's door.

When thou near'st the Cosmic Nightmare,

Where no laughter comes elate,

Put thy head beneath the knocker.

Beat thy brains out on the plate;

Empty-headed then returning,

Write of Cheli's dreams, and things.

Sagely talk of metaphysics.

Get thy moulting astral wings;

Be a Charon unto others.

Guide their bogies o'er the river.

Introduce them to the knocker:

Preach the Doctrine of the Liver.

A. STRAL.



REVIEW.

A MODERN PANARION.

THE sub-title, "A Collection of Fugitive Fragments," from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, indicates the nature of the contents. They are mainly reprints of the ephemeral journalistic warfare carried on in the early days of the T. S. against spiritualism, and many of them seem hardly worth including in this bulky volume. Almost everything of value in them has been amplified and better stated in her other books. We look forward with more interest to the next volume, which we hope will include the magnificent articles contributed to *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. Some of these have been already issued in a most convenient form by the New England Theosophical Corporation, Boston. We recommend their admirably printed little books to everyone.

BY THE WAY.

WITH this issue we complete another volume. When we started three years ago I saw before me what I conceived to be an ideal theosophical monthly. Experience revealed the difficulties in the way of its realization, but now that they have been in a large measure overcome it is needless to enumerate them. With such contributors as J. N., C.-Y.-T., Aretas, C. J., Æ. and others, it becomes possible to produce a magazine which will be a living force in our movement, and be in every way worthy of support.

* * *

"Give me seven mystics in earnest," said one not long ago, "and we will evoke the ancient spirit; we will bring back the old magic; the fires will burst forth and illuminate the land. These things we have spoken of, and of which we have written in our books, will no longer be mere metaphysical abstractions; they will be actual realities." And as we adventure afresh, as Æ. puts it, I think this is a note worth considering. We must speak and write more from the depths of our being, not afraid to open our hearts to one another as we go along the way. Do not let us be over-anxious to follow entirely the old methods; let us follow the bent of our souls more. Grooves, whether of thought or action, hamper and bind us; we must strike out boldly, daringly, realizing fully the importance of our work. If we enter our work in this spirit, we will do it better. Its influence will be far-reaching and effectual. It will go forth and touch the same centre in others, as that

from which it received the initial impulse. Only thus, it seems to me, will Theosophy be made a *living* power.

* * *

It is a fitting time to discuss methods of work. I will be glad if those who have experience in different branches of work, or those who have ideas upon the development of new methods, will write me. I could then publish one or two articles on the subject for the benefit of all Branches and Centres. I hope some of our American brothers will respond with their ideas. The first article will appear next month, by Mrs. Keightley.

* * *

The mystic fire played an important part in the philosophy of the ancient Theosophists. They regarded it as "the soul of the world." To them it was the emblem of the Deity. This is how one of them describes it: "Our fire is equable, it is continual; it does not evaporate; it is not taken from matter; it destroys all, it dissolves, it congeals, it calcines all. It is humid, vaporous, analyzing, penetrating, subtle, ethereal, gentle, unconsuming, uninflaming, surrounding all, containing all, and absolutely unique. It is also the fountain of living water, in which the king and queen of nature continually bathe themselves. It is at once hot, dry, moist and cold, and neither burns nor inflames."

* * *

I have occasionally heard visitors at theosophical meetings make strange comments, when speakers used Sanskrit terms too frequently. Burton, in one of his "Indian Tales," tells how the minds of people were changed on hearing a donkey speak Sanskrit, and how they confessed that, although he had an asinine form, he was unquestionably the son of Indra, for it was never known that an ass could speak Sanskrit. The application of the tale may be left to readers. I think, however, that it is wise, as far as possible, to confine our exposition of Theosophy to the English language, in public meetings particularly.

D. N. D.

T. S. NEWS AND NOTES

BOW LODGE, T. S. E. (E.).—In many respects the activity of this Lodge is really remarkable. Its members have a printing press, and run a monthly magazine for circulating in their district. A special series of articles have been contributed by its members to a local paper, by special invitation of the editor. Increased activity in every direction is reported, and five new members have lately been added to its roll. More power, "Bow."

Brother Crooke of Southport Branch, T. S. E. (E.), has issued a circular to clubs, literary societies, etc., intimating that a "small body of students" are desirous of meeting their members to exchange ideas, and discuss subjects of mutual interest. This is an idea that might be adopted by others with advantage. New fields of work have constantly to be opened up, and a wide general interest aroused.

Brother C. J. Ryan, Cambridge House, Ventnor, I. W., writes that fresh interest is being taken in Theosophy in his neighbourhood. Meetings for enquirers have been held with good results. Theosophists who can pay him a visit will be heartily welcomed, and good use made of their services.

A letter has been received from Brother Willans of Sydney, N. S. W., on behalf of twenty-three members there, and two Centres in N. Z., setting out in detail the methods that were adopted to obtain the vote and influence of the Australian Section in favor of Mrs. Besant's action in the "Case against W. Q. Judge." It is unnecessary at this stage to go into these matters. It is satisfactory to know that there is a devoted group of workers in Australia and N. Z. who have, through all, remained loyal to Mr. Judge, and who have upheld the principles of Theosophy. Having taken a definite stand, and organized accordingly, they can proceed uninterruptedly with the work they have at heart.

With reference to Mrs. Besant's statement at the "European Section" Convention, that she had "brought no charges of any kind against Colonel Olcott," Bro. E. A. Neresheimer of New York writes, "that in case some confusion should exist in the minds of those not acquainted with the facts," he thinks it right to state that Mrs. Besant went to the U. S. early in 1892 expressly for the purpose of bringing accusations against Colonel Olcott, and that upon the strength of those accusations Colonel Olcott was asked to resign. He also states that the account given by Mr. Judge in his reply is correct.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE following are the subjects for the Wednesday evening meetings during ensuing month: Sep. 18th, *The Occultism of the Ancient Irish*, P. E. Jordan; 25th, *The Perfectibility of Man*, D. N. Dunlop; Oct. 2nd, *Death*; 9th, *The Solitude of Earthly Life*, Jas. M. Pryse.

The Monday evening meetings at 8.30, for study of *The Secret Doctrine*, are continued as usual. FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

Printed on "THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST" Press, 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.