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## THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

### VII. THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN. (*contd.*)

The triple group or "triad" of Atma, Buddhi and Manas, spoken of in our last article, constitutes that part of the nature of man which Theosophy holds to be the essential, immortal part—the rest being a transitory product or offshoot. As already defined, Buddhi is the central spark of spiritual fire, separated, or rather appearing to us as separated, from the one omnipresent principle of Atma, or Spirit itself. Manas, the Human Soul proper, or Higher Ego, is the source of self-conscious Intelligence, Mind, Reason, Memory. It is this principle which stores up the experience of earth-life and preserves the identity of the Ego through its many phases of development. The personal "I" with which we are accustomed to identify ourselves in ordinary thought, is a ray from Manas proper, which is often distinguished from it by the title "Higher" Manas. The two principles however, the ray and its parent source, are in reality one; and the whole rationale of mysticism and of occult development depends upon the fact that it lies in the power of the lower mind to free itself from the dominance of Kama or desire, and to merge, even during earth-life, into the larger consciousness of its diviner Self. But for all except the highest types of mankind—those "Elder Brothers of the Race" known to the Theosophist as Mahatmas or "Great Souls"—it is the Lower Mind which is the guiding beacon on whose light they normally depend for guidance. It is the conscious *personal* self of each one of us; the central dominant principle of our present imperfect humanity. In order to understand aright what is meant by the expression Kama-Manas, one should bear in mind the Theosophic conception of evolution as a dual process, an interblending or weaving together of soul and body, hence a descent on the one hand, an ascent on the other. Manas, a god upon its own plane, is without full knowledge or experience of lower planes. This it has to acquire through the successive personalities which it ensouls with its "ray". Now while the "ray" is one, the lower entities which gather round that ray and are quickened in their evolution thereby, are almost numberless. Biologists are coming to regard the physical body as a veritable colony of living cells. And in a somewhat analogous way Theosophy holds that upon subtler planes than the physical, our

ego gathers around it, and acts through great numbers of inferior living entities called elementals. These have instinct only for their guide, and that they seek to gratify by force of habit. It is the combined tumultuous instincts of these lower lives, reacting on the consciousness of the "I" or Manas, which produce the principle of Kama or desire. This includes within it all the emotions, instincts, passions, desires, which are so large a part of our life, and indeed form, so to speak, its driving power. In itself Kama cannot be said to be possessed of qualities either good or bad. If it tempts and seduces, it also quickens and inspires. It may tend downward towards mere animal enjoyment, but it may also aspire towards its own refinement from baser dross, towards emotions ever nobler, purer, more universal. This can only be when Manas obtains control, when *desire* yields to *will*, and by the fusion of thought and emotion in *being*, man "lays hold upon immortality." Those who have thus united the lower and higher nature in conscious and permanent union, are said to have overcome death, because in them the "I" has been raised during bodily life to the higher planes in which the immortal part of man persists between one incarnation and another. For these rare souls there are not the breaks of continuity which for ordinary mankind are involved in the facts of birth and death. The Lower Manas is in such cases truly the vehicle, the agent, of the Higher—a veritable messenger and interpreter of the "gods." For most men it is an independent centre, with tendencies which draw it partly downwards, partly upwards. Kama neither gains complete mastery nor becomes completely subservient to its lord. Hence progress is slow, and life's purpose is lost amid the gaps of memory.

But while such wavering advance is that of average humanity, there is another third alternative implied in the occult doctrine of the dual nature of the ego—the terrible one of soul-death, or failure of the Lower Manas to re-unite with its source. This is said to occur when vicious and animal instincts are persisted in knowingly, when the "inner voice" is silenced, and the man in thought and act becomes merely an intelligent but conscienceless animal. In such a case, when a certain stage has been reached, the Lower Ego is held to break away completely from the Higher, which must begin over again in a new personality, while the old one lingers on, becoming more and more degraded, and at last perishing entirely, torn asunder by its own contending passions and desires.

This dreadful possibility of the severance of the Egos, is of course an extreme and rare one—as rare, perhaps, as the opposite instance of their permanent and conscious union. But the possibility is declared a real one, and must be mentioned if only as a corrective to that lazy optimism which one is rather apt to draw out of an imperfect acquaintance with Theosophic teachings.

Kama, then, or Kama-Manas, holds a central position among the other principles. It is the link between the higher and the lower; the battleground in which contend the forces of man's intellectual and moral evolution. A great literature exists in the East which has for its object to aid the understanding and control of this "Lower Mind." The duties of right thought and right desire, as well as of right action, are insisted upon. In the philosophy of Raja Yoga definite exercises and methods of training are prescribed with the design of strengthening and bracing the energies of the soul, as a physical course of training does those of the body. For these are the energies through which a man must "work out his own salvation"—not merely by virtuous conduct and avoidance of vice, but by what alone gives life and reality to these—the purification and ennobling of the *mind* in all

its tendencies, desires, thoughts, emotions and ideals.

The three remaining principles of Prana, Linga Sarira and Sthula Sarira are grouped together in our table as belonging to the "body," just as Buddhi, Manas and Kama may be said to constitute the "soul." Prana is translated "life principle, vitality," but as life is held by Theosophy to be universally diffused throughout Cosmos, even in what is apparently "dead matter", it follows that Prana is merely the name given to that special form assumed by the One Life-Force (Jiva) when acting in the "organic" matter of which our bodies consist, like those of animals and plants. As Prana it does not act directly on the material molecules of the physical body, but passes through its special vehicle or reservoir, the "astral" body (linga sarira) which is the mould round which the embryo of the physical frame or sthula sarira, builds itself. The "astral" substance (which, notwithstanding its rather misleading title, has nothing to do with the stars) being more plastic and sensitive to the forces of thought than is the grosser matter of the outer body, it is through this linga sarira that mind is able to affect the latter, even to the extent of causing marks and even wounds to appear upon it, if the idea has first impressed itself on the imagination. Hence the well-known cases of "stigmatization" among devotees of the Catholic Church, and the analogous phenomena of hypnotism in which the "suggestion" of a letter, figure, blister &c. will work itself out, *hours afterward*, on the person of the "subject".

The linga-sarira remains in close connection with the outer body, developing and decaying with it *pari passu*. In cases of sudden or premature death it is said, however, to survive its physical counterpart for a longer or briefer interval. During life it may leave the body for a short distance, as in the instance of spiritualist mediums. But in the majority of cases of apparitions the phenomenon is different, the form being what is called the "thought-form". This is moulded from astral matter, but is not the astral body proper, the linga sarira, which as already said, is closely bound up with the physical organism, and is practically inseparable from it.

The physical body is the general basis or vehicle of the other six principles, which have each (with the exception of Atma which is universal) their special centres of action within it. The brain, according to occultism, is not the only seat of consciousness in the body. The functions of various organs such as the heart and plexuses, whose external machinery has been laid bare by western science, have been explored by Eastern ascetics as foci of certain mental, emotional and spiritual influences. The development and utilising of these forms a great part of occult training. But the general aspect of the body as simply the instrument of consciousness on the physical plane, is all that concerns us in this brief survey of the "Seven Principles".

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ON Easter evening I heard a voice above the splash of the breaking waves, above the music of the band; above the tramp of many footsteps. It was the voice of one praying. I looked forth and beheld a large group kneeling on the "cold grey stones" of the beach, and from their midst went up that strong supplication for the salvation of souls. His call was to something he felt to be higher than he knew himself to be—to a power that he believed could lift him toward that unknown. It was a heart's call to the Divine Heart. I bowed my head in reverence to their simple faith and joined my heart desire to that other "praying in the wilderness." One's God that he worships can be no higher than that person's highest ideal. If his mind has no experience except with outer life, his God must be outward and objective and the title he gives it alters not the efficacy of his heart's aspiration toward that Divinity in humanity, which we believe sheds a ray into every soul.

## THE SECRET OF POWER.

It is not merely because it is extraordinary that I wish to tell you this story. I think mere weirdness, grotesque or unusual character, are not sufficient reasons for making public incidents in which there is an element of the superhuman. The world, in spite of its desire to understand the nature of the occult, is sick of and refuses to listen to stories of apparitions which betray no spiritual character or reveal no spiritual law. The incident here related is burned into my mind and life, not because of its dramatic intensity or personal character, but because it was a revelation of the *secret of power*, a secret which the wise in good and the wise in evil alike have knowledge of.

My friend Felix was strangely disturbed; not only were his material affairs unsettled, but he was also passing through a crisis in his spiritual life. Two paths were open before him; On one side lay the dazzling mystery of passion; on the other "the small old path" held out its secret and spiritual allurements. I had hope that he would choose the latter, and as I was keenly interested in his decision, I invested the struggle going on in his mind with something of universal significance, seeing in it a symbol of the strife between "light and darkness which are the world's eternal ways." He came in late one evening. I saw at once by the dim light that there was something strange in his manner. I spoke to him in enquiry; he answered me in a harsh dry voice quite foreign to his usual manner. "Oh, I am not going to trouble myself any more, I will let things take their course." This seemed the one idea in his mind, the one thing he understood clearly was that things were to take their own course; he failed to grasp the significance of any other idea or its relative importance. He answered "Aye, indeed," with every appearance of interest and eagerness to some trivial remark about the weather, and was quite unconcerned about another and most important matter which should have interested him deeply. I soon saw what had happened; his mind, in which forces so evenly balanced had fought so strenuously, had become utterly wearied out and could work no longer. A flash of old intuition illumined it at last,—it was not wise to strive with such bitterness over life,—therefore he said to me in memory of this intuition, "I am going to let things take their course." A larger tribunal would decide; he had appealed unto Cæsar. I sent him up to his room and tried to quiet his fever by magnetization with some success. He fell asleep, and as I was rather weary myself I retired soon after.

This was the vision of the night, It was surely in the room I was lying and on my bed, and yet space opened on every side with pale, clear light. A slight wavering figure caught my eye, a figure that swayed to and fro; I was struck with its utter feebleness, yet I understood it was its own will or some quality of its nature which determined that palpitating movement towards the poles between which it swung. What were they? I became silent as night and thought no more.

Two figures awful in their power opposed each other; the frail being wavering between them could by putting out its arms have touched them both. It alone wavered, for they were silent, resolute and knit in the conflict of will; they stirred not a hand nor a foot; there was only a still quivering now and then as of intense effort, but they made no other movement. Their heads were bent forward slightly, their arms folded, their bodies straight, rigid, and inclined slightly backwards from each other like two spokes of a gigantic wheel. What were they, these figures? I knew not, and yet gazing upon them, thought which took no words to clothe itself mutely read their

meaning. Here were the culminations of the human, towering images of the good and evil man may aspire to. I looked at the face of the evil adept. His bright red-brown eyes burned with a strange radiance of power; I felt an answering emotion of pride, of personal intoxication, of psychic richness rise up within me gazing upon him. His face was archetypal; the abstract passion which eluded me in the features of many people I knew, was here declared, exultant, defiant, gigantesque; it seemed to leap like fire, to be free. In this face I was close to the legendary past, to the hopeless worlds where men were martyred by stony kings, where prayer was hopeless, where pity was none. I traced a resemblance to many of the great Destroyers in history whose features have been preserved, Napoleon, Ramases and a hundred others, named and nameless, the long line of those who were crowned and sceptered in cruelty. His strength was in human weakness, I saw this, for space and the hearts of men were bare before me. Out of space there flowed to him a stream half invisible of red; it nourished that rich radiant energy of passion; it flowed from men as they walked and brooded in loneliness, or as they tossed in sleep. I withdrew my gaze from this face which awoke in me a lurid sense accompaniment, and turned it on the other. An aura of pale soft blue was around this figure through which gleamed an underlight as of universal gold. The vision was already dim and departing, but I caught a glimpse of a face godlike in its calm, terrible in the beauty of a life we know only in dreams, with strength which is the end of the hero's toil, which belongs to the many times martyred soul; yet not far away nor in the past was its power, it was the might of life which exists eternally. I understood how easy it would have been for this one to have ended the conflict, to have gained a material victory by its power, but this would not have touched on or furthered its spiritual ends. Only its real being had force to attract that real being which was shrouded in the wavering figure. This truth the adept of darkness knew also and therefore he intensified within the sense of pride and passionate personality. Therefore they stirred not a hand nor a foot while under the stimulus of their presence culminated the good and evil in the life which had appealed to a higher tribunal to decide. Then this figure wavering between the two moved forward and touched with its hand the Son of Light. All at once the scene and actors vanished, and the eye that saw them was closed, I was alone with darkness and a hurricane of thoughts.

Strange and powerful figures! I knew your secret of strength, it is only *to be*, nature quickened by your presence leaps up in response. I knew no less the freedom of that human soul, for your power only revealed its unmanifest nature, it but precipitated experience. I knew that although the gods and cosmic powers may war over us for ever, it is we alone declare them victors or vanquished.

For the rest the vision of that night was prophetic, and the feet of my friend are now set on that way which was the innermost impulse of his soul.

## THE ELEMENT LANGUAGE.

In a chapter in the *Secret Doctrine* dealing with the origin of language, H. P. Blavatsky makes some statements which are quoted here and which should be borne well in mind in considering what follows. "The Second Race had a 'Sound Language,' to wit, *chant-like* sounds composed of vowels alone." From this developed "monosyllabic speech which was the vowel parent, so to speak, of the monosyllabic languages mixed with hard consonants still in use among the yellow races which are known to the anthropologist. These linguistic characteristics developed into the agglutinative languages . . . . The inflectional speech, the root of the Sanskrit, was the first language (now the *mystery tongue* of the Initiates) of the Fifth Race."

The nature of that language has not been disclosed along with other teaching concerning the evolution of the race, but like many other secrets the details of which are still preserved by the Initiates, it is implied in what has already been revealed. The application to speech of the abstract formula of evolution which they have put forward should result in its discovery, for the clue lies in correspondences; know the nature of any one thing perfectly, learn its genesis, development and consummation, and you have the key to all the mysteries of nature. The microcosm mirrors the macrocosm. But, before applying this key, it is well to glean whatever hints have been given, so that there may be less chance of going astray in our application. First, we gather from the *Secret Doctrine* that the sounds of the human voice are correlated with forces, colours, numbers and forms. "*Every letter has its occult meaning, the vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.*" (S. D., I. 94.) and again it is said "The magic of the ancient priests consisted in those days in addressing *their gods in their own language*. The speech of the men of earth cannot reach the Lords, each must be addressed in the language of his respective element"—is a sentence which will be shown pregnant with meaning. "*The book of rules*" cited adds as an explanation of the nature of that *element-language*: "It is composed of *Sounds*, not words; of sounds, numbers and figures. He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power" (the regent-god of the specific element needed). Thus this "language is that of *incantations* or of *MANTRAS*, as they are called in India, sound being the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between mortals and immortals" (S. D., I. 464.).

From these quotations it will be seen that the occult teachings as to speech are directly at variance with the theories of many philologists and evolutionists. A first speech which was like song—another and more developed speech which is held sacred—an esoteric side to speech in which the elements of our conventional languages (*i. e.* the letters) are so arranged that speech becomes potent enough to guide the elements, and human speech becomes the speech of the gods—there is no kinship between this ideal language and the ejaculations and mimicry which so many hold to be the root and beginning of it. Yet those who wish to defend their right to hold the occult teaching have little to fear from the champions of these theories; they need not at all possess any deep scholarship or linguistic attainment; the most cursory view of the roots of primitive speech, so far as they have been collected, will show that they contain few or no sounds of a character which would bear out either the onomatopoeic or interjectional theories. The vast majority of the roots of the Aryan language express abstract ideas, they rarely indicate the particular actions which would be capable of being sug-

gested by any mimicry possible to the human voice. I have selected at random from a list of roots their English equivalents, in order to show the character of the roots and to make clearer the difficulty of holding such views. The abstract nature of the ideas, relating to actions and things which often have no attendant sound in nature, will indicate what I mean. What possible sounds could mimic the sense of "to move, to shine, to gain, to flow, to burn, to blow, to live, to possess, to cover, to fall, to praise, to think"? In fact the most abstract of all seem the most primitive for we find them most fruitful in combination to form other words. I hope to show this clearly later on. It is unnecessary to discuss the claims of the interjectional theory, as it is only a theory, and there are few roots for which we could infer even a remote origin of this nature. The great objection to the theory that speech was originally a matter of convention and mutual agreement, is the scarcity of words among the roots which express the wants of primitive man. As it is, a wisdom within or beyond the Aryan led him to construct in these roots with their abstract significance an ideal foundation from which a great language could be developed. However as the exponents of rival theories have demolished each other's arguments, without anyone having established a clear case for himself, it is not necessary here to do more than indicate these theories and how they may be met.

In putting forward a hypothesis more in accord with the doctrine of the spiritual origin of man, and in harmony with those occult ideas concerning speech already quoted, I stand in a rather unusual position, as I have to confess my ignorance of any of these primitive languages. I am rather inclined, however, to regard this on the whole as an advantage for the following reasons. I think primitive man (the early Aryan) chose his words by a certain intuition which recognised an *innate correspondence between the thought and the symbol*. *Pari passu* with the growing complexity of civilization language lost its spiritual character, "it fell into matter," to use H. P. Blavatsky's expression; as the conventional words necessary to define artificial products grew in number, in the memory of these words the spontaneity of speech was lost, and that faculty became atrophied which enabled man to arrange with psychic rapidity ever new combinations of sounds to express emotion and thought. Believing then that speech was originally intuitive, and that it only needs introspection and a careful analysis of the sounds of the human voice, to recover the faculty and correspondences between these sounds and forces, colours, forms, etc., it will be seen why I do not regard my ignorance of these languages as altogether a drawback. The correspondences necessarily had to be evolved out of my inner consciousness, and in doing this no aid could be derived from the Aryan roots as they now stand. In the meaning attached to *each letter* is to be found the key to the meaning and origin of roots; but the value of each sound separately could never be discovered by an examination of them in their combination, though their value and purpose in combination to form words might be evident enough once the significance of the letters is shewn. Any lack of knowledge then is only a disadvantage in this, that it limits the area from which to choose illustrations. I have felt it necessary to preface what I have to say with this confession, to show exactly the position in which I stand. The correspondences between sounds and forces were first evolved, and an examination of the Aryan roots proved the key capable of application. (*to be continued.*) G. W. R.

NOTE:— In an article which appeared in the *Theosophist*, Dec. 1887, I had attempted, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Chas. Johnston, to put forward some of the ideas which form the subject matter of this paper. Owing to the numerous misprints which rendered it unintelligible I have felt it necessary to altogether re-write it. G. W. R.

## PROTEUS.

Some twenty three centuries ago lived Plato, the great thinker of antiquity.

His divine imagination gave him a glimpse of truths which science has groped after for two thousand years. In his "Hymn of the Universe", which is one of the highest utterances that comes to us from the pre-Christian ages, he designates man as the "Microcosm", or epitome of the Universe, thereby anticipating one of the sublimest generalizations of modern science.

Agassiz, the leading naturalist of our day, but re-echoed the thought of Plato, when he said "Creation expresses the same thought from the earliest ages, onward to the coming of man; whose advent is already foretold in the first appearance of the earliest fishes".

For creation, from the first, has been in continued effort to put forth the human form. Mineral, vegetable and animal forms, nay, atmospheres, planets, and suns, are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on differing stages of his transit. He stands on the pyramid of being, linked with all below, as the form to which they all aspire. Man is the head and heart of nature. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is, because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. He finds that reason physiologically in his body, and spiritually in his soul.

Man is the Presence before whom all limits disappear, the reservoir out of which wholeness and vitality well from perennial springs. Upon molecular life which is the mineral, growth life which is the vegetable, and instinctive life which is the animal, is founded a life of life, which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the Universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Hell are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. The living Caryatides is he—the I AM who not was, but is, in all things. There is a oneness of principle pervading life, which resolves itself into the omniprevalence of man. Humanity enfolds everything and is all embracing.

All lower things are mute predictions of man. The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Prior to all worlds, man is the oldest idea in the Creation. Nothing ever was moulded into form that was not a prophecy of something to be afterwards unfolded in him. In him unite zoophite and fish, monad and mammal, and he confesses this in bone and function. The mouse is his fellow creature. The worms are his poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows which he has not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant man vegetating; the reptile man wriggling and squirming; tomorrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a necktie or a bonnet.

Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe, before it assumes the human incarnation. Nature is in the ascensive mood. In her studio the crystal tends to become an inflorescence. The unconscious effort of all lower life is to reach the human organism that is implicated in the germ and prefigured in the primal atom. Man is thus an Universal Form from the complex of Creation, and the Cosmos crosses him by its lines thro' every nerve.

The lower forms are steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. And the climb is a constant one. Humanity, by its principles, extends



through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through winds and the fluid words. There is no escape anywhere from man. If we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning; if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there.

“Man doth usurp all space;  
Stares thee in rock, bush, river, in the face.  
’Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,  
’Tis but a disguised humanity.”

Science watches the monad through all his masks, and detects, through all the troops of organized forms, the eternal unity. All feet fit into that foot-step, and all things have passed that way.

It was said, in the olden time, of the mystic Proteus, that to escape pursuit he would assume all shapes. “First he became a lion with noble mane, then a dragon and a leopard and a great bear and then he became liquid water and a lofty leaved tree.”

By Proteus the ancients symbolized man; for he is not only man; he is all things—every part of the Universe in turn as we change our point of view. Through him the very trees are not inanimate, nor the beasts without progress, but they breathe and walk after man down the line of the ages, as after Orpheus in the days of old.

*(to be continued.)*

## DUSK.

Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;  
Each chimney’s vapour, like a thin grey rod,  
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,  
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their line,  
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod  
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine  
Out of the house of God.

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls  
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod,  
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls  
Into the vast of God.

G. W. R.

## KSHANTI.

*"Patience sweet that nought can ruffle."*

To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible form she speaks. Who has not felt at sometime or other the truths the poet sings? In some calm hour when we have left far behind us the deafening noise and bustle of the crowded street; seeking rest and refuge from the tumult around us and within us, we have wandered to where the everlasting hills lift up their heather-purpled summits towards the bending clouds; where green trees whisper low and mild, or where the rippling rivulet "dances its wayward round" laughing adown the mountain side like a careless child at play, mirroring in its crystalline clearness the wild flowers that carpet its banks. Tired and weary in heart and brain, we have flung ourselves down, seeking rest in the kindly arms of mother nature; again as in the long lost hours of childhood we bend our ears and listen to her story without an end; the old scenes come back with all their glamour; perchance in such an hour we find the child heart again, be that as it may, the old legends haunt us with irresistible sweetness and the old content is ours.

The blessed sunlight, that has too long been hidden from us by bricks and mortar, streams upon our head; unbroken silence wraps us round, a silence so intense that we fancy we can hear the grass grow and the buds bursting; the deep mystic silence in which nature's work is done.

We close our eyes; the visible, tangible, unreal world of the senses that we have escaped from for a time fades away; we touch the "ivory gate and golden" the latch yields, we enter the realms of the real, the true, the kingdom of the usually unseen things which alone are eternal. With deaf ears we listen; with closed eyes we see; almost we recognise the elemental world around us; once again as in our youth the tall tree stems are dryads, the good people dance in mazy circle, and Undine laughs beneath the waves.

Soon these thoughts fade, others take their place, faint remembrances from the long past perhaps; the peace, the calm grows deeper still; it passeth understanding yet is experienced in that hour: we utterly forget the fever, and the fret; the cares of life; the misery of the great city where men "sit and hear each other moan." On nature's bosom we fall asleep and dream, and the dream is sweet; we question nature and she bares her heart to us and whispers in our ear her secret, the source of her strength; she utters but one word *patience*. And before our dreaming eyes she rolls back the curtain of time, and shows us how she worked in the moment of infinite duration that we call the past. In silence and patience she piled the hills and channelled the water-courses; in silence her ice-plough levelled the mountains; in silence she determined or altered the bounds of ocean; she painted the iris hues upon the wild dove's wings: her club moss prepared the way for fairer growths; her inmost thoughts embodied in form she shows us, and whispers still the one word, patience. And we awake and compare our work with hers and see where we have failed. We have been impatient, have longed to force the bud of perfection from the tiny seed of truth we have made our own; in one short earth life; we have attempted to soar on eagle's wings before we have learned by repeated failure to stand alone, and Icarus-like blinded by the sun of truth we have fallen to earth heavily perhaps; we have striven to scale heights that "Great Souls" have only reached after repeated effort, and the mountain side has proved too sheer and steep.

Well for us is it if we listen to nature's lesson and strive to gain that pat-

ience sweet that nought can ruffle" of which the ancient wisdom speaks; it alone is the source of that calmness from which strength is born. If we could bathe our souls in Kshanti's essence, we could stand firmly upon "that place of our own" as unmoved by circumstances, and by our warring senses, as some world-old cliff that towers lichen-gray, majestic, calm, above the waves that beat and break in fury at its base.

He who has learned the meaning of patience has done with fear; for him the "light of daring burning in the heart" will not flicker, or fade, but shed its radiance however feeble upon the upward path, until at last the goal is won, the spark merged into the flame, the drop into the ocean. Shielded by Kshanti that heart-light shall illuminate the inner life, and shed its brightness over other lives with a steady flame that is not fanned by waves of passion, and casts no shadow upon the soul.

"Patience sweet:" against that armour Maya's arrows glance harmlessly away powerless to wound; and he who has girded himself with it has cast out the foe baffled, and beaten, his body is no more his master but his slave; no longer he fears failure, no more he courts success, content to know that progress, and non-progress, success and failure alike, are known to, and allowed for by the self.

"Patience Sweet," with ourselves, as well as with others. Are we impatient with our lot? we rebel against the good law; with our spiritual progress? then we hinder the longed-for success by our very striving and restless endeavour to achieve; if unruffled patience were ours resting content with fate, fearing nothing, desiring nothing, unoccupied with self, we should have time to stretch out helpful hands to others and bless their lives. And in our inmost hearts a great calm born of patience would reign, and its offspring would be fair harmony in word, and act; "counterbalancing cause and effect, and leaving no further room for Karmic action." And the great still angel of peace would overshadow us with her wings, and gaze upon us with her deep sweet eyes, and having reached the place of peace, our ears however dull would catch at least some echo of the great vibration; and having attuned our inmost being to nature's harmony, the surface storms that sweep across our lives would leave the depths untouched, and only awaken minor melodies, sweet as those of the wind-kissed æolian harp, a melody powerful to still in some measure the discord of the world.

K. B. Lawrence.

#### OUR WORK.

During the past month the following papers were read and discussed at the open meetings of the Dublin Lodge, 3 Upper Ely Place; "The Theosophical Basis of Brotherhood," "Laurence Oliphant," "Transmigration and Reincarnation," "Theosophy and Socialism"; by Brothers Roberts, Dunlop, Dick and Varian respectively.

A very successful conversation took place on the 28th. April. F. J. Dick gave a short account of the present state of the movement throughout the world, and G. W. Russell dwelt on the importance of united thought and effort.

The following papers will bring the present session to a close. The open meetings will be resumed in September. May 17th., "Dreams," G. W. Russell; "May 24th., "Sun and Fire Worship," A. W. Dwyer; May 31st., "Kama Loka and Devachan," Miss Lawrence.

The "Secret Doctrine" class will continue to meet on Monday evenings at 8-30.

The presence among us of Brother Mellis, Livepool Lodge, has served to cheer us on our way and strengthen the links of brotherhood.

## NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Under the significant title of "Through Storm to Peace," Mrs. Besant is contributing to the columns of "The Weekly Sun" the story of her life. It is interesting to note that the circulation of the paper has greatly increased in consequence. Indeed, it is little wonder, that the life of one who has passed through so many phases of thought and experience, and found peace at last in Theosophy should be of great interest to every class of the reading public.

Yes! day by day it becomes more apparent that the demand of the age is for light, more light. Religion fails with the advance of intellectual culture. Materialism fails, for it does not satisfy the Spirit. The age demands its Master, not its product, or pupil.

It may not be our function to meddle in politics, but they interest us, as an indication on the surface, of the forces at work behind the veil.

Here in Ireland, politics are at top and bottom of everything, nothing else counts. Ireland sees her opportunity, for it is quite evident that the foundation upon which England's greatness rests is surely being undermined. She has fed off the vital life of her multitudes, but such nourishment cannot always last. Already the uneasiness, as of some impending doom is apparent.

We should not however be misunderstood. We are against class or race distinctions of any kind. But so it is that weighted empires disappear and continents slide from view. We know of Lemuria being laid asleep, and of the lost Atlantis—perished might and faded glory, yet, we know also that it is but the *seeming* that perishes, the *real* finds no loss. Man—

the thinker—the centre of all forces and phenomena endures forever.

I suggest again that some common meeting ground should be established for all interested in progressive work in Dublin. A suitable place could be got, and a reading room opened—in fact an established centre of free thought, in its widest and best sense. Then, in connection with this, meetings &c. could *easily* be organized during the winter.

There is so much to be done, and yet so little attempted. We seem to spend our time criticising each other's methods, forgetting that these can only be *truly* criticised by one who is Master of all methods.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:—*Lotus-bluthen* (April); *Journal Maha-Bodhi Society*; *The Buddhist*; *Theosophical Siftings*; *Pauses*; *The Gul Afshan*; *The New Californian*; *Theosophia*; *The Theosophical Ray*, and are sorry we are unable to give more detailed notice. It is inspiring thus to be reminded of the world-wide aspect of the Theosophical movement.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions to the *I. T. FUND*,—F. A. Roberts 5/-; and Davitt D. Chidester \$1; we would take this opportunity of calling our readers attention to the fact that the recent improvements effected in the magazine have left us rather heavily in debt, and however much we would wish to further improve it we will be debarred from doing so until this debt is wiped out. We would therefore be grateful if any of our readers who can will lend us a helping hand, and thus assist us to extend our sphere of usefulness and help forward the good work.