

## THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

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### 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.)*

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## 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.*)

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## 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. Today, 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 uncautious 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.”

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(*To be continued.*)

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## 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 Karina 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 Scute'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. *Yar in-Eirin* means the land of the setting sun. *Hibernia* is a Hebrew word, and means from beyond the waters."—*Notes and Queries*.

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 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.)

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## 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.

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