

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 beseems 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.

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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-aura 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:

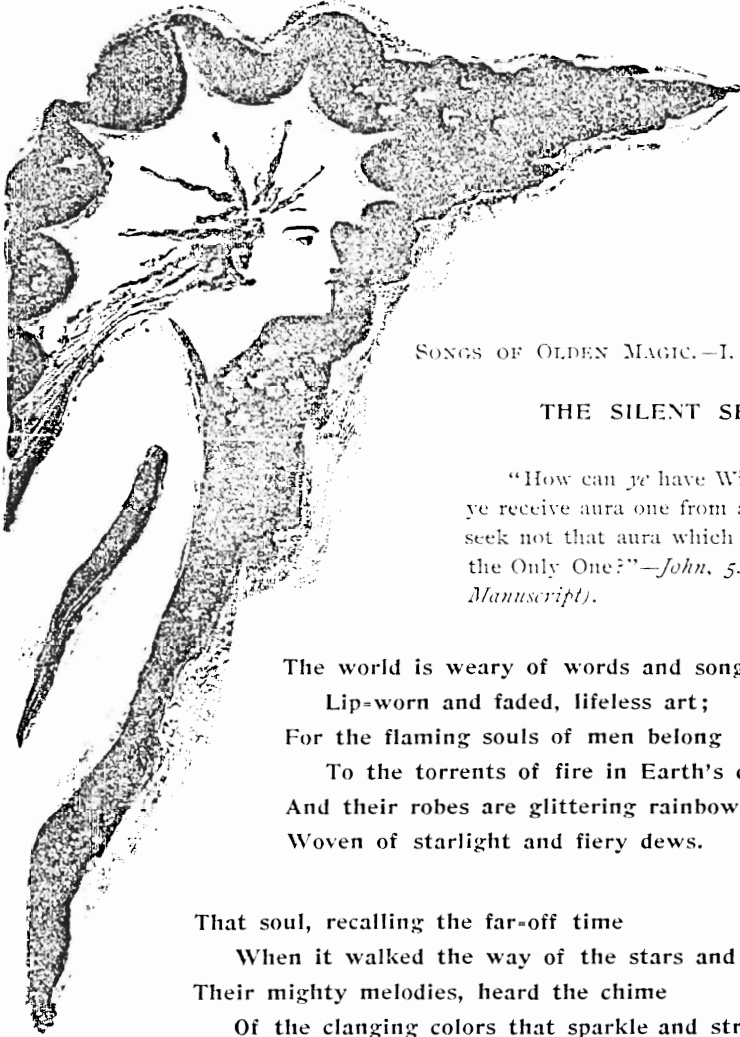
The spiritual is its own proof. Only to Consciousness can Consciousness be known.

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. 44 (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.

ARETAS.

“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 mâtâyâvic 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 25, 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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, *Convener*.