

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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

III.

COMRADES :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JASPER NIEMAND,

THE CLOSING CYCLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

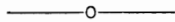
"Many are called but few are chosen," because they would not allow it. The unchosen are those who have worked for themselves alone; those who have sought for knowledge for themselves without a care about the rest; those who have had the time, the money, and the ability to give good help to Masters' cause,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

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

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

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

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.



SOUL-DEATH.

(Continued from October issue.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

THE "ROW" IN THE T. S.

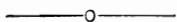
The present "row" in the T. S. will prove invaluable as a means of winnowing out the substantial from the evanescent element in that body, and has doubtless been arranged by the Masters for that very purpose. The evil forces, which sought to destroy the T. S., have been chosen as the means of purification;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

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

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

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

H. T. E.



“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”*

(PART II.)

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

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

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

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

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

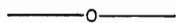
". . . We are all human, and thus weak and sinful. In that respect in which we are better than others they are better than we are in some other way. We would be self-righteous to judge others by our own standard. . . . Are we so wise as never to act foolishly? Not at all. . . . Indeed I have come to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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)



THE MYSTIC NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(Continued.)

NIGHT THE SECOND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

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

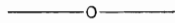
itself. I knew then the nature of these mystic streams ; they were life, joy, love, ardour, light. From these came the breath of life which the heart drew in with every beat, and from thence it was flashed up in illumination through the cloudy hollows of the brain. They poured forth unceasingly ; they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

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

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

Æ.

(To be continued.)



LOTUS CIRCLE.

For Little Folk.



THE STORY OF THE WILD THYME.

(Continued from October issue.)

And he began at once :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ How did you know ? ”

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

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

“ You !— you took care of the weeds ? ”

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

“ I will try and believe.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And where shall you be?"

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

"Horrible! You will be alone."

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

"And that is where you will go?"

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

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

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

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"OCCULTISM AND TRUTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cincinnati, Ohio.

—————o:—————

The following letter explains our somewhat changed appearance this month :—
42 Henry Street, Regent's Park, N.W.,
London, 1st January, 1895.

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

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

—————o—————

NOTICE.

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

—————o:—————

IN THE WOMB.

Still rests the heavy share on the dark soil :
Upon the dull black mould the dew-damp lies :
The horse waits patient : from his lonely toil
The ploughboy to the morning lifts his eyes.
The unbudding hedgerows, dark against day's fires,
Glitter with gold-lit crystals : on the rim
Over the unregarding city's spires
The lonely beauty shines alone for him.
And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds,
And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see
How in her womb the Mighty Mother moulds
The infant spirit for Eternity.

G. W. R.

—————o—————

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

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

FRED J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*