

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

IX.

DEAR COMRADES.—These letters which have had from you a reception so kindly are now come to an end, and it only remains for me to answer questions which have arisen in the course of their reading. Some of these questions have had direct and personal replies, as requested; a remaining few are here dealt with.

One friend writes me:

In THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST of May, 1895, p. 1, paragraph three, of your interesting and helpful article entitled "Letters to a Lodge," you speak of Intuition as being frequently confounded with three other states of consciousness, viz., Intellect, Impulse and Instinct. It brought to my mind cases which probably may come under your head of intellect: cases in which certain impressions from other minds or from thoughts in the atmosphere around one were mistaken for intuitions, and more especially with sensitives or mediums.

For illustration. A woman, Mrs. W., engaged her passage in a European steamer while her best friend, Mr. S., was lying ill. As soon as she did so her conscience began to trouble her, although it was important to her interests that she should go abroad at the date fixed upon. She did not like to leave her friend ill. She did not know what to do about it. She waited, as she said, for her intuition to decide for her: but day after day passed by and no light came. Finally, one morning she seated herself quietly, holding herself passive to her inward voice, as she expressed it. Suddenly, in a flash of intuition, as she felt convinced, the idea was graven upon her mind that her friend would die, and that it was her duty to give up her intended trip and to adopt his only child, a little girl three years old.

She had not hitherto considered her friend seriously ill, nor had the idea of adopting his child ever before entered her mind: but she felt that strict obedience to so unmistakable an intuition was her only course, so she at once changed her plans.

She proceeded to the house of her friend. As she reached the door there flashed instantaneously before her a vision of him lying dead upon his sick-bed. She was admitted and sorrowfully proceeded to his room, but was surprised to find

him living and better. In sum, he entirely recovered, and she went abroad at the fixed date.

It appeared that the two women who attended the sick man fully expected him to die, and had freely discussed the subject of the child's future, deciding that it was clearly Mrs. W.'s duty to adopt her. It seems clear that she, Mrs. W., being *en rapport* with those two women, their thoughts were easily impressed upon her sensitive mind.

Now, the falsity of what Mrs. W. received was to her a conclusive proof that it was no intuition. But if her friend had died she would always have mistaken those mental impressions for intuition, and many cases daily occur, in which the only proof of genuine intuition will be in a more intimate knowledge of our inner constitution and its workings.

The above is an excellent example, to my thinking, of the way in which psychic instinct is frequently mistaken for intuition. The mistake is at once detected in the words, "holding herself passive to her inward voice." Unless she had been trained she could not know *how* to hold herself passive, in the first place. With untrained persons this sitting for passivity implies throwing the whole body and nervous currents into a relaxed and quiescent condition; this prepares the sitter, like a sensitized plate, for the reception of astral pictures and astral currents; those first received are, most often, the pictures and currents in their own sphere, either consciously or unconsciously engendered by themselves. There is a biblical and occult phrase, most unpleasantly translated, which expresses what is really done by the sitter: "returning like a dog to its own vomit." In our spheres are echoes, reverberations, refracted lights, the psychic mirage and what not else, cast off and out by the mind; to these we oft return.

Now body and astral (nervous) body are the appointed receptacles for forces of the psycho-physiological planes, which are their own planes, and if you render them passive what can you expect but that "their own waters shall fill them," to use the mystic phrase? Note that I say receptacles; not vehicles. Vehicle, with me, has quite another sense. Receptacles of the *pure* force of their own planes they are intended to be, and when thus filled with force pure to its own plane—relatively pure—they should then become vehicles for the higher forces, just as a vessel filled with pure water purely reflects the sun's brightness in a dazzle of rays, while a vessel filled with dark and turbid water gives forth a dense image contracted to a formed orb, which form gives a false idea of the true sun, while the darkness dims the radiance and obstructs the electric dazzle, absorbing the light into its foul depths, instead of giving it forth.

This explains one source of error. Another fact gives another

facet, to wit: there is a certain spot, and one spot only, which is to be "whitened" or "held for Mother Isis" by the trained seer. This act involves a use of some of the highest forces in Nature, spiritual forces, be it said, and is a power never attained except by the highly trained disciple, who by its very use becomes and is an Adept. He who can use these forces at will "in the home of Isis" can perform phenomena equally at will.

What then of ourselves, seekers after truth, catching now and then glimpses of real intuition? Are we to abandon all hope of such because we are not now in a time and place where we are able to lay strong hands upon our birth-right?

By no means. Abandon no hope. Do not sit for passivity nor stare into mirrors; but purify your motives, seek to do The Will, and your Father who seeth in secret, himself will reward you openly. Do not forget that the Self uses whom it will, and that flashes of truth can be, and are, sent to us. Positive meditation on sacred themes will help you. Not that you will receive the intuitive flash *at that time*, for you more probably will not, but when you are going about your daily work, then you will receive them, entertaining angels unawares.

We are told in *Isis* (and I cannot quote the place, being absent from my books) that the activity of the physiological senses alone prevents our cognizing the unseen truths. Many students have found that while these senses have mechanical employment, such as walking, dressing, copying, any occupation which holds them to a given point in a positive and not a passive manner—that at such times the intuitive flash will visit the brain all at once. When we have referred some question of the inner life to the Self, the Father of Lights, and have asked to know and to do the Will, we may go about our duties in serene confidence, dismissing from our minds the question asked, sure that we shall know the doctrine if we live the life. Only be sure that we are living the life so far as we do discern the Will. He who submits himself in thought and desire to the will of his Father in heaven, need have no fear that he will not know all that is good and necessary for him to know; let him aspire ardently and go his way peacefully; the Law in its entirety works for him, it provides him with all that sustenance for which his nature is now ripe.

Another question opens up another phase of the same subject:

I have just been reading your "Letters to a Lodge, VIII.," "The true Master is felt, not seen." This brings up a question I have often thought about. Take the case of, say, Emerson or Carlyle; to me "all that Narada and the seven sages knew" is found in the *Essays* ("Oversoul," "Spiritual Laws," etc.) and *Sartor*

Resartus ("Everlasting Yea," etc.), and this they both learnt inside, directly, from "the light that never shone on land or sea"; so that I would be most strongly inclined to say that if any men ever felt the true Master, these two did. Yet one hears nothing of any "Lodge connection" in the case of either of them, or of their knowingly coming into touch with any "adept," "magician," "occultist," or what you will. So that I think they were "children of the Kingdom" in a very real sense, and yet would have understood nothing, for instance, of what W. Q. J. wrote in THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST about "making a connection with the Lodge before the end of 1897," indeed would hardly have understood anything of the technicalities of occultism, as you put them forward in the "Letters to a Lodge" and elsewhere. Now the question is, had they fully and satisfactorily gained the one thing needful? or, on the other hand, is it that they ought to have done this, and not to have left the other undone? or, to put it another way, must the inner light be supplemented by an adept, the Holy Ghost *in partibus* be helped out by the Holy Ghost particularized and brought to a focus in some other person? or to put it yet another way, is it necessary to be *consciously* a "member of the Lodge" in order to be in reality one of the "children of the Kingdom"?

In order to reply to the above I must in some sort utter a personal Credo, and to one who knows as much as I do on the point under discussion. Would'st trap me, friend? But if my mistake might serve to illuminate thy knowledge, were not this tired old world by so much the richer? I adventure my Credo, thus.

(a) With the writer, I believe that all such inspiration comes from that source which we are agreed to call The Lodge, or the Oversoul, which Oversoul is specifically and fully embodied in the Sages of all time, is less fully embodied in the inspired ones variously working on this plane, and which "exists also apart." Emerson I regard as an especial instance of such inspiration. It is recorded that Emerson carried with him "as a *vade mecum*" a work of Jacob Boehme's.

(b) "Yet one hears nothing of any Lodge connection . . . or of their knowingly coming into touch with any Adept. . . ." Italicize the words "*one hears nothing.*" So; and did you expect so to hear, friend? How, and in what formula? Turn again to our well-beloved Emerson. There is that which he wrote of great teachers, sages. In our literature you yourself have pointed out to us his utterances as to the reality of those perfected men whom we call Masters. How did he know it, think you? Whence came the vision, the certainty? Believe me, many there be who touch, and consciously touch, that body of high Knowledge and Being known as The Lodge, who do not formulate their belief to the world because that which they touched was formless. Yet in his heart each gives it a name, and bows him to the sun.

(c) What Mr. Judge wrote in THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (to the best of my belief) had reference to a specialized connection with that

specialized Source or Focus of Knowledge known as the Lodge, which connection may be recognized or unrecognized by us, but which is recognized on the part of the Lodge.

(d) Then you ask if these men "had gained the one thing needed, fully, satisfactorily." Nay, friend, the plenitude thereof were Perfection's self; that is the one thing needed, these men are on the way to it. In the fullness thereof, in that only, is full satisfaction to be found, but it disappears as a sense of satisfaction because Being is complete, undivided, fulfilled. We pass along through many incomplete stages towards final Perfection: in one such stage—a Manâsic one, I take it—these men were. But they have not told us what passed in the inner closet of prayer, the meditation where the Father was met, although Tennyson, Emerson and a host of others have left word of a trance-like state and incommunicable visions.

(e) I do not think it necessary to be "consciously a member of the Lodge, in order to be in reality one of the children of the Kingdom." The poor, the ignorant, the helpless, and those who deem themselves forsaken of God and man, and those who know not the mystic terms, and those who dimly, dumbly strive to follow some sense of right which vaguely stirs the breast; all, all these and many another uncounted and unnamed, lost among earth's myriads yet seen by the light of their own heart rays, are of the glorious Kingdom: our friend is there, and there, too, many an honest foe. For the children are the doers of the Will, in so far as they are conscious of It. They pass through successive stages of Being; in time their Lodge connection, from being general, becomes specialized: thus, life after life, these lift themselves nearer to conscious Divinity.

There comes at last an hour when those who have learned, in the very depths of their nature, to merge the personal in the impersonal, and who can henceforward be trusted to work on with impersonal and greater Nature, must now begin to learn as a science that which has (to some extent, at least) been mastered as a devotional or religious truth. Those powers they traced in earth and sky they now must make their own, specializing now their connection with Mother Nature, who shall now become their helper as she was erst their instructor, for the powers which are most immediately helpful to the human race are those which are guided and wielded by perfect man. They do now require a wise guide, and of such each one has opportunity, whether he accept or reject it. His choice is conditioned only by his own mental limitations. If he has long ago abandoned his personal will and inclination, he now tastes the sweet fruition of such abandonment of the

self; the eyes of the mind are not blinded by prejudice and erroneous belief. When the great day of choice arrives, foregone conclusions and fixed mental concepts muster in to drag the soul of man back to the errors of its long, long past; he who has fettered the infinite possibilities of Nature by a rigid conception of THE IMPOSSIBLE, now mistakes the false guide for the true; his false beliefs lead him captive and Nature from her fastnesses mocks her would-be enslaver who is the prisoner of himself. This is why we find H. P. Blavatsky fighting creeds above all other things save one thing only—the most microscopic meanness in the earth-scale—the hypocrite. Both fetter the mind. The teacher of false doctrine is a poisoner of the worst description; the injection of mental virus infects the whole Mind-Sphere.

(*f*) In the "True Master," I dealt only with one key among seven keys, reading the sentences as from the standpoint of one who had entered upon the cycle of definite instruction. My purpose in so doing was to afford a glimpse of the real methods of the higher occultism as opposed to mistaken ones, and this with a view to counteracting some statements—dangerous because foolish—now being put forward elsewhere. Folly is more dangerous than vice, for vice is obvious, salient and more swiftly defeats itself in fierce reactions, while the airy thistle seed of folly floats unregarded on the ambient air and sows itself unseen to strangle the crops of the future. I do but tell that which I have heard, and let me, as a final word, point out the obvious fact that I or anyone might have information of the real methods of scientific (because higher) occultism, without having necessarily reached that point where the cycle of training is definitely begun. Carrying out the idea of specialized vehicles for special states of Being, we can throw further light upon this subject in our minds, which light it would be difficult to voice correctly.

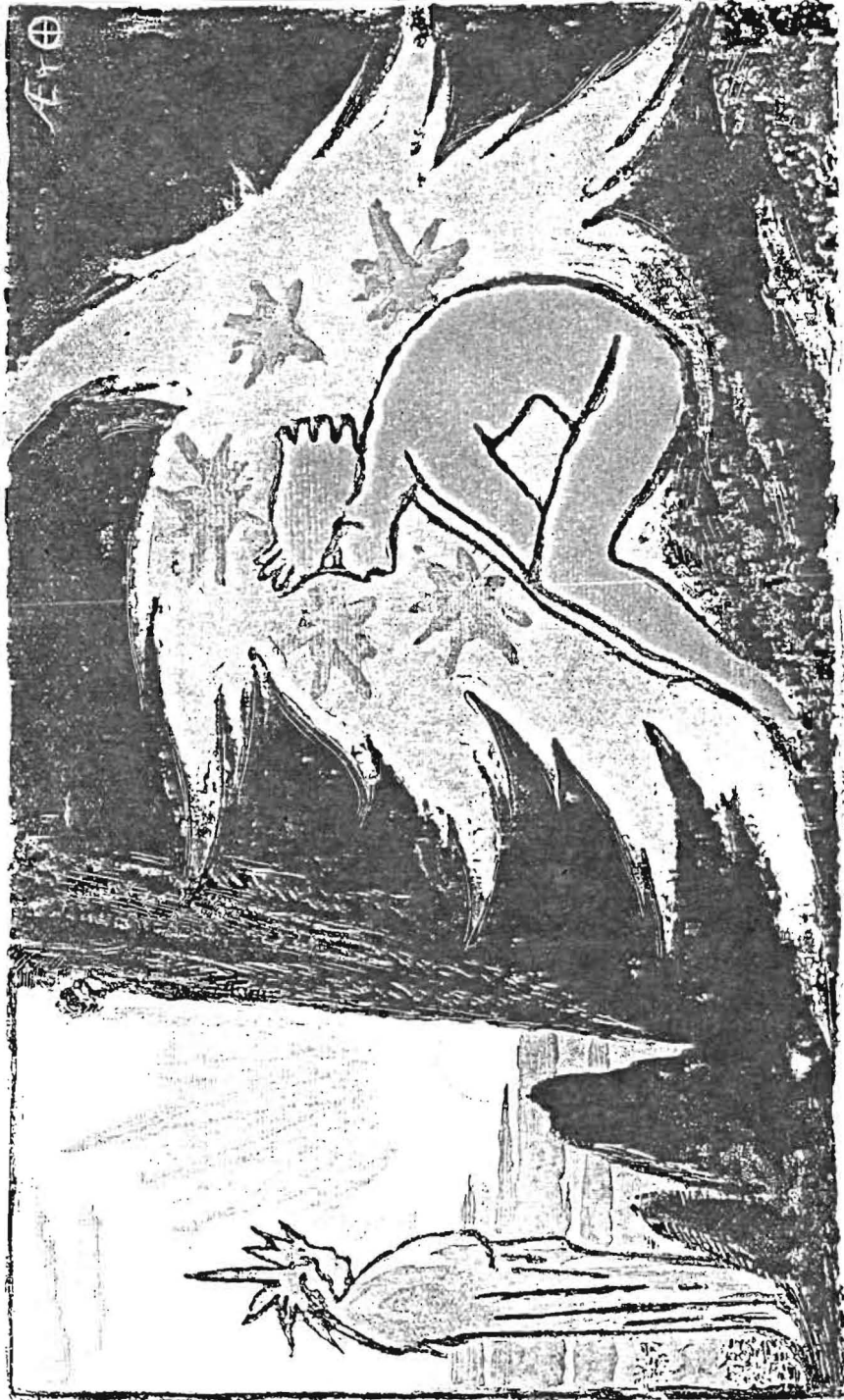
Another questioner, signing himself "A. S.," asks what I cannot answer. Reply involves controversial matter, into which I have not entered and will not enter. If he will give me an address, I will reply in part by giving certain facts which he and all are entitled to have of me, but I will not influence another; I cannot descend to that level. I can answer in the amplest negative the two questions, viz., "Does Judge teach psychism?" and, "Is Theosophy, as viewed in the States, largely psychic in its tendency?" Mr. Judge most strenuously combats, in all parts of the world, that psychism which will arise wherever men and women are evolving the double nervous system which will characterize the bodies of the new race. These absurd statements called out a peal of merriment from the Eastern to the Western coast.

and wherever it was known, as it is widely known, that the accusers numbered several most urgently remonstrated with by Mr. Judge on account of their psychic practices. Poor human nature! Like Yorrick, it is a fellow of infinite jest! The only psychic teachings I have ever seen originated with the chief promulgator of these rumors, and was instruction—among a page of other stuff—how to meditate on the stomach and other organs and “get in touch *with the dreadful inhabitants of Kāma-loka; this state is very dangerous; Master will protect you*” (!!!?). This precious script was sent me from a foreign country, and with several such missives from similar sources will make a very pretty Theosophical Nonsense Book, which I have in preparation. Ah! good friends, our gentle brays betray us to the world’s derision, despite the too short lion’s skin we borrow. Let us bear with one another, for the world will not! As to the theosophical movement in the States, it has been and is of a firm, steady growth, increasing from month to month, from year to year. From the central headquarters comes over a firm propulsion towards the Philosophy. In rumors, as in fevers, there are types; I classify these two as “MALIGNANT.”

A last question: “What is the ‘power of Silence’ spoken of by you? It seems more than refusing to speak.”

It is more. Anyone who has no answer ready can look down their nose and keep quiet. This is a frequent trick of polemics, a “common or garden variety” of Expediency, used by those who know that silence is a weapon difficult to parry. Intense personal pride is often the cankered root of one order of silence. The true *power* of silence is an interior quiescence; an interior stillness invisible as such to the world. Thomas à Kempis warns that when we are in a state of sweetness and peace (to ourselves) the true peace is far away. This silence consists in a firm attitude towards the personal self. You ask: “How can I judge who has it?” Where is your need to judge? “Who art thou to judge another man’s servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth.” Our need is to develop it within ourselves, and it is that which maketh the bearer of that power “to appear as nothing in the eyes of men.” And now, may the Law lift us ever nearer to that ideal Light of which we have a constant prescience, while yet we are too rarely able to see it.

JASPER NIEMAND.



SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—IV.

THE FREE.

They knew that which the rising of the sun conceals. —*Popol Uuh.*

THEY bathed in the fire-flooded fountains ;
 Life girdled them round and about ;
 They slept in the clefts of the mountains :
 The stars called them forth with a shout.

They prayed, but their worship was only
 The wonder at nights and at days,
 As still as the lips of the lonely,
 Though burning with dumbness of praise.

No sadness of earth ever captured
 Their spirits who bowed at the shrine ;
 They fled to the Lonely enraptured,
 And hid in the Darkness Divine.

At twilight as children may gather
 They met at the doorway of death,
 The smile of the dark hidden Father
 The Mother with magical breath.

Untold of in song or in story,
 In days long forgotten of men,
 Their eyes were yet blind with a glory
 Time will not remember again.

.Æ.

“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”

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

VI.

“RELY within yourself on your Higher Self always, and that gives strength, as the Self uses whom it will. Persevere and little by little *new ideals* and thought-forms will drive out of you the old ones. This is the eternal process.”

“A college course is not necessary for occultism. One of the best occultists I know was never in college. But if a man adds good learning to intuition and high aspiration he is naturally better off than

another. I am constantly in the habit of consulting the dictionary and of thinking out the meanings and correlations of words. Do the same. It is good.

"You cannot develop the third eye. It is too difficult, and until you have cleared up a good deal more on philosophy it would be useless, and a useless sacrifice is a crime of folly. But here is advice given by many Adepts: every day and as often as you can, and on going to sleep and as you wake, think, think, think on the truth that you are not body, brain nor astral man, but that you are *THAT*, and "*THAT*" is the Supreme Soul. For by this practice you will gradually kill the false notion which lurks inside that the false is the true, and the true the false. By persistence in this, by submitting your daily thoughts each night to the judgment of your Higher Self, you will at last gain light."

". . . H. P. B. then said it is by falling and by failing that we learn, and we cannot hope at once to be great and wise and wholly strong. She and the Masters behind expected this from all of us; she and they never desired any of us to work blindly, but only desired that we work unitedly."

"In answer to your questions:

"(1) Clothes and astral form.

"*Ans.*—You are incorrect in assuming that clothes have no astral form. Everything in nature has its double on other planes, the facts being that nothing visible in matter or space could be produced without such for basis. The clothes are seen as well as the person because they exist on the astral plane as well as he. Besides this, the reason why people are seen on the astral plane with clothes of various cut and color is because of the thought and desire of the person, which clothes him thus. Hence a person may be seen in the astral light wearing there a suit of clothes utterly unlike what he has on, because his thought and desire were on another suit, more comfortable, more appropriate, or what not.

"(2) What can true and earnest Theosophists do against the Black Age or Kali Yuga?

"*Ans.*—Nothing *against* it but a great deal *in* it; for it is to be remembered that the very fact of its being the iron or foundation age, gives opportunities obtained in no other. It is only a quarter as long as the longest of the other ages, and it is therefore crammed four times as full of life and activity. Hence the rapidity with which all things come to pass in it. A very slight cause produces gigantic effects. To

aspire ever so little now will bring about greater and more lasting effects for good than at any other time. And similarly evil intent has greater powers for evil. These great forces are visibly increased at the close of certain cycles in the Kali Yuga. The present cycle, which closes Nov. 17th, 1897—Feb. 18th, 1898, is one of the most important of any that have been. Opportunities for producing permanent effects for good in themselves and in the world as a whole, are given to Theosophists at the present time, which they may never have again if these are scattered."

"If you will rely upon the truth that your inner self is a part of the great Spirit, you will be able to conquer these things that annoy, and if you will add to that a proper care of your bodily health, you will get strength in every department. Do not look at things as failures, but regard every apparent failure after real effort as a success, for the real test is in the effort and motive, and not in the result. If you will think over this idea on the lines of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ* you will gain strength from it."

"As to the question about the disintegration of the astral body and the length of time beforehand when it could be seen. My answer was not meant to be definite as to years, except that I gave a period of two years as a long one before death of the physical body. There are cases—perhaps rare—in which, five years before the death of the physical, a clairvoyant has seen the disintegration of the astral beginning. The idea intended to be conveyed is, that regardless of periods of time if the man is going to die naturally (and that includes by disease), the corruption, disintegrating or breaking up of the astral body may be perceived by those who can see in that way. Hence the question of years is not involved. Violent deaths are not included in this, because the astral in such cases does not disintegrate beforehand. And the way of seeing such a death in advance is by another method altogether. Death from old age—which is the natural close of a cycle—is included in the answer as to death by disease, which might be called the disease of inability to fight off the ordinary breaking-up of the cohesive forces."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

WHILE our vision, backward cast,
 Ranged the everliving past,
 Through a haze of misty things—
 Luminous with quiverings
 Musical as starry chimes—
 Rose a hero of old times,
 In whose breast the magic powers
 Slumbering from primeval hours,
 Woke at the enchantment wild
 Of Aed Abrait's lovely child:
 Still for all her Druid learning
 With the wild-bird heart, whose yearning
 Blinded at his strength and beauty,
 Clung to love and laughed at duty.
 Warrior chief, and mystic maid,
 Though your stumbling footsteps strayed,
 This at least in part atones—
 Jewels were your stumbling-stones!

I.

THE BIRDS OF ANGUS.

THE birds were a winging rapture in the twilight. White wings, grey wings, brown wings, fluttered around and over the pine trees that crowned the grassy dun. The highest wings flashed with a golden light. At the sound of voices they vanished.

“How then shall we go to the plains of Murthemney? We ought not to be known. Shall we go invisibly, or in other forms? We must also fly as swiftly as the birds go.”

“Fly! yes, yes, we shall—fly as the birds. But we shall choose fairer forms than these. I know where the Birds of Angus flock. Come, Liban, come!”

The crypt beneath the dun was flooded with light, silvery and golden, a light which came not from the sun nor from the moon; a light not born from any parent luminary, and which knew nothing

opaque. More free than the birds of the air were the shadowy forms of the two daughters of Aed Abrait, as they gazed out from that rock-built dun upon a place their mortal feet had never trod. Yet timidly Liban looked at her more adventurous sister. Fand floated to the centre of the cavern, erect and radiant. Her eyes followed the wavy tremulous motion of the light as it rolled by. They seemed to pierce through earth and rock, and search out the secret hollows of the star, to know the vastness, and to dominate and compel the motion of the light. Her sister watched her half curiously and half in admiration and wonder. As the floating form grew more intense the arms swayed about and the lips murmured. A sheen as of many jewels played beneath the pearly mist which enrobed her; over her head rose the crest of the Dragon; she seemed to become one with the shining, to draw it backwards into herself. Then from far away came a wondrous melody, a sound as of the ancient chiming of the stars. The sidereal rivers flowed by with more dazzling light, and the Birds of Angus were about them.

“Look, Liban, look!” cried the Enchantress. “These of old were the chariots of the children of men. On these the baby offspring of the Gods raced through the nights of diamond and sapphire. We are not less than they though a hundred ages set us apart. We will go forth royally as they did. Let us choose forms from among these. If the Hound should see us he will know we have power.”

With arms around each other they watched the starry flocks hurtling about them. The birds wheeled around, fled away, and again returned. There were winged serpents; might which would put to flight the degenerate eagle; plumage before which the birds of paradise would show dull as clay. These wings dipt in the dawn flashed ceaselessly. Ah, what plumage of white fire rayed out with pinions of opalescent glory! What feathered sprays of burning amethyst! What crests of scarlet and gold, of citron and wavy green! They floated by in countless multitudes; they swayed in starry clusters dripping with light, singing a melody caught from the spheres of the Gods, the song which of old called forth the earth from its slumber. The sound was entrancing. Oh, fiery birds who float in the purple rivers of the Twilight, ye who rest in the great caverns of the world, whoever listens to your song shall grow faint with longing, for he shall hear the great, deep call in his heart and his spirit shall yearn to go afar; whatever eyes see you shall grow suddenly blinded with tears for a glory that has passed away from the world, for an empire we no longer range.

“They bring back the air of the ancient days. Ah! now I have

the heart of the child once again. Time has not known me. Let us away with them. We will sweep over Eri and lead the starry flocks as the queen birds."

"If we only dared. But think, Fand, we shall have every wizard eye spying upon us, and every boy who can use his freedom will follow and thwart us. Not these forms, but others let us take. Ah, look at those who come in grey and white and brown! Send home the radiant ones. We will adventure with these."

"Be it so. Back to your fountains, O purple rivers! King-Bird, Queen-Bird, to your home in the hollows lead your flock!" So she spoke, but her words were shining and her waving arms compelled the feathered monarchs with radiations of outstretched flame. To the others: "Rest here awhile, sweet singers. We shall not detain you captive for long." So she spoke, but her hands that caressed laid to sleep the restless pulsation of the wings and lulled the ecstatic song.

Night, which to the eye of the magian shows more clearly all that the bright day conceals, overspread with a wizard twilight the vast hollow of the heavens. Numberless airy rivulets, each with its own peculiar shining, ran hither and thither like the iridescent currents streaming over a bubble. Out of still duskier, more darkly glowing and phantasmal depths stared the great eyes of space, rimmed about with rainbow-dyes. As night moved on to dawn two birds shot forth from the dun, linked together by a cord of golden fire. They fled southwards and eastwards. As they went they sang a song which tingled the pulses of the air. In the dark fields the aureoles around the flowers grew momentarily brighter. Over the mountain homes of the Tuatha de Danaans rose up shadowy forms who watched, listened, and pondered awhile. The strayed wanderers amid the woods heard the enraptured notes and forgot their sorrows and life itself in a hurricane of divine remembrance. Where the late feast was breaking up the melody suddenly floated in and enwreathed the pillared halls, and revellers became silent where they stood, the mighty warriors in their hands bowed low their faces. Still on and on swept the strange birds flying southwards and eastwards.

Still in many a peasant cot
Lives the story unforgot,
While the faded parchments old
Still their rhyming tale unfold,
There is yet another book

Where thine eager eyes may look,
 There within its shining pages
 Lives the long romance of ages,
 Liban, Fand, their glowing dreams,
 Angus' birds, the magic streams
 Flooding all the twilight crypt,
 Runes and spells in starry script;
 Secrets never whispered here
 In the light are chanted clear.
 Read in it the tales of Eri
 If the written word be weary.

(*To be continued.*)

 THE YOUNG MAN.

DEAR young man :	In cheap material.
Are your boots	Do they, moreover,
With their long toes	Carry upon them
Carefully polished	The faintest suggestion,
By your conscientious man-servant	The <i>nuance</i>
Or haply by your own little hands?	Of a fold,
Have you labored piously?	Negligently appearing
Do they shine luminously?	And again disappearing
As to your trousers :	(<i>Celare artem!</i>)
Are they exquisite?	With every step of yours
Is the cloth,	Along the pathway—
Whereof your own tailor,	The blessed
Hath anxiously fashioned them,	God-created
Of that description	Respectable
Which hangs with utter grace	Footpath?
Upon the limbs?	But furthermore,
(Your own limbs,	In regard to your coat:
Dear young person).	Is it the correct thing?
And is the color of it	Does it belong to you
That much-desired,	Like an outer pelt?
Soul-agonizing,	Does it acknowledge
Equivocal,	Immediately, infallibly,
As it were,	Every movement
Ambiguity—	Full of grace
No color at all?	Of your own body—
And which cannot be imitated	Well-dieted, well-groomed,

Your own sweet body,
 Superb young man?
 Is it black?
 In your opinion
 Does it make of you
 The Dark Angel?
 And as a crown to all,
 O sovereign young man,
 And since the mason's ways are
 A type of the hatter's,
 Are you quite convinced
 As to the build
 Of your hat?
 For if you have not conviction
 Upon that head
 How can you expect
 To convince others?
 Does your hat—
 Having an originality of its own
 Yet referring to the fashion—
 Does your hat convince?
 That is the capital question.
 You are well aware
 That as to your tie

Almost all depends
 Upon your manner of tying it:
 Everybody who is anybody
 Having, as you know,
 His own particular tangle;
 Color being for the most part
 Either as contrast or harmony,
 A matter of complexion.
 And so, finally,
 O God-like young man,
 With your crisp immovable hair
 Smoothly cut and singed;
 With your white linen,
 Your cane and your gloves,
 Your ring and your watch,
 Your perfume and your pocket-
 handkerchief
 And your money in your pocket—
 Go forth, young man,
 Issue forth upon the pavement,
 You Apollo Belvidere
 Of the nineteenth century,
Anno Domini.

CHARLES WEEKES.

METHODS OF WORK.

IN commencing propaganda work in a new field, I obtain a map of the district, marking with a colored pencil all places of over 5,000 inhabitants. Choose an important city, having neighboring ones easy of access. A week or ten days may be usefully spent there, preparing for and giving lectures. During that time insert in newspapers as much Theosophy as possible; it will be read and assist in the surrounding towns.

Upon arrival in a new place I call on the editor of leading newspaper, telling him I wish to give free public lectures, if a hall can be provided free of charge. This engages local interest. City halls or court rooms are public property, free from sectarian attachments. Call on the mayor, judge or official in charge and obtain his consent. Go yourself.

For advertising I place printed cards (fourteen inches by eleven inches) in shop windows, fifty in small towns, one hundred in large

ones. Short pithy paragraphs should be prepared for newspapers, giving outlines of Theosophy and containing notices of meetings. Editors and others can furnish the names of people thought to be interested; call on every one, follow up every clue very carefully. This is important, for the subject being unknown few will come unless interested by some friend.

I usually give two lectures in each place, reserving a night for meeting a class. Two towns a week can be visited, by making arrangements in advance. Lectures in new fields should be plain and practical, for the audience know nothing of the subject. I begin with Reincarnation, treating it logically, using analogies and illustrations, and quoting authorities. Whatever subject is chosen, keep to it, and avoid giving too much. Make a point and get it home. The point should have a practical bearing on life. Let lectures suggest to the audience that Theosophy is worth attention, rather than endeavoring to epitomize the teachings.

At the close of lecture I call for questions from the audience. In presenting a novel theme the speaker must exhibit the utmost confidence in its truth. His conviction will influence the hearers far more than the arguments. Inviting criticism is evidence of confidence. Avoid appearing to force acceptance of your views; rather present them for approval, relying upon their own inherent weight. At each lecture invite those desiring to study Theosophy to meet in a class.

Abstracts of lectures must be prepared for each newspaper. The lecturer must attend to this personally. A few will hear the lectures, but thousands read the accounts.

This brings us to the next stage of work.

Those wishing to study, form a class to meet weekly. At the first meeting, I give three suggestions to be borne in mind.

(1) Perfect harmony. To recollect they have met to "help each other," not to "get," but to "give." That each is entitled to perfect freedom of opinion. To avoid argument, confining themselves to statement of opinion. This spirit of helpfulness being acquired in class will be applied to daily life, and bear fruit.

(2) The minds of class must be energized to act clearly and quickly. Short papers should be prepared on questions arising, to be discussed the following week. Acquire conciseness of thought and expression by writing, and by standing up to speak. The leader must not do all the thinking, but lead members to exercise their own minds.

(3) To get a knowledge of theosophical teachings. The books I usually suggest for class use are *Letters that have Helped Me*, and either

the *Seven Principles*, by Annie Besant, or *The Ocean of Theosophy*, the latter if some member has studied previously.

As interest in the work develops some will become members at large, and in a few months the nucleus for a Branch exists. It is best to let this develop normally.

The third point is work in Branches. Theosophy means active work for all. Some Branches are weak because they have no systematized method of study. Members return from meetings disappointed, saying they have "got" nothing. They forget that their office is to "give." Karma is just. Branches might all have a training class to fit members to take up active work whenever circumstances permit. A well-organized class is always attractive to members, and also to beginners. For its management suggestions one and two given above are useful. As to work, let a question be given out weekly, such as may be asked after public lectures. A rudimentary question, but requiring knowledge of the philosophy for reply. Each member should write about twenty lines (unsigned), giving reply and reasons in clear, concise terms. Every word used should be understood by the writer in its individual and collective sense. Words are empty or full as we put thought or meaning behind them. These papers should be read, and the members rise in turn to discuss, giving reasons for their remarks. This is excellent mental practice, teaches concise expression of thought, and gives confidence in speaking. All take part, and the subject becomes engrafted on the memory by repetition.

These suggestions as to methods of work arise from my experience in U. S. A. In each country and city the details will vary, but the general outlines sketched above will remain applicable for nearly all.

When entering the lecture field W. Q. J. said to me, "by your mistakes you will learn." This goes on all the time. The results of my mistakes up to date may help others. In all lecture work, especially as a pioneer, confidence in the truth of your mission is essential. This will carry you through all difficulties. Get the precepts of the *Gita* past the head and into the heart and they will be found a sure foundation. Act upon them and rely on them.

The work is the Master's, not ours. "Make failure and success alike," apparent failures are seen later to be the greatest successes. We are but agents for the Master and must continue acting.

When a town is entered be assured the work is all planned and awaits our coming, so we must plod along until it is found. Sometimes our own resources are exhausted before help is given, but it never fails.

BURCHAM HARDING.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

THE central office of this Society, at 77, Great Portland Street, London, W., is now furnished. It is open for enquirers between the hours of 2 and 6 p.m. every week-day, and the H. P. B. Lodge of the Society meets there on Mondays at 8.30 p.m., and on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. The Society holds *Conversazioni* on the first Saturday in each month at 3 p.m., at which members interchange ideas and discuss plans of work. All members should take an opportunity of visiting their central office, as it is of the utmost importance to clearly understand that this is no residential headquarters, but the common property of the whole Society.

Any spare books suitable for a theosophical library will be welcomed by the Secretary, who is desirous of establishing the nucleus of a library at the central office. The Treasurer is prepared to receive donations towards the support of the office and other necessary expenses.

* * *

The reaction from the period of silence following the recent crisis is now becoming evident all through the work. From all parts comes news of increased attendances at Lodge meetings, of growing interest, of fresh impulse among the workers. Numbers of applications for membership are being received by most of the Lodges, Brixton getting nine in a single week. The Bow Lodge is particularly active, and the future of the work in the East-end looks very promising. One of the members, Mr. William Jameson, has started a new Centre at Ilford, which is making excellent progress and helps to swell the meetings at Bow.

The H. P. B. Lodge proposes to summarize the results of its study and circulate it for the benefit of other Lodges. It is also suggested that other Lodges should do the same with their work, and so help to consolidate the movement by unity of thought and action.

A supply of books and pamphlets will shortly be on sale at the central office, with the permission of the President of the English Branch.

Mr. Sidney Coryn is now in a position to do a considerable amount of printing, so that some new pamphlets will shortly be prepared and

possibly some small books, in accordance with the demand which may arise.

An offer by the H. P. B. Lodge to coöperate in work has been rejected by the Blavatsky Lodge T. S. (Adyar), but cordially accepted by Harrogate.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

YET another magazine! H. P. B.'s first appearance in literature was when "Isis" was "Unveiled"; twenty years after an effort was made to show "Isis very much Unveiled" in quite a different way. And now, the latter having proved of little or no account, we are promised that "Isis" herself will speak through the magazine which will appear under that name next month (December, 1895).

Dr. H. A. W. Coryn will be the editor of the new venture, and it will be managed by our English brothers, the office being at Billiter Buildings, Billiter Street, London, E. C. Many subjects on which we are anxious to be informed will be dealt with by the writers, and we see every reason why *Isis*, which "aims at throwing all side-lights on Theosophy," should find favor with all those, theosophical students and others, to whom it is particularly addressed. The annual subscription is 6s. 6d. post free.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE public continue to take an active interest in the weekly meetings here, and the discussions are recovering some of their old fire and spontaneity. So long as we remember the essential of toleration we need fear no calamity. For Nature, who, by the way, had some time at her disposal to learn how, has methods of her own for softly bowling over the intolerant without our kind assistance.

The programme for the month is: Nov. 20th, *Spiritualism and Theosophy*; 27th, *The Unknown Regions of Soul*; Dec. 4th, "Our Lost Others"; 11th, *The Death of Occultism in Europe*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

JASPER NIEMAND will contribute to the *I. T.* a series of articles on "The *Bhagavad Gîtâ* as applied practically to Daily Life."

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