

The Irish Theosophist.

GREETING!

READERS, friends, comrades, I send you greeting. For most, if not all of us, 1895 was indeed an eventful year. Great issues were at stake; but the result, if not yet fully realized, is at least known to you in part. The peculiar circumstances and events, prior to our reorganization, were dwelt with fully and as seemed necessary at the time. Since then, however, we have passed through a period of comparative silence. The work, though quiet, has, nevertheless, been steady and continued. Our old ship has weathered many a storm, and at such times we do not fear. It is when she seems in danger of being becalmed that we forget to wait on the return of the wind.

If I asked you what lies nearest to your hearts, you would answer, "the work." You think often of how best to help it forward, and regret your inability to do more. You feel you have energy and zeal, but doubt if you are directing it to the best advantage—there is so little apparently to show for it. And yet, what can anyone tell you but to do the best you can (and perhaps that is more than you think) and trouble not about results? Opportunities occur daily, momentarily; do you think you see them all, and wonder why you cannot do more? Think again, before you reply. More methods of work have been suggested than can be made use of.

Is it not clear, then, that the true theosophical life is not something apart from affairs of home or of business? No need, surely, to wait for the weekly meeting, or, it maybe, *The Secret Doctrine* class? *Feel* what is true, and rely on that at every moment; sustain it with a strong conviction, unobtrusively, and without any unnecessary dissipation of energy.

We are all engaged in this work, and yet sometimes because we overlook this close relationship, friction arises. This shows the need for a large toleration and tact always. Should we not refuse to take

offence at anything connected with our work, from one another? There is often a readiness to make suggestions about work, without considering their bearing on the methods being pursued; and when they are not immediately acted upon, the one from whom the suggestion comes gets, not unnaturally, disheartened. In all such cases the error may be traced to want of a due regard to one's own duties, and too much concern about the duties of others. We should not be too sensitive to the criticism of a comrade. Is it not sometimes, if not always, safer than approbation? Remember the "little foxes" are never far away, and you know, all of you, what most readily allures them.

Comrades, let us take a long, strong pull together, that will last through 1896—and after. Built strongly from within, harmony and peace prevailing there, what might we not accomplish in this work so dear to our hearts? In the midst of the late storm, I received a letter from the one around whom it raged so fiercely, in which occurred the following sentence: "Look not on life as a grey mist, but rather as a bright, opalescent air, wherein the buildings of the future may be seen shining far away, but not indistinctly." It is significant. Listen to the march of the future, and go forward undaunted.

D. N. D.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

MANY are the voices that entreat and warn those who would live the life of the Magi. It is well they should speak. They are voices of the wise. But after having listened and pondered, oh, that someone would arise and shout into our souls how much more fatal it is to refrain. For we miss to hear the fairy tale of time, the æonian chant radiant with light and color which the spirit prolongs. The warnings are not for those who stay at home, but for those who adventure abroad. They constitute an invitation to enter the mysteries. We study and think these things were well in the happy prime and will be again in the years to come. But not yesterday only or to-morrow—to-day, to-day burns in the heart the fire which made mighty the heroes of old. And in what future will be born the powers which are not quick in the present? It will never be a matter of greater ease to enter the path, though we may well have the stimulus of greater despair. For this and that there are times and seasons, but for the highest it is always the hour. The eternal beauty does not pale because its shadow trails over slime and corruption. It is always present beneath the faded mould whereon our lives are spent. Still the old mysterious glimmer

from mountain and cave allures, and the golden gleams divide and descend on us from the haunts of the Gods.

The dark age is our darkness and not the darkness of life. It is not well for us who in the beginning came forth with the wonder-light about us, that it should have turned in us to darkness, the song of life be dumb. We close our eyes from the many-colored mirage of day, and are alone soundless and sightless in the unillumined cell of the brain. But there are thoughts that shine, impulses born of fire. Still there are moments when the prison world reels away a distant shadow, and the inner chamber of clay fills full with fiery visions. We choose from the traditions of the past some symbol of our greatness, and seem again the Titans or Morning Stars of the prime. In this self-conception lies the secret of life, the way of escape and return. We have imagined ourselves into forgetfulness, into darkness, into feebleness. From this strange and pitiful dream of life, oh, that we may awaken and know ourselves once again.

But the student too often turns to books, to the words sent back to him, forgetful that the best of scriptures do no more than stand as symbols. We hear too much of study, as if the wisdom of life and ethics could be learned like a ritual, and of their application to this and that ephemeral pursuit. But from the Golden One, the child of the divine, comes a voice to its shadow. It is stranger to our world, aloof from our ambitions, with a destiny not here to be fulfilled. It says: "You are of dust while I am robed in opalescent airs. You dwell in houses of clay, I in a temple not made by hands. I will not go with thee, but thou must come with me." And not alone is the form of the divine aloof but the spirit behind the form. It is called the Goal truly, but it has no ending. It is the Comforter, but it waves away our joys and hopes like the angel with the flaming sword. Though it is the Resting-place, it stirs to all heroic strife, to outgoing, to conquest. It is the Friend indeed, but it will not yield to our desires. Is it this strange, unfathomable self we think to know, and awaken to, by what is written, or by study of it as so many planes of consciousness. But in vain we store the upper chambers of the mind with such quaint furniture of thought. No archangel makes his abode therein. They abide only in the shining. How different from academic psychology of the past, with its dry enumeration of faculties, reason, cognition and so forth, is the burning thing we know. We revolted from that, but we must take care lest we teach in another way a catalogue of things equally unliving to us. The plain truth is, that after having learned what is taught about the hierarchies and various spheres, many of us

are still in this world exactly where we were before. If we speak our laboriously-acquired information we are listened to in amazement. It sounds so learned, so intellectual, there must needs be applause. But by-and-bye someone comes with quiet voice, who without pretence speaks of the "soul" and uses familiar words, and the listeners drink deep, and pay the applause of silence and long remembrance and sustained after-endeavor. Our failure lies in this, we would use the powers of soul and we have not yet become the soul. None but the wise one himself could bend the bow of Ulysses. We cannot communicate more of the true than we ourselves *know*. It is better to have a little knowledge and know that little than to have only hearsay of myriads of Gods. So I say, lay down your books for a while and try the magic of thought. "What a man thinks, that he is; that is the old secret." I utter, I know, but a partial voice of the soul with many needs. But I say, forget for a while that you are student, forget your name and time. Think of yourself within as the Titan, the Demi-god, the flaming hero with the form of beauty, the heart of love. And of those divine spheres forget the nomenclature; think rather of them as the places of a great childhood you now return to, these homes no longer ours. In some moment of more complete imagination the thought-born may go forth and look on the olden Beauty. So it was in the mysteries long ago and may well be to-day. The poor dead shadow was laid to sleep in forgotten darkness, as the fiery power, mounting from heart to head, went forth in radiance. Not then did it rest, nor ought we. The dim worlds dropped behind it, the lights of earth disappeared as it neared the heights of the Immortals. There was One seated on a throne, One dark and bright with ethereal glory. It arose in greeting. The radiant figure laid its head against the breast which grew suddenly golden, and father and son vanished in that which has no place nor name.

Æ.

Wonderful verse of the Gods,
 Of one import, of varied tone;
 They chant the bliss of their abodes
 To man imprisoned in his own.

Ever the words of the Gods resound;
 But the porches of man's ear
 Seldom in this low life's round
 Are unsealed, that he may hear.—EMERSON.

“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”

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

VII.

“THE Masters have written that we are all bound together in one living whole. Hence the thoughts and acts of one react upon all.

“Experience has shown that it is true, as said by Masters, that any sincere member in any town can help the T. S. and benefit his fellow-townsmen. It is not high learning that is needed, but solely devotion to humanity, faith in Masters, in the Higher Self, a comprehension of the fundamental truths of Theosophy and a little, only a little sincere attempt to present those fundamental truths to a people who are in desperate need of them. That attempt should be continuous. No vain striving to preach or prove phenomena will be of any value, for, as again Masters have written, one phenomenon demands another and another.

“What the people want is a practical solution of the troubles besetting us, and that solution you have in Theosophy. Will you not try to give it to them more and more and save — from the slough it is in?

“I would distinctly draw your attention to Brother —. There is not that complete sympathy and toleration between him and you there ought to be, and for the sake of the work it should be otherwise. You may say it is his fault. It is not wholly, for you must also be somewhat to blame, if not in this life then from another past one. Can you deny that for a long period he has held up the Branch there? For if he had not it would have died out, even though you also were necessary agents.

“Have any of you had unkind or revengeful feelings to him? If so, ought you not to at once drive them out of your hearts. For I swear to you on my life that if you have been troubled or unfortunate it is by the reaction from such or similar thoughts about him or others. Drive them all out of your hearts, and present such kindness and brotherliness to him that he shall, by the force of your living kindness, be drawn into full unity and coöperation with you.

“Discussion or proofs to show that you are all right and he wrong avail nothing. We are none of us ever in the right, there is always that in us that causes another to offend. The only discussion should be to the end that you may find out how to present to the world in your district one simple, solid, united front.

“As to the expression “seeing sounds,” this you understand, of course, so far as the statement goes. It records the fact that at one time the vibrations which cause a sound now were then capable of making a picture, and this they do yet on the astral plane.”

“I am sorry to hear that you are passing through what you mention. Yet you knew that it would have to come, and one learns, and the purpose of life is to learn. It is all made up of learning. So though it is hard it is well to accept it, as you say.

“Do you know what it is to resist without resistance?”

“That means, among many other things, that too great an expenditure of strength, of ‘fortitude,’ is not wise. If one fights one is drawn into the swirl of events and thoughts, instead of leaning back on the great ocean of the Self which is never moved. Now you see that, so lean back and look on at the ebb and flow of life that washes to our feet and away again many things that are not easy to lose or pleasant to welcome. Yet they all belong to Life, to the Self. The wise man has no personal possessions.”

“In reply to your question—Neither the general law nor the Lodge interferes to neutralize the effect of strain upon the disciple’s physical energies when caused by undue exertion or want of regularity, except in certain cases. Hence the Theosophist is bound to see that his arrangement of hours for sleep, work and recreation, are properly arranged and adjusted, as he has no right to so live as to break himself down, and thus deprive the cause he works for of a useful and necessary instrument.

“Your friend’s energies have been disarranged and somewhat exhausted by irregularities as to rest and recreation, since work has been hard and the required rest—whether asleep or awake—has not been had. This causes excitement which will (or has) react in many different ways in the system and upon the organs. It causes mental excitement which again raises other disturbance. He, like anyone else, should take measures so as to insure regularity as to rest, so that what work he does shall be better and the present excitement subside in the system. It is not wise to remain up late unless for good purposes, and it is not that to merely remain with others to late hours when nothing good or necessary can be accomplished. Besides other reasons, that is a good one.

“Excitement is heat; if heat be applied to heat, more is produced. Coolness must be applied so as to create an equilibrium. This applies in that case, and the establishment of regularity in the matter of rest

is the application of coolness. Second, the various exciting and 'wrongful' acts or thoughts of others are heat; coolness is to be produced by discharging the mind of those and *ceasing to refer to them in words*, otherwise the engendered heat will continue. It is needless to refer to reasons resting on the points of conduct and example, for those anyone is capable of finding and applying.

"As there is no hurry, it is easy to divest the mind of anxiety and the irritation arising from hurry. Again, comparison of one's own work or ways of doing things better than others is wrong and also productive of the heat above spoken of."

"I know that his absence is a loss to you, but I think if you will regard all things and events as being in the Self and It in them, making yourself a part of the whole, you will see there is no real cause for sorrow or fear. Try to realize this and thus gain confidence and even joy."

"It is true that day by day the effect of my philosophy is more apparent on me, as yours is and will be on you, and so with us all. I see it myself, let alone all I hear of it from others. What a world and what a life! Yet we are born alone and must die alone, except that in the Eternal Space all are one, and the One Reality never dies.

"If ambition slowly creeps up higher and higher it will destroy all things, for the foundations will be weak. In the end the Master will win, so let us breathe deep and hold fast there, as we are. And let us hurry nothing. Eternity is here all the time. I cannot tell you how my heart turns to you all. You know this, but a single word will do it: Trust. That was what H. P. B. said. Did she not know? Who is greater than our old and valiant 'old lady'? Ah, were she here, what a carnage! Wonder, anyhow, how he, or she, or it looks at the matter? Smiling, I suppose, at all our struggles. Again, in storm and shine, in heat and cold, near or afar, among friends or foes, the same in One Work."

"Am very sorry to hear that your health is not good. In reply to your question: A sound body is *not* expected, because our race is un-sound everywhere. It is Karma. Of course a correct mental and moral position will *at last* bring a sound body, but the process may, and often does, involve sickness. Hence sickness may be a blessing on two planes: (1) the mental and moral by opening the nature, and (2) on the physical as being the discharge into this plane of an inner sickness of the inner being."

SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—VI.

THE MAGI.

The mountain was filled with the hosts of the Tuatha de Danaan.—*Old Celtic Poem.*

SEE where the auras from the olden fountain
 Starward aspire;
 The sacred sign upon the holy mountain
 Shines in white fire:
 Waving and flaming yonder o'er the snows
 The diamond light
 Melts into silver or to sapphire glows
 Night beyond night;
 And from the heaven of heavens descends on earth
 A dew divine.
 Come, let us mingle in the starry mirth
 Around the shrine!
 Enchantress, mighty mother, to our home
 In thee we press,
 Thrilled by thy fiery breath and wrapt in some
 Vast tenderness.
 The homeward birds uncertain o'er their nest
 Wheel in the dome,
 Fraught with dim dreams of more enraptured rest,
 Another home.
 But gather ye to whose undarkened eyes
 The night is day:
 Leap forth, Immortals, Birds of Paradise,
 In bright array
 Robed like the shining tresses of the sun;
 And by his name
 Call from his haunt divine the ancient one
 Our Father Flame.
 Aye, from the wonder-light that wraps the star,
 Come now, come now;
 Sun-breathing Dragon, ray thy lights afar,
 Thy children bow;

Hush with more awe the breath; the bright-browed races
 Are nothing worth
By those dread gods from out whose awful faces
 The earth looks forth
Infinite pity, set in calm; their vision cast
 Adown the years
Beholds how beauty burns away at last
 Their children's tears.
Now while our hearts the ancient quietness
 Floods with its tide,
The things of air and fire and height no less
 In it abide:
And from their wanderings over sea and shore
 They rise as one
Unto the vastness and with us adore
 The midnight sun;
And enter the innumerable All,
 And shine like gold,
And starlike gleam in the immortals' hall,
 The heavenly fold,
And drink the sun-breaths from the mother's lips
 Awhile—and then
Fail from the light and drop in dark eclipse
 To earth again,
Roaming along by heaven-hid promontory
 And valley dim,
Weaving a phantom image of the glory
 They knew in Him.
Out of the fulness flow the winds, their song
 Is heard no more,
Or hardly breathes a mystic sound along
 The dreamy shore:
Blindly they move unknowing as in trance,
 Their wandering
Is half with us, and half an inner dance
 Led by the King.

THE STUDY OF THEOSOPHY.

(*Concluded from p. 60.*)

To help us, theosophical works have divided man, metaphorically speaking, into seven principles: *Atmâ*, *Buddhi*, *Manas* or mind, *Kama* or emotional nature, *Prana*, astral body and physical body. These are names given to the different parts of man's nature, but they will not be understood if we *only* burn midnight oil reading books which remind us of the nature we possess. We must follow the action of the different principles themselves in our nature, if we want to place ourselves in the position of KNOWING whether the statements in the books are true or not. It is the *how* of attaining knowledge of life that has been taught by all great teachers in every age. But it is only by using the keys they leave that the life and knowledge they speak of can be known.

The practice of ethics, no matter what name is given to the particular teaching, brings out the same qualities and forces in human beings. If we take people professing different religions, and place them side by side, we will find that the only difference between them is the name of the religion. They are all human beings. Hatred, hypocrisy, love and generosity, form part of what we call human nature, and will show themselves no matter what religion is professed. It is only when a wider view is realized, which takes human nature as a whole, that the feeling of Brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, caste, sex or color becomes possible. The seven principles have been given different names in different philosophies, but the names make no difference to the principles themselves. They remain what they are, they act according to their own laws, quite regardless of what human beings call them. What is of importance is the principles themselves, the possibility of knowing something about them, and whether their study will in any way throw light on the mystery of existence. Also whether the absence of knowledge about them does not add greatly to the sum of human misery. Everyone knows the forces of anger, envy, hatred, selfishness. They belong to what is called in Theosophy the lower part of man's nature. The effect of these in life is only too evident. They surround us with our slums. They surround us with vice, crime, misery and sorrow; but if the forces did not control our minds the outward effects could not be there. They also have a contracting effect on the mind, and a contracted mind does not view life from quite the same standpoint as an expansive one.

Theosophy reminds us of the godlike power we have within, the power which makes us masters of these forces and not their slaves. But at present these forces are allowed to control us, while we *read* of the results known to those who have controlled the forces, expecting to understand; and if we do not, they are denounced as being absurd and untrue. The power and the knowledge is gained by those who have self-control and is only known to those—not to the people who read the results and argue about their truth. We are told if we would become wise we must plant the seed of unselfishness. When the seed expands and grows into the flower we will possess, in our own being, proofs of what unselfishness is able to recognize on that plane of consciousness where the sense of separateness does not exist.

Our predominant qualities, then, become of some importance in the study of Theosophy. So long as we do not want to give up personal desires, so long as we strive for the things that make this life pleasant, we will remain in the state of consciousness resulting from that standpoint. The attitude of continually deciding and judging from the small part of life we are able to perceive, has a tendency to keep all knowledge of what lies beyond out of our way.

Suppose we imagine a number of dewdrops, each only conscious of itself as a dewdrop. Looking outwards they will each see many glittering gems resembling themselves. No doubt some are grieved because their companions are placed on rosebuds, while they are on blades of grass. By-and-bye the sun shines and the dewdrops disappear. Not having expanded their consciousness beyond that of a dewdrop they cannot reflect more of life than can be contained in a dewdrop. But if instead of looking outwards they had looked inwards, and tried to understand their own nature, they would have expanded their consciousness into that of water, which has a much wider consciousness than a single dewdrop. They would then know that all dewdrops were the same in essence. One human being crushing out the sense of separateness is like the dewdrop looking inwards to its own nature. The forces which make up the personalities are universal, but we as personalities identify a small part with the feeling of "I," and so shut ourselves out from the wider consciousness in which the personalities are contained. It is the effect that all these forces have upon the intellect that is of the first importance in the study of Theosophy, because until we know something about them we are inclined to become dogmatic and to attach great importance to what "I" think. And it is only when this "I" sinks into a very small space indeed that the mind becomes free to observe, or awaken consciousness of, a larger

life. It is the absence of the study of life, and of ourselves, that keeps us from realizing our own weakness and our powers. Such study develops the necessary qualities for attaining wisdom, and the greatest one of all, *sympathy*. Then sympathy is given, not from the heights of our own superiority, but from the knowledge and heartfelt realization of that which calls it forth.

We are not told that wisdom is gleaned from a path of roses. Long before the goal is reached a wreath of thorns will be placed upon the brow. But it will be upon the brow of a godlike being, through whose heart divine compassion flows.

A. P. D.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(Continued from p. 54.)

WHAT shadows turn his eyes away
 Who fain would scale the heavenly heights;
 There shines the beauty of a day,
 And there the ancient Light of Lights.
 And while he broods on visions dim
 And grows forgetful of his fate,
 The chariot of the Sun for him
 And all the tribal stars await.

III.

THE SLUMBER OF CUCHULLAIN, AND THE MESSAGE OF ANGUS.

WITHIN the door at Tete Brece, under the shadow of the thatch, the couch of Cuchullain was placed, so that if he willed he could gaze over the rich green fields to the distant rim of blue hills. Yet rarely opened he his eyes or gazed with outward understanding during that weary year. Often the watchers round his bed, looking on the white rigid face, wondered if he were indeed living. But they dared not awaken him, for the seers had found that his slumber was filled with mystic life, and that it was not lawful to call him forth. Was the gloom of the great warrior because he was but the shadow of his former self, or was that pale form indeed empty? So pondered Fergus, Conail, Lugard and Ethné, faithful companions. But he in himself was wrapped in a mist of visions appearing fast and vanishing faster. The fiery hands that smote him had done their work well, and his darkness had become bright with remembrance. The majesty of elder years swept by him with reproachful glance, and the hero cowered before the

greatness of his own past. Born out of the womb of the earth long ago in the fulness of power—what shadow had dimmed his beauty? He tracked and retraced countless steps. Once more he held sceptred sway over races long since in oblivion. He passed beyond the common way until the powers of the vast knew and obeyed him. As he looked back there was one always with him. Lu, the Sun-God, who in the bright days of childhood had appeared to him as his little feet ran from home in search for adventures. Remote and dim, nigh and radiant, he was always there. In solemn initiations in crypts beneath the giant hills he rose up, gemmed and starred with living fires, and grew one with the God, and away, away with him he passed into the lands of the immortals, or waged wars more than human, when from the buried lands of the past first came the heroes eastward to Eri and found the terrible Fomorian enchanters dwelling in the sacred isle. In dream Cuchullain saw the earth-scorning warriors rise up and wage their battles in the bright æther, and the great Sun-Chieftain, shining like gold, lead his glittering hosts. In mountainous multitudes the gigantesque phantoms reeled to and fro, their mighty forms wreathed in streams of flame, while the stars paled and shuddered as they fought.

There was yet another face, another form, often beside him; whispering, luring, calling him away to he knew not what wild freedom. It was the phantom form of the child of Aed Abrait, with dark flowing tresses, mystic eyes, her face breathing the sweetness of the sun, with all the old nobility of earth, but elate and apart, as one who had been in the crystal spheres of the unseen and bathed in its immortalizing rivers and drunk the starry dews.

“Come, Cu. Come, O hero,” she whispered. “There are fiery fountains of life which will renew thee. We will go where the Sidhe dwell, where the golden life-breath flows up from the mountains in a dazzling radiance to the ever-shining regions of azure and pearl under the stars. Glad is everything that lives in that place. Come, Cu, come away.” And she passed from beside him with face half turned, calling, beckoning, till in his madness he forgot the bright Sun-God and the warriors of Eri awaiting his guidance.

It was again the feast of Samhain. About twilight in the evening a shadow darkened the door. A man in a blue mantle stood outside; he did not enter but looked around him a little while and then sat down, laughing softly to himself. Fergus, Conail and Lugard rose simultaneously, glad of the pretence of warning off the intruder as a relief from their monotonous watch.

"Do you not know," said Conail sternly, "that one lies ill here who must not be disturbed?"

The stranger arose.

"I will tell you a tale," he said. "As I was strolling through the trees I saw a radiance shining around the dun, and I saw one floating in that light like a mighty pillar of fire, or bronze ruddy and golden: a child of the Sun he seemed: the living fires curled about him and rayed from his head. He looked to the north and to the west, to the south and to the east, and over all Eri he shot his fiery breaths rainbow-colored, and the dark grew light before him where he gazed. Indeed if he who lies here were well he would be mightiest among your warriors. But I think that now he clasps hands with the heroes of the Sidhe as well, and with Druid power protects the Ultonians. I feel happy to be beside him."

"It is Lu Lamfada guarding the hero. Now his destiny will draw nigh to him again," thought Cu's companions, and they welcomed the stranger.

"I see why he lies here so still," he continued, his voice strange like one who is inspired while he speaks. "The Sidhe looked out from their mountains. They saw a hero asleep. They saw a God forgetful. They stirred him to shame by the hands of women. They showed him the past. They said to Fand and Liban, 'Awake him. Bring him to us. Let him come on the night of Samhain.' They showed the chosen one from afar, in a vision while hid in their mountains. The Tuatha de Danaans, the immortals, wish for Cuchullain to aid them. The daughters of Aed Abrait are their messengers. If Fand and Liban were here they would restore the hero."

"Who are you?" asked Laeg, who had joined them.

"I am Angus, son of Aed Abrait." While he spoke his form quivered like a smoke, twinkling in misty indistinctness in the blue twilight, and then vanished before their eyes.

"I wonder now," muttered Laeg to himself, "if he was sent by the Sidhe, or by Liban and Fand only. When one has to deal with women everything is uncertain. Fand trusts more in her beauty to arouse him than in her message. I have seen her shadow twenty times cooing about him. It is all an excuse for love-making with her. It is just like a woman. Anything, however, would be better for him than to lie in bed." He went off to join the others. Cuchullain was sitting up and was telling the story of what happened last Samhain.

"What should I do?" he asked.

"Go to the wise King," said Laeg, and so they all advised, for ever

since the day when he was crowned, and the Druids had touched him with fire, a light of wisdom shone about Concobar the King.

"I think you should go to the rock where the women of the Sidhe appeared to you," said Concobar when appealed to.

So Laeg made ready the chariot and drove to the tarn. Night came ere they reached it, but the moon showed full and brilliant. Laeg waited a little way apart, while Cuchullain sat himself in the black shadow of the rock. As the warrior gazed into the dark, star-speckled surface of the waters, a brightness and a mist gathered over them, and there, standing with her robe of green down-dropping to her feet and trailing on the wave, her pale flaxen hair blown around her head, was Liban. She smiled strangely as before, looking through him with her subtle eyes.

"I am one of the Sidhe," she said, and her voice sounded like a murmur of the water. "You also, O warrior, though forgetful, are one of us. We did not indeed come to injure you, but to awaken remembrance. For now the wild clouds of demons gather from the neighboring isles and we wish your aid. Your strength will come back to you exultant as of old. Come with me, warrior. You will have great companions. Labraid, who wields the rapid fires as you the sword, and Fand, who has laid aside her Druid wisdom longing for you."

"Whither must I go with you, strange woman?" asked Cuchullain.

"To Mag-Mell."

"I will send Laeg with you," said Cuchullain. "I do not care to go to an unknown place while I have my duties here." He then went to Laeg, asking him to go with Liban.

"He is longing to go," thought Laeg, "but he mistrusts his power to get away. He has forgotten all he knew and did not wish to appear nothing before a woman. However, it can do no harm if I go and see what they do."

Oh, marvel not if in our tale
 The gleaming figures come and go,
 More mystic splendors shine and pale
 Than in an age outworn we know.

Their ignorance to us were wise:
 Their sins our virtue would outshine:
 A glory passed before their eyes:
 We hardly dream of the divine.

(To be continued.)

RAJPUT AND BRAHMAN.

FROM THE BRHAD-ARANYAKA UPANISHAD.

ARUNA'S grandson Shvetaketu came to the gathering of the Pan-châlas. He came to Pravâhana the son of Jibala, in the midst of his followers.

Looking up at him, he said: "Youth," said he.

"Master," he replied.

"Have you received from your father the traditional teaching?"

"Yes," said he.

"Do you know how these beings, on going forth, separate, and go on in different directions?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know how they enter this world again?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know why the other world is not filled too full by the multitudes that ever go forth?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know after what offering is offered, the waters, becoming man-voiced, stand up together and speak?"

"No," said he.

"Do you know the treading of the path, the way of the Gods or the way of the Fathers? Or through doing what, they tread the path of the Gods or the path of the Fathers? For the saying of the seer has been heard of by us:

"Two goings have I heard—of the Fathers and of the Gods—for mortals going hence.

"By these two all that moves here goes, whatever is between Father and Mother."

"No; I do not know even one of these," said he.

Thereupon he offered to him to dwell with him; but the youth, not listening to his offer, ran away. He came to his father and said to him:

"Did you not tell me before, Master, that I had received the traditional teaching?"

"Well, what now, wise youth," said he.

"Five questions that Rajput fellow has asked me, and I do not know a single one of them!"

"What were they?" said he.

He repeated the questions.

But he said to him: "You know us, dear, how if I was wise in

anything I told it all to you. But come, let us go to him, and dwell with him as his pupils," said he.

"Let my father go himself," said he.

So the descendant of the Gotamas came to the court of Pravâhana the son of Jibala, who offered him a seat and had water brought for him, treating him honorably.

"We grant one wish to this worthy descendant of the Gotamas," said he.

"Here is the wish promised to me: Tell me the teaching you spoke of in the presence of my son!"

He replied: "Descendant of the Gotamas, that is one of the wishes of the Gods; mention rather a wish of men."

He replied: "I know there are plenty of cows and horses and gold and slave-girls; plenty of tapestries and robes. Do not be ungenerous as to the great, the endless, the universal."

"Son of the Gotamas, you desire worthily!"

"I choose thee as my master," said he; for they used to choose a master in these words. So he dwelt with him, honoring him as a master.

He said to him: "Henceforth, descendant of the Gotamas, be free from offence towards us, you and your fathers' fathers. As this wisdom before this never dwelt in any Brahman—yet I shall declare it to you. For who may deny you, speaking thus." C. J.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

"OUR HOPES."

HERE we are, seated round the fire, its ruddy light shedding a warm glow on our faces, and our hopes seem to loom larger in the mental horizon. Before us rise visions, without which, to quote an old book, "people perish." Such visions take, more or less, the forms of our hopes, and what a contrast they present to the life of to-day, with its "decadence" and "degeneracy," and its poor miserable specimens of a humanity once great and godlike. We had been talking of events of comparatively recent date, connected with the "child of our hopes," and one comrade remarked that sometimes the feeling came over him that "occultism in Europe is dead." He drew a black picture before those seated round the hearth; they felt sad, but their brighter visions were not dulled. Another comrade, who, perhaps, sees further than the others, told of the old fiery fountains being reöpened, and the return of the great ones with the garments of flame. And, as if by way of confirmation, a third comrade related a dream he had, which gladdened the heart of the far-seeing one.

A silence followed. "Let each one tell their hopes," said Fergus. "As for me, I have many hopes, much too many, as a rule. I find it comforting in a moment of solitude to dwell on them, to take them out and look them over. I attain self-respect at such a time. As I go along new ones are picked up, some old ones are dropped out, for, alas, after dwelling a while with me some of these big, big hopes seem to grow quite small, and have to be resigned."

"Yes, that is so," said Emer. "The forms of thought change so rapidly that before we can weave the magic web we find they have faded in something much greater. We can never fully or clearly formulate our hopes. At most we interchange with our comrades some passwords or symbol of that which we worship. We feel within ourselves that an untamable Titan struggles for release, demands a larger, freer life, and disdains to be appeased by the best of our imaginings; and so our hopes become more set on breathing the upper airs, than on minutely arranging what we shall do when we regain liberty——"

"Aye," broke in Fergus, "but we have other hopes besides the cosmic ones. They are small, hardly deserving mention, and yet they stay with us, seeming to keep quite fresh from lying unnoticed in the background of the soul. I have one such, and if it were taken away I should feel very bad indeed. I have some big ones too, which I will tell you about by-and-bye; but I would like to hear Roy say something."

At the mention of his name the pale and pensive one looked up from the fire.

"My hopes are that all men will become wise, and great with the powers of Gods."

"We all hope that," said Fergus, "but it is much too vague. I hope to see the old wisdom come back again to my native isle, and to see the wise men again walking in the sacred groves, or sitting in conclave in the bosom of the holy hills. All this I hope to see at some distant time."

"Why 'distant time'?" said Algol; "no one seems to think of it coming now. Our ordinary present-day life is really not life at all: we are half dead. Detached squeaks of petty life ending more or less suddenly, in fevers, railway collisions or battlefields, are really not life at all. We hug our offices, books, theatres, churches and what not, but live in black darkness, loving it, while the grand panoramas of celestial and infernal worlds, beings and forces, go on above, within, around and below us unheeded."

"Ah!" said the Red Man, "I love to think of the great possibilities. When I look around at the struggling mass of beings called Humanity, the hope that they will not always remain as they are now,

ignorant of their own souls and the God-home they quitted long ago; ignorant of the great beings who are watching over and helping them, bears me on to the future, and I see there this same Humanity, but how different! No longer struggling in the darkness of ignorance, but living in the light of the mystic vision and the Eternal Wisdom, strangers no more to the great over-shadowing Soul."

"Yes," said Roy, always aroused from his dreaminess by any strong voice: "yes, this trust is a great hope, and has a magnetic power. It draws those who have it into really becoming what they hope for. It is best always to hope. We are not so wise now, that we know our impossibilities."

"You are all too serious," said Fergus. "Don't *you* think so, Opal?"

"Yes, indeed, Fergus. Are not our hopes bright-winged things to bear us into the fiery heart? I think despair arises through want of realizing sufficiently that we are children of the Divine, and that true life is in the eternal joy. We talk of our hopes——"

"But our present work," said Emer, "is simply to stretch out the hand of help to those within reach. There is no need to map out charts and plans for a future we have such a misty idea of. Better let our hopes be undefined, but still great——"

Angus interrupted. "I have been listening to all your talk, and very fine talk it has been, but I have been wondering why Pan, the far-seeing one, has been so long silent: his eyes were round and large as he looked into the fire: I think he was seeing things. Come along Pan, tell us something about your hopes. It is getting late."

"Of what hopes shall I speak? There are so many. Every desire shapes and follows some mystic ideal. Yet there are three which come again and again to me. There is a hope which thrills me with fire to think of. But it is hard to speak about. Something whispers within me: 'You shall be vaster than the spheres, more eternal than the ages, more transcendent than the divine.' That thought is the light of silent and sacred hours. But again I go out into the woods or on the mountains, and find a meaning in the rough and tumble play of wind and water, and out of the quiet of earth a voice speaks the most ancient language to the soul, and I know they are all alive, and I hope nothing better than that our poor, sickly people will some time flock out of their cities, becoming brother to these again. Earth, renew us with thy fires: take us again, dear trees: Gods, from your mountains breathe on us till our enchanted hearts grow one with myriad nature. There is also another hope which inspires in the midst of crowds. Out of the meanness, lust and hatred which parade themselves as human, I see

emerging, throwing off the burden of flesh, the winged mystic races, brilliant and spiritual figures, companions as at the dawn, but more rooted in wisdom, more radiant with power, more united in love. Come forth, fiery kings and seraph princes, for my heart burns for the coming time."

"After that," remarked Fergus, "I need not talk of my big hopes. They could all rattle about and have lots of breathing space in Pan's. We must meet again and talk further over what is in our hearts. Let the Red Man now poke out the fire before we go."

REVIEW.

OLD DIARY LEAVES. By Col. H. S. Olcott. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. 1895.]

HE has borne the burden and heat of the day—something like this should be our judgment on Colonel Olcott; no one who has not seen years of active and unselfish service should criticize in a spirit of bitterness whatever difference in moral appraisements he may find in Colonel Olcott's book. His motive was, as the most continuous observer of a world-wide movement, and, even more, as the closest associate of a world-famous woman, to record all noteworthy events and sayings exactly as they occurred; to avoid the faults of exaggeration, whether of praise or blame. We may feel that he was too near to the events and persons he speaks of to see their full height; yet we cannot but admit that his testimony may be of the highest value for purposes of detail, once we have found the true perspective of the picture, seeing it from a point more distant in time and space. His friendship for Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was sincere and lasting; his loyalty in every act complete, through long years of strenuous labor.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

At the annual business meeting held on 3rd inst. the officers for 1896 were elected as follows: *Pres.*, D. N. Dunlop; *Vice-Pres.*, G. W. Russell; *Treasurer*, F. J. Dick. Additional members of Council: R. E. Coates, J. J. Nolan, A. W. Dwyer, Miss E. M. White.

The public meetings were resumed on the 8th inst., after the holidays, and during ensuing month the topics will be: Jan. 22nd, *The Coming of Christ*; 29th, *The Functions of The Secret Doctrine*; Feb. 5th, *Paul, the Messenger*; 12th, *The Holy Ghost*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Concener*.

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