

The Irish Theosophist.

FREEDOM.

MOST of us who are connected with what is known in these days as Theosophy have, at one time in our lives, believed that all knowledge of the higher kind was to be found in a certain old book, and in the teaching of the religion which claims that book as its especial property. It is probable we would still be holding that belief were it not for that restless something in the mind which is ever wanting to know, to know. We did not silence that enquiring faculty, but let it lead us whither it would. We found the teaching did not contain all we wanted to know. Then we acted hastily. We blamed the book, concluding it was a dead book, a book without a soul, and we severed our minds from it and the teaching. We felt sure there was no secret in the keeping of great Mother Nature which could be withheld from the ken of one determined to know, and with this keynote to our thought we adventured into strange regions of soul, our vision widening in the new environment. But now, after the passing of years, the old associations have faded from our minds, and some of us are again reading the old book and finding in its pages many things wonderful and wise.

What, we enquire, is the new thing which has come into our lives, making us see more clearly; making the old words, beforetime a jargon only, bring a living fire with their enunciation? What is it that was lacking in the teaching, which we have now, in some measure, acquired knowledge of?

It is the Mysteries. We have seen the veil slightly lifted, and we find the book telling of hidden worlds of which we have learnt to know a little. It is now a long time since there was any school of the Mysteries connected with the religion of the West, the religion of the Cross. It has taught ethics only, and ethics alone cannot stand. The teaching became "goody-goody," and there were some whose rebel souls revolted, who preferred a forceful evil to a feeble-minded good.

But I said the veil has been slightly lifted. We have heard of those

Perfect Ones who are our elder brothers, and through much brooding have learned something of their nature. We get glimmerings of that great majesty of soul which must be his who would aspire to companionship with those Princes in the "realm of the Over-world." We know that they have risen above the virtues. I would not be misunderstood, but I tell you it is useless to preach ethics to me unless I feel that echo within which comes from the Divine. I say that it is not the virtues which count, but that imperial quality of soul which carries the virtues in its train as its proper attributes. And who will dare preach ethics whom the Self has not chosen and inspired? He whom the Self selects speaks, and lo! it is the voice of a lawgiver, who speaks that which he knows. Let us not suppose that this kingship of soul is a quality born of aught but the Self alone. It can only be his who is interiorly conscious that behind him opens the vast, who feels the beating of that great heart of love from which throbs the life of universes. If it is not common property with all of us it is because we are incarnate in an imperfect form. The divine man cannot work perfectly with a vehicle he is unable to ensoul. But if you and I cannot have the majesty of the great ones, we have odd moments, far apart, maybe, when we appear to draw nearer to the Self. We can look forward to them and be prepared. We may look back on them and be inspired. They are like great stepping-places, and he who strides along them is a walker of the skies.

Now of these Perfect Ones how shall we think? As Companions. Of all the names we give them this is the one I love best. I am not a believer in the seclusion of the Adept. Do they not call themselves the Brothers? And this brotherhood is full, sufficient, complete. I cannot conceive of their finding a necessity for rules of conduct. Their companionship is spontaneous and free. It is not the brotherhood which is at pains to define the rights of the individual. Its soul is that spirit of love which is ever giving, giving, and knows no sense of loss. Yet in the far past, when the choice was ours, we preferred this world of lust and petty worries to their companionship. Yes, we made such a choice, else we would not be here; we should have passed on with the rest of our race. But let us not dwell on this; it makes the heart too sad, and the Path is still open.

Yet we make barriers for ourselves. We have to give up this thing and that, and we speak of sacrifices made in order that the Path may be trodden. Alas! that we should magnify our difficulties, making virtues where there are none. I say there should be no talk of sacrifice. Weighed in the balance against the possibility of that high per-

fection there is nothing in this world worth the dignity of the name. Sacrifice is a word coined for a higher use. What is it we have to give up? What is this huge thing we call the personality? It is naught but a habit of mind, a mould in which we have allowed our souls to be shaped. What ages of sorrow and suffering we go through, all that this habit of mind may be altered! Yet when we reach one of those stepping-places I spoke of, the work of æons becomes for a brief instant an accomplished fact, and we see how thin and weak is the wall of adamant which separates us from the divine.

We have learnt this, then, from the Mysteries, which was not in the teaching, we have learnt of the possibility of perfection. Shall we endeavor to realize it? I say, Yes! Let us look for the goal which ever recedes, and follow it. What matters it how many lives await us here when the very determination to conquer sweeps the years aside, and we are again in the Golden Age? Let us recognize no barriers, no failures. If the way be beset with brambles let us take to ourselves wings and fly. Thus shall we be free: for him who follows that receding flame which burns in the heart Nature can forge no chain.

FINVARA.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(Continued from p. 75.)

IN mystic worlds may come romance,
 With all the lures of love and glamour;
 And woesome tragedy will chance
 To him whom fairy forms enamour.
 There slain illusions live anew
 To stay the soul with coy caresses;
 But he who only loves the True
 Slays them again, and onward presses.
 For golden chains are yet but chains,
 Enchanted dreams are yet but dreaming;
 And ere the soul its freedom gains
 It bursts all bonds, destroys all seeming.

IV.

THE MAIDENS OF THE SIDHE.

“YES, I’ll go with the maid in the green mantle,” muttered Laeg to himself; “but I’ll don the crimson mantle of five folds which it is

my right to wear in the land of the Sidhe, even though my earthly occupation is only the driving of a war-chariot."

He began chanting softly; a golden gleam as of sunshine swept circling about him; then as the chant ceased a look of wild exultation came to his face, and he threw up his arms, so that for an instant he had the aspect he wore when guiding the great war-chariot of Cuchullain into the thick of the battle. His swaying form fell softly upon the greensward, and above it floated a luminous figure clad in a crimson mantle, but whose face and bare arms were of the color of burnished bronze. So impassive and commanding was his face that even Liban faltered a little as she stole to his side. Cuchullain watched the two figures as they floated slowly over the dark expanse of the lake, till they suddenly disappeared, seemingly into its quiet surface. Then with his face buried in his hands he sat motionless, absorbed in deep thought, while he waited until the return of Laeg.

The recumbent form of Liban rose from the couch where it had lain entranced. Before her stood the phantom figure of Laeg. All in the house save herself were asleep, but with the conscious sleep of the Sidhe, and their shades spoke welcome to Laeg, each saying to him in liquid tones such as come never from lips of clay:

"Welcome to you, Laeg; welcome because of her who brings you, of him who sent you, and of yourself."

He saw about him only women of the Sidhe, and knew that he was in one of the schools established by the wise men of Eri for maidens who would devote their lives to holiness and Druid learning; maidens who should know no earthly love but fix their eyes ever on the light of the Sun-god. But not seeing Fand among them, he turned with an impatient gesture to Liban. She read his gesture aright, and said:

"My sister dwells apart; she has more knowledge, and presides over all of us."

Leaving the room, she walked down a corridor, noiselessly save for the rustle of her long robe of green, which she drew closely about her, for the night was chill. An unaccustomed awe rested upon her, and to Laeg she whispered:

"The evil enchanters have power to-night, so that your life would be in danger if you had not the protection of a maiden of the Sun."

But a smile wreathed for an instant the bronze-hued face of the shadowy charioteer, as he murmured in tones of kindness near to pity, softening his rude words:

"Till now nor Cuchullain nor I have ever felt the need of a

woman's protection, and I would much rather he were here now than I."

Drawing aside a heavy curtain, Liban entered her sister's room. They saw Fand seated at a little table. A scroll lay on it open before her, but her eyes were not fixed on it. With hands clasped under her chin she gazed into the vacancies with eyes of far-away reflection and longing. There was something pathetic in the intensity and wistfulness of the lonely figure. She turned and rose to meet them, a smile of rare tenderness lighting up her face as she saw Liban. The dim glow of a single lamp but half revealed the youthful figure, the pale, beautiful face, out of which the sun-colors had faded. Her hair of raven hue was gathered in massy coils over her head and fastened there by a spiral torque of gleaming gold. Her mantle, entirely black, which fell to her feet, made her features seem more strangely young, more startlingly in contrast with the monastic severity of the room. It was draped round with some dark unfigured hangings. A couch with a coverlet of furs, a single chair of carved oak, the little table, and a bronze censer from which a faint aromatic odor escaping filled the air and stole on the sense, completed the furniture of the room, which might rather have been the cell of some aged Druid than the chamber of one of the young maidens of Eri, who were not overgiven to ascetic habits. She welcomed Laeg with the same terms of triple welcome as did the mystic children of the Sun who had first gathered round him. Her brilliant eyes seemed to read deep the soul of the charioteer.

Then Liban came softly up to her, saying :

"Oh, Fand, my soul is sad this night. The dark powers are gathering their strength to assail us, and we shall need to be pure and strong. Yet you have said that you feel no longer the Presence with you: that Mannanan, the Self of the Sun, shines not in your heart!"

Fand placed her hand upon her sister's flaxen head, saying with a voice of mingled joy and pathos :

"Peace, child; you, of us all, have least to fear, for though I, alas! am forsaken, yet He who is your Father and Yourself is even now here with you."

Liban fell on her knees, with her hands clasped and her eyes uplifted in a rapture of adoration, for above her floated one whom she well knew. Yet unheeding her and stern of glance, with his right arm outstretched, from which leaped long tongues of flame, swordlike, into space, Labraid towered above gazing upon foes unseen by them. Slowly the arm fell and the stern look departed from the face. Ancient with the youth of the Gods, it was such a face and form the toilers in the

shadowy world, mindful of their starry dynasties, sought to carve in images of upright and immovable calm amid the sphinxes of the Nile or the sculptured Gods of Chaldæa. So upright and immovable in such sculptured repose appeared Labraid, his body like a bright ruby flame, sunlit from its golden heart. Beneath his brows his eyes looked full of secrecy. The air pulsing and heaving about him drove Laeg backward from the centre of the room. He appeared but a child before this potent spirit. Liban broke out into a wild chant of welcome:

“Oh, see now how burning,
 How radiant in might,
 From battle returning
 The Dragon of Light!
 Where wert thou, unsleeping
 Exile from the throne,
 In watch o’er the weeping,
 The sad and the lone.
 The sun-fires of Eri
 Burned low on the steep;
 The watchers were weary
 Or sunken in sleep;
 And dread were the legions
 Of demons who rose
 From the uttermost regions
 Of ice and of snows;
 And on the red wind borne,
 Unspeakable things
 From wizard’s dark mind borne
 On shadowy wings.
 The darkness was lighted
 With whirlwinds of flame;
 The demons affrighted
 Fled back whence they came.
 For thou wert unto them
 The vision that slays:
 Thy fires quivered through them
 In arrowy rays.
 Oh, light amethystine,
 Thy shadow inspire,
 And fill with the pristine
 Vigor of fire.
 Though thought like a fountain

Pours dream upon dream,
 Unscaled is the mountain
 Where thou still dost gleam,
 And shinest afar like
 The dawning of day,
 Immortal and starlike
 In rainbow array."

But he, the shining one, answered, and his voice had that melody which only those know whom the Sun-breath has wafted into worlds divine:

"Vaunt not, poor mortal one, nor claim knowledge when the Gods know not. He who is greatest among all the sons of evil now waits for the hour to strike when he may assail us and have with him all the hosts of the foes of light. What may be the issue of the combat cannot be foreseen by us. Yet mortals, unwise, ever claim to know when even the Gods confess ignorance; for pride blinds all mortals, and arrogance is born of their feebleness."

Unabashed she cried out:

"Then rejoice, for we have awakened Cu, the warrior-magician of old times, and his messenger is here."

Then he answered gently, pityingly:

"We need the help of each strong soul, and you have done well to arouse that slumbering giant. If through his added strength we conquer, then will he be the saviour of Eri; beloved by the Gods, he will cease to be a wild warrior on earth, and become a leader of mortals, aiding them on the way to the immortals. Wisely have you awakened him, and yet——"

He smiled, and such was the pity in his smiling glance that Liban bowed her head in humiliation. When she raised it he was gone, and Laeg also had vanished. She arose, and with a half-sob threw herself into the arms of her sister. So they stood, silent, with tearless eyes; for they were too divine for tears, although, alas! too human.

Slowly the chariot rolled on its homeward way, for Laeg, seeing the weakness and weariness of Cuchullain, held the great steeds in check; their arched necks and snorting breath resenting the restraint, while the impatient stamping of their hoofs struck fire from the pebbly road.

"Weil," said Cuchullain moodily, "tell me what happened after you went away with that woman of the Sidhe."

Briefly and without comment of his own Laeg stated what he had

seen. Then long Cuchullain pondered; neither spoke, and the silence was broken only by the stamping of the steeds and the rumble of the chariot wheels. Dark clouds drifted athwart the moon, and the darkness gave more freedom of speech, for Cuchullain said in measured, expressionless tones:

“And what do you think of all this?”

“What do I think?” burst forth Laeg with sudden fire: “I think you had better be leaving those women of the Sidhe alone, and they you. That Fand would lose her soul for love, and the spell they’ve cast over you is evil, or it wouldn’t make a warrior like you as helpless as a toddling babe.”

In letting loose his pent-up wrath Laeg had unconsciously loosened as well the reined-in steeds, who sprang forward impetuously, and the jolting of the car was all that Cuchullain could bear in his enfeebled state. Recovering himself, the charioteer drew them in check again, inwardly upbraiding himself for his carelessness.

Sorrowful and broken was the voice of the warrior as he said:

“On the morrow, Laeg, you shall bear a message to Emer. Tell her the Sidhe have thrown a spell of helplessness upon me while deceiving me with false visions of my aiding them in their war with the evil enchanters. Ask Emer to come to me, for her presence may help to rouse me from this spell that benumbs my body and clouds my mind.”

Then Laeg sought to console him, saying:

“No, no; the Sidhe wrong no one. Their message to you was true; but their messengers were women, and you were a warrior. That is why the mischance came, for it is ever the way with a woman to become foolish over a warrior, and then there is always a muddle. And when Emer comes——,” he checked his indiscreet utterance by pretending to have a difficulty in restraining the horses, and then added confusedly: “Besides, I’d rather be in your plight than in Fand’s.”

“Has Emer come?” asked Cuchullain, drawing himself up on his couch and resting on his elbow.

“Yes,” said Laeg dejectedly: “I have brought her. She has been talking to me most of the journey. Now she’ll be after talking to you, but you needn’t mind; it isn’t her usual way, and she isn’t as unreasonable as might be expected. She puts most of the blame of your illness on me, though perhaps that is because it was me she was talking to. Insists that as I can go to the Plain of Fire where the Sidhe live I ought to be able to find a way of curing you. She has expressed that idea to me many times, with a fluency and wealth of illustration that

would make a bard envious. Here she comes now. I'll just slip out and see if the horses are being properly cared for."

He had not overstated the case, for the sweet face of Emer was clouded with wrath as she approached the sick-bed of her husband. Bitterly she reproached him for what she claimed was only a feigned illness, and expressed her conviction that no theory would account for his conduct save that, faithless to her his wife, he had fallen in love. But Cuchullain made no answer, for not only was he invincible in battle, but also wise in the matter of holding his tongue when a woman warred against him with words.

"You are looking stronger," said Laeg, when next he saw him alone.

"Yes," he returned, "the speech of Emer has roused me a little from my torpor. I have been thinking that possibly we were wrong in disregarding the message brought by the women of the Sidhe. They surely have power to break this spell, and doubtless would have done so had you not fled from them so inconsiderately."

"I was thinking the same when Emer was coming here with me," observed Laeg. "Her speech roused me a little too."

Cuchullain was silent awhile and then said reflectively:

"Do you think we could find Liban again?"

"There would be no difficulty about that," Laeg replied drily.

"Then," said Cuchullain with sudden energy, "let us go once more to the rock of the visions."

.

Our souls give battle when the host
Of lurid lives that lurk in Air,
And Ocean's regions nethermost,
Come forth from every loathsome lair:
For then are cloudland battles fought
With spears of lightning, swords of flame,
No quarter given, none besought,
Till to the darkness whence they came
The Sons of Night are hurled again,
Yet while the reddened skies resound
The wizard souls of evil men
Within the demon ranks are found,
While pure and strong the heroes go
To join the strife, and reck no odds,
For they who face the wizard foe
Clasp hands heroic with the Gods.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THERE are events common to human life, events small and inconsiderable in seeming, which, in their ulterior development and under the ripening hand of time, may affect the thought of the world or turn a nation's history. To leave a mark on the political or social life of a great country is, no doubt, the larger deed in the view of the man of action. But the thinker, more or less a seer by his use of the clairvoyance of thought, the thinker knows well that thought lies back of all action; that to give to that mightiest of tides a fresh impulse, a new direction, is to have impressed an individual mark upon life in its fluidic entirety; is to have propelled the Oversoul, by the energetic power of the personified spark, into combinations and inter-correlations whose field is practically boundless, whose unspanned area embraces Time and Space.

One such embryonic event occurred at Dublin, Ireland, on April 13th, 1851, when Alice Mary Quan, wife of Frederick H. Judge, gave birth to a son. The parents were both Irish, the mother—a sweet and pathetic young figure, as now viewed by us—dying in early life on the birth of her seventh child. That other child, whose birth-date has just been given, was named William Quan Judge and was brought up in Dublin until his thirteenth year, when the bereaved father decided to emigrate with his motherless children to the United States, there to share in the wider activities and opportunities of American life. The impulse of the younger nation works swiftly in the Irish blood, and passage was promptly taken in the Inman Line steamship *City of Limerick*, which arrived at New York on July 14th, 1864.

Of the first thirteen years of the life of William Q. Judge we know but little, and may hence assume them to have been of that happy order which carves no deep, distinctive lines upon the memory. Life has its years of rarer vintage, which leave an aroma as of sunlight in the heart. The years of childhood should be such as these, that mature life may still feel them as an afterglow. So it is in this instance: the lad was a happy one, growing, playing, studying, waiting for his future life and destiny. But he was not only waiting—as we all must—for his destiny; he was also *preparing* for that watchful Argus, as we all should do. For destiny comes to each and all, and we must either tamely accept her, or *make* ourselves, in her despite, using her opposition to develop our power of withstanding and overcoming. We cannot

fashion the present fate, for she is the outcome of ourselves. We have earlier made her what she now is, and she stands before us, wearing our own unrecognized likeness—if we only knew it, at once a verdict and an opportunity. This the lad seems to have discerned in some dim way of his own, after a memorable illness of his seventh year, an illness supposed to be mortal. The little sufferer was moribund, was thought to be quite gone; but amid the natural outburst of grief it was suddenly found that the supposed dead breathed again, and that all was “weil with the child.” That this was true in some mysterious but very real fashion the sequence appears to show. During convalescence the boy evinced aptitude and knowledge which he had never before displayed, exciting wonder as to when and how he had learned these things, these rudiments of art and of literature. He seemed the same, yet other: had to be studied anew by his people, and from his recovery in his eighth year we find him interested in religion, magic, Rosicrucianism, and deeply absorbed in the *Book of Revelations* of the Christian Bible, trying to settle its meaning. He also devoured the contents of all the books he could lay hold of relating to mesmerism, character-reading, phrenology and so on, while no one knew when he had so much as acquired the art of reading at all. The emigration to America did not interrupt these interests, but broadened his thought and experience as the era of definite work and training came on. Perhaps the magnetic link so abruptly renewed in his illness was never fully vitalized in the physical sense, for the lad never acquired a strong physique. Without being sickly he was frail, but indomitable and persevering beyond his years. An anecdote of his boyhood illustrates these traits. He was with other boys upon the bank of a stream. His companions swam to an island a little way off from the bank, from which vantage ground they jeered and mocked their younger comrade, who could not swim. The small William’s heart rose hot within him: he plunged into the water, resolved to get to that island or perish. When out of his depth he let himself sink, touched bottom, ran a few steps on the river’s bed, rose, of course, kicked, sank, took a step and another, repeated the process, and thus struggling, rising, sinking, scrambling, and, above all, holding his breath, he actually reached the margin of the island, to be drawn out, half unconscious, by his astonished play-fellows. Nothing could be more characteristic of the Mr. Judge of to-day, as he is known to his associates, among whom it is a common saying, “Judge would walk over red-hot ploughshares from here to India to do his duty.”

The elder Judge, with his children, lived for a short time at the old

Merchant's Hotel in Cortlandt Street, New York; then in Tenth Street, and afterwards in the city of Brooklyn. William soon began work at a desk in New York, a clerkship having come his way, and his family being one of those whose members must all be self-supporting at a comparatively early age. This continued until he was induced to enter a law office as the clerk of Geo. P. Andrews, who for a long time has since been judge of the Supreme Court of New York. There he also studied law, living with his father, who died not long after. On coming of age he was naturalized a citizen of the United States in April, 1872. In May of that year he was admitted to the bar of New York, practising law in that city steadily for many years, and only relinquishing this work and the excellent position he had made for himself in the strange land of his adoption some four years ago, when the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society demanded at once *all* his time and a fresh sacrifice. His conspicuous traits as a lawyer, in the practice of commercial law, of which he made a specialty, were his thoroughness and his inflexible persistence, which won the respect of employers and clients alike. In 1874 he left the family roof-tree to marry Ella M. Smith, of Brooklyn,* in which city the couple continued to live until 1893, when they crossed the great bridge definitely to reside in New York city and to be nearer to the field of Mr. Judge's work at the T. S. Headquarters there.

That marriage gave no new complexion to the mind of the young man, and did not divert its course, is seen by his beginning the study of modern spiritualism in the scant leisure moments of that same year.

The period was a fateful one. The last quarter of the century was about to strike, and the specialized effort made in every century by the guardians of the Wisdom-religion was now due. At Rochester, New York, and at other points had occurred that first outbreak of raps and mysterious knockings which were later to resound round the world. The newspapers were full of the new manifestations; spiritualists were rejoicing and anti-spiritualists were denouncing; the air was full of sound and fury, and H. P. Blavatsky, taking advantage of the storm of public attention, was riding upon the whirlwind, seeking a point of vantage from which to guide events.

(To be continued.)

* Brooklyn, connected with New York by a great bridge crossing the Hudson river, is really like an annex or suburb to the larger city, and is the home of a large proportion of New York business men who do business there all day, returning across the bridge at night, both on account of much cheaper rents and more open character of the building spaces, and also because it is nearer to the business portion of New York city than is the upper portion of New York itself.

THE NEW "LIGHT."

To those who have long believed in the reality of clairvoyance and psychometry it must be a fact of great interest that science has now discovered a way of seeing through solid substances. And it can make "dead" matter perform this occult feat!

An agent in the process is the "radiant matter" of Crookes, and it would seem that its action, when thus *liberated* from "normal" states, corresponds with that of the second of the six nature-forces, mind, when *liberated* likewise from "normal" states. The analogy is complete, for in the former case we have the piercing rays which photograph, or "see," objects right through other solid objects: and in the latter, clairvoyance and all psychometric phenomena.

Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg University, has discovered this new kind of radiation which penetrates wood, flesh and some metals, but not bones and other materials. In *The Electrical Review* of 24th ult. is reproduced the photograph of a hand taken by this means, in which the detailed outlines of the phalanges are sharply defined. This photograph was obtained by Mr. A. A. C. Swinton, who has successfully repeated the experiments in England, and the results have already been corroborated by other physicists. The lamp used by Mr. Swinton is a vacuum bulb, within which are two platinum wire terminals connected with his well-known induction apparatus for producing rapid electric waves of high tension, such as have been produced by Tesla.

Glass is not so transparent to these rays as thin sheet aluminium. Copper is somewhat transparent to them, and students of esoteric philosophy and science may note the probable connection of this with the above-mentioned analogy. Lenard's theory is that these "cathode" rays are "waves in the ether when dissociated from matter." Considering the conflict of "scientific" definitions (*a*) of matter, and (*b*) of ether, this sounds a little funny. Professor Röntgen's views on the question remain to be heard.

F. J. D.

THE WHITE OF THE DAWN.

LONG after the passing of Cuchullain, when the father of Oscar, the old man eloquent, had again become young in the morning breath of the happy isles, there dwelt a meaner race of men in Innis Fail.

A meaner race of men dwelt there; and others like them in heart, though unlike in tongue and name, came to them across the waters to spy out the nakedness of the land. And to one of these strangers an incident befell.

For being very weary of the slow-moving ship, and much fraught with the tossing of the waves, sleep was upon him all day, and he could hardly be waked at even, when the vessel drew near the shore. So it came to pass that, standing once more on the yellow sand at landing, he found himself wrapped in shades and darkness, yet felt himself fully rested, as one who awakens long after dawn.

And feeling this morning vigor in his limbs and heart, while at the same time he saw nothing round him but darkness, he was greatly perplexed. And there were some there—being of the baser folk who inhabited the island—who marked his perplexity and made a mock of it: not openly but secretly and apart. And there was one among them, in wit like the race of the Firbolgs, more cunning and crafty than the rest; and he prompted them to a shrewd design, thinking, as indeed was so, that this man was come to spy out whether the land was indeed so naked, or whether there might not haply remain from old time something of price which he might carry away as a spoil across the waters.

So, putting this shrewd plan in motion, they approached the stranger, bidding him gaily good-morning, and saying that the day was fine. But the stranger, being carried by the composed demeanour of the man, was more perplexed, yet feared with a new-comer's fear, and knew not what to reply but that the day was good, though perchance somewhat overcast and cloudy.

But they replied that it was bright, and that they had long not seen a brighter, and, to shorten the tale, they made night day for him, and day night, he all the while believing that days were thus in the island; and thus they made great their sport of him, carrying him through waste lands and bad at midnight, and telling him they were hunting, and had good sport.

But at last, being one day gone too far afield, they could not win homewards in the darkness, and so, seeing the white of the dawn, he

understood his delusion, and the truth was made clear to him. And he turned upon those that tormented him, but they were gone, leaving him along with the sunrise.

This tale, like all the lore of Eire, has a deep and hidden meaning; or, to speak as one of the profane, this foolish story that we have clothed anew in heroic garments a world too wide, will serve as well as another to embody a truth that everybody knows and feels, though not everybody recognizes that he knows it.

The truth is this: That this plausible-grotesque life we lead from day to day is not real life at all. We always feel, sometimes intensely feel, that we are in some way being taken in: that we are being put off with the imitation, not the reality; that there is something wildly wrong about it all. We put up with it, we consent to take it seriously, because, for the life of us, we cannot find out how to lay hands on the real life we feel we are being kept out of.

Like the wight in the tale, we have had the misfortune to come to the island called the world, and the bigger misfortune to sleep the last stage of our journey; to lose the light that might have given us our bearings. And like him, too, we are instantly set upon by the people of the place, while we stand hesitating and uncertain on the beach, and, before we know it, we are caught up in the whirl of things, and carried along with the crowd.

How far the crowd that carries us along is a witty and malicious crowd, we shall better know in the white of the dawn. Now, it seems to us, they are as much taken in as we are: everybody keeping everybody else in countenance, though nobody quite believes in it all; nobody daring to say out loud what everybody thinks, for fear of—well, for fear of what, it is pretty hard to say; perhaps for fear of fear, the only thing that one is really afraid of.

It is curious to see how far this feeling of misgiving runs through people; how their lurking sense that there is something wrong with things as they are, prompts nearly all their activities. The wild, natural man, that we all once were, felt this misgiving, and, desiring at all costs to get out of things as they are, he took thought and became a hunter, and for a time was happy in his new race, until one day he discovered that things as they are had run along beside him, and kept up with him, and that he had not really escaped at all. Then he took thought again, and this time, they say, became a keeper of flocks. He had left the old behind, and went on rejoicing, till once he looked over his shoulder and saw the sardonic companion behind him still.

So we went on, from one thing to another, thinking each time that

we had got hold of real life in the material and physical life we built up for ourselves.

But somehow the remedy did not seem to work, for, no sooner was the world's housekeeping comfortably settled, than the world confessed itself disappointed with it all, by going beyond housekeeping to sciences and arts.

Now the proper end of real science, most people will say, is to find out how things really are—in itself a confession that they seem to be not what they really are. And if the sciences we know most about have succeeded in discovering rather what things are not, than what they are; and progress consists only in multiplying the things that any particular thing is not, then that is the misfortune of science, rather than its fault. We may not think much of such results, but we must agree that science means well. There was once a proverb that connected well-meaning people with the paving of the road to a certain place—or was it a state?—so we may not be surprised at the void in which all science's ultimates seem to disappear.

Then art is another confession that things as they are are not as they ought to be; even if that art sometimes only succeeds in seeing quite simple things through a grotesquely-colored cloud of hideousness. The main thing is, that art transforms what it touches, and, if things were quite right already, no one would dream of transforming them.

So that progress and art and science all cry out unrest. They are but the different ways in which our uneasiness shapes itself; our uneasiness, as of that wight in the island, that, though everyone says it is day, it seems to us pretty dark night all the same.

Then the white of the dawn, the first faint, cold breath of morning, the hidden stirring in everything; one envies him that magnificent surprise: at least one might if there were not, somewhere deep down in us, the premonition that a surprise not less magnificent awaits us too, one of these days, quite unexpectedly. That is what the white of the dawn says in our hearts.

C. J.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

MAGIC.

“WHAT are your ideas about magic, Fergus?” said Angus, when we were all comfortably seated once more round the fire.

“I am always pleased when our talk is of magic and its mysteries. Since I was a child I have wanted to be a magician. I never doubted that it was possible for me to become one, for I believed that it was by

some interior process of the soul that the wonderful things we read of in the books of childhood were performed. That old belief of mine is with me still, and at the present moment I am convinced that I have all the powers inside, and that I will find out how to use them some day."

"Of course there is always a vague attraction about the thought of magic," said Omar, "but I wonder whether it is natural, and whether it possesses inherent dignity. What we really care about is power, life, reality. Give us magic, but let it be beautiful, gracious, tender; we are plain men and do not love tricks. We want the steady glow of divine powers, not the sheen and shining of meretricious fantasy; we want to grow a crop of godlike men, the baubles of wizardry and psychic pyrotechnics do not please——"

Then Pan, whose heart lingers in the past, broke in a little impatiently:

"As for me, I would like to uphold a little the old tradition of magic. The modern magian seems to me a consolidation of all the platitudes, thinly veneered over with a little shaky science. We are too tame and sober in our thoughts; the feeling for the beautiful doesn't thrive well under the tall silk hats of to-day. Oh, for something vast and unspeakable! I must confess I like to think of the serpents floating in the fiery rivers of space, of transcendent lights which make the daylight pale. All the while I am a toiler in the shadowy world, I keep feeling that I ought to have a body of fire, and move in the brotherhood of the Gods."

"I see," said Fergus, "that Pan likes a flare-up. I remember when I was young I developed the idea that the magicians performed their ceremonies for show, and I was quite prepared to do the same myself if ever I got any of the magical powers. I used to dream of how I should do things. No precipitation of the things I wanted would satisfy me. That would be too simple. No, I should pile mystery upon mystery, taking care that plenty of people were around to see."

Then Brannigan gravely delivered himself thus:

"Magic I conceive to be the uprising of the natural powers in man from a state of slumber into activity, not that this activity need be of a phenomenal nature, but rather that the awakening of these powers brings with it a knowledge of the godlike in man, which was the true wisdom of the magi of old. The beginnings of magic with us date, I think, from the time when we were able to arouse in ourselves a strong sympathy both for nature and our fellow-men, and to hold to it constantly."

"It seems to me," said the self we know as "Opal," "there is magic

everywhere; in the sunset glow and primrose dawn; magic in spring's return and in the fleeting bloom of summer. Magical are all the ways of our dear old Mother Nature—by magical I mean wonderful—full of mystery. We are like little children tired of playing with their toys; we want to 'see the wheels go round,' and so we lose all our old delight in outward things as we pass from infancy to youth——”

“I think we had better consider magic as forces working through the mind of man,” interrupted Emer. “We have been too long like Ariel playing with the cowslips and such like. I would prefer to play the part of Prospero the magician.”

“Emer, I know, is weighty with thoughts undelivered,” remarked Angus. “Tell us of the magic of the soul.”

“From the point of view of soul magic would be the out-realizing of its ideas and desires. As has been said, it is a potency passing into act; it is the emanation of something that would otherwise remain latent, and thus get atrophied, lost. In this the soul seems trying to imitate all the higher potencies and its own immediate Father, which emanated it. The Gnostics say that the great Æons project something of themselves downward, reflecting themselves in the next lowest grade of matter, and that this process is repeated on every plane. Each potency has to be called forth through an image in order that it may manifest in all its essence and virtue. This, of course, cannot go on for ever; the outbreathing must cease, and then all are updrawn with full consciousness and knowledge back into the eternal and infinite Potency.”

“I know where Emer was in her last visit to the planet. I feel as if I was listening to a lecture by some eminent Neoplatonist,” said Fergus. “Why can't you talk naturally?”

“Yes, Fergus; like most people, we have been associating magic with something apart, wonderful, miraculous, all too vague and ponderous. As some one said not long ago, we don't want to hear any more about magic until we can do a few things ourselves. To come to something definite, for example, we are told that the thinking of oneself as this or that is the chief factor in the production of phenomena; that the adept selects the abstract form, uses his will, and there you are—a rose or a world, according to his degree. I see Fergus laughing——”

“I don't see why he should laugh at Angus,” said Algol. “I think we could do many of these things easily. We can command the services of the Gods. We have but to take the first step, and live to benefit mankind in general and our neighbor in particular. For a long

time it may seem that we are nothing but bundles of anger, envy, greed and vanity, and that the darker kind of magic is our only heritage. But we have the key given us to conquer. Brotherhood in thought and act to all beings will slay or eliminate the dragons and furies of the personal self, and, obeying diviner nature, nature will in turn obey us."

"I was laughing thinking what would happen if I woke up some morning with all my powers revived," said Fergus. "I should trumpet the fact abroad. I see many scornful looks around me, in spite of which I am not at all sure you would be free from the temptation yourselves."

"Why has the Red Man been quiet so long?" said Opal.

"What Emer said somewhat disheartened me. I like the part of Ariel among the cowslips. I know of no magic but that which raises man from the thralldom of the senses and releases the fettered powers within him; the magic that enables him to understand the message with which Nature is burdened. For all Nature is speaking to us, but until we have some knowledge of ourselves we cannot understand its many voices. These nature-tones are the things that make me feel better and more than a mere breathing being; they awaken something within me which never seems to be active when I live in cities. But, ah me! too soon it fades away, and I return to this dull world again."

Our grave and dreamy Roy said meditatively:

"I do not think that a line can be drawn between what is magical and what is not. Everything seems to be magical, but everyone is not a magician. The difference seems to be that we do magic unconsciously, and the magician controls and does all things consciously."

"I said that imagination plays a large part in the creations of the magicians," said Angus. "But the difficulty is to know where to begin. What do you imagine yourself doing, Pan?"

"Well, I imagine I am the Fire-self within the Heart. I look out through the many-orbed mirage twinkling with the lights of spirits so far wandered, where they are herded in the darkness together, or alone. I blow the ancient fires on them and renew them; I go out along the myriad ways; I am a peace older and hoarier than time to the troubled; I feed the timid with heroic dreams; as compassion I stay the strong; I conspire with their Selves within to defeat their selves without. Such, I imagine, in the sacred places are the deeds of the true magians among men, and so I try to imitate in thought the action of the Gods, as Emer puts it."

REVIEW.

FROM THE UPANISHADS. By Charles Johnston. [Whaley:
Dublin. 1896.]

WE trust we are guilty of no indiscretion in saying that Prof. Max Müller has written to the author of these renderings of the Indian books of wisdom as follows:

"I hope your extracts may help to rouse a wider interest in what is, to my mind, a unique literature, and by no means appreciated as it deserves to be—in fact, hardly discovered as yet. I daresay you have found some passages in which you differ from my translation. Some verses cannot be rendered faithfully, the thoughts and words are too far away from us. We must do the best we can, and that is all I can say for myself."

The ideal translation should make the same impression as the original did on its first readers or hearers; should bring us into their mood, and make us feel as they did. Who will venture to say that this or that translation can do so fully, for in the Upanishads, where, after sympathy and intuition are exercised to the full, we still feel the profound old wisdom towering above us, like great, dim arches rising up into the twilight, while the stately music of the verse or measured prose resounds like the deep voice of an organ. Yet a translation, in a spirit of earnestness and fullest sympathy—the ideal the present rendering seeks to follow—cannot but kindle in us something of that light which gives the Upanishads their singular worth, lifting us up into the eternal shining, or, rather, opening our eyes to the light that shines through all the world; showing us the Self everlasting that gleams to us out of the eyes of our fellow-men.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE public meetings on Wednesday evenings will discuss the following subjects during ensuing month: Feb. 19th, *Ideals and Illusions*; 26th, *The Mystical Gael*; Mar. 4th, *Missing Links between Body and Soul*; 11th, *The Mystery of the Ego*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convenor*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE hope to begin the series of articles, by Jasper Niemand, on "*The Bhagavad Gītā* as applied practically to Daily Life," in our next issue.

Printed on "THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST" Press, 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.