

The Irish Theosophist.

W. Q. J.

O hero of the iron age,
 Upon thy grave we will not weep,
 Nor yet consume away in rage
 For thee and thy untimely sleep.
 Our hearts a burning silence keep.

O martyr, in these iron days
 One fate was sure for soul like thine:
 Well you foreknew but went your ways.
 The crucifixion is the sign,
 The meed of all the kingly line.

We may not mourn—though such a night
 Has fallen on our earthly spheres
 Bereft of love and truth and light
 As never since the dawn of years;—
 For tears give birth alone to tears.

One wreath upon thy grave we lay
 (The silence of our bitter thought,
 Words that would scorch their hearts of clay),
 And turn to learn what thou hast taught,
 To shape our lives as thine was wrought.

ABOUT 9 a.m. on Saturday, the 21st of last month, our beloved leader left us. As we go to press no details are to hand. Meantime we cannot let this issue appear without a few words from one or two who knew that heart thought by many to be "something else."—ED.

The claim of William Q. Judge upon us is impersonal and universal, for it is the claim of work, and of work only.

Not the man then, but his work. The Work was his ideal. He

valued men and women only by their work and the spirit in which it was done: he held right thought to be the best work of all; he worked with anyone who was wishful or willing to do work in any real sense, whether such persons were enemies or friends.

Slowly, under the moulding touch of time and suffering, his character evolved before the eyes of the community whose estimate is the estimate of twenty years' experience and is not to be shaken. If there be little said about him as an occultist, it is because such men, in such relations, leave no visible, material traces. Of them it may be said, in the language of paradox: They are known to be what they are because they are unknown; they are recognized because they are misunderstood: they are honored in the inner world because they are dishonored in the outer world; they have suffered that other men may rejoice: hatred is their portion because they have loved much: sorrow is their lot until that day when the whole world shall rejoice. Such men, in their unrecorded deeds, wear the likeness of the rootless Root, the unevolved Evolver, in the sense that, being themselves obscure, they are the source of greatness in others. Themselves silent, they are the cause of eloquence in others. Theirs are the thoughts which spur others to great deeds. Theirs is the quietness which overcomes everything, just as water, the softest thing, overcomes all hardness. They, and they alone, come into this world of ours with one idea, one ideal, which they carry out along a hundred lines with unwavering purpose, never pausing, never resting, never changing, knowing no alteration of mind, no lesser deity than the One Self, no other service than the service of that Self hidden in humanity; childhood, youth and manhood sees them pursuing the same changeless purpose, and when the wearied body falls and dies and the fire-soul frets through the frail, ethereal casing, these men, these Egos cannot rest in the grave of the ether: they know no heaven: Death itself cannot stay them: the blissful life of the spheres cannot give them pause: they return—they, the disembodied and free, turn from the free and glorious starry airs, they take again the fetters of the body, and for what? For what end? Only for this: that they may work, work, and serve the Self eternal.

J.

It is with no feeling of sadness that I think of this withdrawal. He would not have wished for that. But with a faltering hand I try to express one of many incommunicable thoughts about the hero who has departed. Long before I met him, before even written words of his had been read, his name like an incantation stirred and summoned

forth some secret spiritual impulse in my heart. It was no surface tie which bound us to him. No one ever tried less than he to gain from men that adherence which comes from impressive manner. I hardly thought what he was while he spoke; but on departing I found my heart, wiser than my brain, had given itself away to him; an inner exaltation lasting for months witnessed his power. It was in that memorable convention in London two years ago that I first glimpsed his real greatness. As he sat there quietly, one among many, not speaking a word, I was overcome by a sense of spiritual dilation, of unconquerable will about him, and that one figure with the grey head became all the room to me. Shall I not say the truth I think? Here was a hero out of the remote, antique, giant ages come among us, wearing but on the surface the vesture of our little day. We, too, came out of that past, but in forgetfulness; he with memory and power soon regained. To him and to one other we owe an unspeakable gratitude for faith and hope and knowledge born again. We may say now, using words of his early years: "Even in hell I lift up my eyes to those who are beyond me and do not deny them." Ah, hero, we know you would have stayed with us if it were possible; but fires have been kindled that shall not soon fade, fires that shall be bright when you again return. I feel no sadness, knowing there are no farewells in the True: to whosoever has touched on that real being there is comradeship with all the great and wise of time. That he will again return we need not doubt. His ideals were those which are attained only by the Saviours and Deliverers of nations. When or where he may appear I know not, but I foresee the coming when our need invokes him. Light of the future æons, I hail, I hail to thee!

Æ.

"It is a cry of the soul," were the words in which he summed up the meaning and purpose of the theosophical movement when initiating us in 1888. There was nothing of the maudlin sentimentalist about him. Clear, simple and powerful are all his utterances, for the strong light of soul shone through all he did and said. One more has been added to the long list of the world's crucified saviours. It is almost like presumption to essay an appreciation in words of great souls like these. We cannot measure, weigh, or sound their depths. How inadequate, then, any attempt of the kind. We can but point to the work achieved even in these few years and realize dimly that we have entertained angels unawares; that the Great Ones of the earth have been among us and we knew them not.

F. J. D.

“YE ARE GODS!”

Know that thou too art a God, to abide mid the hurry and haste.

A God in the sunlit hall, a God on the rain-swept waste.

A God in the battle triumphant;—*Norse Legend.*

THESE words, found in an old, old legend of the North, we find repeated in the Vedas of India, the legends of the American Indians, and the Bible of Christianity. This idea, spread through the length and breadth of the land, should not be strange to us of the present sceptical age, for, though clothed in a slightly different robe, it has been placed before us again and again within the last few years, but how many of us have realized it in ever so slight a degree? We had got into a slipshod way of thinking of the immortal part of ourselves—when we *did* think about it—and it needed words of fire to rouse us from our torpid condition; to make us feel that we are something more than body; that of a truth a bright spirit ensouls the frame which walks about on earth; that from all time the soul has existed, ever taking and wearing other and other bodies, and trying to train those bodies to live *its* life, instead of living the life of the animal. Recognizing the working of the soul, and recognizing the working of the body, we see that, in the vast majority of cases, the body is dominant. Our minds are absorbed by the trivialities of daily life. Sometimes we glimpse something far ahead of us; light is rayed on things that heretofore were puzzles, and sometimes we hear the voice of the soul speaking to us and guiding us when we are anguish-torn and writhing from the forces that seem to be making a playground of us; forces that appear to be wholly evil and from which we can see no loophole of escape.

But the soul makes itself heard through the fury and storm of this internal strife; then, appearing to stand outside ourselves, we view these forces at work, and we know that the soul has power to conquer them, for they belong to a fleeting nature, and the soul is immortal, eternal, imperishable. Realizing this, there comes a cessation from the storm, and then the whole being seems to burst forth into a song of joy, for every time that we conquer ourselves we are helping others to conquer themselves.

Still, we do not always want to fight. Sometimes we feel so tired, and an inclination to drift along on the tide arises in our nature. But having once called on the God within to help us in our struggles towards the divine, drifting, for any length of time, is no longer pos-

sible to us. The soul cries: "Arise, mortal, take up thy Godhood. Art thou weary? I will support thee. One longing thought cast upward is sufficient to draw me down to thee, for I am ever watching over thee." Then once again we take up the burden of material thoughts and desires, and instead of giving way to them, we determine to make them subservient to us.

Is it not time we grasped some of the knowledge and wisdom awaiting us? It is ours by right of the long-past ages, when we helped to gather and to garner it. Some mighty ones of the race have gone on before us and found this Wisdom of the Gods; but we—weak mortals—lack the high purpose, the steadfastness and the undaunted will which are absolutely necessary for all those who would walk in the path of the soul. We stretch out our hands feebly, to grasp even the hem of the robe of Wisdom. *Never, NEVER* shall the feeble hand and the faint heart know aught of it. Only the heart burning with love for humanity, and the hand stretched out to help those who are struggling on, can ever hope to approach near to the great white Flame that burns throughout the ages.

Then let us rise out of our sorrowful state. *We* are the makers of it, and *we* have to be the masters of it. We can do it any time that we will. We may fail often, but we will not be discouraged: *apparent* failure is often success. Do we say that it needs mighty efforts to do this? Who is capable of making those efforts if not we? we who ruled the winds and the waves and the fire and the earth before we forgot our Godhood. And I say we can do it now. Our ancient powers are not lost, they but sleep in us. We may make them living, shooting, burning fires embracing the whole universe.

This great teaching of our immortality, of our divinity, dwarfs all other teaching. It spurs us on to greater endeavor; we want to lose the selfishness which is part of our nature now and gain the selflessness which was ours long ago; we want to free ourselves from the garment of flesh and put on the mantle of many colors, "the mantle of flame which sweeps the ends of the universe."

Now is the time to strive towards perfection; now is the time to work with our minds and our hearts in order that the divine may once more manifest through us, that we may indeed become shining as the stars in the blue vault above us.

All you who are endeavoring by earnest effort and unselfish life to reach the goal, I clasp hands with you in brotherhood; we will go, we will work together in peace and unity throughout all time.

LAON.



The Wings of the Dove.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE EAGLE.

[*St. John, i. 1-33.*]

*In the mighty Mother's bosom was the Wise
 With the mystic Father in æonian night;
 Aye, for ever one with them though it arise
 Going forth to sound its hymn of light.*

*At its incantation rose the starry fane;
 At its magic thronged the myriad race of men;
 Life awoke that in the womb so long had lain
 To its cyclic labours once again.*

*'Tis the soul of fire within the heart of life:
 From its fiery fountain spring the will and thought;
 All the strength of man for deeds of love or strife,
 Though the darkness comprehend it not.*

In the mystery written here
 John is but the life, the seer:
 Outcast from the life of light,
 Inly with reverted sight
 Still he scans with eager eyes
 The celestial mysteries.
 Poet of all far-seen things
 At his word the soul has wings,
 Revelations, symbols, dreams
 Of the inmost light which gleams.

The winds, the stars, and the skies though wrought
 By the one Fire-Self still know it not;
 And man who moves in the twilight dim
 Feels not the love that encircles him,
 Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press
 Lips of an infinite tenderness,
 He turns away through the dark to roam
 Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

They whose wisdom everywhere
 Sees as through a crystal air
 The lamp by which the world is lit.

And themselves as one with it;
 In whom the eye of vision swells,
 Who have in entranced hours
 Caught the word whose might compels
 All the elemental powers;
 They arise as Gods from men
 Like the morning stars again.
 They who seek the place of rest
 Quench the blood-heat of the breast,
 Grow ascetic, inward turning
 Trample down the lust from burning,
 Silence in the self the will
 For a power diviner still:
 To the fire-born Self alone
 The ancestral spheres are known.

Unto the poor dead shadows came
 Wisdom mantled about with flame;
 We had eyes that could see the light
 Born of the mystic Father's might,
 Glory radiant with powers untold
 And the breath of God around it rolled.

Life that moved in the deeps below
 Felt the fire in its bosom glow;
 Life awoke with the Light allied,
 Grew divinely stirred, and cried:
 "This is the Ancient of Days within,
 Light that is ere our days begin.
 "Every power in the spirit's ken
 Springs anew in our lives again.
 We had but dreams of the heart's desire
 Beauty thrilled with the mystic fire.
 The white-fire breath whence springs the power
 Flows alone in the spirit's hour."

Man arose from the earth he trod,
 Grew divine as he gazed on God:
 Light in a fiery whirlwind broke
 Out of the dark divine and spoke:
 Man went forth through the vast to tread
 By the spirit of wisdom charioted.

There came the learned of the schools
 Who measure heavenly things by rules,
 The sceptic, doubter, the logician,
 Who in all sacred things precisian,
 Would mark the limit, fix the scope,
 "Art thou the Christ for whom we hope?
 Art thou a magian, or in thee
 Has the divine eye power to see?"
 He answered low to those who came,
 "Not this, nor this, nor this I claim.
 More than the yearning of the heart
 I have no wisdom to impart.
 I am the voice that cries in him
 Whose heart is dead, whose eyes are dim,
 'Make pure the paths where through may run
 The light-streams from that golden one,
 The Self who lives within the sun.'
 As spake the seer of ancient days."
 The voices from the earthly ways
 Questioned him still: "What dost thou here,
 If neither prophet, king nor seer?
 What power is kindled by thy might?"
 "I flow before the feet of Light:
 I am the purifying stream.
 But One of whom ye have no dream,
 Whose footsteps move among you still,
 Though dark, divine, invisible.
 Impelled by Him, before His ways
 I journey, though I dare not raise
 Even from the ground these eyes so dim
 Or look upon the feet of Him."

When the dead or dreamy hours
 Like a mantle fall away,
 Wakes the eye of gnostic powers
 To the light of hidden day,

And the yearning heart within
 Seeks the true, the only friend,
 He who burdened with our sin
 Loves and loves unto the end.

Ah, the martyr of the world,
 With a face of steadfast peace
 Round whose brow the light is curled :
 'Tis the Lamb with golden fleece,

So they called of old the shining,
 Such a face the sons of men
 See, and all its life divining
 Wake primeval fires again.

Such a face and such a glory
 Passed before the eyes of John,
 With a breath of olden story
 Blown from ages long ago

Who would know the God in man,
 Deeper still must be his glance,
 Veil on veil his eye must scan
 For the mystic signs which tell
 If the fire electric fell
 On the seer in his trance :
 As his way he upward wings
 From all time-encircled things,
 Flames the glory round his head
 Like a bird with wings outspread,
 Gold and silver plumes at rest :
 Such a shadowy shining crest
 Round the hero's head reveals him
 To the soul that would adore,
 As the master-power that heals him
 And the fount of secret lore.
 Nature such a diadem
 Places on her royal line,
 Every eye that looks on them
 Knows the Sons of the Divine.

Æ.

THE WORLD-WITHOUT-END HOUR.

Time is endlessly long.—GOETHE.

SOMEBODY made the remark, the other day, that Providence must be an Irishman, because, in the celestial economy, there is such a total ignoring of the value of time. And certainly, the more we look at it in that light, the more this judgment seems to be justified by events; for it seems as if most of time was simply thrown away, without any profitable result whatever, and, it must be added, without any visible harm coming from all this lavishness either—which is the most disappointing thing to people who are deep in the secrets of Providence, for if much evil seems to be piled up, they know at once that it has all to be expiated in a future birth, and so their utilitarian claims are satisfied, and they are content.

But time goes on and on, and nothing seems to come of it, neither good nor evil. This is particularly evident, if we watch the moments and hours and days of our own particularly valuable lives. We take this extreme case, because, as we are interested in justifying Providence, we like to give Providence every possible advantage by choosing the best possible materials. To begin, then, with our own particularly valuable lives; who will not admit that, looking back over ten years or so, only ten hours of it all, if so much even, were of real and permanent value; some ten hours of real insight into this very perplexing universe; some ten hours in which we felt our own real power and the greater powers behind and above us? We are immortal spirits—in those good hours we are as certain of that as we are that the sun shines—but most of the time we neither feel like immortal spirits, nor, one may hazard the conjecture, do we quite give people the impression that we are. The hours go drifting onward uninspired, packed full of portentous trifles, heavily weighted with all kinds of nothings; we even hesitate to remember that we once felt like archangels, because the contrast would be too appalling. But, in the dispensation of Providence, we are not keenly conscious through most of these unelevated days; there is a kind of dreamy enchantment over them, so that we are not resentful at their emptiness, and let them go by even with something of contentment. But that only makes it all the worse, at least so far as Providence is concerned, for the less we feel the wastefulness of time, the more utterly wasted that time evidently is.

By another dispensation of the same inscrutable Providence, most

of the people we know have to spend most of their time in simply keeping up with time. They work all the time to supply necessities that time is perpetually bringing, by providing things that time as perpetually takes away, to put them, perhaps, in that wallet on his back, wherein he keeps alms for oblivion. All that does not seem to be very profitable. And all that emphasizes the conjecture we started with, as to the nationality of the planetary spirit of this world-period. Then there is a most perplexing thing; time does not seem always to go on at the same rate. There were sixty minutes, so at least the chronometer said, in each of two hours. But one of the hours was gone before we thought it had well begun, and the other was so slow about it that we have a lurking misgiving that there is some of it left, still lingering somewhere, lying in wait for us. So there are bad quarters of an hour, though I do not remember that anyone has so far put on record any class of good quarters of an hour.

Then we can dream seven years, seven good years as full of plenty as those the Egyptian's corn-ears foretold, while people close beside us, in the next room, are living only seven minutes; or, in deeper sleep, seven minutes may pass between the evening and the morning of the next day, while some luckless mortal, overtaken by evil works done in a former birth, is dragging through a night that seems months long. So that, before formulating that grievance of ours about the waste of time, and Providence's complicity therein, we shall have to settle what time is; and the more we work at it, the less satisfactory to the lean ancient with the scythe our settlement is likely to be.

For we shall surely arrive at the result that all the other sages came to long ago—but we must here allow ourselves a moment's digression, to suggest another problem that utilitarian minds may make themselves miserable over—how about the waste of space? What of the unprofitable fields between planet and planet, between star and star, in which absolutely nothing grows, as far as we can tell, not even the new light, which is darkness visible? But we must not stray too far away from the solar system, so we shall come back to the question of time, and the solution already reached by our predecessors, the philosophers. The truth about time seems to be, that there is not any. We couch our result in these terms, in order to fall in with the presumed spirit of the present planetary genius. Time seems to be, but is not; it is in us, who imagine, and not in the things outside us. We make it for ourselves, and so we can make it of exactly the length we want, and this accounts for its being of different lengths for different people. So that the real truth about all the flat, stale, and unprofitable

hours in our own most exemplary lives, is that there is, in ourselves, a large capital of fairly enjoyable fatuity, which we are anxious to make the most of, and would on no account consent to diminish.

Most people enjoy their misery. Look at the relish with which pessimists prove their theme. Our lives are precisely what our entire wills choose them to be; we do not suffer a single pin-prick without our own consent. We are, minute for minute, precisely where we ought to be, where our own wills put us, without the slightest reservation or exception whatever. All these seemingly waste years are the weaving of our own fancies, which make the warp and woof of every day of our lives. For ages and ages this spider-web spinning has been our only and altogether soul-satisfying occupation, and we have ourselves to thank for it, not only touching the past, but the present also: for, as far as we can honestly tell, those fancies of ours are as lively and busy as ever.

We are beginning to get a little tired of it at last, as we show by talking about waste of time and unprofitable days, and impeaching Providence, and the time will perhaps come soon when our wills will consent to something better. There has really been no time-waste at all; only endless weaving of fancy, which has held our souls enchanted by their own misdemeanours. The celestial hours are not separated from each other by years of uselessness, but go on continuous; the life in a better part of us is quite unbroken.

Some day, the coming of which our own wills shall decide, we shall be able to laugh ourselves out of our fancies and begin our real lives; or rather continue those celestial hours in which we really were, and really knew ourselves to be, immortal.

C. J.

“CASTING THE LEAD.”

To adapt a phrase from Paul—he is not a Theosophist who is one outwardly. Much, if not everything, depends on the inner attitude; too great emphasis cannot be laid on this. A time comes, has come, perhaps, when we can no longer look to our leaders, for one by one they leave us for a while, to renew at another time their self-imposed tasks. Standing in the midst of many broken hopes so vast, so full of promise, we no longer hear the voices of those strong ones amongst us, who were undaunted by a thousand failures. We have to rely on something else, something we have made our own. We can only pass on with any benefit to others what we have coined out of our experience;

only a strong reliance on an inner principle will stand the test of time. It is quite true that character alone tells in the long run.

The world looks with a cold, critical eye on those who seek to reform its ways, nor does it readily overlook or forget even their slight mistakes. A Society with Universal Brotherhood as its avowed first object has to maintain a very high standard of excellence indeed, if it is to come up to the expectations of those who are watching for every fall in order to renew their scorn and ridicule.

It would be good to know where mistakes have been made in order that they should be avoided in the future. What have we been doing? Have we not uttered boldly many things about life in almost every aspect since the first feeble stir within the "bosom of the Infinite"? Have we not voiced anew the old truths uttered by the great Teachers? Has not brotherhood been our first object for twenty years? If so, why is the world's heart still perishing—why its cold and gloom? Perhaps, as some say, we have been explaining too much, and leaving something more important lacking in ourselves. And our literature, what of that? Has not much of it been influenced by the tendency of the age? In a period of doubt have we not resorted too much to the methods of the dissecting room, in order to prove our claims? It is true we have spoken often of the old text, that "what a man thinks, that he is"; but what *have* we been thinking? Much of the time accusing or excusing one another, perhaps.

A great deal of the literature now being produced is evidently intended to meet the momentary stimulus for novelty, and gets too much attention. "Thrilling experiences" in the realms of borderland will not do away with the necessity for men knowing themselves, before they can unravel truly the mysteries of life. The aroma of the graveyard will not revive a knowledge of the soul.

The big world is hard to move; many ages have left their marks on it, but still there it is, to all appearance, prepared for as many more. People in the mass are not prepared to accept all we have to say about reincarnation and karma and the seven principles. The ideas we seek to impress upon the thought and life of humanity must inevitably take time to meet with general recognition. It is well to work with a deep purpose in view, not expecting success to-day or to-morrow. What we do will then be better done and of more enduring quality.

An obstruction often is racial prejudice. A slight breeze fans into flame old embers lying smouldering in ourselves, of which, it may be, we have till then been unaware. These differences must be overcome. But how? Has it not been said so often that personality

must disappear? What were H. P. B.'s words? "Know at once and remember always, that true Occultism or Theosophy is the 'Great Renunciation of self,' unconditionally and absolutely, in thought as in action." No uncertainty here. Nothing very "thrilling," but a plain statement indicating clearly the only path along which we can reach the end in view. "There is no other path to go." It is not something remote from the human life of to-day; not an airy abstraction. Here and now it has to be interpreted quite literally, and carried out to the letter if progress is to be made. Has not this thing, considered so simple, been our greatest stumbling-block?

The living light is its own witness; it shines forth wherever a way is made clear for its shining; it quickens others, calling forth in them the heroic ardors of the prime. Our duty, then, is clear. Let us join hearts and hands and form a *living* wreath to the memory of those great ones who have been with us for a time, who have led us through so many dangers to within sight of the promised land. Inspired by their example may we *embody* the principles they held sacred. We have read, written, and spoken of them freely enough, but in practice they are their own best demonstration, and need no argument to support them. Thus may we form a nucleus of light-bearers through the dark years yet to come, and make straight in the world the path of the Master. Our leaders again returning will find their task, so nobly begun, made easier; they will be able once more to go about teaching the mysteries to the people as in times gone by.

D. N. D.

PEACE.

AH! how we workers in cities long for the country and for summer-time. We want the peace of the summer eve when the shadows are stretching themselves over the waving meadows; we want to lie in the long grass with the world far away, and in our minds a sweet sense of the absence of care which is borne along on the quiet breeze. But it cannot always be summer and holiday-time, and so we turn again to our work with a sigh.

There is a parallel to this in the life of the soul. We became aware that we had been forging chains for ourselves. We knew we were losing our freedom, and we set to work to undo the labor of many lives. The knowledge of the high estate from which we had fallen inspired us to great effort. We remembered that we were working for many comrades the world over and took up our task with joy. The road was uphill and stony but we would not be daunted. We determined that

all the powers of Chaos should not stay the onward march of the warrior soul. But we soon became weary, overcome with the languor of living. We have travelled a long road down the ages from the mighty past, and in our journeyings we have lost much energy. The idea of separateness from the Divine has set a bar between us and the resources of the Cosmos. Although the root of our nature is set in primeval being we cannot apply the primal force. And so we are soon tired and want to get away from it all; away from joy and sorrow, laughter and tears; away from striving and responsibility, away from ourselves. A sense of despair creeps over us, a vast, vague despair, and all the voices of the soul unite in one cry, a cry for peace.

Yet there is an inner region which we sometimes enter, where we know that peace. There are times when the Unknown opens its arms to us that we may lean back and be rested, and it is as if the great World-soul itself were crooning us a lullaby. Over the soul there steals a tenderness and quietude, and a knowledge of the singing silences whose hushed voices breathe a sweeter music than all the songs of men. And when that hour of peace passes, as it must, we turn refreshed and strong to our work for Humanity's perfection.

Ah, my comrades! who can point out the way to that resting-place of the soul? It is not open to the beck and call of our little wills, but in the hour of greatest need, behold! we are there unawares. I know not in what part of our nature it is, but this I know, that in such a time I stand at the gateway of the Divine, and the memory of that vision of peace abides with me many days.

FINVARA.

OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS.

Alecto. THERE are no "other people's problems" which are not also our own. If one asks you: "Why is there evil?" is not the question also yours? If another asks: "Have I a soul?" that too is your question. Other people are Ourselves, and that which thinks of them as other people is often something of which the main characteristic is personality, and of which the mathematically accurate equivalent is vanity. One of our problems, then, might well be: Why are we vain? And the light Theosophy sheds on this point is great indeed. It shows that just in proportion as we in our hearts believe ourselves separate from each other, just in proportion to our ignorance of the true nature of soul is the extent of our vanity. And it shows us, moreover, that this Great Heresy—the belief in the separateness of one's own soul from other souls—is deep-rooted in our natures, how-

ever much we may to ourselves deny it. Its final phase is spiritual pride. Theosophy shows us, also, that personality being an inevitable effect of our now limited consciousness, what we may do is to subdue and use vanity, transmuting its action in ourselves to higher ends continually, till the last garment of personality is thrown aside. A stupendous task, but one by no means impossible of achievement.

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Red Man. Duty is a very great problem for many people. Somehow we feel we would much rather do the duty of others and leave our own alone. I notice that is the way of human nature. It is somewhat difficult to find out what duty is, where it begins and where it ends. I would broadly define duty as "living the very highest life possible." The teaching of Theosophy is that we should bear in mind the unity of all things, and this I imagine to be the keynote to all problems of life. Remembering this, we see that we not only owe a duty to our fellow-beings, but to ourselves. Believing in unity, we recognize the fact that what affects one affects all. Gradually the discerning faculty of the mind awakes. From a lack of discrimination how many, rushing blindly hither and thither, sacrifice themselves on what they think is the altar of duty, and so foster in others the seeds of selfishness and ingratitude, which are ever ready to spring to life in the heart of man. But how to determine our duty? The flowers turn to the sun for light, shall we be less wise than they? Let us turn to the soul, the sun of humanity, for guidance. Listening to its voice, we shall know the road to travel; we shall do both the pleasant and the unpleasant duties that lie before us, and the performance of duty will not be narrowed down to those immediately around us. We shall not only think of ourselves and our circle of friends, but of the nation, the race, and the whole universe, of everything living, from the smallest of the small to the greatest of the great. And from considering and trying to understand the nature of this unity linking all things and beings together, we shall be able to form a conception of what our duty is. We know that we are not justified in doing for the apparent good of one or two what is harmful to the many.

The untrained heart has many tendrils, which, more often than not, serve as stumbling-blocks in the path of duty. They are ever ready to twine themselves around objects, causing us to follow many will-o'-the-wisps and to lose ourselves in many a marsh of perplexities; then we have to find our way back again to the starting-point. Of a certainty, the path of duty is exceedingly hard to tread, and in the pursuit of duty many blossoms that the heart shoots out have to be trampled

underfoot: but in the end, trying everything by the keynote of unity, this path leads us to a wider peace, a more universal love, than was ever ours before.

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Roy. Why there is any need for Theosophy when we have a religion so simple as Christianity is a problem hard to understand by many. The reason is not very difficult to find if we allow the natural action of the observing faculty, and recognize the fact that all human beings think and act from within according to their conception and knowledge of life. We all have our different opinions, and who has the right to tell another that he is wrong?

Some people can accept the religion they have been taught to believe; others cannot. To them all the great religions of the past cannot be brushed aside and one alone accepted as true. Theosophy, then, appeals to them from that aspect, because it shows the underlying truths in each, uniting all as being the vehicle for expressing at different times the same message to the soul.

There is need for Theosophy, Divine Wisdom. It casts not into darkness the doubting mind for rejecting the one because it includes not the many.

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Emer. Perhaps no one ever solves a problem for another. But people come with their difficulties. Some bring algebraic formulæ, in which x and y are quantities unknown to their experience, and require us to work out solutions. If we are able, it might be well to do so, and then present the completed operation in all its naked uselessness. More often it is a question of words, and we are given some printed matter to paraphrase, translate into divers terminologies, and help to correlate the same with facts in our friend's consciousness. Other troubles are more inward: the light is growing faint in its struggles against darkness. Our opinions can make no difference: but by intelligent sympathy we may strengthen the desire to know, the will to persevere. Our friend's appeal to us arises from weariness or impatience in the pursuit of self-knowledge, and is in reality a call for encouragement. We speak as wisely as we may, but what really goes out from us and helps is the Power awake within.

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Omar. It is of the problems of individual people I wish to speak, and to me it seems that the darkest feature in these is the sense of isolation which they bring; and although treading the wine-press *alone* is one of the surest modes of gaining spiritual strength, the

cost is so great that all loving souls must wish to lessen the agonies of others by sharing them.

Now the touch whereby we can best unravel each other's problems must bear with it a sympathy enwrought of tense and high imagination and of rich and tender strength. To the ideals, therefore, that will yield us these we naturally turn, and I know of no teaching more deeply fraught with them than the doctrine of Theosophy that Humanity, on its divine side, is one in the Supreme. I have never heard more eloquent or forceful "text" than the simple saying of a comrade: "You are the 'other people,' and they are you."

* * *

Opal. It seems to me that we cannot solve other people's problems unless we have unravelled in some degree the mystery of life for ourselves.

Our glorious inheritance, "Divine Wisdom," is forgotten—of no avail—for the brain cannot register that of which it knows nothing; while the mind's bright rays are befogged and darkened, by reason of desire. How, then, are we to awaken memory, and thus become living centres of light. Jesus taught that we must do the will before we were entitled to know of the doctrine. As it is put elsewhere: "Knowledge is of loving deeds the child." This truth solves many problems. Under the warm influence of loving service they disappear as naturally as winter snow vanishes before the breath of the sun-god.

REVIEW.

SEPTENARY MAN. By Jerome Anderson, M.D. [Lotus Publishing Co., 1170, Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.]

THE latest work from the pen of Dr. Anderson is, in our opinion, a valuable addition to theosophical literature, notwithstanding the writer's modest statement in the preface that he "makes no claim to that intuitional perception which grasps truth without the necessity of logical analysis." Each principle in the septenary classification of man as given in T. S. literature is treated of in a lucid way, and helps to make clearer the mystery of the Ego. We must content ourselves by giving a few pointers, and leave those interested to get the book for themselves.

The universe itself, we find, is Consciousness, matter limited. Life is everywhere and continuous. Consciousness is the base of all ideation; substance is the vehicle of Consciousness, the material of all forms, the medium of motion. Motion represents to us the life principle. Modi-

fications in motion produce the universe. Consciousness is divided into seven states: homogeneous, "radiant," curd-like or nebulous, atomic, germinal or fiery, ethereal, molecular. One of these states is dominant during a great world-period. On this physical plane the primal force is restricted within molecular limits. Having reached the limits of the lowest plane on the descending arc something is then bestowed from a higher. All forms have to be passed through on the path to self-consciousness. Coming more directly to man, we find that what constitutes him man is the presence of the "thinker"—that he is, in fact, a thinker. The body built up of lives, or entities, synthesized into organs, and all synthesized by the "animal soul," or "human elemental," requires the presence of the thinker to impart wisdom gained in former world-periods and bestow the power of thought. From the union of the thinker with the desire entities springs the feeling of egoity, "the mysterious weld joining body and soul." Complete identification with the desire entities leads to soul-death; identification with the higher—the real man—leads to paradise. Each principle is treated of fully, but sufficient has been said to give our readers one or two ideas from the work before us.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

ON the 23rd ult. a letter of sympathy was sent by a number of the members here to the staff of the late William Q. Judge in New York.

There has been talk of holding the next Convention of the T. S. E. in Dublin in August. Should it be so arranged, Theosophists may be sure of a hearty Irish welcome. Meantime the matter is, of course, in the hands of the Executive Councillors. Our good wishes speed to the Convention of the T. S. in America.

The public meetings here on Wednesday evenings will be devoted to the consideration of the following topics, in ensuing month: April 22nd, *Our Aims*; 29th, *The Law of Life*; May 6th, *The Bibles of the World*; 13th, *The Power of Thought*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Concener*.

NOTICES.

A REVIEW of *The Theosophic Isis* is held over till next month.

A report from our comrades in Sydney, N. S. Wales, will also be noticed in next issue.