

The Irish Theosophist.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(Concluded from p. 145.)

THEOSOPHY teaches us that men are thinkers, that the real man within is the mind. So in dealing with a man we must closely consider that mind. The mind of Mr. Judge has a very pronounced duality. It is immensely practical and also profoundly mystical. As a man of business he is successful; it was once said of him by a wealthy merchant that he was a man who could have sold anything he undertook to sell. His practical gift has its most brilliant exposition in his power of organization. He is indeed a master-builder, and to this faculty the T. S. in America owes its strength and its growth. He is far-seeing, prompt and resourceful in emergency, never deterred by expediency or mere public opinion, or by any consideration of a personal nature, from carrying out that which he has resolved to do. He fears nothing, except his own conscience. When plans of work are under consideration, he consults all the principal workers and members living in the districts for which the plan is proposed. He collates the opinions of all and is guided by those which are of worth, and thus, like an able general, he never moves far from his base of supplies, but carries his support with him. It has of late become a habit among some persons to say that Mr. Judge hoodwinks and rules the Americans. Facts should give them pause. It is manifestly difficult to rule some thousands of persons, many of whom are far better off and more highly placed in a worldly sense than yourself. Among American men and women the thing would be an absurdity, for independence of mind is a national habit, an instinct as well as a custom, and it is carried to a far greater degree than we find it in England. The union of States is built up upon it, and is welded together by it, a unity in diversity, and independence is the main fault of every American-born child. It is precisely because Mr. Judge is a born leader and consults those whose

local knowledge or aptitude is greater than his own, that he has the confidence of his fellow-members. Whatever is done, the mass knows that the workers have been consulted and have agreed. It is to be remembered that Mr. Judge has never been paid for his services, but has always been a contributor, liberal beyond his means, in order to get this fact of his reliance upon counsel into proper focus.

But as a mystic, Mr. Judge has another office, simple yet profound, rarely visible on the surface yet luminous. In the years 1887-88 he wrote, by the order of the Master, and to two friends who are now husband and wife, a series of letters since published under the title, *Letters that have Helped Me*. It would be difficult to trace the lives in which these letters have been as a light to the soul. In them is found that gift which the occultist who has in any degree *become* must possess in rare perfection, the art of evolving souls. For only soul can call to soul and help it to struggle forth. Only soul can recognize soul under the manifold coverings of matter. Only soul can hear the deep cry of the crucified god within, bound to the cross and unable to pierce the dull mind and brain of the human brute, who at once houses the god and delivers him over to death. But the Brother, the mystic, has heard. He goes to the man; he looks in his eyes; he calls him Brother; he utters his secret name; and the man pauses, and he listens, and the light floods over him, and he turns his eyes inward to the hidden Christ, to the god-nature, and the song of the Great Self begins to be heard in the stead of the cry of anguish. And while the man, entranced, gazes at the inner light now so dim, but which shall wax so strong at his will, and while the hidden one begins to manifest more and more in the heart, the Brother, the mystic, the evolver whose magic has reunited the man and his soul, goes his way in thankfulness, and bears his light into still other lives that at it they may light their own and that his blazing heart may kindle theirs. For thus act the Bearers of the Flame, the Brethren of the burning Heart, from one generation to another. Such are the servants of Krishna. Such are the evolvers of soul. And those who have come into closer contact with that man of whom the Master wrote in 1887 through H. P. B., that "he of all chelas suffers most and asks or even expects the least," those who have worked with true devotion and in the true spirit with William Q. Judge, whether near or far in the body, they know well the uplifting, widening force which flows through him, ripening the character, developing the higher nature and letting patience have her perfect work. But Mr. Judge has always set his face rigidly against every form of psychic practice and psychism, in public and in private. His copy-press books show hun-

dreds of letters against it; his fellow-members are unanimous in their testimony of his aversion, and only European members in whom he has discouraged it, and whose written instructions in psychism he has torn to pieces by his powerful analysis and ridicule, have ever ventured upon an accusation which is met by hearty merriment even from the outside American public. The powers of the soul are not found in its lower faculties, any more than a man's power is found in his animal propensities, but only those who have felt the touch of the Bearer of the Power upon their inner life, can know the mystic flower that touch unfolds.

Working thus on varied planes, the life of William Q. Judge goes on its quiet way. Its depths lie hidden, but from them wells an irresistible force that stimulates to devotion, to self-denial, to unsparing, unceasing activity for the world. A friend to all men and women he is yet impersonal always: personal flattery or personal following he meets with impatience and soon sets the offender upon his own feet. To him, the ideal friend is one who teaches us to stand on our own base, to rely upon the inner self, and this is the part of friendship as he himself plays it. To the numbers who wrote him for advice in the late crisis he replied: "Work! work! work for Theosophy!" and a lady, being recently asked if she had not received psychic teachings from Mr. Judge, replied: "I will tell you the kind of psychic teaching he gave me. It was this: '*Cast no one out of your heart.*'" So we find him ever accepting all, as in the One Self, closing no door to anyone; leaving the way always open to all who may wish to return to him or to the work; excluding none who are in that work, whether friend or foe; offering a hand to his adversaries, and ready to offer it again when it is rejected; conquering personal animosity by the sheer force of his character as he goes steadily on with that work from which it sought to remove him. Seeing in him our most constructive and most indefatigable worker, we can well understand that he was the towering mark against which every force subversive of evolution was hurled. To obliterate our trust in the "Resuscitator," to dim his reputation and impede his building hand, was to enfeeble the work. To deprive the nineteenth century of that wreath of success which it alone has so painfully gathered leaf by leaf, the success of seeing the living wedge of the Theosophical Society driven home into the new cycle—was not such deprivation a thing to work for, when success would sound the death-knell of those materialistic forces whose great antagonist he was? So every power that makes for hell was lashed on. But the light shone steadily, and thousands in all parts of the world turned to it for guid-

ance, followed its leading, knew it true and faithful above all else, and he who has to-day more devoted friends than any other living man, has the assurance that the real Theosophical Society, shaking off the wanton hands that would tamper with its great principle of "forming a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood," will pass into the new century as such a nucleus, thence on and on! Not an intellectual abstraction, but a nucleus to inform and enkindle the life of every day, one to which every man and woman shall have contributed something of self-sacrifice and love. Not merely a brotherhood of Humanity, exclusive of the teeming universe of creatures and sentient things, but a brotherhood of the Whole, recognizing the spiritual identity of all Being. For this he labors and already he has his reward. The nucleus of Universal Brotherhood exists to-day and cannot henceforward die.

April 13th, 1800.

Since the above memoir was written, the foreseen event has occurred. Our Brother and Leader, pausing for once in his work, has laid his body down.

He laid it down. Had the supreme will failed him?

There are those who know otherwise. They know that at the core of this apparent abandonment lay a last and greatest gift

Since the summer of 1893, some will recognize this:

"Take yet more courage. We have not left you comfortless. The Lodge watches ever. A new day will dawn. But there is much darkness yet to traverse and Judge is in danger. You must watch, and stand, and *stand* and STAND."

The latter half of this message foreshadowed the storm and lightnings that assailed our course. The judicial charges against W. Q. Judge; the crisis of November 3rd, 1894; the death of William Q. Judge all followed. The three stands were made and "both Leaders seemed to leave us." It remained to fulfil the first half of the message.

So, standing at the point where the new cycle intersects the old, we find a new day dawning, the Comforter at hand. The gates of heaven open to let a new Light through. There is an occult inheritance called THE MYSTERY, and the undaunted souls of the just never pass to another plane of work without leaving an heir, for divine Nature is one: she knows nor pause nor gap.

The promises of the lion H. P. B. accomplish themselves. The GREAT LODGE has drawn nearer. Listen! you that have ears to hear. You will hear the music of its approach.

JASPER NIEMAND.

WORKS AND DAYS.

WHEN we were boys with what anxiety we watched for the rare smile on the master's face ere we preferred a request for some favor, a holiday or early release. There was wisdom in that. As we grow up we act more or less consciously upon intuitions as to time and place. My companion, I shall not invite you to a merrymaking when a bitter moment befalls you and the flame of life sinks into ashes in your heart; nor yet, however true and trusted, will I confide to you what inward revelations of the mysteries I may have while I sense in you a momentary outwardness. The gifts of the heart are too sacred to be laid before a closed door. Your mood, I know, will pass, and to-morrow we shall have this bond between us. I wait, for it can be said but once: I cannot commune magically twice on the same theme with you. I do not propose we should be opportunists, nor lay down a formula; but to be skilful in action we must work with and comprehend the ebb and flow of power. Mystery and gloom, dark blue and starshine, doubt and feebleness alternate with the clear and shining, opal skies and sunglow, heroic ardor and the exultation of power. Ever varying, prismatic and fleeting, the days go by and the secret of change eludes us here. I bend the bow of thought at a mark and it is already gone. I lay the shaft aside and while unprepared the quarry again fleets by. We have to seek elsewhere for the source of that power which momentarily overflows into our world and transforms it with its enchantment.

On the motions of an inner sphere, we are told, all things here depend; on spheres of the less evanescent which, in their turn, are enclosed in spheres of the real, whose solemn chariot movements again are guided by the inflexible will of Fire. In all of these we have part. This dim consciousness which burns in my brain is not all of myself. Behind me it widens out and upward into God. I feel in some other world it shines with purer light: in some sphere more divine than this it has a larger day and a deeper rest. That day of the inner self illuminates many of our mortal days; its night leaves many of them dark. And so the One Ray expanding lives in many vestures. It is last of all the King-Self who wakes at the dawn of ages, whose day is the day of Brahma, whose rest is his rest. Here is the clue to cyclic change, to the individual feebleness and power, the gloom of one epoch and the glory of another. The Bright Fortnight, the Northern Sun, Light and Flame name the days of other spheres, and wandering on from day to day man may at last reach the end of his journey. You would pass

from rapidly revolving day and night to where the mystical sunlight streams. The way lies through yourself and the portals open as the inner day expands. Who is there who has not felt in some way or other the rhythmic recurrence of light within? We were weary of life, baffled, ready to forswear endeavor, when half insensibly a change comes over us; we doubt no more but do joyfully our work; we renew the sweet magical affinities with nature: out of a heart more laden with love we think and act; our meditations prolong themselves into the shining wonderful life of soul; we tremble on the verge of the vast halls of the gods where their mighty speech may be heard, their message of radiant will be seen. They speak a universal language not for themselves only but for all. What is poetry but a mingling of some tone of theirs with the sounds that below we utter? What is love but a breath of their very being? Their every mood has colors beyond the rainbow; every thought rings in far-heard melody. So the gods speak to each other across the expanses of ethereal light, breaking the divine silences with words which are deeds. So, too, they speak to the soul. Mystics of all time have tried to express it, likening it to peals of faery bells, the singing of enchanted birds, the clanging of silver cymbals, the organ voices of wind and water blent together—but in vain, in vain. Perhaps in this there is a danger, for the true is realized in being and not in perception. The gods are ourselves beyond the changes of time which harass and vex us here. They do not demand adoration but an equal will to bind us consciously in unity with themselves. The heresy of separateness cuts us asunder in these enraptured moments; but when thrilled by the deepest breath, when the silent, unseen, uncomprehended takes possession of thee, think “Thou art That,” and something of thee will abide for ever in It. All thought not based on this is a weaving of new bonds, of illusions more difficult to break; it begets only more passionate longing and pain.

Still we must learn to know the hidden ways, to use the luminous rivers for the commerce of thought. Our Druid forefathers began their magical operations on the sixth day of the new moon, taking the Bright Fortnight at its flood-time. In these hours of expansion what we think has more force, more freedom, more electric and penetrating power. We find too, if we have co-workers, that we draw from a common fountain, the same impulse visits us and them. What one possesses all become possessed of; and something of the same unity and harmony arises between us here as exists for all time between us in the worlds above. While the currents circulate we are to see to it that they part from us no less pure than they came. To this dawn of

an inner day may in some measure be traced the sudden inspirations of movements, such as we lately feel, not all due to the abrupt descent into our midst of a new messenger. for the Elder Brothers work with law and foresee when nature, time, and the awakening souls of men will aid them. Much may now be done. On whosoever accepts, acknowledges and does the will of the Light in these awakenings the die and image of divinity is more firmly set, his thought grows more consciously into the being of the presiding god. Yet not while seeking for ourselves can we lay hold of final truths, for then what we perceive we retain but in thought and memory. The Highest is a motion, a breath. We become it only in the imparting. It is in all, for all and goes out to all. It will not be restrained in a narrow basin, but through the free-giver it freely flows. There are throngs innumerable who await this gift. Can we let this most ancient light which again returns to us be felt by them only as a vague emotion, a little peace of uncertain duration, a passing sweetness of the heart? Can we not do something to allay the sorrow of the world? My brothers, the time of opportunity has come. One day in the long-marshalled line of endless days has dawned for our race, and the buried treasure-houses in the bosom of the deep have been opened to endow it with more light, to fill it with more power. The divine ascetics stand with torches lit before the temple of wisdom. Those who are nigh them have caught the fire and offer to us in turn to light the torch, the blazing torch of soul. Let us accept the gift and pass it on, pointing out the prime givers. We shall see in time the eager races of men starting on their pilgrimage of return and facing the light. So in the mystical past the call of light was seen on the sacred hills; the rays were spread and gathered; and returning with them the initiate-children were buried in the Father-Flame. Æ.

IDEALS AND ETHICS.

As the great wave of enthusiasm now sweeping round the globe touches us on its onward course, bringing with it a power unearthly in its intensity; raising us into those spheres in which dwells the soul in its purity, and giving us insight into our own hearts, we see that in our ordinary life the ideals and ethics which should serve as guides in that life are far too shadowy and vaguely defined to avail us much. Whence comes this quality of vagueness? Is it that we think too much of acting and not enough of *being*? I think so. For as we identify ourselves with action, we recede further and further from that inner life which alone gives birth to ideals and ethics. But as this world is

essentially one of action, the state of becoming is carried on in higher worlds; that state, in time, finding expression on this plane through action; so that actions born from that spiritual life bear with them a force beneficial to all around, and increasing in power as our desire for reünion with the real part of ourselves grows. And if sometimes we weary when the accomplishment of that great purpose seems far off, let us remember it is possible for none to pass from the mortal to the immortal all at once. Many times yet shall we come and go, each time drawing nearer to the starry one above. Never doubt that in each of us are the qualities, though latent, which will give us spiritual kingship. There are times when we forget this; when we are too apt to inquire of ourselves how the deeds we do will appear in the eyes of others; to study conventionalities and appearances. Oh, I am tired, tired of all these conventionalities, all these masks of the soul! They belong to an artificial life, and the only purpose they serve is to stifle the real life ever welling up from the depths of the soul, seeking to find expression and ofttimes failing, turning back to itself again.

We often speak of ideals and ethics. Do we ever question ourselves as to whether they are but words in our mouths, or whether we have in our hearts that deep inner feeling and understanding of their true value? Too often mere emotionalism, springing from moods that soon fade, passes for ethical impulse, and for ideals illusions are built up that will not stand the tests applied to them, the tests life brings forward day after day. For true ideals and ethics have their root in the soul, and mark the growth of that soul; so, of necessity, there must be many different ideals and many different standards of ethics. And though many of us may know of no ideal but that of absolute, undying compassion and love—the compassion that seeks to lighten the heavy load humanity is bearing; the love that sends forth its rays and sustains the weary ones nigh bowed to the earth with many sorrows—there are others whose ideals are but faintly glimmering, who are barely conscious of them being there. Seeing this, is it not work we may do, and work well done in the cause of humanity, to endeavor to make bright the dim flame burning there, to attempt to vibrate some chord of the imprisoned soul?

The so-called ideals and ethics of many in the world to-day are based on the personality, and belong to a physical life. Now it is time for those of a nobler, higher life to prevail. Are we afraid to speak of the soul? I do not wonder if we are. Life after life, age after age, we have thrust the soul on one side, as something we had not time to think about. And because of that we have spun for ourselves a web of suffer-

ing and death. But now the soul will not be stayed or hindered longer in its onward march. An all-compelling call has gone forth; the Powers of Light have drawn near, and the one-time darkness is illuminated by the radiations piercing in every direction.

Do we ever think of the soul as a being far away from us? That would be unwise, because such thoughts would bind us more closely to this narrow life, with its narrow ideals. The soul, with its wide, free life, is near, and we can participate in it when we forget our personal selves sufficiently to enable us to do so. With love and reverence should we attempt to follow and understand the commands which, we feel in our hearts, issue from the soul, living up to our highest always. We know there is a part of our nature which is not content with less than the highest. When we follow the lower we become conscious of a dissatisfaction, a reproachfulness; and this because we have acted contrary to the ideal of the soul. Thus we learn. Listening to the silent warning of the royal one we ascend to the realms of life and light; heeding it not we surround ourselves with the darkness of the world. For not idly descended the soul into form, but with fixed intent and purpose, that of added knowledge and progress into other and higher spheres of being; and by clinging still to the things of the world, though knowing of that which is not of the world, we are keeping the soul in unnecessary bondage. Our duty, then, is clear—to make the ethics of the soul the base on which our life here may rest; to regard the ideal of the soul as something real we have to attain to, forgotten for a time, but *not* to be forgotten again. For now the Lethæan waters have lost their power of enchantment, and we go forward with renewed energy and vigor.

Thinking thus, ever searching for the soul, will lead us back to the path down which we wandered in the misty ages ago; when on that path we shall begin to know ourselves as we really are. Desire after desire will die and fall away from us, for they have no place in the life of the soul. Advancing we carry with us the whole of humanity, and what can stay us for one moment if, with heart and will fixed on the light ahead we determine to become one with it. And as we grow into the inner life, as we become that life, we also become the ideals and ethics which have guided us so far; beyond—can we say? I have no doubt that higher and higher ideals, more exalted codes of ethics, prevail in that still deeper life. Then may we “make straight the way of the Lord” by regarding as sacred the behests of the soul, for only thus can we ever attain to the fullest knowledge of the Supreme in man.

LAON.



The Crown of Thorns.

THE KING INITIATE.

They took Iêsous and scourged him.—*St. John.*

AGE after age the world has wept
 A joy supreme—I saw the hands
 Whose fiery radiations swept
 And burned away his earthly bands:
 And where they smote the living dyes
 Flashed like the plumes of paradise.

Their joys the heavy nations hush—
 A form of purple glory rose
 Crowned with such rays of light as flush
 The white peaks on their towering snows:
 It held the magic wand that gave
 Rule over earth, air, fire and wave.

What sorrow makes the white cheeks wet:
 The mystic cross looms shadowy dim—
 There where the fourfold powers have met
 And poured their living tides through him,
 The Son who hides his radiant crest
 To the dark Father's bosom pressed.

Æ.

 ON POWER.

WHEN you laugh much it goes against your power. I have told you this before. This does not mean you are to be disagreeable or strained. Too much laughter is as bad as intense sorrow, jealousy or anger. When you are spoken to smile if the occasion demands it, but try to curb laughter which tends to emotion only.

Never tell people what you intend to do, but do it. When you speak of your intentions the power to do it is decreased.

Never debase your idea of yourself to others: it is a form of vanity and lessens your power just that much, weakens your ability to help those you wish to help. Keep up to what people think of you or you'll drop flat. Never think, "I cannot do it." You can do it if you will; you can be what you desire to be. If you think you cannot learn to do any certain small or difficult thing you will never do it. This does not

mean that it is necessary to get "big head," that is an extreme which lessens your power. But stop regarding your personal self, neither debase nor regard yourself in the matter at all, and do not go to extremes either way. A week of this plan if followed will show you the power gained by following what I say.

When you speak give things of value or people will say it is rubbish. When you get up to speak try to feel what is needed by those who hear you, of value to them in practice. When you have said the words cut yourself off from them. Your audience will thus get what is needed, and forgetting you will carry home the ideas. Your power will lie in this.

When you write don't state things you can't explain, but tell what you see and feel as though directly to the person who wishes to know. This will give you power of expression in writing. I have told you as to speaking. These are a few ideas as to power you can gain, on which you had better practise and get a grip of them. They seem trivial and of little importance, but if you are to learn you can begin in no other way and I have not time for talk. Act on it or I'll stop. Therefore get hold of yourself, get wisdom, for this is power.

A.

DEVOTION.

[An address delivered at the Convention, New York, 1896.]

THIS subject is one most difficult to deal with, for that devotion of which I am asked to speak is silent; it has no words at all. It is the union of the mind and heart and working hand in a single, fixed aim, the unit of work directed to an ideal unity. To take an illustration from modern science, I will refer to the latest discovery—or rediscovery, as I prefer to call it—of a truth well known to the alchemists. It has recently been found that a solid cylinder of lead may be so made as to contain at one end a certain amount of gold. This tube is then exposed to a moderate warmth, of a degree which is maintained at a fixed and unvarying point, and after a time a number of the particles of the gold will be found to have removed themselves to the other end of the solid lead cylinder, showing that an interchange of particles has taken place between the gold and the lead. Now the steady and unchanging warmth which has fostered this interchange may be likened to that glow of devotion whereby the mind is enabled to fuse and blend itself with the whole of Nature, for, of a truth, devotion is the atmosphere of the soul. It is that voiceless spiritual aspiration which breathes through every act and thought and ensouls the leaden, mate-

rialistic days, is a thing which we cannot demonstrate except as we are that thing itself. Viewing it thus, as a finer and more universal force embodied in man, for his use or his rejection, we may ask ourselves to what object such devotion would be most naturally applied.

You have heard to-night, from another speaker, Madame Blavatsky's definition of Theosophy. Let me quote another definition from our late most beloved and honored teacher, William Q. Judge. "The Theosophical Movement," said Mr. Judge, "is a cry of the soul." Every Theosophist who is also a student will tell you that true devotion is directed to the needs of the soul, that final fact underlying the whole of Nature. For it is an open secret, and yet a secret so deeply embedded in material life that few men and women discover it, that we have no real needs at all except the needs of the soul. Do you doubt it? Tell me, then, who is satisfied? Who is at peace with himself? Where, in our civilization, is the happy man? Only there where the knower of the soul is found. Knowing that, martyrs have died in bliss with every material need denied, and all the physical frame racked by torture or by want. Ignorant of that, whatever we have, we want still more. Have we love, we want ever more and more love. Have we wealth or power or learning, then we crave still more of these until satiety drives us to some other form of mental food for the restless mind. Why are we never satisfied? Is it not because the soul within will have none of this material food? It languishes for the divine life and breath, for the touch of the Spirit, the Liberator, the free Force freely playing. The imprisoned soul looks out from behind the eyes of men to-day as from the dim and anguished gaze of some poor, tortured brute, with a dumb appeal most pitiful to behold. It turns from all these things you offer it and drives you on and on as sharers of its suffering and unrest until you shall learn to know the food, the breath it craves. For you are immortal; I have no proof to offer you: you are gods *and you know it*. The proof is within you.

There is in a book dear to us all from childhood, a parable which speaks to the heart. I refer to that tale in the Bible where Christ bends over the tomb of the dead friend and touchingly cries to that friend: "Lazarus! awake! awake!" Let us not conceive of this parable according to the dead letter of it. Jesus the Christ was an Adept. Better than others he knew that there is no "death" in any point of universal space. Less than any other was he likely to gather back the elements of the human form from the embrace of the cycle of disintegration when that had set in. He was not one to recapture a soul set free. The tale, to my mind, bears a larger meaning. Then, as now, the

scientist bent above accumulated details and missed the essential fact. Then, as now, the artist gave form after form of beauty to the world's enraptured gaze, while fairer and still fairer visions fled before his inner eye and evaded his hand. Then, as now, the sculptor cast his tools away and carved his most sublime conceptions from that stuff that dreams are made of. Then, as now, the musician, haunted by sounds ærial, embodied sweet melodies only to find that finer and more elusive harmonies would not be conjured forth from the airy chambers of the brain. The slaves of pleasure and the slaves of labor vainly chased contentment, for then, as now, realization was nowhere to be found except in knowledge of the soul. So in our parable we see the Christ-Light stooping to the tomb of material life, the tomb of form and matter, and in a charmed stillness calling to the hidden sleeper within: "Awake! awake!" The spirit calls; the sleeper hears. He stirs. He rises, and from the prison of the body there emerges—what? The form of flesh? No! Think you the Christ-Light befriends that thing compounded of grosser elements alone? No! The rainbow-hued hope of humanity, Psyche emerges, the free, the deathless, the imperial soul. It is an act of devotion, of magic; you can each perform it. In yourselves evoke the soul!

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR BROTHER,—That mysterious personage, the occult successor of Mr. Judge, directs me to say to THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST:

1. That the future of our Society in Ireland is full of hope. Now your workers are few in number, but soon there will be many. The Irish people, unlike the most of Europeans, have never descended into the slough of materialism; mystical beliefs have not been driven by materialism from out of an island so small yet so important.

2. That there are Masters in Ireland, and certain conditions essential always to occultism. Not all of the primeval flames have been extinguished.

3. That there is an occult connection between Ireland and this country as lasting as time.

4. That even the short stay here of Brothers Dick and Dunlop enabled a special tie to be formed between the occult centres here and in Dublin that will last into the far-coming ages.

5. That the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, soon to be established in America, will have a reacting effect, allowing a similar though smaller institution to be formed in Ireland.

6. That the Masters keep an especial fire always lit in the Dublin centre, which will produce its manifest result in due time, and in spite of every obstacle.

7. That though there are so few of you, your loyalty is known in the right quarter, and its influence will spread over the island and in due season bring forth its harvest.

That makes seven counts—and surely you would not ask for more at present. I append a vision from the olden time, which, if not taken as confirmation of the above, is yet of mystical interest.

As ever fraternally,

New York, May 8th, 1806.

JOHN M. PRYSE.

THE VISION OF ST. BRIGID.*

“BRIGID, daughter of the converted Druid Bublthach, was distinguished from her girlhood by an intense spirit of piety. Once while listening to one of St. Patrick’s discourses she was observed to fall asleep, and those who observed it made signs to the preacher to arouse her. He did not take the hint, but when the sermon was at an end and Brigid wide awake but sorrowful, he begged her to reveal the vision which he knew must have been vouchsafed her.

“Alas, Father!” said she, ‘my soul is sad from the sights that succeeded one another while I slumbered. I seemed standing on a high eminence with all Erin in my sight, and from every point of it were issuing bright flames that joined above and filled the atmosphere. I looked again, and behold, fires were still burning on mountains and hills, but the sight was poor compared to the former general blaze. The third time I cast my eyes abroad, nothing brighter than the puny flames of torches and candles met my gaze. This was sad enough, but when I looked again the land was covered with ashes, except where a few solitary torches burned in caverns and in the shadows of rocks. I shut my eyes and wept, but was comforted on again opening them to see a steady bright flame blazing in the north, and which spread, scattering itself from its focus till the whole island was once more cheerfully lighted up.’”

* *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 329. By Patrick Kennedy. London: MacMillan and Co.

KEYNOTES.

AN opportunity long waited for has arrived, the hour is pregnant with possibilities. We have been led in a way we know not of, as the blind stone feels its way to the flower. The master-hand is not seen during the operation; but when the operation is complete, the beauty and symmetry of the plan are apparent to all. What has made such developments possible? Loyalty, I think. Loyalty to principles; loyalty to those who have been to us the most perfect embodiment of those principles. Loyalty invokes the gods. Through it we have arrived at a point where a fuller declaration of Truth can be made; where the outlines of more ripened knowledge can be given. Those who gathered most closely round the guiding and ruling genius, inspired by that high courage, begin to come forth from their hiding-places. The whole world lies before them, strangled, for the most part, in the grasp of institutions, from whence the life-force has departed. Along the line of this decay of power they must advance, awakening vibrations which will in a short time bring about a revival of the free spirit of antiquity; a revival, too, of the ancient mythos in literature and art, a restoration of the truths depicted in symbols everywhere. It is a vast conception. So many want to keep Theosophy "select" and "respectable" that they are afraid to embark on a new enterprise. Suspicions arise, or after a momentary thrill of excitement follows a relapse into indifference. 'Tis ever thus. But think not that such folly will retard this enterprise of Sublime Perfection. We must leave the old moorings and sail forth into the clear expanse of the future. Already the anchor is weighed. Not the select few, not alone the cultured, but all must be embraced in the operations of this Divine Motion. To bring forth the perfect statue, the mould into which it has been cast must be broken.

Who are those who have learned to profit by each new opportunity? Not the doubters; while they are busy regarding their doubts the gods have passed by. Not the suspicious; while they have been harboring their suspicions the ship has set sail, and is well under way. Who, then? The loyal and true-hearted. They are ever ready; ever on the alert. For them the gods are not a procession of phantoms, but living realities. Each new day sees them at their post, ready for their allotted work. Their joy is always on the wing; for them the granite and clay are luminous creations, resplendent with color, rich with enchantment. Held in the grasp of a vast purpose, they falter not nor fail. Unclouded

by doubt and suspicion they realize that they are souls for whom immortal destinies await, and all their actions have the force which such a conviction gives, increasing their power for good a thousandfold. Loyalty; Trust; Unity; let these then be our keynotes. With these we can urge forward for the new career with strong courage and clear vision.

D. N. D.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

(Concluded from p. 150.)

Alecto. I do not remember a past life by thinking of it as my past life. These experiences are not to be classified as personal baggage. To reach wider memory I must become something deeper and more impersonal than my ordinary self, must enter into something which stands behind both past and present lives, something of which these lives are but imperfect and partial expressions. Between that real Self and other Selves there are links along certain rays, links of unity. It is their nature to be united. By endeavoring to feel and know this unity with others in this outer world of darkness I attract the nature of the real Self towards me, awake or perchance in sleep; and past or future dramas, at first along limited rays, may be seen and heard, and in time remembered. Let us think of ourselves as boundless Spirit.

* * *

Exile. The memory of past life abides in the soul; its impressions are graven on its substance. Therefore it requires the eye of the soul to read them. We do not possess this vision, hence it is that we do not remember our previous experiences on earth. When the memory of soul does come back to us we shall dwell in a far more beautiful realm; the sphere of consciousness will be wider and deeper and the pain of our present isolation will flee away. *Then* will the language of the air and the water and the odorous earth be audible to us; the hymn of the ripened fruit will sing melodiously in our ears; the strident cry of the storm-furies or the plaintive song of the curled sea-shell will make music for us. All Nature will speak to us, confiding her deepest secrets to our opened minds; *then*, we shall be in actuality the Pantheists that now we are in theory only.

* * *

Opal. I think man, the immortal thinker, does remember his past lives. With a high purpose in view this vast life-journey was begun—a purpose which, to my mind, would be frustrated if we

were burdened with the memories of the past; there is surely a wise and unerring purpose in our non-remembrance. Not here or now will the judgment books be opened, except for the few who by aspiration and unselfish aims have raised their lower selves to the dwelling-place of the True. In us of to-day, in our characters and aims, the past is revealed, for the mind has garnered all that was worth preserving in the experiences of past lives. Let us, then, "reject nothing but cut all doubt with the sword of spiritual knowledge."

* * *

Emer. It would seem that there are two ways of recalling past experiences—the spiritual and the intellectual. The latter method is the one consciously used by the average man in his normal state. Spirituality looks from the inside outwards. It deals with the soul of things because it regards the soul as the permanent potency which builds the form which it ensouls. The form is but a transitory affair. Intellectuality observes the external aspect of things, and from these data it endeavors to form a judgment of the internal aspect. The intellect clearly is entirely concerned with transient phenomena, and uses as instruments the senses and the brain; these being in themselves evanescent can preserve no record of their work. Their character, however, has a certain permanence; as a graven tablet formed of an alloy of many metals preserves its quality when melted, though the inscription has disappeared. Some such process takes place at death, but the divine mind first makes cryptogrammic notes of the inscription. The intellect of its next embodiment knows nothing of the language of the gods, and so there is a period of intellectual groping, extending often over many lives, until finally the path becomes illuminated by the bright sun of spirituality, when man begins to be able to read intelligently the record of his past experience engraved upon his inner self.

THE DEATH OF MADAME JELIHOVSKY.

WE have just received news of the death of one of that great-hearted family who furnished the T. S. with its first leader. Madame Jelihovsky, H. P. B.'s sister, has departed also. Her name was familiar to all Theosophists. To quote the words of one who knew her best of any: "Her affection to her sister was of the truest and the most steadfast. She had a great heart, and I do not think that there ever was a thing she ought to do that she left consciously undone." She did much work for Theosophy, and for her own sake and her loyalty to H. P. B. deserves a place in the history of the T. S.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

ANNUAL MEETING OF 1896.

THE Second Annual Meeting of the T. S. E. (England) was held at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, London, on Whit-Monday, May 25th. The different provincial Lodges were well represented, Liverpool sending no less than seventeen members. The same feeling of unity and good fellowship that was felt at the American Convention pervaded the gathering. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Keightley at 10 a.m. Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Basil Crump played an appropriate selection of music, after which business was proceeded with as usual. Bro. Gardner, of Southport, was appointed temporary Chairman, and Bros. Tovey and Edge Secretaries to the meeting. Roll was called, and then Dr. Keightley was selected as permanent Chairman.

In his capacity of President T. S. E. (England) Dr. Keightley presented and read an interesting address, showing progress made during the ten months since the reorganization in July, 1895. The work had been carried on in a quiet way, tending to solidify the different Branches and Centres. This had been very successfully accomplished, considering the many difficulties most of the Branches had had to contend with. Dr. Keightley referred to the death of W. Q. Judge on March 21st. "Those who knew him," said Dr. Keightley, "can but rejoice that he is at last free to devote himself with evermore fiery energy to the work he loved." Referring to the American Convention, Dr. Keightley said: "Probably the most striking feature of that Convention lay in its perfect unanimity of expression." He went on to allude to the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, saying he had been appointed general agent in Europe for the fund.

Bro. Adams, as Treasurer and Librarian, then presented his reports, which showed funds and library in a satisfactory state, with good prospects for the future. The representatives from the different Lodges read reports showing the lines of work followed and success attending their efforts. Officers were elected for 1896-7: Dr. Keightley, President; Dr. Coryn, Vice-President; E. Adams, Treasurer and Librarian. Dr. Keightley intimated that Bro. Crump had offered his services as Secretary, which services were gladly accepted. Various amendments to Constitution T. S. E. were submitted on behalf of Bro. Bulmer, who was unfortunately unable to be present. On consideration the meeting did not adopt them all, but accepted the suggestions put forward by the Committee on Resolutions. E. T. Hargrove was unanimously and en-

thusiastically nominated as President T. S. E. Dr. Keightley intimated that the Executive Council T. S. E. had decided to hold the Convention T. S. E. in Dublin on August 2nd and 3rd. More music from Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Crump was given, and Mrs. Hering, of Boston, with a violinist friend, contributed also an interesting musical item which was much appreciated. D. N. Dunlop presented greetings from Ireland, and a letter of greeting was read from Mme. de Neufville for Holland. Suitable replies were drafted by a Committee and adopted by the Convention with *éclat*. A letter of greeting to European Section T. S. (Adyar) was also adopted unanimously, and ordered to be sent to their Convention in July. The proceedings throughout were harmonious in every direction, and the good feeling so evident will react on the work during the year and bring forth good fruit. More power, T. S. E. (England)!
D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

At the meeting of T. S. E. (I.), held on May 7th, a Press Committee was formed to try and arouse interest in local papers about recent developments *re* School for revival of lost Mysteries, etc. The efforts of the Committee have been fairly successful.

To suit the convenience of English members and insure a larger attendance at the Convention of the T. S. E., the Executive Council have fixed the date August 2nd and 3rd, not 16th and 17th, as stated in our last issue. The Reception Committee here are eagerly anxious to welcome all who can possibly attend.

The following subjects will be discussed at the public meetings on Wednesdays: June 17th, *Future of Ireland*; 24th, *Reincarnation*; July 1st, *Prophecy*; 8th, *The Mysteries of Antiquity*; 15th, *The Ocean of Theosophy*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Concener*.

NOTICE.

“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”

THIS is a series of extracts helpful to students from the letters of W. Q. Judge, which series has appeared in THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST. I am about to print it in book form, for the use of students, and would earnestly beg my fellow Theosophists in all parts of the world, to send me any such extracts from letters of Mr. Judge in their possession, so that all our comrades may share equally in them. The book will be printed at my personal expense, and the proceeds devoted to the Theosophical Cause.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

02, Queen Anne Street, London, W.

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