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## NOTICE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

THIS number completes our Second Volume. We thank subscribers for their past support, and hope they will not only renew their own subscriptions, but help us in obtaining new ones. For our part, we shall endeavour to go on improving each number; and repeat what we have said on former occasions, that we are always open to receive our readers' suggestions, consider them carefully, and, where practicable, carry them into effect. Some important changes will be made early in the new volume. A subscription form accompanies present number.

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Discoveries proceed. Forces, hitherto denied by the ardent votaries of materialism, but recognised and understood from time immemorial by occult science, are now being brought to light. A series of very wonderful experiments, which just have been concluded by Dr. Luys, whose observations and discoveries in connection with magnetism and electricity in relation to hypnotism, made a profound impression upon the scientific world some time ago, have led to a remarkable result. The latest discovery establishes the fact that cerebral activity can be transferred to a crown of magnetised iron in which the activity can be retained, and subsequently passed on to a second person. Incredible as this may seem, Dr. Luys has proved its possibility by the experiments just referred to. He placed the crown, which in reality is only a circular band of magnetised iron, on the head of a female patient suffering from melancholia, with a mania for self-destruction, and with such success was the experiment attended that within a fortnight the patient could be allowed to go free without danger, the crown having absorbed all her marked tendencies. About two weeks afterwards he put the same crown, which meanwhile had been carefully kept free from contact with anything else, on the head of a male patient suffering from hysteria complicated by frequent recurrent periods of lethargy. The patient was then hypnotised, and immediately comported himself after the manner of the woman who had previously worn the crown. Indeed he practically assumed her personality, and spoke of himself as a woman, and uttered exactly the same complaints as she had done. Similar phenomena had, it is reported, been observed in the case of every patient experimented upon. Another experiment showed that the crown retained the impression acquired until it was made red hot.

Mr. Gladstone has written a remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, chiefly directed against Mrs. Besant's view of the Atonement as expressed in the book published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, entitled "Annie Besant: An Autobiography." Having only short newspaper reports before us at present, we cannot enter very fully into a consideration of the attitude adopted by Mr. Gladstone. The main point in support of his position seems to be that the Atonement "only repeats a phenomenon with which we are perfectly familiar in the natural and social order of the world, where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy." The following quotation points out, in our opinion, the weakness of the position: "If pardon be, even for a moment, severed from a moral process of renovation, if these two are not made to stand in organic and vital connection with one another, that door is opened through which mischief will rush in, and thus pardon may be made to hold an illegitimate place in the Christian system." It is because "the essence and root of this matter lies in the idea of good, vicariously conveyed," that the sense of "pardon" is too frequently unaccompanied by any "moral renovation" whatever, and that the door has been opened through which mischief has rushed in, and almost overwhelmed the Church at large. We hope Mrs. Besant will find time to reply to this article. If so, we are inclined to feel sympathy for Mr. Gladstone.

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Socialists and other Reformers who have faith that good at last will come to all mankind, are frequently accused of "day dreaming." As will be seen from the following, they are by no means alone in this respect. A remarkable speech by M. Berthelot at the banquet of the Syndical Chamber of Chemical Product Manufacturers is summarised by a Paris correspondent, who says that M. Berthelot's subject was: "The world in the year 2,000." After saying that he looked to chemistry for deliverance from present-day social evils and for the possibility of realising the Socialists' dreams, that is if a spiritual chemistry could be discovered to change human nature as deeply as chemical science could modify the globe, he continued: "This change will be greatly due to chemistry utilising the heat of the sun and the central heat of the globe. The latter can be obtained by shafts 3,000 or 4,000 metres in depth. Modern engineers are equal to the task of sinking. Then the water down so deep would be hot, and able to keep all possible machinery going. By natural distillation it would furnish fluid free from microbes, and would be an unlimited source of chemical and electrical energy. This could be everywhere developed, and thousands of years might pass without any noticeable diminution. With such a source of heat all chemical transformation will be easy. The production of alimentary matters will be a consequence. This production is in principle resolved, and has been for forty years, by the syntheses of grease and oils. That of hydrates of carbon is going on, and that of nitrogenous substances is not far off. When energy can be cheaply obtained, food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen taken from the air. What work the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, and with far greater profusion, and independently of seasons or evil microbes or insects. There will be then no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and barren regions may be preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet. There will, under it, be no need to disfigure it with the geometrical works of the agriculturist, or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure and flora. The earth will be a vast pleasure garden, and the

human race will live in peace and plenty. . . But it will not be idle, for idleness is not happiness, and work is the source of all virtue. In the earth, renewed by chemistry, people will work more than ever, but according to their special tastes and faculties, and from high and noble motives. The great object will be then to develop more and more the æsthetic and the intellectual faculties."

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## HOW THEOSOPHY AFFECTS ONE'S VIEW OF LIFE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE DUBLIN LODGE.

**I**N asking you to consider with me the influence of the system of thought called Theosophy upon one's view of all the things which are included in the term Life, I have to preface my remarks by the confession that I have not extracted my ideas from portly volumes, or indeed, engaged in any great research; and I have further to ask you to believe that what you will hear is the most unbiassed statement, as far as possible, on the subjects which will necessarily come under notice.

The outlook of any individual mind is not a constant quantity; it is to some extent determined by education, environment, and innate tendencies; but it is always subject to alteration; it is constantly feeling the influence of subtle forces and circumstances, and it changes with every fresh experience and every new sensation. Still these influences seldom evince their presence by a great reversal of the mental attitude, and we are best able to sense them by seeing how the actions of the individual, which are very largely the voluntary or involuntary expression of his standpoint, represent at different times changes in that standpoint. Indeed, one's own experience will supply plenty of material to work upon; for, I daresay no one will insist that his present attitude towards the rest of the universe is identical with that of ten or five years ago, or even one year. A little examination will show that the mental processes which precede some definite action are altered in some important manner from those of 1890. The question which is of importance is to find out how the change has come about, and whether one is to allow extraneous events to master his mental conclusions, or one is to become, through wisdom acquired by effort, the conscious master of his destiny.

Theosophy has for its leading tenet the absolute unity in essence and correlation of all life, whether visible, invisible, material, intellectual, spiritual, and this affords at once a clue to the consideration of the present subject; for, according to the view which the individual thinker takes of the powers and relations of the mind itself will be his view of the duties and responsibilities which these powers and relations involve; in other words, Ethics or moral philosophy must be based upon metaphysics. Now, I wish to be as brief as possible in pointing out the Theosophic view of the mind and soul, and their powers and relations; and were it not that it is necessary for the unity of my remarks, I would take refuge in referring to the numerous able, intellectual, and forcible expositions of this matter which you have heard in this room.

Theosophy, to put it as concisely as possible, accepts the universe as "the unfolding of a Divine life, functioning in every form of living and non-living things." Man is viewed as a compound being, a spark of this Divine universal spirit being clothed with the body. The immortal indestructible part of man consists of this spark of universal spirit, its vehicle the human spirit, and the mind or intellectual faculties. It uses as a dwelling the body, with its animal life, its passions and appetites, to which mankind is so prone to attach tremendous importance. The connecting link is the mind, which, being full of agitation, strong, and obstinate, senses all the material existence, is moved by

the hopes and fears, and the storm of existence. The lesson, ever insisted on as having to be learnt, is that the lower part of man, the body, and its attachments, have to be conquered and purified; and the only way to teach it its true functions is by suffering; and when this is done, we shall have got somewhere nearer the goal, when we shall identify our consciousness with our true self, not with the illusion. The powers of the mind to sense all existence, and its relations towards the rest of our being as the connecting link, bearing the contact with external things towards the soul, and at times being the vehicle of the Wisdom which is one of the attributes of that which has no attribute: I say, then, these powers and relations of the mind, which one finds everywhere treated of in Theosophical literature, are the determining factors in the formation of our Ethics. And since, from Socrates down, we are taught that self-knowledge is necessary for guidance of one's conduct, the knowledge of the mind and its capacities is at once shadowed forth as of immense value. It has at least three elementary powers—viz., the power of knowing, the power of feeling, and the power of acting. These powers, though distinguishable, are not separable; but rather when we distinguish knowledge, feeling, and action, what we call by these names will be found, when accurately examined, to be combinations of the three elements, differing only in respect to the element which preponderates. Locke would have us suppose that when I say "I know," it means that an object is inserted into my consciousness as into a bag. But no bag could produce the phenomenon of knowledge. To produce it requires the putting forth of an active power, which we call intelligence. The knowledge of an object always produces in the mind some emotion with regard to it: this emotion is normally pleasure. Sometimes the difficulties which beset the acquisition of knowledge are so great and cause such dissatisfaction and pain that the mind is tempted to banish them, together with the object which excites them, from its consciousness. Knowledge and the emotions to which it gives rise induce those actions which are the result of the inherent activity of the mind stimulated by them. Thus we see that the antecedents of all action include intelligence as an active power: and Ethics, more particularly Theosophical Ethics, are seen to have a practical value, and not merely a speculative interest.

Having digressed thus far from my subject, the point to which I proceed to address myself is, the working out on the individual of the system of which I have tried to shadow forth the greater truths. The first class I will deal with are the *indifferent*. To them, Theosophy presents the widest possible field of, and reasons for, activity that can be desired. It shows that no action is without its direct permanent result, and that consequently the position of the indifferent is absolutely untenable. No one who has studied Theosophical literature can ever find there a justification for mere *laissez-faire*. It points out the enormous value of what we call trifles, and the comparatively trifling value of what the indifferent would take most note. Theosophy always insists on action in some direction, preferably conscious, well-directed action, with a pure motive.

The *Agnostic* is, as it were, Theosophy's special care—It shows him at once the directions in which further, fuller, and greater knowledge of every branch of science or philosophy can be gained. It says to him "pursue your previous method of enquiry, and remember, taking nothing for granted, do not accept others' authority. Seek for knowledge: we can only point the way we have ourselves gone. Investigate every nook and corner of your mind, and learn how to control it and your sense perceptions. Then you will no longer mistrust your results as possibly imperfect, but you will have attained to some closer contact with Truth." To both the Agnostic and the indifferent, the study of

Theosophy will bring a consciousness of the responsibility towards others, which is the basis of our universal brotherhood. It will tend to remove the personal element which has hitherto done so much to cloud and obscure one's investigations; and it will gradually lead to the elimination of the anxiety as to results, which will bring us (by the removal of remorse or approval) to calmness of mind, in which condition great work can be achieved.

The appeal of Theosophy to the *scientific investigator* is practically identical with the last. It will show him what so many of his conferees are more or less tacitly recognising, that the hopeless and soul-deadening belief of the Materialist (that all the growth of the race, the struggling towards a higher life, the aspirations towards virtue shall absolutely vanish, and leave no trace), is a crushing mental burden which leads to absolute negation; it will show the spiritual nature of man in perfect consistence with the true theories, and as dependent on fundamental laws and causes.

Coming from the region of unbelief to belief, to use these words in their narrowest sense, let us consider what way Theosophy will affect a believer in doctrines of some system of religious thought. To take the ordinary Protestant first; Theosophy is apparently likely to fail on account of its taking away the personality of the Deity, and the habit of prayer: for to both of these doctrines the earnest churchman is attached. But if it does do so, what does it substitute? It puts forward an atonement, not an atonement of 1,861 years ago, but a daily atonement to be carried out in each one's life, and having as great an influence on one's fellows; it suggests the possibility of realising even on earth what is an absolute reality in spirit, the brotherhood of man; and it views Christ, not as an ultra-cosmic being condescending to become human, but as a great teacher, whose counterpart and possibilities are within each one of us, if we but seek the true path. Also, and this is a small point, it removes the horrible canker of church government, which ministers so powerfully to the idea of separateness and personality: and lastly, it offers, in place of mouthing prayers to a God whom one is taught to fear ten times to the once that love is insisted on, a union with that higher self which, if pursued, brings peace, wisdom, an infinite compassion, and an infinite love.

What has Theosophy to offer to the Roman Catholic? All that it offers to the Protestant; with this addition, that not merely one woman is exalted, but all womankind as being of the same essence and spirit of all nature. It shows that there is no superiority, but that by effort, by training, by aspiration, everyone, both man and woman, shall be found worthy of being taken into heaven, and joined again to the one source of life and being. It shows the whole doctrine of saintliness and blessedness to have a source in Truth, though overlaid and altered.

And what of the other sheep? What of that soul which, feeling compelled by its intuitions to recognise the essential divinity of man, yet find no expression in the churches which will fit into its emotional nature? What of him whom, for want of a better word, I shall call a Symbolist, who is always striving to express in some form of art or thought, that divine energy which is wisdom, consciousness, and energy all in one? Does not Theosophy afford the very best outlet for his soul force? Are not its ideas on a level with, if not higher than, what his most sublime moments of feeling can bring before him? Surely if anyone can find peace in its bosom, the Symbolist, ever struggling to express his sense of the True, the Beautiful, which are, after all, but a second reflection of the Higher mind, with its knowledge of the essence of all life, can therein do his noblest work for Humanity in company with those who, having previously done all they could for the race through a sense of duty arising from

intuitions they declined to recognise, have found in the doctrines of Theosophy the broadest possible field for such work, and the purest motive.

And now, changing from particular types, how do we look upon Theosophy as a power in Ethics? We find the elimination of the selfish instinct insisted upon as necessary for the progress of the Ego through its material envelope to a full and complete knowledge of its higher self; we find the doctrine of Brotherhood put forward in its noblest aspects; we find as a necessary corollary that responsibility is increased and widened with an accompanying sense of power to accept and carry on that responsibility; with the growth of higher feeling within us comes a sense of added strength; we learn gradually to work without consideration or anxiety for results; we grow more tolerant of our neighbour's shortcomings, and less so of our own; we find that by disengaging ourselves from the objects of the senses, we become indifferent to small troubles, and more free to assist our neighbour when they press on him; with the knowledge of the causes of present conditions lying in past action, and our present actions going to be the causes of future conditions, we place ourselves in a position to work to the full extent of our powers to set in motion such causes as will bring about the happiest results for Humanity as a whole; we learn to look upon death, not as the opening of the spiritual life, but as a release from a weight which keeps under the spiritual life, which is always with us, now as well as before birth and after death; we learn to sense the methods by which the universe works out its destiny; we find every day growing stronger that sense of immortality, of absolute union with the universal soul, which at first merely manifested itself in strange feelings and emotions; we find the clues to the control of our physical and mental faculties, and are not surprised to discover the ten-thousand-fold increase in value these faculties then bear; we put ourselves more and more in harmony with what we feel to be the source of all Truth; we find ourselves gradually able to give expression to those dumb feelings which we could not find words for, of its grandeur and greatness; until finally we come, after many incarnations, after suffering, after despair sometimes, to a knowledge which transcends all human knowledge, to a bliss which is above our present ideas, to a peace which the world cannot give, which surpasseth all understanding, and are then ready to give up that bliss and peace, and to use that knowledge for the divine compassion towards our fellows who are following.

But how are we to hope for this progress? What are we to do to realise these ideas? Is it by wishing for it that this state will come about? Is there no everyday way of getting forward? These are some of the questions which will rise naturally to the lips of any here who are not thoroughly acquainted with Theosophical ideas: and what have we to say in reply? Are we to confess Theosophy is a doctrine only for the learned, the cultured, the wealthy? Are we to acknowledge that Christianity or Agnosticisim is more practical, easier for the men in the street to grasp? Are we to say that Theosophy is not a gospel for to-day? No: a thousand times no! If there is one result of a study of Theosophy, it is the gaining of Hope, a sure and certain Hope, which soon becomes Trust, and later, knowledge. I affirm most strongly that there is no one to whom Theosophy in some of its myriad aspects does not appeal, and appeal strongly enough to cause it to be the ruling passion of his existence; but I do also affirm as strongly, that in Theosophy, as in all other things, what are necessary are, pure motive and perseverance. It costs no one anything to spend an hour a day in meditation on some aspect of life; in thinking of our eternal nature and striving to place ourselves *en rapport* with our highest ideals of purity, nobility, Truth. Then cannot we get the idea of

universal brotherhood firmly fixed in our consciousness as an actual reality to be attained, and always act upon that basis. To me, the thought of the absolute unity of all life, affords as high an ideal for putting into practical shape as my deficient development allows me. Cannot we get this ideal or some other ideal so essential a part of our thought that it colours all our feelings, emotions and actions? We will then be doing our part in the struggle. We will not be of the Laodiceans, who were neither hot nor cold. Let us try this: let us see whether it will have such an effect, and if we, by our personal experience, have convinced ourselves of the reality of this, let us progress further, and by a further trial find out the greater truths beyond. Re-incarnation and Karma are essentially doctrines for the poor and needy; they will grasp them, and they will be in very truth, salvation—both moral, mental and physical. Intellectual subtleties are not needed in Theosophy: it is spiritual perception, and who will dare say to the poor that they have less of this than their fellows?

The only region where the "exclusiveness" argument can have even a momentary hold is with regard to Occultism. There is in most people's mind a distrust of anything secret. But remember, believe only in what your own test has shown you to be true: and learn not to condemn those who have found some irresistible impulse urging them forward to seek further. Besides, anyone who is not clear in his motive in studying Occultism had better pause before he pledges himself to anything, or undertakes that the result of which he does not know even dimly.

And before passing from this digression, let me insist strongly once again on the fact that true progress will come only to those who seek to attain it.

They who would be something more  
Than those who feast and laugh and die, will hear  
The voice of duty, as the note of war,  
Nerving their spirit to great enterprise,  
And knitting every sinew for the charge.

Again, get rid of indolence, or its synonym, indifference. The real hereditary sin of human nature is indolence. Conquer that, and you will conquer the rest. We cannot afford to rest with what we have done; we must keep moving on. In this, indeed, to stand still is to go back—worse still, to keep others back.

In conclusion I may, perhaps, be permitted to give you a few remarks as to the influence Theosophy has had upon myself. It has furnished me with satisfactory reasons for living and working; it has infused an earnestness in that work which I prize as one of the valuable things of my life's experience. It has ministered to that inmost sense of worship and aspiration which all of us possess; it has shown me that by expanding one's consciousness in that of the universe, one gains more knowledge and opportunity for helping on humanity; and it has pointed out where the materials for a scientific basis of ethics can be found, and also what will be the outlines of the future building; and finally it has shown that if the objects of our desires be changed, and many things we held dear are no longer prized, it is owing simply to the acquirement of larger and fuller interests.

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A DOOMED CITY.

LIGHTS flew about me; images sparkled in the imperishable Akâsa. Oh, such ancient, ancient places and peoples! Such forms of primitive grandeur and antique simplicity! I was thrilled through with strangeness, and anon quickened with a familiar sense as when one returns to the scenes of childhood and the places of long ago. Then the visions faded away, and I

became folded up in blackness ; out of the stillness came forth again the light of the elder day ; the blackness grew thick with stars ; I saw burning skies fading into dawn ; over distant hills danced up the star of day ; it brought others with it to pale soon in the grey light ; from the roof of a high building I watched it shadowed by a multitude of magical spires and turrets which rose up darkly from a great city erected on the plain. I looked down through the gloom into the square below ; already there was a stir ; I could see black forms moving about ; they plied at ponderous engines. I could hear cries of wrath from these giants ; then a stony despair came over me, for I knew the Golden Age had passed away, and the earth was crowded with these pitiless and inhuman races, the masters of all magical arts. Proud, exultant, tireless heroes of old Atlantis, this was your day of glory ! What sin of all your sins did I witness ? I watched from above, without comprehending it, the stir and rage ; then suddenly impelled, I raised my eyes once more to the holy light. There I saw a new wonder borne high on the luminous air. His starry front proclaimed him straight one of the Children of the Wise—one of divine race. The brilliant moon-coloured lord—a vast phantom—floated erect with outstretched arms over the city ; his shadowy hair drifted about him like a grey mist seen against the dawn. He glanced hither and thither beneath, and his hands swayed rhythmically as if he were weaving some enchantment ; the rainbow fires danced about him ; they flew here and there ; I watched those radiant messengers ; where they fell below, the toilers stopped suddenly as if stricken by light, looking vaguely about and above, seeing nothing ; I knew then that the Lord was unknown to them. One after another I saw the toilers so touched steal away from labour, and far beyond I could see the road over the hills darkened here and there with moving forms passing hurriedly from the city. I looked up again ; the Wise One was nigh the parapet I leaned on ; I trembled being so near. I had but to stretch out my hands to touch greatness. I looked at the wonderful eyes ; they were lightless as if the power were turned within ; but they flashed anon, the fire in them seeming suddenly to run out from sphere deep-hidden in sphere ; they were upon me.

I looked up. "Lord, why or whither should I fly as all these do ?"

His thought answered me : "Your eyes are not yet sealed. See for thyself."

Forthwith the eye of old memory opened, and the earth in its fairy-first beginning returned to me. I wandered—a luminous shadow ; without eyes I saw the glory of life ; without ears I heard its marvellous song ; without nostrils I knew its sweet odours. I, the seer, lived in and shared the imagination of the Mighty. I knew the old earth once more, clear, transparent, shining, whose glory was self-begotten, flung up from its own heart, kindling the air with the reflection of its multitudinous fires. The fires ran in and out of the heart, in tides of crimson and torrents of gold, through veins of lilac, azure, and deepest blue. A million creatures ran free with indescribably flashing movement within them—the lustrous populace of the elements. Then the vision of the earth moved onwards and darkened, and the fiery heart was shadowed slowly from the eye of man who fell from dream and vision into deed and thought ; for his deeds he needed power, and for his thoughts messengers ; he took the creatures of the elements ; they became his servants to do his will, and his will was darkness ; he moulded them into shapes of passion and hatred. As he sank deeper he knew them no longer from himself, though what he willed was accomplished by them. As he moved from place to place they followed in hordes, and the fiery tides—their habitation—rolled along with them beneath the earth. When cities were builded these terrible armies were thronged thick



around, within, and under ; in air, in fire, in earth, and in the hidden waters. Then I saw below me where the fires were gathering, surging, pressing, ready to leap forth and devour ; there passed upwards from them, continually, strange beings, shadowy creatures of the underworld called forth by the will of the giants who meditated the destruction of another city ; they entered into these giants who sent them forth again. Full of terror I cried out—

“ The fires will follow ! Oh, look, look, how ruddy and red they glow ! They live, and they send forth living creatures ! ”

I looked up, but the Wise One had gone away, I knew not where. Then I arose hurriedly, went downward and out of the city. I fled, without stopping, across the mountain-path, until I left far behind the city and the doomed giants.

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### CONVENTIONALITY.

EMERSON has said “ I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are. . . . At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I see the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.” This illusion, under the name of conventionality, is not among the lightest of the fetters which man has bound upon himself. We do many of our actions not because we think them necessary, or virtuous, or even useful, but because it is what “ everybody does.” Let the particular custom be as foolish and ridiculous as it may, provided it is followed by the majority, nobody stays to think of its folly. Laziness, possibly, lies at the root of a good deal of this blind following the blind ; we do not take the trouble to think for ourselves ; it is much easier to follow someone else’s lead, and if we do, perchance, see our bondage, a good deal of moral courage is needed to shake ourselves free and take the guidance of our lives in our own hands. Ridicule is a very potent weapon and is usually very freely used by those who, lacking wit or courage to move out of the beaten track themselves, would have everyone cut on the same pattern. If we come to consider many of our social customs we shall find that selfishness in some form is their guiding principle— family selfishness, class selfishness, even religious (?) selfishness being just as potent factors in our conduct as personal selfishness. Under such conditions “ Universal Brotherhood ” sounds a meaningless phrase, as impossible in practise as the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, and many another moral aphorism which we have been accustomed to hear from our youth up, but never considered as intended to be taken literally. Let us then, who call ourselves Theosophists, endeavour to infuse life into these dead words ! We cannot, of course, expect all at once to leaven society and break down customs that appear to us foolish and unnecessary, but we need not conform to them ourselves ; we can make some attempt to remove, by slow degrees, the mountain of conventionality that disguises selfishness under necessity, falsehood under politeness, and want of sympathy and aspiration under practical good sense and knowledge of the world. The barriers set up by false standards of right and wrong, of interest against worth, by position, by wealth, and even by outward show against merit, have all combined to shut out the truth and hide man from himself. And in the worship of idols and the pursuit of shadows, our common brotherhood has been forgotten. Our brother’s wants are not our wants, unless we happen to be brought in contact with him, when the sight of suffering, even among the most heartless and careless, brings a desire to relieve

that suffering, showing man's essential brotherhood—since pain to the one produces pain in the other; and when once this truth is realised the practical application of it will become possible, though it may be only by slow degrees. The mountain of separateness that man has built up between himself and his brother man cannot be removed all at once; it took many ages and many lives to raise it to the proportions it has now attained, and how great that is everyone must know who has tried to practise brotherhood and failed utterly, while the mental realization of it seems more hopeless still. The hard dry facts of life seem to deaden our sympathies, they are ever before us, and most of our thought and energy is taken up in facing them; but to those who have begun to realise, be it ever so dimly, the unreality of the seeming real, in the dawn of that which lies behind all illusion, all that now makes up the sum of life, as we know it, will become as dust in the balance, and we shall “work and live for appearances” no more!

T.E.T.

—:o:—

## THE MAN TO THE ANGEL.

I have wept a million tears;  
 Pure and proud one, where are thine?  
 What the gain of all your years  
 That undimmed in beauty shine?  
 All your beauty cannot win  
 Truth we learn in pain and sighs;  
 You can never enter in  
 To the Circle of the Wise.  
 They are but the slaves of light  
 Who have never known the gloom,  
 And between the dark and bright  
 Willed in freedom their own doom.  
 Think not in your pureness there  
 That our pain but follows sin;  
 There are fires for those who dare  
 Seek the Throne of Might to win.  
 Pure one, from your pride refrain;  
 Dark and lost amid the strife,  
 I am myriad years of pain  
 Nearer to the fount of life.  
 When defiance fierce is thrown  
 At the God to whom you bow,  
 Rest the lips of the Unknown  
 Tenderest upon the brow.

G.W.R.

—:o:—

## SILENCE.

“Great is he who is the slayer of desire. Still greater he in whom the ‘Self Divine’ has slain the very knowledge of desire.”

THE second stage leading to the perfect silence is the silence of desire. The deep, still peace of a heart at rest from self, calm as ocean depths unruffled by the surface waves of passion or longing: the steady flame of one pointed aspiration, the light of daring in the heart that is not darkened by doubt

or fear; these must be the priceless possessions and experience of those who would fain tread the path of devotion, that rough and rugged road, which winds through desolate places, but leads the traveller at last to heights which scaled, transcend human experience and description; the way which winds tortuously from self to selflessness.

Only through silencing desire can stable equilibrium be reached and retained, and a condition of soul experienced stronger than personal emotion; then, and then alone, the feet can be "planted firmly upon the place that is undefiled."

"Kill out desire," we read. This is no easy thing, since it must of necessity involve the death of the personal self. Not once, nor twice, must the task be attempted; to it, the pilgrim soul experiencing in matter, returns again, and again; life after life, until the victory is won, and that point of progress reached where desire dies; but the soul must have passed through bitter experience, through the waters of renunciation, the blankness and darkness of the night of sorrow when standing alone this truth is realised, that nothing that is out of the eternal *can* help or aid.

Great among men is he upon whose lips the seal of silence is set; strong indeed must he be who has strength to renounce all wordy weapons of offence, and defence; the voice that has lost the power to wound is heard "in the presence of the Masters"—but how much is included in those words?—Surely more than silence of speech alone; for alas, we know by bitter experience and self-analysis, that even when some degree of control has been learned, even when we are strong enough to guard the lips from expressing thought, the thought still remains; stronger, more subtle, more dangerous, perchance for being refused outward expression, eating duly like a canker into the soul.

How great the task seems, how well nigh hopeless; thoughts come we know not whence; unsought, unwished, seemingly; harboured for an instant they become forces for good or evil; thoughts of hatred or envy repented of as soon as recognised, to make harmless these creatures of our mind, to slay them as they would us is no easy matter.

And when thought is conquered, desire remains, lurking within in some form or other.

After long experience and lives in which the unsatisfactory, transitory nature of material things has been realised, many seekers after truth have reached a point in their evolution where it is comparatively easy not to desire many things which to the vast majority of men seem desirable; yet desire is by no means killed out, it has only clothed itself in more enticing guise, more alluring fashion, and become by some subtle alchemy transmuted into more intense forms of longing.

Money, fame, pleasure, fail to attract when the home-sickness of the soul comes upon us, and the God within in hours of insight refuses to be satisfied with ought of earth. Then the desire arises for spiritual good, for definite teaching, for individual purity, for nearness and likeness to those Great Ones who have reached the heights; for permission to be in some humble measure co-workers with Them for humanity; translated into plain language we *still* desire.

The knowledge we crave may be wished for unselfishly, to be gained but to be passed on, but still *we* would know; the power we seek would be freely given in the service of others, but the power must be ours; such desires, good in themselves, become evil when tinged with personality, and do but tend to strengthen and accentuate the personal self. Our desires may win for us what we wish; what a man thinks he in time undoubtedly becomes; what he wishes intensely he obtains; the goal towards which his face is unflinchingly set is within his reach, and the end is this—our desires win for us *Devachan* and bind

us in future lives ; and surely the rest—surely even the well-earned joys of subjective existence should not tempt the soul who would tread the path of devotion ; if immediate re-birth is possible “for those whose hearts are upon Master’s business and free from self interests,” then it is not wise to create a Devachanic dream by our desires when the work-a-day world needs help. Not so surely shall we follow in the footsteps of Those who, through lives of self-forgetfulness, have earned the right to make the great renunciation. It matters little how far we are from that great moment when such choice shall be presented to us. Some steps, at least, upon renunciation’s path can be taken now, in this present life ; some desires killed out that might delay our return. Desire *cannot* be killed out or silenced ; it can be transmuted and replaced by something higher. Have no desires, may be translated by have only this one desire—to be a selfless instrument, attuned to harmony ; a channel through which blessings may flow to help the world. Then the words spoken, the act done, will be abandoned as soon as we have spoken or acted ; no Karma will be ours, good or bad ; freed from our personality the message, however badly passed on, however clumsily translated into terms of brain knowledge, may become luminous to those who hear.

“Great is he who is the slayer of desire,” yet, if we slay desire, from the dead it will arise again. “Greater he in whom the Self-Divine has slain the very knowledge of desire,” when we have entered into knowledge of and union with the Self-Divine, then, and then alone, the Perfect silence will be reached.

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### LOTUS CIRCLE.

#### HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

##### “WHERE IS GOD?”

“I SEE, I see ; God, or Love, or the Divine Power is in the air. It was in church and went in and out of all the corners, in and out of all the people, and was in uncle Charlie’s hat, after all, but I never saw it. Oh ! I am so glad. But——” and the child fell into a brown study, and did not speak for a good half-hour. Presently the silence was broken by the question—uttered with half-frightened solicitude, as though the thought of doubting the mother’s knowledge, or the good tidings she had given, was painful, but a pain that must be faced—“But, mother, how do you know ?”

“There are two methods by which knowledge of these high truths can be obtained. Men, who by striving to do the will of the Father—that is by *obedience*—have grown wise, have written books for our instruction. These books are called scriptures. The word scripture, means simply that which is written. There are many of these eastern scriptures. Our Bible is a collection of some of them. The study of the scripture teaches us something about these great mysteries of which we have been talking. While you have been busy thinking I have looked out one or two passages that tell us something of the nature of the Divine Power that many men name ‘God.’ I will read them to you if you wish ?”

“Please, Mother.”

“The ‘Singer of Israel,’ David, wrote these verses, in the hundred and

thirty-ninth Psalm. Like you, David longed to draw near to the 'unknown God.' He begins his song with the words 'O Lord,' and then goes on to say that all that he does is known to his Heavenly Father. He sings: 'Thou understandest my thoughts afar off . . . and art acquainted with all my ways.' . . . 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it. Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.' You see, Maud, that in his poetical way, David teaches us that Divine Power is everywhere."

"And if we turn from those Scriptures which, for distinction's sake, we call the Old Testament, and to other writings given long after, and which we call the New Testament, we find that Saint Mark repeats the teaching of David, and tells us that Jesus, a great teacher, and one filled with divine wisdom and power, that is, with the breath of God, tells his pupils, or disciples, as they were called, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"But besides the writings of good and learned men, who through obedience to the "divine voice" which we call conscience, have become "sons of God," "joint heirs with Christ," we have yet another means of learning Truth."

"You know we agreed that "God," or "the Breath of Life" or "Love," or whatever name you choose to give to the "absolute" deity: that is too great for us really to understand, and of which we can only get some faint idea: You remember that we agreed that this Power was around us and *in* us."

"Yes, God is everywhere, and everything, and all."

"Very well. Then if we 'harden not our hearts' we can hear his voice within us. He speaks to us. He tells us what is Truth. Because we are one substance with the Father, that is to say, we are his children, and he speaks in and through us, and so long as 'we harden not our hearts' we can 'hear his voice.' Saint Paul, another great teacher of men, writing to the Romans in his eighth letter, or 'Epistle,' as it is generally called, tells them what I have been telling you, in these words, 'The spirit itself beareth witness to our spirit, that we are children of God.'"

"And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? Do you think you understand?"

"We have God in us and around us, and we can hear His voice—which is our conscience—if 'we harden not our hearts.' That is what you said. I do not think I quite understand what it means to "harden our hearts."

"I think, dearie, we 'harden our hearts,' when we do not try to give willing obedience to the Laws of Love. You know that if we *will* not listen, we cannot hear what is said to us. For instance, if I want you to do something that you do not want to do, and if instead of instant, willing obedience, you fill your little head with thoughts of some course of action, some game, or some pleasure that you wish to carry out, *my* will is shut out by *your* will. You cannot understand for the time, what my love for you compels me to command. You have shut me out from your heart for a while, and filled my place with the thought of your own desire. We are no longer one, but two. This arises from not yielding ready obedience. This is 'hardening the heart.' Now, if we, as God's children, do not give willing and ready obedience to His commands we

cease to hear His voice. We lose sight of Him. He is Love. He commands us to love all creatures as his children and our brothers. When we are obedient we are filled with love and hear his voice. As soon as we are selfish, and care more for our own pleasure than for our fellow creatures, we have 'hardened our hearts,' and can no longer hear the voice of the Father. The longer we live in selfish disobedience, the deaf we get, till at last a terrible thing may happen to us. We may first forget that there *is* a voice of God in our hearts, and then we may come to believe that there is no God at all. Then to us the world is dark, and cruel and horrible. But you and I will not let disobedience, which is only another name for selfishness, 'harden our hearts,' but will try, with all our might, to do the will of the Father, that we may always hear his voice."

—K. E. M.

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### GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

\*.\* All who have time and opportunity are invited to send selections on the subject chosen for each month. These will be arranged and appear under this heading.

Subject for October—"The Potency of Sound" (continued).

#### THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

"IT seems to me," said Inglesant, "that the explanation of the power of music upon the mind is, that many things are elements which are not reckoned so, and that sound is one of them. As the air and fire are said to be peopled by fairy inhabitants, and as the spiritual man lives in the element of faith, so I believe that there are creatures which live in sound. Every lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth . . . does not die. Such as these become fairy existences, spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressibly delicate grace and beauty which live in melody."—"John Inglesant," by J. Henry Shorthouse.

All vibration being attended with sound (which may or may not escape the ear), we proceed to examine tones, and find them varying from the lowest of eight vibrations per second to the highest known to western science of 24,000 per second. Remember that the tones of anger, hatred, scorn are all deep notes; those of cheerfulness, love, hope are treble. Here we discover the apparently inexplicable effect of spoken words which raise or depress our vibrations to their own by means of the etheric medium. To resist the wildfire spread of passion or anger we have but to check the vibration by holding steadily to our own; this maintained, may raise that of others, precisely as the high musical note, constantly sounded, raises all lower ones at all related to its own pitch. . . . Imagine a tone at a high rate of vibration, to see it striking the hearer's brain at a certain focus, creating there a centre of energy, which, tending to crystallization, fixes the thought in the mind. . . . Moreover, we may see this tone raising his vibratory ratio, and glancing off at an angle of reflection equal to that of incidence, reacting upon the surrounding ether and upon all hearers. The magical success of Eastern mantras depends upon the exact intonation, which governs the vibratory result, and the proper intonation of the sacred books, learned from the priests, doubtless increased their effects. Turning to colours, we find them varying in vibration from violet ४०००० inch to red १३००० inch, and the violet has greater actinism; so it

would seem to follow that the more extended the undulation the greater the chemical action and resultant odic force. Hence the tone of animals or man is not such a poor test of their nature as we might suppose, and a certain clue to character is given in a preferred colour. The higher sounds thus create greater Akâsic disturbances through increased undulation. Deleuze, in his work on "Magnetism," says:—"The word which indicates our will can often exert an action. . . . The very tones of the magnetizer, being produced by the vital energy, act upon the organs of the patients."—Jasper Niemand. *The Path*, March, 1887.

Everything in nature has its own specific rate of vibration; if we know and can reproduce and heighten it we can call the thing into existence, or pass ourselves within its consciousness. Hence the old saying, that numbers are the names of things. The "lost word" itself is, doubt it not, a sound of the highest possible vibration, represented by the Aum, or sound of the eternal outpour of light, the Logos of the Christians.—*Ibid.*

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### "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

SOME of the English Lodges of the T.S. are already in correspondence with Lodges in other countries; and in order to promote an extension of this very praiseworthy idea, the undermentioned plan is submitted to the attention of Theosophists of all countries, as being one which will tend towards the solidarity of the T.S. It is proposed to open a register for the names of those Lodges that are wishful to enter into correspondence with Lodges in other countries, so that they may be placed in communication. It will be readily seen that many Lodges might be overwhelmed with applicants, while others, less widely known, but equally desirous of international communication, might be overlooked. By means of the register system, with all names recorded, this would be obviated. Will those who think the time is ripe for some such effort towards the realization of the first of our objects communicate with the undersigned, and will those Lodges that are already in communication with one or more Lodges in other countries please notify in order to avoid confusion?

The agency of the General Secretary of Sections is not used, as they are at present in a state of overwork. There will be no officialism about this scheme; the only duties of the Registrar being to place Lodges in communication with each other and record the fact, and his sole desire being to strengthen the "linked battalions of the T.S."

This notice will be sent to Theosophical papers in India, Europe, America, and Australia; where Lodges might appoint their own Registrars, thus facilitating matters still further.

O. FIRTH,  
 (President, Bradford Lodge),  
 Hawthorne House,  
 Basildon, near Shipley,  
 Yorks, England.

## REVIEW.

I READ and re-read "Homeward Songs,"\* with many a pause of wondering. Where had I heard something like them? They came to me not with the sound of any human voice, not as an echo of some other singer, but with the same haunting familiarity which clings about the memory of a recently accomplished action.

I had not read nor could I reach any review of the book; whence then? . . . Ah! these songs are a translating into human language of Nature's wordless music. The wind faintly rustling the aspen leaves; the wind sighing in the fir woods; the ripples of tiny waterfalls; the rush of a rapid river; the endless weary sobbing of the sea; the glad promise of the shyly opening springtime; the glowing beauty of flowers which hovering a moment around the new seed lives, fall when their work is over; the sad gaiety of autumn; and the relentless deathful mercy of winter.

Something of the message of all these has the poet caught, and imprisoned in the language of humanity for our ears.

In the poem "Comfort" can you not feel the light touch of the breeze as it softly stirs the matted locks on some hot and weary brow?

Surely in "Forgiveness" there is true expression of how, to the pure and loving, sin is little more than a pain-giving name, the burning knowledge born of bitter experience is not yet for these.

"I touched with pain her purity;  
Sin's darker sense I could not bring;"

Does one ever come before one's real self, covered with soil stains which that self can mourn over but not fully feel?

Were I to quote freely I should transcribe the whole book; I might catalogue the poems, but the index does this adequately; to try and interpret them were to expose my folly and insult my friend; to tell my favourites were to say the whole book of songs; therefore what more can I say? I showed the book to a friend who says, "It is essentially a product of this dying century; could not have been produced a decade earlier." "Is intensely subjective; requires years of introspective study in order that it may be comprehended."

I, however, venture to say, that to many a weary traveller it will bring hope, and a breath as of soft refreshing winds, and flower-sweet perfumes. Bending over its pages the harsh sounds of a busy city will die awhile; and in their stead will be heard a restful, lifeful whisper from the great Breaths of many voices.

G. A. H. B.

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## DUBLIN LODGE,

## 3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Members who have been purchasing the new edition of *The Secret Doctrine*, and other students, will be glad to know that the study of this valuable work has been resumed on Monday evenings, on the lines sketched for the S.D. Correspondence Class. Each member has a list of references to aid in preparing for the discussion. The few months of Monday evening study of Patanjali, under the guidance of Brother Russell, have been most interesting and successful.

The public meetings on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during ensuing months are to discuss the following topics;—

19th Sept.	"Symbolism,"	J. J. Nolan.
26th Sept.	"Intuition,"	K. B. Lawrence.
3rd Oct.	"Brotherhood."	J. Duncan.
10th Oct.	"The Occult Basis of Ethics."	G. W. Russell.

FRED. J. DICK,  
*Hon. Sec.*

\* Homeward Songs by the Way, by Æ. Dublin: Whaley, 46 Dawson Chambers. Price 1s. 6d.