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NOTICE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A WORD ON SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

The question of all-absorbing attention at present is the political situation. The party game is one of "tactics," pure and simple, and the most successful in pandering to popular ruling religious, racial, or class prejudice wins the day.

"The Name of Earth's crowned city is Contention;
The Name of its Religion is Dissension."

Everywhere the struggle intensifies; bombs burst, developing public uneasiness, which bespeaks fear of some unlooked-for change. It seems as if we were nearing the close of one more act in the great world-drama. Below the thin veil of custom thrills and quivers the social passion of humanity. Every new impetus encounters corresponding resistance, and this in turn generates fresh heat. Every true Theosophist is endeavouring to spread light commensurate with this heat, so that when the gathering force shall burst asunder the shell in which mankind has incubated, the highest moral and religious truth shall be the ruling and active principle. As Mrs. Besant puts it, "the whole evolution of a race will change in its direction according as man is regarded as a soul, or only one of the highest of animals that live upon the earth."

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TWO POLICIES.

There are two policies, the Ethical and the Material. Mr. Gronlund says, in his "Co-operative Commonwealth," "I am more and more convinced that Karl Marx's doctrine, that the bread and butter question is the motive force of progress is not tenable." The new social movement must rally round a common

good, not a common greed. It will be the outcome of a larger hope, of wider sympathy, unfolding in harmonious proportions. The central truth of its system shall be the unity of all being, the disregarding of which will involve injurious consequences, just as surely as any law of health. Count Tolstoi says, "The time will come—it is already coming—when the Christian principles of equality and fraternity, community of property, non-resistance of evil by force, will appear just as natural and simple as the principles of family or social life seem to us now." Utopia! Sweet dream! is the general exclamation. Yet there are a few who know "the dream is not a dream." The Ideal, ever-precedes the Real, and "the most solid and enduring organisations" first float before the world's thought as pictured imaginations.

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CHINESE POETRY.

According to an article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the Chinese word for poet is a "wind-man." Not that they are long-winded, for we are told that Chinese poems are "never very long," the limit at public examinations, for example, being twelve lines of five words each. Some of the translations given are really excellent:

Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hands can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose.

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HINDU MAGIC.

The *Christian Commonwealth* a few weeks ago offered £1,000 for the production of a Mahatma who could perform the wonders usually attributed to such beings. Of course, the object of such an offer is obvious enough, and it probably would not suit C.C. purposes to despatch a special correspondent to India to investigate such matters on the spot. Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt has contributed an article to December *Arena*, relating wonders, of which he was eye witness, and which are surely sufficiently startling, even for the *Christian Commonwealth*. The "miracles" performed "by the average Yoghi" equal those recorded in the New Testament, he says. The Mango feat he saw many times, and once in a Kashmir valley he saw it done by a certain Ram Surash, a Rishi from Thibet. "The mango tree which this Rishi produced did *not* vanish in proportion as I approached it, but retained its full realism, and I not only touched it, but actually climbed several feet up its stem."

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The *Secret Doctrine* Correspondence Class, proposed in current *Vahan*, is, in my opinion, an excellent "SECRET DOCTRINE" CORRESPONDENCE CLASS." idea, and there can be little doubt that it will be readily responded to. All who desire to take up the study properly must have copies of the *Secret Doctrine*, and as many members do not possess copies, and cannot afford to purchase them right out, it would be well if the T.P.S. could devise some simple

method for supplying copies on the instalment system. Of course, there may be difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme; but it seems to me that it could be worked satisfactorily through Branch Presidents or Secretaries, who would, I think, be ready and willing to undertake the necessary responsibility.

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VISITS TO LODGES.

At the Conference of the North of England Federation, Bro. Mead "pointed out the great desirability of communication between Lodges." I often think we are more than "25 minutes behind" in Dublin, so few visitors from other Lodges come our way. In the absence of a fund for such purposes, this can be hardly otherwise, but once in Liverpool vicinity, the distance is not very great, and I am sure members of the Dublin Lodge will extend a very hearty welcome, to Bro. Keightly or Bro. Mead, if either can see their way to pay us a short visit.

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In an article on Shelley, in the *Weekly Irish Times* of 24th ult., the writer concludes by stating that, "if Shelley were alive to-day, I feel sure that he would lean enthusiastically towards Theosophy."

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A NON-SECTARIAN CLUB.

I have been requested to state that a non-sectarian club has been opened at 1 Kenilworth Lane, Harold's Cross Road, during this winter, with the aim of supplying instruction and wholesome entertainment to working boys and girls. Up to the present time it has only been possible to give the club a school-like nature, owing to the lack of helpers and the scarcity of funds. The promoters of the Kenilworth Club hope, with the increase of volunteer workers, to open the club-room several evenings each week for the comfort of readers. Games, magic lantern, and other entertainments are also prospected. Twenty boys, ten girls, and fifteen smaller children have attended the various classes. Many of them are anxious to attend oftener, but with the present small staff of teachers it is only possible to hold a boys' class on Wednesday evenings from 9 to 10 p.m. Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and carpentry being the subjects already taught. The girls' classes are on Monday, from 5 to 6 p.m.; Wednesday, 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. Hints on health and drilling taking the place of spelling and carpentry. The children meet from 4 to 5 on Wednesday for poetry, drilling and kindergarten. Visitors are invited. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. Fred Shackleton, 20 Rathmines Terrace, by anyone interested in the scheme.

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EDITORIAL.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following which will appear in due course:—

"Is the Illusion of Devachan necessary."—E.M.C.W.

"Pessimism from an Optimist standpoint."—Psy.

"Conventionality."—T.E.T.

“The Mission of the Christ.”—W.K.

“The Divine in Man.”—LEON LAUDSBERG.

“Thoughtfulness.”—M.E.G.

I have also to thank an anonymous friend for a donation of 10s. to *I.T.* fund, which is very welcome indeed.

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THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

XIV. KARMA. (*Continued.*)

DESIRE, then—the heart's-desire of many past existences, is the moving cause which determines the Karma or destiny of human souls. It is desire, too, which to-day enables that destiny to accomplish itself, by providing the field or basis through which it may operate. This aspect of Karma distinguishes it from any iron law of fate or necessity, and enables us to see in what way Karma may be changed or weakened or neutralized in its action.

The whole of this subject has been so well treated in an article which appeared anonymously in the *Path* magazine for September, 1886, that we cannot do better than quote from it the following passage in full:—

“A very important question is here presented: Can an individual affect his own Karma, and if so, to what degree and in what manner?”

“It has been said that Karma is the continuance of the act, and for any particular line of Karma to exert itself it is necessary that there should be the basis of the act engendering that Karma in which it can inhere and operate. But action has many planes in which it can inhere. There is the physical plane, the body with its senses and organs; then there is the intellectual plane, memory, which binds the impressions of the senses into a consecutive whole. . . . Beyond the plane of intellect there is the plane of emotion, the plane of preference for one object rather than another. These three, physical, intellectual, and emotional, deal entirely with objects of sense-perception, and may be called the great battle-field of Karma. There is also the plane of Ethics, the plane of discrimination of the ‘I ought to do this, I ought not to do that.’ This plane harmonises the intellect and the emotions. All these are the planes of Karma or action what to do, and what not to do. It is the mind as the basis of desire that initiates action on the various planes, and it is only through the mind that the effects of rest and action can be received.

“An entity enters incarnation with Karmic energy from past existences, that is to say, the action of past lives awaiting its development as effect. This Karmic energy presses into manifestation in harmony with the basic nature of the act. Physical Karma will manifest in the physical tendencies bringing enjoyment and suffering. The intellectual and the Ethical planes are also in the same manner the result of the past Karmic tendencies, and the man as he is, with his moral and intellectual faculties, is in unbroken continuity with the past.

“The entity at birth has therefore a definite amount of Karmic energy. After incarnation this awaits the period in life at which fresh Karma begins. Up to the time of responsibility it is the initial Karma only that manifests. From that time the personality becomes the ruler of his own destiny. It is a great mistake to suppose that an individual is the mere puppet of the past, the helpless victim of fate. The law of Karma is not fatalism, and a little consideration will show that it is possible for an individual to affect his own Karma. If the

greater amount of energy be taken up on one plane than on another, this will cause the past Karma to unfold itself on that plane. For instance, one who lives entirely on the plane of sense-gratification will, from the plane beyond, draw the energy required for the fulfilment of his desires. Let us illustrate by dividing man into upper and lower nature. By directing the mind and aspirations to the lower plane, a 'fire,' or centre of attraction, is set up there, and in order to feed and fatten it, the energies of the whole upper plane are drawn down and exhausted in supplying the need of energy which exists below, due to the indulgence of sense-gratification. On the other hand, the centre of attraction may be fixed in the upper portion, and then all the needed energy goes there to result in increase of spirituality. It must be remembered that nature is all-bountiful, and withholds not her hand. The demand is made, and the supply will come. But at what cost? The energy which should have strengthened the moral nature and fulfilled the aspirations after good, is drawn to the lower desires. By degrees the higher planes are exhausted of vitality, and the good or bad Karma of an entity will be absorbed on the physical plane. If, on the other hand, the interest is detached from the plane of sense-gratification; if there is a constant effort to fix the mind on the attainment of highest ideal, the result will be that the past Karma will find no basis in which to inhere on the physical plane. Karma will, therefore, be manifested only in harmony with the plane of desire. The sense-energy of the physical plane will exhaust itself on a higher plane, and thus become transmuted in its effects.

"What the means are through which the effects of Karma can thus be changed is also clear. A person can have no attachment for a thing he does not think about, and, therefore the first step must be to fix the thought on the highest ideal. In this connection one remark may be made on the subject of repentance. Repentance is a form of thought in which the mind is constantly recurring to a sin. It is therefore to be avoided if one would set the mind free from sin and its Karmic results. All sin has its origin in the mind. The more the mind dwells on any course of conduct, whether with pleasure or pain, the less chance is there for it to become detached from such action. The *manas* (mind) is the knot of the heart. When that is untied from any object, there will no longer be a link between the Karma connected with that object and the individual.

"It is the attitude of the mind which draws the Karmic cords tightly round the soul. It imprisons the aspirations and binds them with chains of difficulty and obstruction. It is desire that causes the past Karma to take form and shape, and so build the house of clay. It must be through non-attachment that the soul will burst through the walls of pain. It will be only through a change of mind that the Karmic burden will be lifted.

"It will appear, therefore, that although absolutely true that action brings its own results, 'there is no destruction here of actions, good or not good. Coming to one body after another they become ripened in their respective ways.'—Yet this ripening is the act of the individual. Free will of man asserts itself and he becomes his own saviour. To the worldly man Karma is a stern Nemesis; to the spiritual man Karma unfolds itself in harmony with his highest aspirations. He will look with tranquility alike on past and future, neither dwelling with remorse on past sin nor living in expectation of reward for present action."

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER I.

THAT we are living in the Dark Age we all know, yet we do not realise half its darkness. We endure physical and moral suffering; but, fortunately or unfortunately, we are oblivious of the sorrow of all sorrows—the Spiritual Tragedy. Such a rust has come over the pure and ancient spirit of life, that the sceptre and the diadem and the starry sway we held are unremembered; and if anyone speaks of these things he is looked at strangely with blank eyes, or with eyes that suspect madness. I do not know whether to call him great, or pity him, who feels such anguish; for although it is the true agony of the crucifixion, it is only gods who are so martyred. With these rare souls memory is not born: life flows on, and they with it go on in dreams: they are lulled by lights, flowers, stars, colours, and sweet odours, and are sheltered awhile from heaven and hell; then in some moment the bubble bursts, and the god awakens and knows himself, and he rises again with giant strength to conquer; or else he succumbs, and the waves of Lethe, perhaps in mercy, blot out his brief knowledge.

I knew such an one many years ago, and I tell of him because I know of no deeper proof of the existence of a diviner nature than that man's story. Arthur Harvey, as I have heard people describe him, in his early years was gentle, shy, and given to much dreaming. He was taken from school early, came up from the country to the city, and was put to business. He possessed the apathy and unresisting nature characteristic of so many spiritual people, and which is found notably among the natives of India; so he took his daily confinement at first as a matter of course, though glad enough when it was over, and the keen sweet air blew about him in spring or summer evenings, and the earth looked visionary, steeped in dew and lovely colour, and his soul grew rich with strange memories and psychic sensations. And so day-by-day he might have gone on with the alternation of work and dream, and the soul in its imaginings might never have known of the labours of the mind, each working by habit in its accustomed hour, but for an incident which took place about two years after his going to business.

One morning his manager said: "Harvey, take this letter; deliver it, and wait for an answer." He started up eagerly, glad for the unwonted freedom from his desk. At the door, as he went out, the whole blinding glory of the sunlight was dashed on him. He looked up. Ah! what spaces illimitable of lustrous blue. How far off! How mighty! He felt suddenly faint, small, mean, and feeble. His limbs trembled under him: he shrank from the notice of men as he went on his way. Vastness, such as this, breaking in upon the eye that had followed the point of the pen, unnerved him: he felt a bitter self-contempt. What place had he amid these huge energies? The city deafened him as with one shout: the tread of the multitude; the mob of vehicles; glitter and shadow; rattle, roar, and dust; the black smoke curled in the air; higher up the snowy and brilliant clouds, which the tall winds bore along; all were but the intricate and wondrous workings of a single monstrous personality; a rival in the universe who had absorbed and wrested from him his own divine dower. Out of him; out of him, the power—the free, the fearless—whirled in play, and drove the suns and stars in their orbits, and sped

the earth through light and shadow. Out of him; out of him; never to be reconquered; never to be regained. The exultant laugh of the day; the flame of summer; the gigantic winds careering over the city; the far-off divine things filled him with unutterable despair. What was he amid it all? A spark decaying in its socket; a little hot dust clinging together.

He found himself in a small square; he sat down on a bench; his brain burning, his eyes unseeing.

"Oh! my, what's he piping over?" jeered a grotesque voice, and a small figure disappeared, turning somersaults among the bushes.

"Poor young man! perhaps he is ill. Are you not well, sir?" asked a sympathetic nurse.

He started up, brought to himself, and muttering something unintelligible, continued his journey through the city. The terrible influence departed, and a new change came over him. The laugh of theurchin rankled in his mind: he hated notice: there must be something absurd or out of the common in his appearance to invoke it. He knew suddenly that there was a gulf between him and the people he lived among. They were vivid, actual, suited to their places. How he envied them! Then the whole superficies of his mind became filled with a desire to conceal this difference. He recalled the various characteristics of those who worked along with him. One knew all topical songs, slang and phrases; another affected a smartness in dress; a third discussed theatres with semi-professional knowledge. Harvey, however, could never have entered the world, or lived in it, if he had first to pass through the portals of such ideas! He delivered his letter; he was wearied out, and as he returned he noticed neither sky nor sunlight, and the hurrying multitudes were indifferent and without character. He passed through them; his mind dull like theirs; a mere machine to guide rapid footsteps.

That evening, a clerk named Whittaker, a little his senior in the office, was struck by Harvey's curious and delicate face.

"I say, Harvey," he said, "how do you spend your evenings?"

Harvey flushed a little at the unwonted interest.

"I take long walks," he said.

"Do you read much?"

"A little."

"Do you go to the theatre?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Whew! what a queer fellow! No clubs, classes, music-halls—anything of that sort, eh?"

"No," said Harvey, a little bitterly, "I know nothing, nobody; I am always alone."

"What an extraordinary life! Why, you are out of the universe completely. I say," he added, "come along with me this evening. I will initiate you a little. You know you must learn your profession as a human being."

His manner was very kindly; still Harvey was so shy that he would have found some excuse, but for that chance expression, "out of the universe." Was not this apartness the very thing he had just been bitterly feeling? While he hesitated and stammered in his awkwardness, the other said:

"There, no excuses! You need not go to your lodgings for tea. Come along with me."

They went off together through the darkening streets. One cheerful and irreverent, brimful of remark or criticism; the other silent, his usual dreaminess was modified, but had not departed, and once, gazing up through the clear, dark blue, where the stars were shining, he had a momentary sense as if he were suspended from them by a fine invisible thread, as a spider hung from her roof; suspended from on high, where the pure and ancient æther flamed around the habitations of eternity; and below and about him, the thoughts of demons, the smoke, darkness, horror and anguish of the pit.

(*To be continued.*)

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WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

(A Paper read to the Dublin Lodge.)

THIS is one of the questions so much easier to ask than to answer. Its enunciation involves half truths, and contradictions, which seem so obvious that it is easier to turn away from the problem than to face it, even intellectually. Yet it is capable of perfectly logical and scientific treatment, granting a sufficiently unbiassed mode of approaching the question, and we must try and shake ourselves out of our ruts and grooves in considering it.

First, who are we? Are we more, or less, than we suspect ourselves to be? Are we really *owners*, so to speak, of a long procession of varied lives amid all imaginable surroundings of power, of service, of brilliancy, and of gloom, the memory of which is merely lost for a time; or are we heirs to some vaster memory *not* our own? Are we merely bundles of mental impressions which flicker and die, never to reawaken; or are we like feeble candles burning outside the flame-temple of our real selves; to be entered sooner or later, or not at all, as we choose?

I love contemporary thought, notwithstanding its beautiful error, tottering metaphysics, and general denial of everything sacred. To what can we advantageously address ourselves if not to, and largely in terms of that thought? Good deeds and thoughts are a mighty power; but if we venture into the region where the men and women of our time are *asking* these questions, we should see whether it is not possible to answer very much in terms of the thought of the time. Be it noted that in order to do so, students may dig more or less deeply in Eastern psychology, but it does not follow that they should invariably offer the spoken *thought-forms*, to say nothing of the *words*, of the East, to those whom they would fain help; especially when we remember how little of really occult thought-forms is translatable by our ill-developed Western *brains*, even though these sometimes reach our *hearts*.

Our past lives! What an astounding conception! It is too astounding, perhaps. There must be a flaw somewhere. It rings true somehow, yet it seems not true; why is this? Who, then, are *we*? That is the point. The answer of Theosophy is, *we are Mind*. Now I venture to think this is not *obviously* true. It takes some time to make this out. We have to reflect a little before we will admit the truth of this. I will go further and say that one has usually to go through a good deal of pretty stiff self-analysis, and perhaps

suffering, before he is at all ready to admit it. As it is, many people would even be prepared to scout the idea. Yet it is most important to firmly grasp this conception, because until it is grasped we can make no progress with our subject. And let me say at once that by Mind we must *not* understand Intellect. *We* are more than intellect. The latter is a semi-automatic affair, a good deal connected with memory, of which we will speak presently. Intellect is not the real Thinker, and, moreover, does not suffer, is not swayed by emotion, does not aspire or despair. But *we* do, that is to say, *Mind* does. It is for want of due discrimination between intellect and mind that the control of the passionate nature, etc., seems at first to point to no other result than the production of a purely intellectual, and therefore cold and unfeeling being, whom we perhaps picture as "grieving neither for the living nor the dead." Mind really includes perception and experience of form and material qualities, of sensations of different kinds, of abstract ideas, of tendencies and desires, and of mental powers. These five are we, not separately, but collectively. Now this is also a creative and energising power that works from, and in the centre of our being, the heart. The brain, moon-like, in one aspect merely reflects the life of the heart. "Regard earnestly the life that surrounds you. It is formed by the hearts of men!" And this power selects and works with one or more of the five essential functions, thus creating, and being in turn affected by, its environment, on the one hand, and modifying, and being affected by, its essential organism on the other.

This organism must occupy our attention for a moment.

It is twofold in its essential history and evolution, the elements of form and sensation, etc., resulting from a long past, and prodigious evolution, and the others (really older; but joined to the former at a later date) partaking of the nature of mind, which at a certain period descended into, and ensouled the former elements. It is only necessary to consider one other point in this connection in order to prepare us for the solution, intellectually at least, of the problem which engages us.

This organism is held to be but the external shadow of a variety of subtle organisms, one within the other, in different regions of mind-substance, or on the subjective side of nature, and each of these regions has its atmosphere of mind-stuff, so to speak, on which are recorded the impressions therein produced.

In each region the mind and its five essential functions—its organism—react on each other in a certain manner. In our ordinary waking state the mind uses certain of these functions at present in such manner as (1) to prevent the equal action of the remaining ones in modifying and refining the organism, and (2) so preventing the conscious control, or rather the perfect co-operation of the mind over the whole. In other words, our minds, that is we ourselves, are largely absorbed in perceiving forms, material qualities, and sensations, and further swayed by certain mental tendencies and desires. The sphere of the mind is not rounded out by the partial suppression of these three essential functions with the simultaneous cultivation of the remaining two (which deal with abstract ideas and mental powers), in such manner that the whole action of the person shall be under the sway of mind joined to will, rather than of its vehicle. When this rounding out of the nature occurred, we would be sufficiently steady and purified to receive impressions from the inner and subtle organism hailing from an evolutionary period far exceeding that of the lower vehicle.

From these considerations it will be seen that we are entities using our outer mind-organisms in an imperfect manner, and that as the method of using them becomes more equable and perfect a subtle law connects them with the next higher mind-organism. Now the mental powers form part of our mind-organism, and these include memory. A procession of forms, sensations, abstract ideas, and mental tendencies impress themselves in detail during life, in the *atmosphere* of our ordinary mind-organism, and become reproduced in the brain in four different ways. Firstly, automatically, by the stimulation of form or of sense perceptions, as the odour of a flower recalling instantly a scene. This kind of action is frequent, and is what is ordinarily called *memory*. Secondly, by an idea taken up; as, for instance, we think of kindness and some observed event of that nature immediately recurs to our consciousness. This is also frequent and is called *remembrance*. Thirdly, by the wish to recall details of a certain subject or experience. This is generally accompanied by a more or less severe effort of the will, occasioning thereby a slight paralysis momentarily, of other centres, and thus allowing the pictures that exist in the atmosphere of the mind-organism to again impress the brain. This is less frequent and is called *recollection*. The fourth kind of *memory* of the before-mentioned procession of sensations and ideas which have occurred during present life is the abnormal one active in trance or hypnosis. It is of the same nature as the third, but the action is more perfect owing to the complete paralysis of the other centres of the ordinary mind-organism. Now, I have already referred to the nature of the action taking place in the whole organism during this procession of events. It moulds, and is in turn moulded by these events. In short, the dynamic *experience* of these events, and thoughts, is built into us, so creating continually a fresh sum total of mind-organism. The mind-organism then is built up, not by memory, but by experience. The physical memory is merely the recorder of passing events, and *not* the preserver of experience. "It is but the outer husk of experience." Experience relates to *feeling* and *consciousness*; memory but to time and sensation, and is at best but the record of an illusion. The events recorded in our atmosphere precipitate their essence (so far as it can be assimilated) into the mind-organism. Memory reproduces portion of this record in terms of time and sensation, but in the inner sphere they exist, as we have seen, *all at once*. "Time is but the space between our memories. As soon as we cease to perceive this space time has disappeared. The whole life of an old man may appear to him no longer than an hour, or less; and as soon as time is but a moment to us we have entered upon eternity."

So far, we have up to this spoken of ourselves as identical with our mind-organism, consisting of the five essential functions. This is *more* than the truth for many of us for the time being, but far less than the truth potentially and in actual fact. We have pictured this mind-organism solely in connection with recent experience, but we must remember that it was already a complete organism when this recent experience commenced. Most of the sensations and desires of early childhood have completely disappeared from voluntary recall, yet we were there at the time with our organism, inner as well as outer. Who among us could even trace back from day to day the events of school-life? Nay, could we trace in detail the events from the 31st January back to New Year's Day? If we consider the matter, the wonder is not, why do we not remember? but how can we possibly forget so much! One reason, of course, is that we are not yet masters of the five essential functions of our mind-organism as already stated. Another reason is, and this is the important one in connection with our subject,

that we have been building the experiences into us, while leaving the recording power in abeyance.

Thus it happens that there are many things we say we know, while yet we cannot recall the steps by which we know them. Now this is, so far as we are concerned at present, the essential and distinguishing quality of the fifth kind of memory not yet referred to, *reminiscence*, the memory of the soul, the subtler mind-organism lying immediately behind or above, the one in current use; the Higher Ego in fact. The mind-organism that we have hitherto spoken of, and identified rightly enough with ourselves, is yet not the Higher Ego, but only its illusion-body, the personality. Now, this illusion-body (not the physical body) with its five essential functions modified continually by present life experiences is yet the entity which has been developing upward slowly from mindless animal-man, under the fostering care of the descending Ego, through many lives. They are closely connected, though apart, and the consequence is that our personality is overshadowed by these built up experiences known without the power of recalling details. Most of this usually seems to lie dormant, but is far less so than we often suppose. Everyone is largely guided by intuition. Many successful commercial and professional men have admitted this. It is an intuitional perception apart from the physical brain, or any known concatenation of experience. In its most obvious and easily recognised form it is seen as genius, an ecstasy of inward vision, the essence of many memories, the synthesis of former experiences. Now, there are two points that at once occur. First, this genius is not *memory* of past lives, and second, we have here the fuller entrance of the Ego into its vehicle, the illusion-body of an incarnation. Given the power of genius, why does this memory not accompany it? Here we have a really important re-statement of our question, because so evidently nearer the domain of our higher, though undeveloped nature.

The reason is that the personal mind-organism, though here more fully in touch with the Higher Ego, has not yet mastered the use of that mental power which examines or comes into *rapport* with the atmosphere of the higher organism. It cannot, in point of fact, do so without first paralysing all that goes to make up the lower mind-organism, or personality. In short, the Spiritual Ego can act only when the Personal Ego is paralysed. Or, again, the Spiritual Ego is the real Thinker, and the Personal Ego is occupied with the five essential functions, things thought of. Hence the meaning of Patanjali's aphorism. "In concentration, the soul abides in the state of a spectator without a spectacle." Thus only can the divine voice be heard. We see then that the Higher Ego speaks dimly to us in our waking life; not by records of past events, but through the small portion of their synthesised experience that can be reflected into the personality or mind-organism, appearing there as the voice of conscience, premonitions, intuitions, etc. But we also see then that the precipitated results of past experience endure in the subtler mind-organism, and are carried along with the Higher Ego, not as accretions, but as essences, which impress themselves more or less on the new mind-organism that is grown out of it in each new incarnation.

"Reminiscence is to memory, what the spirit is to the physical body."

It is clear then that in order to enter into the being of the Thinker, the Higher Ego, man should learn to gradually free his consciousness from the illusions of sense and time, and it is also clear that we need help and guidance as to the mode in which this is to be accomplished!

We see then, roughly, how it comes to pass that we do not remember our past lives. Firstly, they are the past lives of the emanations of the Higher Ego, not of our present personalities, and secondly, we have not led the life necessary to place our mind-organisms *en rapport* with that Ego. If we did so we should not be long, I think, in gaining some glimpses of the wider life-cycles of which we now but exploit a small corner.

We cannot get at the past by the intellect, but we can so train the memory as to observe the action of the synthesising power of experience. We should cultivate that particular mental power which enables us to recall in orderly sequence events from the present time backwards through our lives, tracing effects to causes in so doing. The steady pursuit of this form of concentration is indeed said ultimately to awaken the higher memory. Yet there is always the other side of this process to keep in view, equally necessary for harmonious progress in self-knowledge. "The Past! What is it? Nothing! Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as you now exist, lies *all* the past. So follow the Hindu maxim: 'Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubt with the sword of spiritual knowledge.'"

F. J. DICK.

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BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP.

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vapourous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love,
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep, and deep, and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden Fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

G. W. R.

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 April—"Dreaming and Deep Sleep" (continued.)

DREAMING AND DEEP SLEEP.

SUSHUPTI (deep sleep) is the dreamless state in which the mystic's highest consciousness—composed of his highest intellectual and ethical faculties—hunts for and seizes any knowledge he may be in need of. In this state the mystic's lower nature is at rest (paralyzed); only his highest nature roams into the ideal world in quest of food. By *lower nature*, I mean his physical, astral or psychic, lower emotional and intellectual principles. * * * * The fifth principle, which is the one active in Sushupti, develops itself by appropriate exercise. * * * * In this state one might or might not find the object of his earnest search, and as soon as it is found, the moment the desire to bring it back to normal consciousness arises, that moment Sushupti state is at an end for the time being.

Murdhna Joti. "The Path." April, 1886.

The mystic might be interested in analyzing the real nature of the objective world, or in soaring up to the feet of the *Manus*, to the spheres where *Manava* intellect is busy shaping the mould for a future religion, or had been shaping that of a past religion. But one essential feature of Sushupti is, as far as can now be understood, that the mystic must get at all truths through but one source, or path, viz.: through the divine world pertaining to his own lodge (or teacher), and through this path he might soar as high as he can.—*Ibid.*

The arteries of the heart, called *Hita*, extend from the heart of the person towards the surrounding body. In these the person is when sleeping, he sees no dream (Sushupti). Then he becomes one with that *prana* (breath) alone.

Kaushitaki Upanishad.

When the man sleeps here, my dear son, he becomes united with the True—in Sushupti sleep—he is gone to his own self. Therefore they say, he sleeps (*Swapita*), because he is gone (*apita*) to his own (*sva*).

Khandogya Upanishad.

The condition of the Plastic form (astral body) is to sleep with its body, unless projected by some powerful desire generated in the higher *Manas*. In dreams it plays no active part, but on the contrary is entirely passive, being the involuntarily half-sleepy witness of the experiences through which the higher principles are passing.—H.P.B. *Transactions of Blavatsky Lodge. Part I.*

It frequently happens that we are conscious and know that we are dreaming; this is a very good proof that man is a multiple being on the thought plane; so that not only is the Ego, or thinking man, *Proteus*, a multiform, ever-changing entity, but he is also, so to speak, capable of separating himself on the mind or dream plane into two or more entities; and on the plane of illusion which follows us to the threshold of *Nirvana*, he is like *Ain-Soph* talking to *Ain-Soph*, holding a dialogue with himself, and speaking through, about, and to himself.—*Ibid.*

Some of the dream experiences of students are full of instruction, not alone for the dreamer, but also for others. While our lives are aimless, or our motives and desires are numerous and fixed, our dreams partake of these confusing qualities. Once that our aim is determined towards higher things,

we are more and more liable to be instructed in dreams, although we do not always bring back a memory of them. Yet the instruction is registered all the same upon some higher plane of our nature which we as yet but dimly feel or grope after. Other students, again, have complained that they had hitherto slept the deep dreamless slumber which refreshes the soul, steeped then in devachanic experience. But since they had become students of truth, this state had inexplicably changed, and their slumbers were filled with senseless, confused, and idle phantasmagoria. This fact need not disturb them. By their studies they have set up a great agitation and disturbance in the whole life, and the first stir of the inner senses, the first response of the psychic nature, is like the blind, swift movements of the sap in spring. Later its flow will become regulated.—*Julius*. "The Path." November, 1888.

(To be continued.)

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A FEW IDEAS ON THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

THE Kindergarten System should be studied by all who are anxious to help in righting the wrongs that our children, of the present generation, labour under. In that system we find the right principle insisted upon, viz., that what is *in* the child should be carefully drawn out; then the Ego has fair play—so to say—and the accumulated experiences of many lives, a chance of developing, and self-reliance above all things cultivated. Children should be taught the grand lesson that experience bought—and paid for—is so much gain. At the present time we hem them in so, by telling them they must do this, that, and the other—because *we* say so, or it is the custom so to do—not that it is right. We do not give them the chance of using their reasoning faculties, and learning to realise for themselves that they must suffer or enjoy as the result of their own acts; the laws of cause and effect must be kept ever before them as the basic truth to work from. Above all things cramming for exams. should be avoided: as the impression left on the child's mind is a hideous nightmare of words. We, of the T. S., must make a stand against the present miserable farce, called education. It ought to be labelled the "Social Strangulation Scheme," for it is certain death to all the higher parts of the nature. Look at the degrading competition for prizes. Instead of competing to *receive* a prize, children should be taught to strive for the honour of *giving*, *not* receiving—and the award should be by the unanimous vote of the whole school—which would help the young people to discriminate—then the leader, so chosen, should be the one to give the money, clothes, toys, books, etc.—collected by the children during the holidays—to some less fortunate than themselves. Let them seek out those who are in need, and so cultivate the Divine Gift of Compassion. Children are not born so selfish as we, in our ignorance, imagine: *we make them so*, and then build gaols and lunatic asylums to put them in when they grow beyond control!

Boys and girls should be instructed together, and the relationship between the sexes explained at the dawn of manhood and womanhood. Until that is done, we shall never stem the awful torrent of immorality that sweeps millions of our fellow beings into a living hell.

A school, conducted on a co-operative plan, would, I am inclined to think, prove a success. Boys and girls could there be taught to be useful in many

ways, to be helpers in the kitchen, to take their turn at house-work, learn laundry work, do gardening, and to use carpenters' tools. Instruction, to be of any use, must be practical. Our aim should be to turn out *Helpers* in all classes; and, the idea kept well in mind, that "We are parts of one stupendous whole whose body Nature is, and God—or Good—the Soul."

A FELLOW OF THE T. S.

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OUR "LOTUS CIRCLE."

DEAR LITTLE "FLOWERS,"—The Editor finds himself in rather an awkward position this month. The questions sent in—a few of which were asked through this column last month—have proved "puzzlers" to the "grown-ups" with the result that no suitable replies have been received in time for press.

He is, however, sanguine enough to hope that suitable answers—answers which you will easily understand—will be ready in time for next month, and that the arrangements for attending to your interests, will be more complete and satisfactory as time goes on.

—:o:—

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

NOW that light which shines above this heaven, higher than all, higher than everything, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man—*Khandogya Upanishad*.

They who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead, nor for the living. I, myself, never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth: nor shall we ever hereafter, cease to be. As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass.—*Bhavadgita*.

That man who sees inaction in action, and action in inaction, is wise among men.—*Ibid*.

Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true self.—*Ibid*.

Tshwara is a spirit, untouched by troubles, works, fruits of works, or desires. In Tshwara becomes infinite that omniscience which in man exists but as a germ. Tshwara is the preceptor of all, even of the earliest of created beings, for He is not limited by time. His name is Om.—*Patanjali*.

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjima, the Master—*Tshwara*—who, by magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve, mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.—*Bhavadgita*.

When harmlessness and kindness are fully developed in the Yogee, there is a complete absence of enmity, both in men and animals, among all that are near to him. When veracity is complete, the Yogee becomes the focus for the Karma resulting from all works, good or bad. When desire is eliminated there comes to the Yogee a knowledge of everything relating to, or that which has taken place in, former states of existence.—*Patanjali*.

Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the Universe, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, that face of the True Sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat.—*The Gayatri*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am told you have recently opened your pages to discuss the problem of Child Guidance according to the new light from the East, so that I venture to send you the following, in the hope that some of your readers will be able to assist me in the solution of the problem. Unfortunately, perhaps, my little boy of four is psychic, though I believe not more so than most children. Still, if this is the general condition of child-life it is worth while to study it attentively. In this case the boy is exceptionally strong physically, and in disposition very "good," but what he sees and hears subjectively terrifies him. He sleeps well, but rarely falls asleep without complaining that there is something in the room which frightens him.

Now this ought not to be allowed to continue, and I am puzzled sometimes how to deal with it. I do not think it would be wise to talk to him much about it, though of course I am careful not to let him feel any constraint about doing so. When we do speak of it, I do so casually, as though there is nothing unusual in the experience. Very possibly, as the child gets older, the physical nature will overpower the more subtle perceptions and the discomfort will cease, but anyone who values the delicate signs of differentiation in the development of a promising soul would understand the importance I attach to it. Is the experience an indication of a weak psychic nature, a Karmic burden which, if untended, may hinder the all-round development of the future man? or is it a transitory condition, the result of a shock to an impressionable nature? For the child's short life has been shadowed by a great sorrow. When only a few months old, his father, who adored him, was suddenly killed by an accident, and for some time afterwards the child may have suffered from a disturbed mental atmosphere in his home, though his outward life has since been a regular and uneventful one in country surroundings.

LIZZIE M'LACHLAN.

—:O:—

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Subjects for discussion, during ensuing month, at the Wednesday Evening Meetings, commencing at 8.15 p.m. :—

March 21st	•	"The Upanishads,"	P. E. Jordan.
„ 28th	•	"The Psychic Laws of Nature,"	D. N. Dunlop.
April 4th	•	"The Seven Principles of Man,"	F. A. Roberts.
„ 11th	•	"How Theosophy Affects One's View of Life,"	J. J. Nolan.

The Friday evening group continues the study of "The Ocean of Theosophy," and, on Monday evenings at 8.30, "Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms," from the subject of study for the present.

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

All literary contributions to be addressed to the EDITOR, and business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin.