

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

No. 11.

DUBLIN, AUGUST 15TH, 1894.

VOL. II.

NOTICE.

The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine.

All Literary contributions should be addressed to the EDITOR, and Business communications to the PUBLISHER, 71 Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

Yearly Subscription, 3s. 6d. post free. Next number ends Vol. ii.

Donations for the Publishing Fund will be gratefully received.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A PAMPHLET has come to hand, entitled "The Neutrality of the Theosophical Society," dealing with the charges made against W. Q. Judge. A copy will reach every member of the T.S., so that there is no necessity to enter into particulars here. The neutrality and unsectarian nature of the Society has been carefully guarded, and the true spirit of brotherhood maintained. It is satisfactory to note also, that the charges against Mr. Judge were reduced, one might say, to a difference of opinion, as to the methods he (Mr. Judge) employed in transmitting messages from the Masters. What seems to stand out clearly above everything else is the fact that Mrs. Besant starts out on a long fatiguing tour, saying, their is no price too high to pay to serve the Great Ones of the White Lodge, and W. Q. Judge, from the day he held Lodge meetings by himself in New York, till to-day, when Theosophy, mainly by his exertions, stretches across the whole American Continent, has served these Great Ones in the same devoted spirit. What is such practical testimony not worth? Considering the nature of the T.S. and the character of the opposing forces at work, it is not unlikely that, from time to time, personal differences may arise; but those who have realized the true import of Theosophy, to whom it has come as a new hope, a new joy in life, transforming their entire outlook, and who have a profound trust, based on knowledge and experience in the soundness of the esoteric philosophy, will remain unshaken—workers, whose efforts will only be increased to meet the fresh strain. The lesson which this crisis has again emphasised will only be further accentuated—that with the fundamental idea of unity ever present, nothing can upset our movement. In this lies our strength; but, where strength is, weakness is present also; and as has often been said, unselfish work for others is in the end our only safeguard. Letters! messages! phenomena!—these can come after, and time enough then.

—:O:—

It is pleasing to see efforts being made in certain quarters to find what has been termed the "common denominator," and that there are good prospects of arriving at it. The method, which has obtained so long, of emphasising differences, and searching, as it were, for points on which disagreement would

arise, is likely, at last, to give way to the more rational and wholesome one of finding what is *common* to all. It may fairly be taken that all forms of religion are one in recognizing *unselfishness* as the very basis of Ethics. Within our own shores every sect which turns for inspiration to the teaching of the Nazarene accepts, in theory, at least, altruism, brotherhood, unselfishness as "the alpha and omega" of his message, and yet their separate sectarian existence rests entirely on quite an opposite principle. In gatherings composed of representatives of widely differing creeds and opinions, I have observed that when allusion was made to anything, which appealed to what in them was *human*, as apart from any consideration of creed, opinion, or dogma, differences—which previously were strongly asserted—have disappeared, and for the moment all were in unison. If such moments could be more often repeated, very soon would this human quality be the dominant note of life. Differences that now appear so pronounced would naturally cease to exist; they would no longer be found useful or necessary; men would emerge from under the clouds of disension and sorrow; in the clear daylight their divinity, hitherto obscured and almost obliterated, would be revealed. No further need then for argument—the truth will justify itself. If this seems impossible of realization, it is because *we* fail. Let us alter our direction completely; let us find the point of least resistance; of agreement, rather than of disagreement; of unity, rather than of disunion; let a recognition of this truth influence our every act until we see "one thing in all things." Ah! says one, what will become of our churches, our beautiful cathedrals, our wonderful organizations? The answer is obvious enough. They will be utilized for a more humane and brotherly service; hitherto landmarks of disagreement, they will become symbols of our unity; the "thieves and robbers" will have been turned out, and they will become veritably, houses of the gods.

—————:o:—————

"Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd, is a book which has been, in a sense, epoch-making. While reasoning as a Darwinian philosopher, he yet regards the religious instinct as the main factor in the evolution of Society. He is opposed to Socialism—"the grand aim of Socialism," he says, "is to suspend that personal rivalry and competition of life which is the impetus behind all progress"—and argues that our social development is moving in the direction of equal social opportunities for all, which will increase the rivalry of existence, and raise the people to the highest efficiency. The point of view is well put, and of peculiar interest, in that the author states that the highest conditions of progress are the result of the softening influence of the Ethical Spirit, rather than the intellect, which has no power to check our instinctive selfishness.

—————:o:—————

If Mr. Kidd is correct, the Socialistic movement is opposed to biological truth; and Mr. Pearson, writing from the Socialist point of view, in the *Fortnightly Review* (July), says it is his firm conviction that the "biological truths" are "no truths at all, mere misapplications of ill-defined terms," and urges "that 'the great fund of altruistic feeling which is gradually saturating our entire social life' is quite as much opposed to the unlimited triumph of the individually strong in body or mind over the individually weaker, as to the unlimited triumph of one class at the expense of another." The writer advances the possibility of the Socialistic movement reacting on biological science as it has already done on economic science.

—————:o:—————

Mr. Balfour has contributed an article to the *International Journal of Ethics*, in which he states that "Man, so far as natural science by

itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing." . . . "We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short, indeed, compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner, has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the Universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect."

:o:

From this pessimistic gospel of Natural Science, let me direct attention to what a mystic has to say with reference to man, and the "ordinary days" that make up the substance of his being. M. Maeterlinck, in a preface to a French translation of Emerson's essays, writes as follows in connection with the tendencies of the newer Continental school of poets:—"The face of our divine soul smiles at times over the shoulder of her sister, the human soul, bent to the noble needs of thought, and this smile which, as it passes, discovers to us all that is beyond thought, is the only thing of consequence in the works of man. They are not many who have shown that man is greater and profounder than himself, and who have been able to fix some of the eternal suggestions to be met with every instant through life, in a movement, a sign, a look, a word, a silence, in the incidents happening round about us. The science of human greatness is the greatest of sciences. Not one man is ignorant of it; yet hardly one knows he possesses it. The child who meets me cannot tell his mother what he has seen; and yet as soon as his eye has touched my presence, he knows all that I am, all that I have been, all I shall be, as well as my brother, and three times better than myself.

In truth, what is strongest in man is his hidden gravity and wisdom. The most frivolous among us never really laughs, and in spite of his efforts never succeeds in losing a moment, for the human soul is attentive and does nothing that is not useful. *Ernst ist das Leben*, life is serious, and in the depths of our being our soul has never yet smiled. On the other side of our involuntary agitations we lead a wonderful existence, passive, very pure, very sure, to which ceaseless allusion is made by hands stretched out, eyes that open, looks that meet. All our organs are the mystic accomplices of a superior being, and it is never a man, it is a soul we have known. I did not see that poor man who begged for alms on my doorstep; but I saw something else: in our eyes two self-same destinies greeted and loved each other, and at the instant he held out his hand the little door of the house opened for a moment on the sea. . . . But if it be true that the least of us cannot make the slightest movement without taking account of the soul and the spiritual kingdoms where it reigns, it is also true that the wisest almost never thinks of the infinite

displaced by the opening of an eyelid, the bending of a head, or the closing of a hand: We live so far from ourselves that we are ignorant of almost all that takes place on the horizon of our being. We wander aimlessly in the valley, never thinking that all our actions are reproduced and acquire their significance on the summit of the mountain. Someone has to come and say: lift your eyes; see what you are, see what you are doing; it is not here that we live: we are up there. That look exchanged in the dark, those words which have no meaning at the base of the hill, see what they grow into and what they signify beyond the snow of the peaks, and how our hands which we think so little and so feeble, touch God everywhere unknowingly.

If one could ask the intelligence of another world what is the synthetic expression of the face of men, it might doubtless reply, after having seen them in their joys, their griefs, their anxieties—*they seem to be thinking of something else*. Be great, be wise, and eloquent; the soul of the poor man who holds out his hand at the corner of the bridge will not be jealous, but yours will perhaps envy him his silence. The hero needs the approbation of the ordinary man; but the ordinary man does not ask for the approbation of the hero, and he pursues his life with calmness, like one who has all his treasures in a safe place. . . . If I think I have wasted my day in miserable undertakings, and if you can prove to me that I have yet lived as deeply as a hero, and that my soul has not lost its rights, you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save the life of my enemy to-day, for you will have augmented in me the sum and the greatness of life; and to-morrow, perhaps, I shall know how to live with reverence."

—————:o:—————

Most of our readers will be familiar with the contributions that have appeared regularly in our columns from the pen of Æ, and they will, no doubt, be glad to hear that the verses by G. W. R., which are from the same pen, along with many others, have been published in a book form under the title of "Homeward: Songs by the Way." The book is produced in perfect taste. The preface is quaint and original, and will be found quoted in our Review Column. I see that Mr. W. B. Yeats describes the book as the "most haunting" he has seen these many days, and this aptly describes its effect. Most of the lines have a peculiar fascination, and their melody lingers long in the memory. Theosophical ideas have seldom received a more graceful setting. Nature sings her song, but we require the poet to interpret for us the numbers of her exquisite lyre. Æ has listened to her song with some purpose, and we look forward to still greater things from him. The price of the book is only 1s. 6d., and can be had through this office, postage extra.

—————:o:—————

I am anxious to devote a column of the *I.T.* to Lodges and Lodge Work, and will be glad if members would send me particulars of any activity which they had found useful, and which may help other Lodges. Suggestions of any kind connected with branch work will be gladly accepted. Almost every Lodge has a class for study connected with it. Would it not be useful if condensed notes of their studies could be published? Lodges studying the same books would no doubt be helped by the interchange of notes, besides being of general usefulness for references, &c. I will be glad to try this if any are sent to me. I would be glad also to print a list of those who have books to lend, exchange, or give away. Those who have books to exchange might send a list of them, and state what books they would like in return.

We have been unavoidably compelled to hold over our Review of "Homeward Songs by the Way"; also a communication from Bro. Firth, of Bradford; and a report of Northern Federation Meeting at Middlesboro', kindly sent by Bro. Corbett, but arriving too late for insertion.

:o:
HYPNOTISM. *

* This article was written for the *N. Y. World* at request.

WHAT is the hypnotic force or influence? What really happens when a hypnotic experiment is performed? What is proved by it? What force is exerted that, after making a man sleep, rouses him to a false wakefulness, in which he obeys a suggestion, seems to lose his identity, becomes apparently another person, speaks a language he knows nothing of, sees imaginary pictures as real ones? How is it that in this state his physical body follows the operator's suggestion, and becomes blistered by a piece of paper which possesses no blistering power, sneezes when there is no actual titillation of the olfactory nerves, shivers over a hot stove, and perspires if it be suggested that a block of ice is a mass of fire?

All this and very much more has been done in hypnotic experiments, just as it was done many years ago by mesmerizers, electro-biologists, and wandering fascinators of all sorts. Then it was outside the pale of science, but now since physicians re-named a part of it "hypnotism," it is settled to stay among the branches of psychology, theoretical and applied. The new schools, of course, went further than the first did or could. They added a species of witchcraft to it by their latest claim to be able to externalize and localize the nerve-sensitiveness, and hence mental impressionability of the subject; to put it in his photograph or within a glass of water, so that if the former be scratched or the latter touched, the patient at once jumped or screamed. This is the old way of making a wax image of your form and sticking pins in it, whereupon you pined and died; men and women were burned for this once. This, while interesting and important, if true, possesses the interest of a nightmare, as it suggests how in the near future one's picture may be for sale to be blistered and stabbed by an enemy, provided the extraneous localization of sensibility is first provided for. But the other experiments touch upon the great questions of identity, of consciousness, of soul, of personality. They raise an issue as to whether the world be physical and mechanical, as Descartes thought, or whether it is fleeting and a form of consciousness existing because of thought, and dominated by thought altogether, as the Theosophists modern and ancient always held.

Professor James, of Harvard, has published his conclusion that experiments in hypnotism convince him, as they have convinced many, of the existence of the hidden self in man; while the French schools dispute whether it is all due to one personality mimicking many, or many personalities wrapped up in one person, and showing one phase after another. Facts are recorded and wonderful things done, but no reasonable and final explanation has been made by the modern schools. Except here and there they, being ignorant of man's hidden real nature and powers, or denying the existence of such, see no cause for alarm in all these experiments, and no danger to either society or the individual. As the true evolution of man's inner powers at the same rate and time concurrently with all other racial and planetary evolution is not admitted by these schools, they cannot perceive in the future any possibly devilish use of hypnotic powers. The Theosophist, however, suggests an explanation for the phenomena, points to similar occurrences through history, and intimates a

danger to come if the thinking world does not realise our true nature as a being made of thought and consciousness, built in and on these, and destructible by them also, so far as his personality is concerned. The danger is not in knowing these things and processes, but in the lack of morality and ethics, in the use of them both now and in the future.

One theory for use in explaining and prosecuting research is about as follows:—Man is a soul who lives on thoughts and perceives only thoughts. Every object or subject comes to him as a thought, no matter what the channel or instrument, whether organ of sense or mental centre, by which it comes before him. These thoughts may be words, ideas, or pictures. The soul-man has to have an intermediary or connecting link with Nature through, and by which he may cognize and experience. This link is an ethereal double or counterpart of his physical body, dwelling in the latter: and the physical body is Nature so far as the soul-man is concerned. In this ethereal double (called astral body) are the sense-organs and centres of perception, the physical outer organs being only the external channels or means for concentrating the physical vibrations so as to transmit them to the astral organs and centres, where the soul perceives them as ideas or thoughts. This inner ethereal man is made of the ether which science is now admitting as a necessary part of Nature, but while it is etheric it is none the less substantial.

Speaking physically, all outer stimulus from nature is sent from without to within. But in the same way stimuli may be sent from the within to the without, and in the latter mode is it that our thoughts and desires propel us to act. Stimuli are sent from the astral man within to the periphery, the physical body, and may dominate the body so as to alter it or bring on a lesion, partial or total. Cases of the hair turning grey in a night are thus possible. And in this may a suggestion of a blister may make a physical swelling, secretion, inflammation, and sore on a subject who has submitted himself to the influence of the hypnotiser. The picture or idea of a blister is impressed on the astral body, and that controls all the physical nerves, sensations, currents, and secretions. It is done through the sympathetic nervous plexuses and ganglia. It was thus that estatic fanatical women and men, by brooding on the pictured idea of the wounds of Jesus, produced on their own bodies, by internal impression and stimulus projected to the surface, all the marks of crown of thorns and wounded side. It was self-hypnotisation, possible only in fanatical hysterical ecstasy. The constant brooding imprinted the picture deeply on the astral body; then the physical molecules, ever changing, became impressed from within, and the *stigmata* were the result. In hypnotising done by another the only difference is one of time, as in the latter instances the operator has simply to make the image and impress it on the subject after the hypnotic process has been submitted to; whereas in the self-hypnotisation a long-continued ecstasy is necessary to make the impression complete.

When the hypnotic process—or subjugation, as I call it—is submitted to, a disjunction is made between the soul-man and the astral body, which then is for the time deprived of will, and is the sport of any suggestion coming in unopposed, and those may and do sometimes arise outside of the mind and intention of the operator. From this arises the sensitiveness to suggestion. The idea, or thought, or picture of an act is impressed by suggesting it on the astral body, and then the patient is waked. At the appointed time given by the suggestor, a secondary sleep or hypnotic state arises automatically, and then the disjunction between soul and astral body coming about of itself, the suggested act is performed unless—as happens rarely—the soul-man resists sufficiently to prevent it. Hence we point to an element of danger in the fact

that at the suggested moment the hypnotic state comes on secondarily by association.

I do not know that hypnotisers have perceived this. It indicates that although the subject be dehypnotised, the influence of the operator once thrown on the subject will remain until the day of the operator's death.

But how is it that the subject can see on a blank card the picture of an object which you have merely willed to be on it? This is because every thought of anyone makes a picture; and as thought of a definite image makes a definite form in the astral light in which the astral body exists and functions, inter-penetrating also every part of the physical body. Having thus imaged the picture on the card, it remains in the astral light or sphere surrounding the card, and is there objective to the astral sense of the hypnotised subject.

Body soul, and astral man, properly in relation, give us a sane man; hypnotised, the relation is broken, and we have a person who is not for the time wholly sane. Acute maniacs are those in whom the disjunction between the astral man and soul is complete. When the hypnotised one remains for months in that state, the astral man has become the slave of the body and its recollections; but as the soul is not concerned, no real memory is present, and no recollection of the period is retained.

The varied personalities assumed by some subjects brings up the doctrine of a former life on earth for all men. The division between soul and astral man releases the latter from some of the limitations of brain memory, so that the inner memory may act, and we then have a case of a person reëncacting some part of his former life or lives. But a second possibility also exists—that by this process another and different entity may enter the body and brain and masquerade as the real person. Such entities do exist, and are the astral shells of men and women out of the body. If they enter, the person becomes insane; and many a maniac is simply a body inhabited by an entity that does not belong to it.

The process of hypnotising is as yet unknown in respect to what does happen to the molecules. We claim that those molecules are pressed from periphery to centre, instead of being expanded from the inside to the surface. This contraction is one of the symptoms of death, and, therefore, hypnotising is a long step towards physical and moral death. The view expressed by Dr. Charcot that a subject is liable to fall under the influence at the hands of anyone should be admitted, as also that in the wake of the hypnotiser will be found a host of hysteriacs, and that it all should be regulated by law is unquestionable. I go still further, and say that many persons are already in a half-hypnotised state, easily influenced by the unprincipled or the immoral; that the power to hypnotise and to be sensitive to it are both progressive states of our racial evolution: that it can and will be used for selfish, wicked and degrading purposes unless the race, and especially the occidental portion of it, understands and practises true Ethics based on the brotherhood of man. Ethics of the purest are found in the words of Jesus, but are universally negated by Church, State, and individual. The Theosophical doctrines of man and nature give a true and necessary basis and enforcement to Ethics, devoid of favouritism or illogical schemes of eternal damnation. And only through those doctrines can the dangers of hypnotism be averted, since legislation while affixing penalties, will not alter or curtail private acts of selfishness and greed.—*The Path.*

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F.T.S.

THE STORY OF A STAR.

THE emotion that haunted me in that little cathedral town would be most difficult to describe. After the hurry, rattle and fever of the city, the rare weeks spent here were infinitely peaceful. They were full of a quaint sense of childhood, with sometimes a deeper chord touched—the giant and spiritual things childhood has dreams of. The little room I slept in had opposite its window the great grey cathedral wall; it was only in the evening that the sunlight crept round it, and appeared in the room strained through the faded green blind. It must have been this silvery quietness of colour which in some subtle way affected me with the feeling of a continual Sabbath; and this was strengthened by the bells chiming hour after hour: the pathos, penitence and hope expressed by the flying notes coloured the intervals with faint and delicate memories. They haunted my dreams, and I heard with unutterable longing the astral chimes pealing from some dim and vast cathedral of the cosmic memory, until the peace they tolled became almost a nightmare, and I longed for utter oblivion or forgetfulness of their reverberations.

More remarkable were the strange lapses into other worlds and times. Almost as frequent as the changing of the bells were the changes from state to state. I realised what is meant by the Indian philosophy of Maya. Truly my days were full of Mayas, and my work-a-day city life was no more real to me than one of those bright, brief glimpses of things long past. I talk of the past, and yet these moments taught me how false our ideas of time are. In the ever-living, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow are words of no meaning. I know I fell into what we call the past, and the things I counted as dead for ever were the things I had yet to endure. Out of the old age of earth I stepped into its childhood, and received once more the primal blessing of youth, ecstasy, and beauty. But these things are too vast and vague to speak of; the words we use to-day cannot tell their story. Nearer to our time is the legend that follows.

I was, I thought, one of the Magi of old Persia, inheritor of its forgotten lore, and using some of its powers. I tried to pierce through the great veil of nature, and feel the life that quickened it within. I tried to comprehend the birth and growth of planets, and to do this I rose spiritually, and passed beyond earth's confines into that seeming void which is the matrix where they germinate. On one of these journeys I was struck by the phantasm, so it seemed, of a planet I had not observed before. I could not then observe closer, and coming again on another occasion it had disappeared. After the lapse of many months I saw it once more, brilliant with fiery beauty—its motion was slow, rotating around some invisible centre. I pondered over it, and seemed to know that that invisible centre was its primordial spiritual state, from which it emerged a little while and into which it then withdrew. Short was its day; its shining faded into a glimmer, and then into darkness in a few months. I learned its time and cycles; I made preparations and determined to await its coming.

THE BIRTH OF A PLANET.

At first silence, and then an inner music, and then the sounds of song throughout the vastness of its orbit grew as many in number as there were stars at gaze. Avenues and vistas of sound! They reeled to and fro. They poured from a universal stillness quick with unheard things. They rushed forth and broke into a myriad voices gay with childhood. From age and the eternal they rushed forth into youth. They filled the void with revelling and exultation. In rebellion they then returned and entered the dreadful Fountain.

Again they came forth, and the sounds faded into whispers ; they rejoiced once again, and again died into silence.

And now all around glowed a vast twilight : it filled the cradle of the planet with colourless fire. I felt a rippling motion which impelled me away from the centre to the circumference. At that centre a still flame began to lighten ; a new change took place and space began to curdle : a-milky and nebulous substance rocked to and fro. At every motion the pulsation of its rhythm carried it further and further away from the centre, it grew darker and a great purple shadow covered it, so that I could see it no longer. I was now on the outer

verge, where the twilight still continued to encircle the planet with zones of clear transparent light. As night after night I rose up to visit it they grew many coloured and brighter. I saw the imagination of nature visibly at work. I wandered through shadowy immaterial forests, a titanic vegetation built up of light and colour ; I saw it growing denser, hung with festoons and trailers of fire and spotted with the light of myriad flowers such as earth never knew. Coincident with the appearance of these things I felt within myself as if in harmonious movement, a sense of joyousness, an increase of self-consciousness ; I felt full of gladness, youth and the mystery of the new. I felt that greater powers were about to appear, those who had thrown outwards this world and erected it as a palace in space.

I could not tell half the wonder of this strange race. I could not myself comprehend more than a little of the mystery of their being. They recognised my presence there, and communicated with me in such a way that I can only describe it by saying that they seemed to enter into my soul breathing a fiery life ; yet, I knew that the highest I could reach to was but the outer verge of their spiritual nature, and to tell you but a little I have many times to translate it, for in the first unity with their thought I touched on an almost universal sphere of life, I peered into the ancient heart that beats throughout time ; and this knowledge became changed in me, first, into a vast and nebulous symbology, and so down through many degrees of human thought into words which hold not at all the pristine and magical beauty.

I stood before one of this race, and I thought, "What is the meaning and end of life here ?" Within me I felt the answering ecstasy that illuminated with vistas of dawn and rest, it seemed to say :

"Our spring and our summer are an unfolding into light and form, and our autumn and winter are a fading into the infinite soul."

I thought, "To what end is this life poured forth and withdrawn ?"

He came nearer and touched me ; once more I felt the thrill of being that changed itself into the vistas.

"The end is creation, and creation is joy : the One awakens out of quiescence as we come forth, and knows itself in us ; as we return, we enter it in gladness, knowing ourselves. After long cycles the world you live in will become like ours ; it will be poured forth and withdrawn ; a mystic breath, a mirror to glass your being."

He disappeared, while I wondered what cyclic changes would transmute our ball of mud into the subtle substance of thought.

In that world I dared not stay during its period of withdrawal ; having entered a little into its life, I became subject to its laws : the Power on its return would have dissolved my being utterly. I felt with a wild terror its clutch upon me, and I withdrew from the departing glory, from the greatness that was my destiny—but not yet.

From such dreams I would be aroused, perhaps by a gentle knock at my door, and my little cousin Margaret's quaint face would peep in with a "Cousin Robert, are you not coming down to supper?"

Of such dreams in the light of after study I would speak a little. All this was but symbol, requiring to be thrice sublimed in interpretation ere its true meaning can be grasped. I do not know whether worlds are heralded by such glad songs, or whether any have such a fleeting existence, for the mind that reflects truth is deluded with strange phantasies of time and place in which seconds are rolled out into centuries, and long cycles are reflected in an instant of time. There is within us a little space through which all the threads of the universe are drawn, and surrounding that incomprehensible centre the mind of man sometimes catches glimpses of things which are true only in those glimpses; when we record them, the true has vanished, and a shadowy story—such as this—alone remains. Yet, perhaps, the time is not altogether wasted in considering legends like these, for they reveal, though but in phantasy and symbol, a greatness we are heirs to, a destiny which is ours, though it be yet far away. Æ.

—:o:—

SILENCE.

Among the wise of secret knowledge I am their silence.

Those are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty for Good or evil, who can at times keep silence when it is a pain to them.

AMID unrest and discord, the fever and the fret, the jarring and strife of the warring senses the soul longs with an intensity that is pain for that deep, that "Divine silence which is the knowledge of it and the rest of all the senses," to enter that Kingdom of Heaven which is within, where the dim spark burns by whose light alone the realms of the real are lighted.

Across the ages a quiet voice reaches me from one who, in some measure, strove and achieved; a great soul who in the quiet of a monastic cell sought in prayer and aspiration the perfect silence, and heard at times "mysterious sounds" within that silence. "There are three silences he taught: the silence of speech, the silence of desire, the silence of thought; these three commingling each with each make up the perfect silence which is knowledge." The secret of silence how great it is! what power is his who possesses it! golden silence, power won by self-conquest only and after much strife, greater is he who can keep silence when it is a pain to him than the greatest conquerer earth's battle fields have ever known: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end (or aim) of that man is peace," the peace of quiet heart and lips, the peace born of silence and strength.

The strength to know, to will, to dare, and to be silent must be possessed by those whose intense yearning is to find the wisdom religion, to tread the "path that stretches far away"; those who find it walk among men unperceived, unknown, yet kings among their fellows, "great and peaceful ones," making the highways and byeways of this world brighter for others, moving like a benediction, yet speaking not of whence their peace came; like Arthur's knight, if questioned they could say, "I saw it, but I may not speak of it"; the seal of the mysteries is on the lips for ever; for of the realm, the place in which the voice of the Silence can be heard who can speak? How explain by word or symbol the laws of the planes whose secrets are not of speech but of vibration? Planes that can be entered, not understood by brain-knowledge, since the mind cannot open out upon the real; *to be* is to know since "it cannot be reached by speech, by mind, or by the eye, it cannot be apprehended except by

him who says it is." Devotion, aspiration, vibration are the key-notes perhaps; each seeks, each finds for himself, each is to himself way and truth and life, and he who has learned to keep silent has taken at least some steps towards the goal. To keep silence, to strive to find "one's one place," "the place that is undefiled," He who would learn must first plant his own feet firmly there, and in his soul keep silence, whatever the tumult without; by silent meditation, not at set times only, but constantly in the cave of the heart, to develop that intuitive perception of the true that he will be able to recognize the message when it comes, no matter who the messenger may be, perhaps the words of a little child will be fraught with meaning, or the blundering inadequately expressed sentence given from the heart by one whom we thought ignorant; a line hastily scanned, a thought that comes unsought, yet full of illumination, each, all may be indirect messages to the waiting soul.

Silence of speech; content to wait quietly until be are sure that what we say will help; willing to be dumb and learners only, until sure that what we give to others is not coloured by our own imagination, or impressions, or personality.

To keep silence awhile, no matter how our hearts long to pass on the message, or to seek out those who know still less, and "let them hear the law." We need, if we would help by our teaching, to be able to say the right word to the right person at the right moment. The power to do this is not the learning of a day, the mushroom growth of a night, but the reward of many lives of one-pointed aspiration, of persevering devotion, of unselfish love for others, and impersonal work for humanity. The longer we strive for such devotion the more the channels we become through which the gracious influences from higher planes may reach others. When we get to that stage we shall have lost all feeling of personality in the matter, be content to speak or hold our peace and the message will be *Theirs*, not ours; as *Theirs* it will be given with no thoughts of ours as to results. Better to give the message silently by our life and acts and loving sympathy than in words, since those alone have the gift of right speech who have first learnt the secret of silence.

Silence of speech where others are concerned, the silence of kindness that remains unbroken when it cannot praise; the silence that condemns not and is not critical; where all is said in the helpful act, the cheery smile, the hands of brotherhood held out to those who stumble, or fall, or sink in the mire of life; we can see nothing in others to condemn that is not in us, the like alone recognises the like, and it is a sure sign that we, too, have the same faults to combat when we condemn, we have not yet reached those heights of purity where we can stand with one of old who said "neither do I condemn." Our own garments cling still too heavily around our feet weighted by the mire and dust for us to think of, much less expose the faults of others; far better to cultivate the attitude of mind that sees beneath all faults, all failure, how beautiful our brother is.

The truth is, we cannot dry the tears of others, we cannot help them to help themselves if we try to be self-constituted angels of mercy and judges at the same time. The service of those who love in the cause of those who suffer must be like the dew that falls in silence upon the arid ground of hearts parched with passion and pain, if we would help them. Ours must be the silence that sanctions rather than answers the careless words that wound us, the wrongful judgment, the wilful scandal, the bitter taunt; silence kept when to be silent is a pain to us; silence when by some word of ours we might remove wrong impressions at the cost of pain to some other one, and discord and friction in striving to set right what time will surely heal.

What do the pains spring from but personality; our task then lies before us to hinder not the words of others, but the feeling of separateness which makes us suffer; to enter into the place of peace, and take refuge there from the sharp arrows of bitter words.

The silence and refraining from self-praise; the silence of acceptance of our lot in life, of not murmuring or chafing like a coward against our Karma, since "He who believes in what he professes, and in his Master, will stand it, and come out of the trial victorious: he who doubts, the coward who fears to receive his just dues, fails." The silence that accepts all if not cheerfully at least in the spirit of thankfulness for trials permitted, which are opportunities for development.

K. B. LAURENCE.

(*To be continued.*)

—:o:—

H. P. B.

(*In Memoriam.*)

Though swift the days flow from her day,
No one has left her day unnamed:
We know what light broke from her ray
On us, who in the truth proclaimed

Grew brother with the stars and powers
That stretch away—away to light,
And fade within the primal hours,
And in the wondrous First unite.

We lose with her the right to scorn
The voices scornful of her truth:
With her a deeper love was born
For those who filled her days with ruth.

To her they were not sordid things:
In them sometimes—her wisdom said—
The Bird of Paradise had wings;
It only dreams, it is not dead.

We cannot for forgetfulness
Forego the reverence due to them,
Who wear at times they do not guess
The sceptre and the diadem.

With wisdom of the olden time
She made the hearts of dust to flame;
And fired us with the hope sublime
Our ancient heritage to claim;

That turning from the visible,
By vastness unappalled nor stayed,
Our wills might rule beside that Will
By which the tribal stars are swayed;

And entering the heroic strife,
Tread in the way their feet have trod
Who move within a vaster life,
Sparks in the Fire—Gods amid God.

R.

LOTUS CIRCLE,

HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

"WHERE IS GOD?"

MAUD had been sitting very still for some time studying the crown of her hat. She had lifted the lining and looked beneath at the neatly-joined straw, then replaced the silken covering with her deft little fingers. A baffled look was on the sweet, serious face, and a deep sigh escaped between the red childish lips. Presently a happy thought seemed to strike the little maiden, and she went quickly across the sunny lawn, in at the open hall door, and up to the hat stand. Here a difficulty presented itself. A gentleman's silk hat, of the kind commonly called a "chimney-pot," hung on the top peg—but, alas! far out of reach of the little lady. A large oaken seat stood near, and suggested the possibility of climbing. Maud was not easily thwarted when she had taken any work in hand, and by putting forth all her strength she succeeded at last in dragging and pushing the chair into the desired position. But when she had mounted, and stretched her arms as far as they would go, she was still some inches from the object of her desire. Fortunately for the little girl, a walking-stick stood in the stand; carefully with the aid of this she managed to dislodge the hat, which in another instant would have rolled upon the floor, when a long arm, reaching over Maudie's head, saved the "chimney-pot" from destruction, and a gentle grasp round the little waist kept the startled child from falling.

"Why, darling, what were you going to do with Uncle Charlie's hat?"

"Oh, mother dear, I want it so, just a minute. I will not hurt it; do let me look inside."

"You would have hurt it very much, you puss, if I had not seen you just in time. But you may look into it, since you have taken so much trouble about it. There it is. Now, what do you see?"

"Nothing," said the disappointed mite after a careful and silent inspection, and she heaved a long drawn sigh.

"But, Maudie, what did you expect to find?" asked Mrs. Mason, as she walked back in the garden, and down to her shady seat by the river, accompanied by her little girl.

"I was looking for God mother," said the child, in a low and solemn voice. Mrs. Mason stood still with astonishment for a minute, looking into the earnest up-turned face. The large grey eyes of her daughter were watching her anxiously; and her nature was far too reverent to treat lightly the troubles of an awakening soul. But it was with difficulty she repressed a smile as an explanation of the foregoing scene dawned upon her mind. That morning, at her own urgent request, Maud, though eight years old, had paid her first visit to the village church. Uncle Charlie had been her only companion, and doubtless she had noticed, with her watchful eyes, the opening ceremony of words of prayer, apparently whispered into the crown of a hat.

"Come with me, dearest, and we will sit under the chesnut tree upon the bank, and if you will tell me what you have been thinking about God, perhaps I may be able to help you find Him."

Maud was a silent and thoughtful child, to whom words did not come

easily, so that it was some time before she was able to follow her mother's suggestion. Then in a slow hesitating manner, as though she had to fetch her thoughts from a long way, she began:—"When nurse was dressing me this morning, I asked her why she went away on Sunday to church, and left me to play with Jane. I like nurse best, she is quiet. Jane always wants to look at books, or play the Scripture puzzle, or amuse me. I do not like to be amused. I want to think about lots of things. Nurse understands that I am busy, and does not interrupt me."

"Say 'interrupt,' Maud?"

"Yes, dear."

"But about church. What did nurse tell you?"

"Oh, she said people went to church to pray to God. Then, I asked her what 'to pray' meant? She said it was just talking and asking for what you want. But I do not think she liked to be questioned, because when I said I supposed God lived in the church, because you know, mother, nurse called it 'God's House,' she said I was a funny little thing, she could not talk to me; I had better ask you about it. But I did not want to interrupt you, mother, so I asked Uncle Charlie to take me to church. I thought I could see for myself. But I did not see God. And I did not hear anybody asking him for anything, or talking to him, as nurse said. We got there last, I think, and there were lots of people, the farmers and their wives, and our workmen and their wives and children: and they had all put on their best clothes, as they do when we have a flower show here. But they did not seem nice to-day. When I smiled and nodded at them they only *half* smiled back. So I thought, perhaps, they were not in a good temper, so I took no more notice. Then we went and sat in a little room shut off, and Uncle Charlie, who held his hat in his hand, looked into the crown. And I wondered whether he was as disappointed as I was, that he did not see God, and was looking for him. But, of course, that was silly. Directly we sat down, Uncle William came out of a little door, with a white combing-jacket over his coat, and began talking very quickly and very loud. Not a bit as he talks when he comes here. And then sometimes the people stood up and shouted, and sometimes they sat down and Uncle William shouted. It was horrible. I never, never want to go to church again. I do not wonder God does not stay at home on Sunday, if people talk to him like that. But, mother, it is not very polite, is it, to go out when people come a long way to see you, even if they are not very nice in their way? Uncle William was not nice to-day. But he was not in a bad temper, for he looked very, very pleased, and I thought a little surprised, too, when he saw Uncle Charlie and me." "And you were disappointed, Maud, with your first visit to church? But you were wrong in supposing that the Master of that house of prayer was not at home."

"Was he there, mother, and I never saw him?" asked the child with quick, anxious gaze.

"I think you must have seen, but you did not understand for what to look. God is everywhere. There is nothing in the world but the manifestation of God. You looked for a man or woman, did you not?"

"For a man, I think, mother, because nurse calls him 'he.'"

"But God is not a person at all. The Divine Power, which men call 'God,' is a spirit. It is without form, because it is everywhere. It is love. It is truth. It is light. You know that I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I *feel* it. And I *love* you. I feel that, too."

"That love is something real. But we cannot see it. It has no form,

No shape. No limit. It is a spark from the Divine Power. You can see from this that something can *be*, yet have no form."

"But where was this love in church this morning, mother?"

"Tell me what was in the church and we will find the Power without form that fills everything."

There were people, and seats, and little rooms like the one we sat in; and a reading desk, and a big brown box with steps leading to it, and a large red cushion with tassels on the top."

"Is that all?"

"Windows and doors, of course."

"Did you not breathe while you were in church?"

"Oh, you mean there was air."

"But you cannot see the air?"

"No."

"And yet it is everywhere, round everything, and in everything, and without it nothing can live, and it is The Breath of Life."

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

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 September—"The Potency of Sound" (continued).

THE POTENCY OF SOUND.

EVERY metre in the *Brahmanas* corresponds to a number, and as shown by Haug, as it stands in the sacred volumes, is a prototype of some visible form on earth, and its effects are either good or evil. The "sacred speech" can save, but it can kill as well; its many meanings and faculties are well known but to the *Dikshita* (the adept), who has been initiated into many mysteries, and whose "spiritual birth" is completely achieved: the Vach of the *mantra* is a spoken power, which awakens another corresponding and still more occult power, each allegorically personified by some god in the world of spirits, and, according as it is used, responded to either by the gods or the *Rakshasas* (bad spirits). In the Brahmanical and Buddhist ideas, a curse, a blessing, a vow, a desire, an idle thought, can each assume a visible shape, and so manifest itself *objectively* to the eyes of its author, or to him that it concerns. There are words which have a distinctive quality in their very syllables, as though objective things; for every sound awakens a corresponding one in the invisible world of spirit, and the repercussion produces either a good or bad effect. Harmonious rhythm, a melody vibrating softly in the atmosphere, creates a beneficent and sweet influence around, and acts most powerfully on the psychological as well as physical natures of every living thing on earth; it reacts even on inanimate objects, for matter is still spirit in its essence,

invisible as it may seem to our grosser senses.—H.P.B. *Isis Unveiled*. Vol. ii., 410.

Many are the fakirs, who, though pure and honest and self-devoted, have yet never seen the astral form of a purely *human pitar* (an ancestor or father) otherwise than at the solemn moment of their first and last initiation. It is in the presence of his instructor, the guru, that he is suddenly placed face to face with the unknown PRESENCE. He sees it and falls prostrate at the feet of the evanescent form, but is not entrusted with the great secret of its evocation; for it is the supreme mystery of the holy syllable. The AUM contains the evocation of Vedic triad, the Trimurti Brahma Vishnu, Sivà, say the Orientalists; it contains the evocation of *something more real and objective than this triune abstraction*—we say, respectfully contradicting the eminent scientists. It is the trinity of man himself, on his way to become immortal through the solemn union of his inner triune SELF—the exterior, gross body, the husk not even being taken in consideration in this human trinity.—*Ibid.* Vol. ii., 114.

Akasa is the highest substratum of this universe, or what has formed the universe by its own power or the motion or breath inherent in it. This motion is generally called sound, because it correlates most closely with that power in man to produce a motion called speech. Sound, then, is the property of Akasa, and the only property, because any motion of Akasa direct is only sound. When we say that Akasa is the basis of sound, it must not be supposed that it is a kind of physical essence, having its particles in a state of inter-molecular motion. Such a conception would be quite wrong. It must be conceived only as a kind of divine light, having within itself a material essence capable of vibration. This material essence is called SOMA in Sanskrit.—A.N.S. *Branch Paper xiii. Indian Section.*

A mantra is simply a series of sounds framed with a special reference to all subtle powers and their relations to sound. Take a seed, understand and spiritually realise what it is, know the song that nature will have to sing before that seed sprouts up into a tree, and sing it yourself, mesmerically connecting your speech and the tree. The tree grows, though miraculously, in a truly scientific and natural way. He is then a magician who knows and talks accordingly. Let us then, Theosophists, realize that sound is a power, and that he is a Yogi who will talk little, and talk to express his inner nature, for good and not for evil.—*Ibid.*

(To be Continued.)

—:o:—

DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

The opening meetings will be resumed on Wednesday, 5th September, at 8.15 p.m. The first two discussions are to be as follows:—

5th Sept "Some Difficulties in Theosophy Considered," D. N. Dunlop.
12th „ "Sub-conscious Mind," - - F. J. Dick.

FRED. J. DICK,
Hon. Sec.