

The Irish Theosophist.

THE COMING OF THE CHRISTOS.

[I *Corinthians*, xv. 35-57.]

BUT someone will ask, "How are the dead ones* raised up, and with what sort of body do they come?" Thoughtless one, that which you sow is not made living unless it dies, and that which you sow, you do not sow the *body* which will come into being, but naked grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other (grain); but the Holy One† gives it a body just as has been determined, and to each of the things sown its own proper body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one (kind) of flesh of men, another of animals, another of fishes, and another of birds. And there are bodies in the Over-world,‡ and bodies in the Earth-world;§ but there is a certain radiance|| of those in the Over-world, and a different radiance of those in the Earth-world; one radiance of the sun, another radiance of the moon, and another radiance of the stars—for star differs from star in radiance. Thus, also, is the resuscitation of the dead ones. It is sown in a destroying, raised in indestructibility; sown in a discarding, raised in radiance; sown in a weakening, raised in force; sown as a psychic body, raised as a Breath body.¶

* The question is put literally, referring to those who are dead in the ordinary sense; but the answer is a play upon the word, applying it in a mystic sense to those who are prisoned in the physical body.

† Gr. *theos*, God.

‡ Gr. *ouranoi*, skies; the world of the Gods.

§ Gr. *gaia*, Earth; here referring to the psychic world, or Earth as the bride of Ouranos, and mother of the Titans.

|| Gr. *doxa*, shining, the aura. The sun, moon and stars refer to auric forces and centres.

¶ Before man, the "dead one," can regain his divine state, and be "born from above" in the self-shining spiritual body, he must destroy his passional nature and rise to the permanent part of his being; discarding material desires, he rises to the astral life, in the aura or "radiance"; then through a "weakening," a renunciation of psychic powers, he rises in the magical "force" (*dunamis*) of the Paraklêtos, or the Holy Breath acting as the mediator (*Metatron*) between individual man and the One Self. The man whose only conscious life is in his physical body is "dead"; his

There is a psychic body, and there is a Breath body; hence it is written, "The first man, Adam, came into being in a psychic form,* the last Adam in a life-producing Breath."† Yet the Breath-form was not first, but the psychic; afterwards the Breath-form. The first man is of the Earth-world, of dust;‡ the second man, the Master, is from the Firmament. As dust, so also are they who are of dust; and as that which is in the Firmament, so also are they who are of the Firmament; and as we have worn the likeness of that which is of dust, we shall also wear the likeness of that which is of the Firmament. Now, I say this, brothers, Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Realm of the Holy One, nor does the destructible inherit the indestructible. Lo, I tell you a Mystery: though indeed we shall not all sleep, yet we shall all be transformed, in the Atom, in an out-flashing of an Eye, in the last trumpet-call.§ For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead ones shall be resuscitation begins in the psychic and is perfected in the spiritual, in the "Breath Body" (or, pneumatic body, Gr. *pneumatikos*, from *pneuma*, breath). Compare *John*, iii. 5-8, "Unless one be born of water and of Breath he cannot enter into the Realm of the Holy One. That which has been born from the flesh is flesh, and that which has been born from the Breath is Breath. Marvel not that I said to you, 'You have to be born from above.' The Breath breathes where it wills, and you hear its Voice, but you know not whence it comes and where it goes. So is everyone who has been born from the Breath." In New Testament nomenclature the bodies in the three manifested worlds are termed respectively "carnal" (*sarkikos*), "psychic" (*psuchikos*), and "pneumatic" (*pneumatikos*).

* Gr. *psuchē*, the astral body.

† This quotation, if taken from *Genesis*, ii. 7, is either not literal, or is better rendered by Paulus than by the more modern translators.

‡ Gr. *choïkos*, loose earth or dust heaped up; here used metaphorically for cosmic dust, or astral substance.

§ By rendering *atomos* "moment," and *ripē* "twinkling," the translators of the authorized version have added to the obscurity of the "mystery" told in this passage. For *atomos*, "uncut," "that which is indivisible," never means "moment"; and though the lexicons give it this meaning for the *New Testament only*, the word does not appear in the New Testament anywhere save in the above passage. Nor is *ripē* found in the New Testament elsewhere than in this passage, where a peculiar meaning has been attributed to it. The word signifies primarily the impetus or force with which anything is thrown or hurled. The whole passage relates to the mystery of the projection of the pneumatic body from the "open eye" at the "last trumpet-call," that is, the last of the seven spiritual sounds heard in the mystic trance. Thus in *John's Revelation*, after the opening of the last of the "seven seals," "the seven messengers who had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound;" and when the seventh messenger sounded his trumpet "there were great voices in the Firmament, saying: 'The Realms of our Master, and of his Christos, have come into being; and he shall reign throughout the Life-cycles within the Life-cycles.'"

raised indestructible, and we ourselves shall be transformed. For this destroyed must enter into indestructibility, and this mortal* must enter into immortality. Now, when this destroyed shall have entered into indestructibility, and this mortal shall have entered into immortality, then shall be fulfilled the Word which is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory. Where, O Death, is your goad? Where, O Under-world, is your victory?" The goad of Death is failure, and the force of failure is the ritual.† But thanks be to the Holy One, who gives us the victory through our Master, Iēsous Christos.

[*Matthew*, xxiv. 1-31.]

And Iēsous went out, and was going from the temple-courts;‡ and his pupils came to him to point out to him the buildings of the temple-courts. But Iēsous said to them :

"Do you not see all these things? Amēn, I say to you, There shall not be left here one stone upon (another) stone that shall not be thrown down."§

And as he sat upon the Olive-tree Hill, the pupils came to him privately, saying :

"Tell us : when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of your presence,|| and of the Assembly of the Perfect¶ of the Life-Cycle?"**

And Iēsous, answering, said to them :

"Beware lest anyone lead you in wandering ways : for many shall

* Or, more literally, "this which is dead."

† That is, through failure to attain to the Christos, man remains under the sway of Death, who reigns over the material world and the psychic world—the Under-world (*hadēs*); and illusions of ritualistic and conventional religion are the magical force (*dunamis*) of Death, the distortions of the True due to man's atrophied moral and psychic natures.

‡ The temple-enclosure (*hieros*) as distinguished from the temple proper (*naos*). Thus in I *Cor.*, iii. 17, "Know you not that you are the temple (*naos*) of the Holy One (*thros*), and the Breath of the Holy One dwells in you? If one destroys the temple of the Holy One, him the Holy One will destroy; for sacred is the Holy One's temple which you are."

§ The outer temple being a symbol of the Mysteries established among the people, the prediction has been fulfilled literally during the Christian cycle.

|| Gr. *parousia*, the being present; but it may equally well mean the "coming" or "arrival."

¶ Gr. *synthelcia*, the Company of the Perfect (*teleioi*); the Gods or Initiates.

** Gr. *aion*, any definite cycle in life and time; in this passage referring to the 2,155 years' cycle which comes to an end within a few years of the present time.

come in my Name, saying, 'I am the Christos,' and shall lead many in wandering ways. And you shall be about to hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that you are not alarmed, for all things must come into being; but the Perfecting-period* is not yet. For class shall rise against class, and realm against realm; and there shall be privations of food,† and epidemics, and earthquakes, according to places.‡ But all these things are a beginning of birth-pangs.§ Then shall they deliver you up to a hemming-in,|| and make you wretched; and you shall be hated by all classes because of my Name. And then many shall be ensnared, and shall deliver up one another, and shall hate one another. And many falsely-inspired ones shall arise, and shall lead many in wandering ways. And because sorcery shall be prevalent the love of the multitude shall become cold; but he who stands firm until the Perfecting-period, that (man) shall be saved. And this good magic of the Realm shall be proclaimed in the whole inhabited world for a witness¶ to all peoples. And then shall come the Perfecting-period. When, therefore, you shall see the loathsomeness of depopulation** (spoken of by Daniel the soul-inspired one) standing in the holy place (he who reads, let him understand!) then let those who are in Ioudaia flee to the hills; let him who is on the house-top not go down to take the things out of his house; and let him who is in the field not turn back to take his cloak. But alas for those who are with child and for those who give suck in those days! And pray that your flight may not be in the winter, nor on the Sabbath. For then shall be a great hemming-in, such as there has not been from the beginning of the world until now; no, nor yet shall be. And unless those days had been shortened, all flesh could not have been saved; but

* Gr. *telos*, completion, making perfect, initiation in sacred Mysteries; a term applied by classical writers to the Eleusinian Mysteries. Here it denotes the period for the initiation of those who, during the Life-cycle, have risen above the physical and psychic worlds and attained conscious spiritual individuality.

† Not famines only, but also a scarcity of food among the poorer classes.

‡ Epidemics and seismic phenomena being due to changes taking place in the earth's aura.

§ The birth of the new cycle.

|| The intensification of forces increasing the bitterness of the psychically unpurified portion of humanity against the few purified ones.

¶ To "bear witness" is to remind men in the material world of that which they already know in the world of souls, even when they are unable to correlate the two worlds.

** Or, "the abomination which depopulates"; as Neo-Malthusianism and kindred forms of sorcery, which destroy the "holy place," the "open eye," and cause spiritual death.

through the chosen ones those days shall be shortened. Then if anyone shall say to you, 'Lo, here is the Christos,' or, 'there,' do not accept it as true. For false Christoi and falsely-inspired ones shall arise, and shall give great signs and wonders, so as to lead into wandering ways, if possible, even the chosen ones. Lo, I have foretold it to you. If, therefore, they shall say to you, 'Lo, he is in the wilderness,' go not forth; 'Lo, he is in the treasure-vaults,' do not accept it as true. For as the gleam comes out from the sunrise and shines until the sunset, even so shall be the presence of the Son of Man.*

"Wheresoever the fallen body is, there shall the eagles be joined in combat. And immediately after the hemming-in of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from the Firmament, and the forces of the Over-world shall be vibrated.† And then shall be manifested the sign of the Son of Man in the Firmament; and then shall all the tribes of the Earth-world‡ mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of the Firmament with great force and radiance; and he shall send his messengers with the loud sound of a trumpet-call, and they shall gather together his chosen ones from the four Winds.§ from the one end of the Overworld to the other."

ARETAS.

* "Man" (*anthropos*) is a technical term for a manifestation of the Word (*Logos*) during a particular Life-cycle. Thus Valentinus says: "When God uttered a revelation of himself, this was called a Man." Each of these "Men," or Life-cycles, lasts approximately 2,155 years, or the twelfth of a sidereal year, and each has its "Messenger," or "Man sent forth from God." Thus, the measurements of the New Ierusalēm are given according to "the measure of a Man, that is, of the Messenger" (*Rcv.* xxi. 17). The Æonology is concisely given in *John*, i. 1-7: "In the First (*archē*, the first of the Æons) the Word *was* (existed), and the Word was in relation to the Holy One (*theos*), and the Word was the Holy One. It was *he* who in the First stood in relation to the Holy One. All things came into being through him, and without him not a single thing came into being. That which came into being in him was Life; and the Life was the Light of the Men. . . . There was born into the world a Man sent forth from the Holy One; his name (was) Iōannes. *This* (Messenger) came for witness, that he might bear witness about the Light."

† The eagles are the usual glyph for the positive and negative forces (whether of man or of the Earth); and through their being brought into equilibrium the centres from which they emanate will be darkened, the forces then rising to the next higher world.

‡ The souls who are still unable to rise above the psychic world, having failed to attain emancipation during the Life-cycle.

§ Those souls of the four manifested hierarchies who have earned their emancipation and are entitled to become of the number of the Perfect.

A TRAP FOR A FRIEND.

NOT exactly a trap, though, even if a very valuable truth has allowed itself to be caught therein.

It happened after this wise. It had long been on my heart that something seemed to be missing in what was generally said about Masters and men, teachers and pupils, the Lodge and the "outsiders"—to use what we now know as the true mystic term of old.

Something was missing; though where exactly was not so easy to say. Was it merely my own thick-headedness, that failed to see what everybody else saw perfectly well? Very possible, for there is many a thing round us waiting for eyes to see it, nay, the whole of this most entertaining universe, preening its feathers, so to speak, in the impatient desire to be looked upon. But if so, I must out with my misgiving, and unburden my heart, even at the risk of being laughed at, to me most disagreeable of all things.

Or, on the other hand, was it that a good old truth had had so many good old followers since the good old days, that it had come to be covered with a good old crust of gnarled desuetude, and half pathetic, half humorous, was asking all the time that worthy people should hide it away where mother earth could gently draw it forth again from its shell and send it up as green grass along the meadows? Again, very possible. For many a poor truth gets so sorely encumbered by the barnacles of the great deep, so hidden under astral dust, and tangled by the webs of cosmic spiders, that its best hope is a temporary occultation—laid to rest in a weakening and destroying, and finding a joyful resurrection in indestructibility and force.

Or was it merely that whirling words were at fault; that the matter had not been expressed properly? This is perhaps likeliest of all; and mindful of many a talk where the best part of the conversation never got embodied in speech at all, but flew hither and thither, as on the wings of celestial butterflies, I think that here is the truest explanation of the want—whirling words were to blame.

Therefore, wishing to make matters clear, I asked the question about the holy Breath, and the teachers who were breathed on by it; about impersonal inspiration and inspired men. Was there a difference

in kind, or one in degree only between the unconscious prophet and the conscious sage? This was the trap to catch my friend.

And the valuable truth that allowed itself to be taken was this: "that all such inspiration comes from that source which we are agreed to call the Lodge or the Oversoul"; the inspiration of prophet and sage alike. Here, I think, one might draw a distinction. The Lodge and the Oversoul are not quite the same, one would say; the Lodge is the vesture of the Oversoul: the Oversoul is the holy Breath in the Lodge, and in the just men made perfect who are the Lodge. So that the real thing is not so much the vesture, as the impersonal Divinity that wears the vesture. Will my friend consent to this distinction?

Here one may say a word about that much-contested word "impersonal." As someone said the other day, there is much to be said for a personal God. On the contrary, I think there is far more to be said for impersonal man. The distinction is a difficult one to make clear, because it goes deep into the nature of the heart; but the truth about it seems to be something like this:

In our spiritual non-age, which may last a thousand ages, we believe entirely in our personalities, not only as real, but as the most real and valuable things in the whole universe, to which all things are to be subjected, as the Father subjected all things to the Son. But the best personality is a little thing, a weak thing, and no match at all for all the rest of the universe. So that, in our spiritual non-age, we have rather a bad time of it: our best victories still leave us full of apprehension and inward quaking; we have always a suspicion that fate and the other people do not really reverence our personal selves as much as they pretend to, but are perhaps inwardly laughing at us, which, as I said, is extremely disagreeable. So that, taking it all in all, our personalities don't have a very good time. And, if you think of it a moment, it is hardly possible that they should. For there are ever so many myriads of them, each one trying to get the better of all the others; and try as they will, all the mountains cannot be the highest in the world.

But then there is the other side of our nature, that is very willing to have only a fair share of well-being, along with all others; willing to admit a general well-being, harmoniously bountiful. Ready also to admit a general well-being for itself, not merely the gaining of a few little treasures in a few little lives, but something big, fruitful and enduring. And, with this, a sense of beauty rather than of beautiful things; of the true, rather than of truths particular. All this makes the big, heroic side of us, self-shining, eternal. And one cannot but

call it our impersonal Self. And, as no man, following it up, has ever managed to come to the end of it, or mark its limits, the Oversoul is called the universal, the divine.

For the most part, during our non-age, it is thwarted and kept in the background, hidden behind the octopus-personality, that must ever be grasping something and darkening counsel to make good its own retreat. But from time to time the personality goes to sleep, and the divine man does something generous or valorous or beautiful, which personality, awakening, instantly appropriates, printing its name bare-facedly on the hero's title-page.

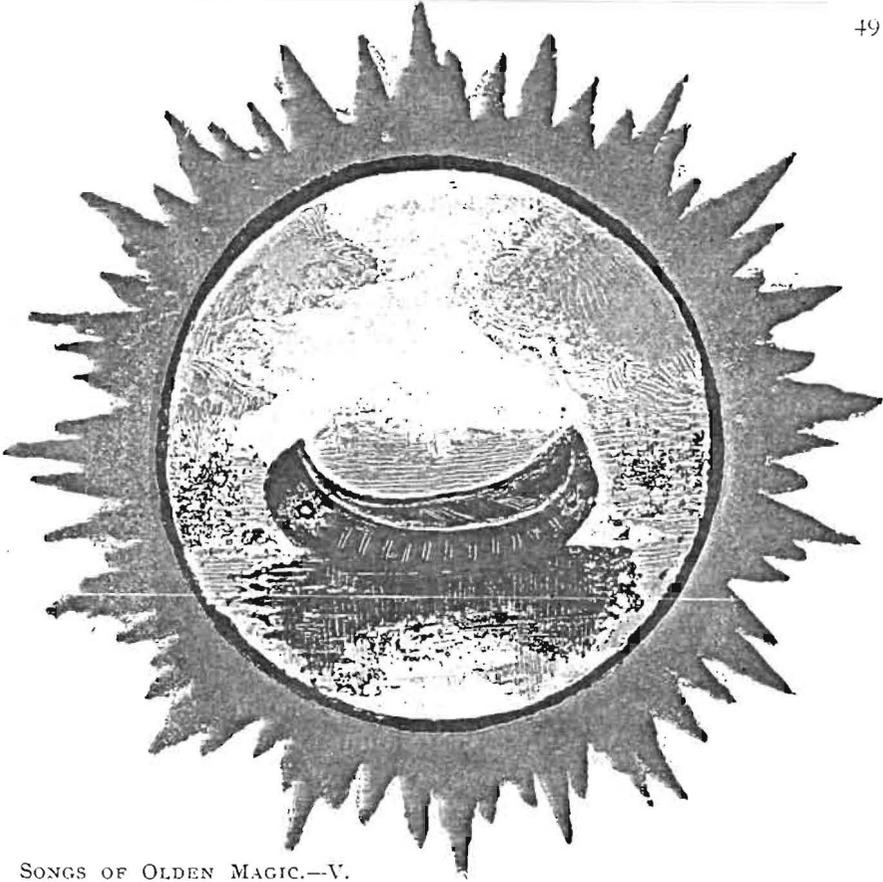
And these odd chances of the divine man, of the Oversoul, are, I think, the "inspirations" which have given us every good gift and every perfect gift, while personality slept; at the risk of having them instantly snatched up and twisted out of shape, when the anthropoid slumbers are over.

But at last personality has a thoroughly lucid interval, and nothing in its life becomes it like—the leaving of it. Then the impersonal Oversoul has his own impersonal turn, to be used wisely and all through the ages. At the beginning, not much to be seen, perhaps, because this works as slowly as the life that made the mountains. But in the end will be made manifest the perfect shining of the everlasting fire.

So that, after we have spiritually come of age—when we do—our inspirations will not be different in kind from all our lucid moments of generosity and beauty, but there will be a great difference nevertheless—the anthropoid personality will have entered his long rest. It was the Oversoul all the while; but now it is the Oversoul only; the Oversoul alone, lonely, pure.

So that we need not so much the Lodge as the Oversoul, not so much the adept as the divine shining that makes the adept; the divine shining that we recognize from its oneness with the dim star that burns within ourselves. Nothing that has form, nothing that is out of the Eternal, can help us.

C. J.



SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—V.

THE SOLAR BARK.

Having asked the Deity whither he was to sail? he was answered, "To the Gods."—BEROSUS.

THE soul is like a glad canoe
 Upon a sea of sunlight gliding;
 Though crystal sprays its course bedew
 No sail is set, no hand is guiding.

What breeze could drive the solar boat?
 What hand direct, where ways are boundless?
 They swiftest go who peaceful float,
 They wisest teach whose voice is soundless.

The spirit needs no outward sign,
 Nor guiding star of earthly seeing;
 It seeks no port save the divine,
 The Gods, beyond the sea of Being.

ARETAS.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(Continued from p. 35.)

NEVER is there day so gleaming
 But the dusk o'ertakes it:
 Never night so dark and dreaming
 But the dawn awakes it:
 And the soul has nights and days
 In its own eternal ways.

II.

CUCHULLAIN'S DREAM.

THE air was cool with the coming of winter; but with the outer cold came the inner warmth of the sun, full of subtile vitality and strength. And the Ultonians had assembled to light the yearly fire in honor of the Sun-God, at the seven-days' feast of Samhain. There the warriors of Ulster rested by the sacred fire, gazing with closed eyes upon the changing colors of the sun-breath, catching glimpses of visions, or anon performing feats of magic when they felt the power stirring within their breasts. They sang the songs of old times, of the lands of the West, where their forefathers lived ere the earth-fires slew those lands, and the sea-waves buried them, leaving only Eri, the isle where dwelt men so holy that the earth-fires dared not to assail it, and the ocean stood at bay. Lightly the warriors juggled with their great weapons of glittering bronze; and each told of his deeds in battle and in the chase; but woe to him who boasted or spoke falsely, magnifying his prowess, for then would his sword angrily turn of itself in its scabbard, convicting him of untruth.

Cuchullain, youngest but mightiest of all the warriors, sat moodily apart, his beardless chin resting in the palms of his hands, his eyes staring fixedly at the mirror-like surface of the lake upon whose sloping bank he rested. Laeg, his charioteer, lying at full length upon the greensward near by, watched him intently, a gloomy shadow darkening his usually cheerful face.

"It's a woman's trick, that," he muttered to himself, "staring into the water when trying to see the country of the Sidhe, and unworthy of a warrior. And to think of him doing it, who used to have the

clearest sight, and had more power for wonder-working than anyone else in the lands of the West! Besides, he isn't seeing anything now, for all the help of the water. When last I went to the dun some women of the Sidhe told me they had looked up Cuchullain and found he was getting too dim-eyed to see anything clearly now, even in his sleep. It's true enough, but to hear it said even by women!"

And the discontented charioteer glanced back contemptuously at a group of women a short distance away, who were following with their eyes a flock of wild birds circling over the plain.

"I suppose they want those birds," he continued, conversing familiarly with himself. "It's the way of women to want everything they see, especially if it's something hard to catch, like those wild birds."

But Laeg's cynicism was not so deep as to keep his glance from lingering upon the bevy of graceful maidens and stately matrons. Their soft laughter reached his ear through the still evening air; and watching their animated gestures he idly speculated upon the plan he felt sure they were arranging.

"Yes; they want the birds. They wish to fasten the wings to their shoulders, to make themselves look like the women of the Sidhe. They know Cuchullain is the only man who can get the birds for them, but even Emer, his wife, is afraid to ask him. Of course they will coax that patient Ethné to do it. If she succeeds, she'll get no thanks; and if she fails, she'll have all the blame, and go off by herself to cry over the harsh words spoken by Cuchullain in his bad temper. That's the way of Ethné, poor girl."

He was right in his conjecture, for presently Ethné left the group and hesitatingly approached the giant warrior, who was still gazing vacantly at the glassy surface of the water. She touched him timidly on the shoulder. Slowly he raised his head, and still half dazed by his long staring, listened while she made her request. He rose to his feet sleepily, throwing out his brawny arms and expanding his chest as he cast a keen glance at the birds slowly circling near the ground.

"Those birds are not fit to eat," he said, turning to her with a good-natured smile.

"But we want the wings to put on our shoulders. It would be so good of you to get them for us," said Ethné in persuasive tones.

"If it's flying you wish to try," he said, with a laugh, "you'll need better wings than those. However, you shall have them if I can get within throwing distance of them."

He glanced around for Laeg. That far-seeing individual was already yoking the horses to the chariot. A moment later, Cuchullain

and the charioteer were dashing across the plain behind the galloping steeds. As they neared the birds, Cuchullain sent missiles at them from his sling with such incredible rapidity and certainty of aim that not one of the flock escaped. Each of the women was given two of the birds; but when Ethné, who had modestly held back when the others hurried forward to meet the returning chariot, came to receive her share, not one remained.

"As usual," said Laeg stolidly, "if anyone fails to get her portion of anything, it's sure to be Ethné."

"Too true," said Cuchullain, a look of compassion softening his stern features. He strode over to Ethné, and placing his hand gently on her head said: "Don't take your disappointment to heart, little woman; when any more birds come to the plains of Murthemney, I promise to get for you the most beautiful of them all."

"There's a fine brace of them now, flying towards us," exclaimed Laeg, pointing across the lake. "And I think I hear them singing. Queer birds, those; for I see a cord as of red gold between them."

Nearer and nearer swept the strange beings of the air, and as their weird melody reached the many Ultonians at the Samhain fire, the stalwart warriors, slender maidens, the youthful and the time-worn, all felt the spell and became as statues, silent, motionless, entranced. Alone the three at the chariot felt not the binding influence of the spell. Cuchullain quietly fitted a smooth pebble into his sling. Ethné looked appealingly at Laeg, in whose sagacity she greatly trusted. A faint twinkle of the eye was the only sign that betrayed the thought of the charioteer as he tried to return her glance with a look of quiet unconcern. She hastened after Cuchullain, who had taken his stand behind a great rock on the lake shore which concealed him from the approaching birds.

"Do not try to take them," she entreated; "there is some strange power about them which your eyes do not see; I feel it, and my heart is filled with dread."

The young warrior made no reply, but whirling his sling above his head sent the missile with terrific force at the two swan-like voyagers of the air. It went far astray, and splashed harmlessly into the lake, throwing up a fountain of spray. Cuchullain's face grew dark. Never before in war or the chase had he missed so easy a mark. Angrily he caught a javelin from his belt and hurled it at the birds, which had swerved from their course and were now flying swiftly away. It was a mighty cast, even for the strong arm of the mightiest warrior of Eri; and the javelin, glittering in the sun, was well on the downward curve

of its long flight, its force spent, when its point touched the wing of the nearest bird. A sphere of golden flame seemed to glitter about them as they turned downward and disappeared beneath the deep waters of the lake.

Cuchullain threw himself upon the ground, leaning his broad shoulders against the rock.

"Leave me," he said in sullen tones to Ethné: "my senses are dull with sleep from long watching at the Samhain fire. For the first time since I slew the hound of Culain my right arm has failed me. My eyes are clouded, and strange music murmurs in my heart."

His eyes closed, his heavy breathing was broken by sighs, and anguish distorted his features. Ethné watched him awhile, and then stole quietly back to where the warriors were, and said to them:

"Cuchullain lies slumbering by yonder rock, and he moans in his sleep as if the people of the Sidhe were reproaching his soul for some misdeed. I fear those birds that had the power behind them. Should we not waken him?"

But while they held council, and some were about to go and awaken him, Fergus mac Roy, foster-father of Cuchullain, arose, and all drew back in awe, for they saw the light of the Sun-God shining from his eyes, and his voice had the Druid ring as he said in stern tones of command:

"Touch him not, for he sees a vision; the people of the Sidhe are with him; and from the far distant past, even from the days of the sunken lands of the West, I see the hand of Fate reach out and grasp the warrior of Eri, to place him on a throne where he shall rule the souls of men."

To Cuchullain it did not seem that he slept; for though his eyelids fell, his sight still rested on the calm surface of the lake, the shining sand on the shore, and the great brown rock against which he reclined. But whence came the two maidens who were walking toward him along the glistening sand? He gazed at them in speechless wonder; surely only in dreamland could so fair a vision be seen. In dreamland, yes; for a dim memory awoke in his breast that he had seen them before in the world of slumber. One wore a mantle of soft green, and her flaxen hair, strangely white but with a glint of gold, fell about her shoulders so thickly it seemed like a silken hood out of which looked a white face with gleaming violet eyes. The other maiden had dark brown eyes, very large, very luminous; her cheeks were rosy, with just a hint of bronzing by the sunshine, a dimple in her chin added to the effect of

her pouting red lips ; her dark brown hair was unbound and falling loosely over her deep crimson mantle, which reached from her waist in five heavy folds. The recumbent warrior felt a weird spell upon him. Powerless to move or speak, he saw the two maidens advance and stand beside him, the sunlight gleaming upon their bare arms and bosoms. They smiled upon him and uplifted their arms, and then from their fingers there rained down upon him blinding lightnings, filaments of flame that stung like whipcords, a hail of rainbow sparks that benumbed him, darting flames that pierced him like javelins ; and as he gazed upward through that storm of fire, writhing in his agony, he saw still their white arms waving to and fro, weaving a network of lightnings about him, their faces smiling upon him, serene and kindly ; and in the eyes of her with the crimson mantle he read a tenderness all too human. Eyes that shone with tenderness ; white arms that wove a rainbow-mesh of torturing fires about him ; his anguish ever increasing, until he saw the arms stop waving, held for an instant aloft, and then swept downward with a torrent of flame and a mighty crash of sound like the spears of ten thousand warriors meeting in battle, and then—he was alone, staring with wide-open eyes at the blue, cloud-mirroring surface of the lake and the white sand gleaming on the shore.

“Trouble me not with questions,” said Cuchullain to the warriors gathered about him. “My limbs are benumbed and refuse to obey me. Bear me to my sick-bed at Tete Brece.”

“Shall we not take you to Dun Imrish, or to Dun Delca, where you may be with Emer?” said they.

“No,” he replied, a shudder convulsing his strong frame ; “bear me to Tete Brece.”

And when they had done so, he dwelt there for a year, and on his face was always the look of a slumberer who is dreaming ; not once did he smile, nor did he speak one word during that year.

When the soul has many lives
 Fettered by forgetfulness,
 Hands that burst its long-worn gyves
 Cruel seem and pitiless.
 Yet they come all tenderly,
 Loved companions of the past ;
 And the sword that sets us free
 Turns our pain to peace at last.

(To be continued.)

AUTONOMY: SOLIDARITY: CRITICISM.

THE subject of autonomy has come so prominently before the theosophical public of late, that perhaps the expression of a few thoughts upon the subject may not be out of place.

In one sense, there is no such thing as autonomy, pure and simple. It does not exist. There is only interaction and interdependence. In manifestation all things are dual, are polar, and in the maintenance of equilibrium or circulation, health consists. Most of our mistakes in thought and action would appear to have their rise in undue insistence upon one pole or mode of action.

Autonomy in local affairs is all very well. Only those conversant with the local *statu quo* can wisely administer. But in their bearing upon the body corporate, upon the Society at large, a wider view is required. This seems trite enough. Yet the fact is often lost sight of in a craze for autonomy, which is the direct result of reaction from the undue use of official authority, self-styled. The relation of parts to the whole appears in danger of being forgotten. Not any organized body, from the simple nucleated cell to the man or the nation, but requires a centre, a pivotal point, and this pivot relates it to the world exterior to it, whether that pivot be the nucleolus of the cell, the heart of the man, the head of the nation or the Manâsic entity known to the Dzyan as "the pivot" of the race. As a wheel without a hub, relying on its tire alone; as a sphere without its "holding centre"; as a star without its fiery heart, so are we without our wider relation and central point, for lack of which all alike must fall into chaos. The ideal of the Republic of the United States (not its present outcome) gives the true conception. A congeries of States, autonomous in all that relates to local action: federated and acting as one complex but united body in all federal affairs relating to the outside world and to the whole.

This brings us at once to the idea of solidarity. There can be no solidarity for an organized body, as such, if it does not elect, vivify and maintain a common centre. Nature has provided her own, her sole mode of action and reaction. From centre to circumference, from circumference to centre, the forces play. There is, as well, a rotatory force playing around the circumference as around the centre, but were this mode of action to prevail, were the action to and from the centre to cease, the body as such must, and would, fall apart. In the bodies of

man and of the universe, no one organ, no one planet, can separate itself from the body of which it is a part and declare its autonomy. The word, like all our words, is a limitation, and expresses a partial idea only. In the Theosophical Society, the officers should be the centres of their Branch; the central office and the journals are the natural centres of the Branches, the Executive, of these: a President of the whole should be the centre for that whole, and he, in his turn, were he able to follow universal analogy, would be centred in the greater brotherhood, which in turn has a celestial centre which we know not, but which we reach in our dreams.

It were well for each and all of us if we considered, in every act, its dual bearings, for every act has these. "How will this work affect my Branch?" to be followed by: "What is the relation of this work to the whole?" And the same in regard to our method of beginning a work. Let us consult, not alone our friends and comrades with whom our daily work is done, but also those more distant comrades, distant in time and space as men view these, but upon whom our work and the methods of that work may have their primary effect. The sense of proportion, the harmonious interaction of the whole, the equilibrated circulation in which alone *healthy life* is found to lie, would then govern our thoughts and deeds. A finer, higher light than ever radiates from the brain, is shed upon those who thus take the broader view of action. Give autonomy and solidarity or centrality (to coin a word) each their due place and await the result with confidence, whatever that may be. I say "whatever that may be," because our failures are often the means and triumphs of a law above the human, a law divine. A thinker wrote: "Too great heed for results is poisonous and has damned many a good cause." Let a man do his duty and leave the results to the Law. How much friction, how much wasted energy we might be saved, and by how much more the Theosophical Society might flourish if we—each one of us—had regard to these elementary facts. If in face of every thought and deed we were to ask: "Is it my present instant duty to think thus? Is it my immediate duty to do this?" These simple tests would keep us from the dangerous trick of meddling with the duty of another, of judging of the duty of that other. Heart-whole, single-minded, we should bend all our energies to the work entrusted to us by a wise Karma. By thus looking to our duty alone, both in the private and in the larger action, we do call upon higher powers; we do receive reply.

From these thoughts ensues naturally a consideration of that criticism which may make or mar our work. Criticism is of two orders:

destructive and constructive. The former employs analysis as its sole mode. The latter analyzes but to synthesize. Destructive criticism really has its rise in the comparison of the work of another with our own work. Mental bias, mental configuration, inclines each one of us to some especial form of work, some given mode of doing that work and a particular view of its importance and relation to the whole. With these we compare the work of another and in so far as it differs with them, in so far we find it faulty, unwise, useless. This failure to recognize other points of view; this failure to accept the fact that Universal Mind acts along all channels, and provides for evolutionary work at every point by impelling all manner of minds to all kinds of work, is the creeping paralysis of our Movement. Its slow chill gains upon us. Its victims are crying out everywhere. Great Nature has even her destructive agents and agencies, and their duty is their duty, and not yours or mine to-day. Yet great Nature destroys but to build anew, and follows destruction with construction, which wider Being equilibrates in the end.

Constructive criticism, on the other hand, springs from universal sympathy. Whatever mode it uses, we feel that sympathy underneath. If it points out a weak place in our plan it offers help as well. If it refuses assistance it does so because itself is inapt at our idea or our work, and not because worker and idea are alike judged as faulty and mistaken. Or it frankly confesses inability without harsh prejudice. We feel the true brotherhood of it because it is simple, frank, and not related to self, not self-centred. If it analyzes it synthesizes also, and it is further from passing judgment upon us or our idea than the star is set from the glow-worm. How foolish we are when we think we can justly judge that which we do not understand. Now want of sympathy with any idea *is* want of understanding of that idea. Can we doubt that, were we in the thinker's environment and had we his precise mental equipment, we should think as he does? And if we honestly cannot see good in his plan why not confine ourselves to the statement that our line of work and thought seems to us not to lie in that direction? Are we afraid his plan may work harm? This mere assumption condemns us as self-worshippers and hypocrites, for it denies that Karma is with him as with us. Who are we to judge of the universal relation of things? Let us simply set forth our own inadequacy, our own inability to join his work, and wish him God-speed in all good things. This vice of criticism has nipped more buds of hope and promise than all the frosts of the century. How many workers has it not paralyzed? From every point of the compass we hear of it. Every-

where are energies unused, hands idle because of it. Whatever work we begin, however faulty that work, if we commend it and its results to the Divine, that Divine will perfect our work, use it to Its own ends, find a better work for us to do. Let us, then, fear to traverse the Divine plan by paralyzing the impulse of another. Let us do our own work and refrain from the duty of another. Suspicion is the sword of criticism. Let us cast that sword away. Who has not seen able workers—both ourselves and others—neutralizing all their own good work by the blight they cast upon the work of their fellows which to them seemed not good? It is not enough to do good work. We should be the cause of good work in others. We should all in turn play the part of inspirers, of evolvers. He who is the cause of the inaction of another; he who hinders the work of another—even though the hindering arise from ignorance of Self and the motives of Self—does his own good work in vain, for he has killed the work of his other, his larger selves.

There is an early letter of Master K. H. to the London Lodge, in which it is written that we should not think we now work together for the first time. We have so worked before, and will so work again, and upon the degree in which we work fraternally and harmoniously now, will depend our being helped or hindered by one another in future lives. Oh, my brothers! Which of us is ready to serve as a stumbling-block from life to life? Were it not better to refrain, to err, if need be, rather by refraining than by blighting the true impulse of another? For if his plan be mistaken, his impulse is true. There is a way of conserving that impulse while helping to modify the plan. I have found that those who wish to work are glad to be helped to work wisely if they feel that your criticism is of a constructive and synthetic nature. It is sympathy which conserves solidarity in autonomy.

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

THE STUDY OF THEOSOPHY.

WHAT the study of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom is to each individual, must be answered to each individual by himself.

A casual glance at human nature would seem to show this: from birth to death we pass through many experiences, which leave impressions on what might be called the mental atmosphere. These impressions are used by the mind, and form a veil through which we view life. Many pass through the same kind of experience, but we find very different results left on the nature; and the mind uses these

impressions, left by the same experience, in widely different ways. After observing this, it then becomes a matter of individual opinion whether or not it is advisable to take the trouble to find out things for oneself, or remain satisfied with opinions gleaned from the efforts of people more often than not of quite a different disposition to our own. This applies just as much to what the study of Theosophy is, as to anything else in life. Perhaps more so. Books can be read without bringing all our nature into action, but the study of Theosophy demands more than the reading of books. It is the study of life itself, of human nature, of ourselves.

The more we study nature, the deeper will be the meaning and the greater the light shed on the books we read. Unfortunately we are all so much taken up with puzzling over other people's opinions that we have no time to observe life acting in our own nature, although it is generally believed that first-hand evidence is best. We want to know something about ourselves, about life; but ourselves and life are the last sources from which we think of taking our information. We want facts: out of books, or from the lips of someone else. But facts are not in books. Only a record of them is found there. The facts themselves have their existence in life itself, and have to be taken from life if we would understand.

If we think for a moment what it is that decides for us what is true and what is untrue, we will find ourselves relying on the decision of something we know nothing at all about. This unknown something looks through a veil of mental impressions, and the view we take of these impressions depends largely on the predominant quality giving a ruling tendency to the nature. The same qualities are in every human being, but expressed in different degrees. It then remains with us to find out whether we can change the degrees of these qualities. If we can, then the question of decision is anything but one we can dogmatize about.

To the mysteries of life there are many doors. They are opened or closed according to the will and attitude of the individual. Those who have opened them, and passed through, have left behind them keys. Each one must open the doors for himself because the life behind those portals requires the strength to turn the keys. One of the keys is toleration. The strength to turn it is gained by its practice in daily life. It develops by realizing that the opinions of others are of as much value as our own. Those who have given some attention to the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx, "Know thyself," find this key easier to turn. Even a little self-knowledge clears away many obstacles, and

has a tendency to develop toleration. It clearly shows that no one but ourselves is responsible for our lack of knowledge; that other people's stupidity is but too often a reflection of our own ignorance, and that criticism reveals our own nature to an extent we but dimly realize.

Toleration is like a lamp of the mind. When we light it, instead of condemning what we do not believe or understand, its rays enable us to observe that an aspect of the Divine Life is placed before us. No matter how much we may condemn, jeer or ridicule, we cannot crush out of existence what does exist. What we believe and praise, what we condemn and think untrue, are both representations of a great mystery; and while the mind condemns anything it but reflects the opinion of a very small part upon a very large whole—something like an apple giving forth its views on the universe while remaining ignorant of the branch on which it grows.

Theosophy points out the way in which we may arrive at a truer standpoint of decision. The first step towards that end is to possess an open mind. Until we possess this we are not capable of giving a just amount of study to the things our natures are opposed to, and in the study of Theosophy everything has its place. And if one thing is left out of consideration it will be impossible to have a true conception of that of which it forms a part.

It is not what we *want* to believe that is true, but what *is*, whether we like it or not. So before the study of Theosophy can give us the light we seek, our minds must be in an attitude to reflect the truth Theosophy contains. Our minds must rise above our petty personal way of rejecting what does not suit us and accepting only what we think pleasant.

A. P. D.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

WORKERS pass on and leave their places filled. The inspiring presence in the Irish group of our American brother is now to be withdrawn, as he has yet greater work before him in the West. May the deep bond between us never be broken, and may our efforts be redoubled to carry on a movement which has among its workers genuine Companions like Jas. M. Pryse.

The programme for the month is: Dec. 18th, *Paul, the Messenger*, Chas. Johnston; Jan. 8th, *The Gods of the Ancient Irish*; 15th, *The Barbarism of Civilization*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

Printed on "THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST" Press, 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.