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NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE SEX PROBLEM.

OF all subjects engaging public attention, there are perhaps none hedged round by so many difficulties as that of the Sex Problem, and yet, on no subject is it so desirable to have a sound philosophy. Turn where we will the problem confronts us, and at no time more than the present. "Why cannot love be noble?" is a question much easier asked than answered. The apostle Paul endeavoured to grapple with the matter, and no one can deny that there is ample justification for the severe criticism passed upon his philosophy. Many of the hardships under which women have laboured so long can, undoubtedly, be traced to his crude teaching. Happily, however, he is no longer regarded as an infallible authority. It may be interesting to note some dominant influences that have been more or less silently at work during recent years, upon this momentous question.

PROBABLY the most important is the "Brotherhood of the New Life," founded by Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, which was brought into such prominent public notice by the late Laurence Oliphant, and which has often been erroneously confounded with the T.S. The tie that unites the members of this community is not credal, "not communistic, not in any sense hostile to existing religions or social systems, whilst they still continue to exist. To live in Christ, to grow in Christ, to share with each other as utility requires, both the fruits of industrial and ethical labours, to maintain the 'unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' and so to prepare ourselves for a coming public service in the primary hours of an era of transposed respiration and perishing environments, that we think to be just at the doors;—this has been, is, and will be, the purpose that unites us all!"

Mr. Harris is *par excellence* the woman's champion. "I sing to woman for her hour of need," he says, and, apart from a peculiarity of phrasing, there can be no doubt that he sings to much effect. He has issued a goodly number of volumes from his private press, all having woman for their inspiring theme.

"Not those are worst who seem the worst :
Defiled, degraded, and accurst,
Oft' to the grave they stray,
As babes who lose the way."

"Not those are best who seem the best :
Young dovelets sheltered in the nest,
Till eyes and wings were grown,
They rose, but not alone."

"Lifted by myriads of cares,
Their flight was not amid the snares ;
They bloomed as flowers that grow,
Where glass shuts out the snow."

MRS. PHILLIPS, writing in defence of Mr. Harris in the *National Review* a few months ago, gives a fair presentation of the fundamental points on which his teaching rests ; and as Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Symneumata* and *Scientific Religion*, and Rev. John Pulsford's *Morgenrothe* are practically based entirely on the same idea, I quote pretty fully. She says :—"To him (Mr. Harris) was revealed the mystery of the duality of God, in whom is hidden the Divine Mother who constitutes with the Father the *Us* spoken of in Genesis. 'Let us make man in our own image, male and female created He them.' The impurity, the animality, of the race has caused pure souls to veil their faces rather than associate with God the idea of marriage ; but in daring to grasp the thought subjectively and purely ('the pure in heart'—alone—'shall see God'), we touch the keystone of the arch of all Life and Truth. The Fall was a fall from subjective to objective marriage, whereby the holiest became externalized and perverted. Sin, the serpent, entered into the race through this perversion. The Divine Feminine was, in consequence, drawn into the subjective sphere of God : that is, not suffered to be understood or revealed to the gross mind of man, save only here and there to the initiated few who speak of Her as 'The Bride' who in the ultimate redemption of the race will be revealed once more to Humanity." "It is this dawning manifestation of the 'Bride' to Humanity which has caused everywhere the awakening so perceptible among women in these days. They are alive at last to their true position as the equal and complement of man by reason of the coming forth of their 'pattern in the heavens.' Hitherto the church, while praying to Our Father, has overlooked the fact that Fatherhood implies Motherhood. This duality in God—The Two-in-One—was the revelation given Mr. Harris to declare afresh. But, the time when mankind could accept his teaching without gross misrepresentation not being ripe, his later books were not issued for general circulation, but only to those whose minds, being 'open,' had eyes to see, without profaning the mystery."

MRS. BESANT has pointed out clearly and forcibly in *Lucifer* the danger of Mr. Harris's symbolism, and in issuing his books "only to those whose minds being

'open' had eyes to see," Mr. Harris seems to have recognised the danger himself. Considering that he has lived so much in seclusion; that so much of his life has been enshrouded in mystery, it is surprising how far-reaching his influence is. "Eminent divines," he writes, "of the Church of England, and of the orthodox and liberal denominations, authors and professional men of well-known distinction, learned oriental scholars;—a body, in fine, distinguished at once by high character and unobtrusive philanthropy, scattered over three continents, have for these many years been co-labourers and co-discoverers with me in these fields of vital research. They, have, however agreed in the unanimous conclusion, that the hour had not quite arrived when publicity should be given to their ripe conclusions." Few men have been more fiercely attacked, and we cannot but admire a man who through all has pursued the even tenor of his way, "making no rejoinders, however powerful the weapons that are at his command."

IF we take the Shaker Community of America as being, perhaps, the one most successful experiment made to form a social community composed of both sexes, where practical difficulties in the way of ideal relationship becomes most apparent, we find, to quote Elder Evans, of the Mount Lebanon Community, that, "as private or individual property forms the basis of, and is essential to, the marriage relation, so is virgin purity the basis of, and essential to, a community of property, without which it cannot be supported." Life in a Shaker community is by no means perfect however, and results seem to have fallen far short of expectations. Emotional religious exercises, combined with mediumship, have so dwarfed the intellect, and rendered impotent the will, that their power as an active living force in the world is practically *nil*.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S attempt to found a community on somewhat similar lines proved, as all the world knows, a disastrous failure. With his writings it is unnecessary to deal, as there can be no doubt he was indebted to Mr. Harris for most of what was really of any value. A few regarded his books as a veritable message from heaven; others as the work of a man whose intellect had been weakened by mediumship.

To the Theosophist neither Mr. Harris's nor Mr. Oliphant's symbolism seems to rise above the "psychical states," where the distinctions of sex still exist. To those who recognise that "in the True there is no sex"; that in the Spirit "all forms of life and death are found at once," their philosophy is inadequate: but a perpetuation of existing differences involved in psychic subtleties, affording no permanent resting-place for the sense-tossed soul. Mr. Harris may retort that ours is a "cold" philosophy; but it is serene—a strange contrast to the "clime where every weed grows a yard in the night."

AND so I come to what Theosophy has to say on the Sex Problem, and here I cannot do better than quote Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, who seems to have made a special study of Reincarnation and its bearing on the subject before us:—"The Human Soul, or that which in Theosophy is known as the Higher Ego, the Thinker, the True Individuality, the Reincarnating Ego, is sexless. It has after an almost infinite cycle of duality rebecome Unity on its own plane, and that differentiation which would correspond to sex upon this is unknown. But as the Soul, the Pilgrim in the Cycle of Necessity, descends by incarnating in these human-animal forms, in order to consciously conquer this plane where

the dual action of the One Life, or Evolution, is in active operation, it has of necessity to incarnate in bodies having now the preponderance of the negative and again of the positive manifestations of the One Life. Hence, though being sexless, it incarnates now in a series of male forms, and again in a series of female forms, in its necessary alternating efforts to bring about conscious harmony or equilibrium upon the molecular plane. It can never know all the possibilities of life or consciousness here without touching the two poles, without thus experiencing here the two aspects of the One Life. Looked at from this higher view-point the sex problem is solved. . . . Therefore is all the talk and all the hope of man or woman becoming similar mentally, or in any other way, except as countless ages of Evolution shall have rounded out both aspects of life, but childish babbling. . . . Thus by recognising and teaching the true relations our souls bear to our bodies, that upon its own habitation the soul is sexless and passionless, Theosophy offers but another view-point from which to obtain a broader, more philosophic conception of human life, its duties, responsibilities, and opportunities. . . . We must recognise in woman not the weak, passive vehicle, created as an avenue to a sensuous Paradise, but a soul transiently at the opposite pole of material existence, which has in it as deep a significance, as God-like opportunities, as that which our ignorant, brutish egotism has caused us to regard as superior. It must be recognised that the sex which is her's in this life may be ours in our next—must be ours in many future lives . . . and by our attitude towards the opposite sex, be it that of man or woman, we are creating character traits which may have to be sharply corrected by unpleasant experiences in that opposite sex during our next life. . . . Let us restore marriage to its pristine purity; let us recognise that sex is of this plane only; that the soul ought to—is entitled to—live far above the unreasoning desires of the animal kingdom below us, to which, and even lower than which, we descend when our motive is but sensuous desire. By conquering this tyrant which we have invited to occupy the throne of our mind, we shall be free to use the creative energy, now perverted and wasted, upon intellectual and spiritual planes. So shall we enter the Paradise from which we have been expelled; so shall we reclaim once more our lost heritage."

—:o:—

THE DIVINE MAN.

AS TAUGHT BY CHRISTIANITY, JUDAISM, BRAHMANISM, THEOSOPHY.

(A Paper read by León Landsberg, F.T.S., before the Aryian T.S., New York.)

WHILE meditating upon the subject of to-night's discussion, I was haunted by the thought of Kaspar Hauser, and, in order to rid myself of it, I made up my mind to tell you his story. Hauser had been brought up from his earliest childhood in strict confinement in a dark place underground, where he could not see the sun, or hear sound of the outer world. His food—bread and water—was supplied to him while he was in a state of natural or artificial sleep, and his only occupation was playing with two wooden horses. You can imagine the effect of such education, or rather want of education on the child's mind. When in 1828, a youth of about sixteen years of age, he appeared for the first time on the streets of Nuremberg, he was unable to give an account of himself, his language being confined to the few words: "Ich woais nit"—I don't know, which he repeated parrot-like in reply to all questions. His mind

was totally blank, he loathed all food except bread and water, and the sounds, sights and odours of the common world caused him pain. His case awakened at the time considerable psychological interest, and this the more so, as this victim of a hideous crime against the soul was claimed to have been of noble origin, and even heir to the throne of Baden.

I am sure you have seen already through my purpose for telling you this story. Indeed, if Hauser were not a historical personality, he might be looked upon as symbolizing man against whose divine nature a similar crime was committed by the churches. Man, too, was brought up within the confinements of narrow creeds; he, too, was kept in a state of artificial mental sleep, and his custodians, the priests, were careful too, not to permit a ray of reason or spiritual light to penetrate the night of ignorance with which he was surrounded. The food of his mind was fear and superstition, the sole occupation of his thoughts, a God of hatred and a devil, the shadows of his own brutalized consciousness. He of so noble origin, the image of God, nay a god himself, has been reduced to the condition of an animal, with all its low instincts, wild passions and animal desires.

In view of this fact, is his present moral and spiritual abasement to be wondered at? Is it to be wondered that he lost the memory of his divine origin; that the higher faculties of his soul became almost completely atrophied? He had so long been taught to look upon himself as a fallen creature, only good to serve for fuel of an everlasting hell-fire, that he actually became the contemptible, miserable wretch whose self-degradation is well portrayed in the following prayer which I take from an old hymn-book:

“ I am a carrion of vermin and dust,
 A dog, a hog, a devil, .
 And just as old iron is eaten by rust,
 I am canker'd with sin and evil.
 For what am I, old sinner, good,
 Except to serve the raven for food?
 O Jesus, have mercy, give me a kick,
 And bounce me into thy heaven quick!
 Amen.”

And now Theosophy steps in and tries to liberate man from the iron clutches of the church, and the fatal influence of a materialistic science. It says to him—“ Your teachers have lied in telling you that you were a fallen creature; they have cheated you of your birthright; you are of divine origin; you yourself are the God, whom you worshipped in abject fear; and you need only to awaken to the full consciousness of your divinity in order to come into the possessions of your due inheritance—the power to command nature and all its forces.” And since man, bewildered by this divine revelation, blinded by the light of truth so suddenly breaking upon his darkened consciousness, still hesitates to believe this divine message, Theosophy, to support its assertion, untombs the religious tradition of hoary ages, purges the sacred Scriptures of the errors and interpolations added to them by an unscrupulous priestcraft, calls upon the noblest, greatest, and wisest of all nations and times, and produces them as witnesses before the court of human reason to testify in behalf of man's divinity. Let us examine some of these witnesses.

I begin with Christianity. Contrary to the teachings of the Church, according to which the man Jesus was the only begotten Son of God, and in whom we must believe or be eternally damned, Jesus himself, in the 10th chapter of John, testifies that the words of the King-psalmist—“ You are Gods ”

—were addressed to other men, claiming for himself the same privileges without any blasphemy. And St. Paul confirms his master's testimony by asserting in 2 Cor., chap. 6, 16, that "we are all the temple of God"; and further in 1 Cor., chap. 15, v. 47, that "the first man is of the earth, the second man is the Lord from Heaven." This God in every man is called the Christ, a name which the Christians identify with the man Jesus, but which long before him was also given to a Hindu Divinity. It represents the divine spirit manifested in man, of which, indeed, it may be said that it is the only begotten son, inasmuch as it is the first emanation of the invisible Supreme Cause, and it is this Christ also who can justly say of himself—"I and my Father in heaven are one." This Christ, which according to the clear statements of the Gospels, is the common property of all mankind, and in the sole possession of none, because man's true saviour, a saviour, alas! whom we can see daily crucified on the cross of man's physical body.

Our next witness is Judaism. But its little understood and therefore much abused Old Testament speaks too foreign and enigmatical a language, and we must call upon its interpreters, the Talmudists and Kabalists, to give us a translation of its testimony. They testify in substance as follows:—Man is not only the skin, flesh, bones, and nerves which make up his physical body. All these are only a garment of the true, invisible, spiritual man. This true man is both the image of the universe and of God, the Divine Presence on earth; the "Adam Illa-ah," or Upper Adam, who, emanating from the Supreme First Cause, produced this Lower, terrestrial Adam. The real man is the intricate union of soul and spirit which constitutes our spiritual nature; and the temporary alliance of these two superior principles with the physical senses, *i.e.*, the physical life that chains them to the earth, far from being represented as an evil, or a fall, is regarded as a means of education and a salutary trial. According to the Talmudists and Kabalists, it is a necessity inherent in the finite nature of the soul that it should, through a series of re-incarnations, attain self-consciousness, so that it may ultimately re-enter the source of light and life, called divine thought, without a loss of its own individuality. On the other hand, spirit cannot descend without elevating the inferior principles; and thus human life, if complete, is a kind of reconciliation between the two extremes of existence—the ideal and the real; between spirit and matter; or, to borrow an expression of the original, between the King and the Queen. The ultimate destiny awaiting the soul is a state of perfect bliss, called the seventh degree of the "Holy of the holiest," almost identical with the Hindu Nirvana, where all souls become one with the Supreme Soul and mutually complete one another. In this state the creature cannot distinguish itself from the Creator; they both are illuminated by the same thought, animated by the same will. The soul alike with God command the universe, and what the soul wills God does execute.

The next witness to be examined is the Brahmin. But here the testimony in favour of man's divinity is so abundant that in the *embarras du choix* one hardly knows what to quote first. Whatever of their numerous Scriptures we interrogate, whether we examine the Vedas, the Upanishads, or the Vedanta system, its one fundamental thought is the identity of that which in our innermost soul is recognised as our true Ego, with that which we see outside and around us as Brahman. This identity is expressed in the words: "*Aham brahman asmi*—I am Brahman"; and "*Tat tvam asi*—That art thou."

It is on account of Avidya-ignorance that we identify ourselves with our senses, passions, desires, and fail to realise that God within us. He only can approach a knowledge of Brahman who meditates upon the mysteries of his

own innermost being. Not through the intellect but intuition springing up in the contemplation of the conscious Ego will he feel himself one with everything existing, his own Atman one with the Adyatma, the Supreme Spirit. "Self," says the Rig-Veda (r. 477), "is the lord of all things; 'Self' is the king of all things. As all the spokes of a wheel are contained in the nave and the circumference, all things are contained in this 'Self,' all Selves are contained in this 'Self.' Brahman itself is but 'Self.'"

And now what has Theosophy to say in this cause? Being the fundamental truth underlying all religions, it can but confirm all their testimony deposed in favour of man's divine nature. It says to man—"That Christ worshipped by the Christian as the only begotten Son of God; that celestial Adam of the Jew, representing the Divine Presence on earth; that Atman of the Brahmin, which is Brahman itself: they are your own self; not that imaginary self, your petty personality, that bundle of passions, emotions, and desires with which you are wont to identify yourself. This is transient, mortal, a mere animal in human shape; but that self within you which thinks, reasons, wills; that Self which searches for truth, strives for perfection, aspires after spiritual enlightenment; that Self which is free from pride, anger, and conceit, sees in every human being his brother, and feels compassion for all animate nature. This is the true Self, Manas illuminated by Buddhi and Atma, the God attaining to self-consciousness once that man recognises Him as the "I am" within himself.

This is what Theosophy, in accord with the most important religions, testifies in behalf of man's divinity: and if all this testimony should prove insufficient to convince you of your divine nature, it points to another, and the most important witness—your own heart. There, in its deepest recesses, is a voice which, if you would only listen to its pleadings, will tell you—"I am more than an eating, sleeping, and propagating animal. I am an immortal, divine soul. The body is but my habiliment. Shall the garment ignore the wearer?"

And Theosophy directs your attention to the birthmark of your divine origin, the great faculties latent in your soul, and points to the Adepts and Masters, your Elder Brothers, who knew how to use their talent, so that you stand now in awe and admiration before the wonderful powers of which they are capable. And it tells you their message that they are only waiting for your awakening to the higher life to help you in your struggles and efforts to conquer your divine inheritance. Then Theosophy unfolds before you the spectacle of infinite progression awaiting you on the spiritual path that leads to the Supreme goal, ever rising to more sublime virtues, ever advancing to the ultimate victory of spirit; and should you have attained these inexpressible perfections which shine in the spheres of the Budhas and Nirmanakyas, man-gods and saviours of mankind, there are still in store for you treasures of yet higher glory, of yet sublimer wisdom, of yet more marvellous powers, unfolding beyond all conception on the road of divine ascent.

Fellow Theosophists! I have endeavoured to delineate the religious and theosophic teachings concerning the divine man and his destiny. If, within your innermost hearts, you assent to the truth of these teachings, if you have awakened to the consciousness of your divinity, and are anxious to enter a new and higher cycle of spiritual progress, then you must, even like Arjuna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, resolve to fight! To fight ignorance, delusion, ambition; to fight every animal desire, every passion, every sense, every weakness not worthy of a God, until the animal nature is completely subdued to the will of the divine

man within you. The fight will be long and wearisome, the defeats numerous and most humiliating, and the difficulties will seem to augment with each victory. Never lose faith! Never declare yourself vanquished, but, with your prize, ultimate liberation, in view, continue to fight. Mind not the sneers of the world, yield not to weakness and despondency—

“Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.”

—:O:—

A STRANGE AWAKENING.

By Æ.

CHAPTER II.

I CANNOT tell all the steps by which the young soul came forth from its clouds and dreams, but must hurry over the years. This single incident of his boyhood I have told to mark the character and tendency of his development; spirituality made self-conscious only in departing; life, a falling from ideals which grew greater, more beautiful and luminous as the possibility of realizing them died away. But this ebbtide of the inner life was not regular and incessant, but rather after the fashion of waves which retreat surely indeed, but returning again and again, seem for moments to regain almost more than their past altitude. His life was a series of such falls and such awakenings. Every new experience which drew his soul from its quietude brought with it a revelation of a spiritual past, in which, as it now seemed, he had been living unconsciously. Every new experience which enriched his mind seemed to leave his soul more barren. The pathetic anguish of these moments had little of the moral element, which was dormant and uncultivated rather than perverted. He did not ponder over their moral aspect, for he shared the superficial dislike to the ethical, which we often see in purely artistic natures, who cannot endure the entrance of restraint or pain upon their beauty. His greatest lack was the companionship of fine men or noble women. He had shot up far beyond the reach of those whom he knew, and wanting this companionship he grew into a cynical or sensuous way of regarding them. He began to write: he had acquired the faculty of vigorous expression by means of such emotions as were engendered in his loose way of living. His productions at this time were tinged with a mystical voluptuousness which was the other pole to his inner, secret and spiritual being. The double strain upon his energies, which daily work and nightly study with mental productiveness involved, acted injuriously upon his health, and after a year he became so delicate that he could carry on neither one nor other of his avocations without an interval of complete rest. Obtaining leave from his employers, he went back for a period of six weeks to the village where he had been born. Here in the early summer and sunshine his health rapidly improved; his mind even more than his body drank deep draughts of life; and here, more than at any period in his life, did his imagination begin to deal with mighty things, and probe into the secret mysteries of life, and here passed into his consciousness, visions of the cosmic romance, the starry dynasties, the long descended line by which the human spirit passed from empire; he began to comprehend dimly by what decadence from starry state the soul of man is ushered into the great visible life. These things came to him not clearly as ideas, but rather as shadowy and shining visions thrown across the air of dawn or twilight as he moved about.

Not alone did this opulence of spiritual life make him happy, another cause conspired with it to this end. He had met a nature somewhat akin to his own: Olive Rayne, the woman of his life.

As the days passed over he grew eager not to lose any chance of speech with her, and but two days before his departure he walked to the village hoping to see her. Down the quiet English lane in the evening he passed with the rapid feet that bear onward unquiet or feverish thought. The clear fresh air communicated delight to him; the fields grown dim, the voice of the cuckoo, the moon like a yellow globe cut in the blue, the cattle like great red shadows driven homeward with much unnecessary clamour by the children; all these flashed in upon him and became part of him: readymade accessories and backgrounds to his dreams, their quietness stilled and soothed the troubled beauty of passion. His pace lessened as he came near the village, half wondering what would serve as excuse for visits following one so soon upon the other. Chance served as excuse. He saw her grey dress, her firm upright figure coming out from among the lilac bushes at the gate of her father's house. She saw Harvey coming towards her and waited for him with a pleasant smile. Harvey, accustomed to introspect and ideal imaginings, here encountered no shock gazing upon the external. Some last light of day reflected upward from the white gate-post, irradiated her face, and touched with gold the delicate brown hair, the nostrils, lips, chin, and the lilac at her throat. Her features were clear-cut, flawless; the expression exquisitely grave and pure; the large grey eyes had that steady glow which shows a firm and undisturbed will. In some undefinable way he found himself thinking of the vague objects of his dreams, delicate and subtle things, dew, starlight, and transparencies rose up by some affinity. He rejected them—not those—then a strong warrior with a look of pity on his face appeared and disappeared: all this quick as a flash before she spoke.

"I am going doctoring," she said. "Old nurse Winder is ill, and my father will not be back until late." Mr. Rayne was the country doctor.

"May I go with you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, why not? But I have first to call at two or three places on the way."

He went with her. He was full of wonder at her. How could she come out of her own world of aspiration and mystic religion and show such perfect familiarity, ease and interest in dealing with these sordid village complaints, moral and physical? Harvey was a man who disliked things like these which did not touch his sense of beauty. He could not speak to these people as she did: he could not sympathize with them. The pain of the old woman made him shrink into himself almost with more disgust than pity. While Olive was bending over her tenderly and compassionately, he tried to imagine what it was inspired such actions and such self-forgetfulness. Almost it seemed for a moment to him as if some hidden will in the universe would not let beauty rest in its own sphere, but bowed it down among sorrows continually. He felt a feeling of relief as they came out again into the night.

It was a night of miracle and wonder. Withdrawn far aloft into fairy altitudes, the stars danced with a gaiety which was more tremendous and solemn than any repose. The night was wrought out of a profusion of delicate fires. The grass, trees, and fields glowed with the dusky colours of rich pottery. Everywhere silence; everywhere the exultant breathing of life, subtle, universal, penetrating. Into the charmed heart fell the enchantment we call ancient, though the days have no fellows, nor will ever have any. Harvey, filled up with this wonder, turned to his companion.

"See how the Magician of the Beautiful blows with his mystic breath upon the world! How tremulous the lights are; what stillness! How it banishes the memory of pain!"

"Can you forget pain so easily? I hardly noticed the night—it is wonderful indeed. But the anguish it covers and enfolds everywhere I cannot forget."

"I could not bear to think of pain at any time, still less while these miracles are over and around us. You seem to me almost to seek pain like a lover. I cannot understand you. How can you bear the ugly, the mean, the sordid—the anguish which you meet. You—so beautiful?"

"Can you not understand?" she said, almost impetuously. "Have you never felt pity as universal as the light that floods the world? To me a pity seems to come dropping, dropping, dropping from that old sky, upon the earth and its anguish. God is not indifferent. Love eternal encircles us. Its wishes are for our redemption. Its movements are like the ripples starting from the rim of a pond that overcome the outgoing ripples and restore all to peace."

"But what is pain if there is this love?" asked Harvey.

"Ah, how can I answer you? Yet I think it is the triumph of love pushing back sin and rebellion. The cry of this old nature being overcome is pain. And this is universal, and goes on everywhere, though we cannot comprehend it; and so, when we yield to this divine love, and accept the change, we find in pain a secret sweetness. It is the first thrill that heralds an immense dawn."

"But why do you say it is universal? Is not that a frightful thought?"

"If God is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, then the life of Christ on earth was a symbol—must be a symbol—of what endures for ever: the Light and Darkness for ever in conflict: a crucifixion in eternity."

This belief, so terrible, so pathetic, so strange, coming from this young girl affected Harvey profoundly. He did not reject it. The firmness and surety of her utterance, the moral purity of her character appealed to him who felt his own lack of clear belief and heroic purpose. Like all spiritual people, he assimilated easily the spiritual moods of those whom he came into contact with. Coming from her, the moral, pathetic, and Christian doctrine had that element of beauty which made it blend with his ideal paganism. As he went homewards he pondered over her words, her life, her thoughts. He began to find an inexpressible beauty in her pity, as a feeling welling up from unknown depths, out of the ancient heart of things. Filled with this pity he could overcome his dislike of pain and go forth as the strong warrior of his momentary vision. He found himself repeating again and again her words: "We find in pain a secret sweetness—a secret sweetness—a secret sweetness." If he could only find it, what might he not dare, to what might he not attain? And revolving all these things upon his restless pillow, there came over him one of those mystic moods I have spoken of: wandering among dim originals, half in dream and half in trance, there was unfolded within him this ancient legend of the soul:—

There was a great Gloom and a great Glory in nature, and the legions of darkness and the glorious hosts were at war perpetually with one another. Then the Ancient of Days, who holds all this within himself, moved the Gloom and the Glory together: the Sons of the Bright Fire he sent into the darkness, and the children of Darkness he brought unto the gates of the day. And in the new

Life formed out of the union of these two, pain, self-conscious, became touched with a spiritual beauty, and those who were of the Hosts of Beauty wore each one a Crown of Thorns upon the brow.

(To be continued.)

—:O:—

THE MISSION OF THE CHRIST.

OUT of the depths of human misery and suffering, many a soul imprisoned in mortal frame has cried in anguish and despair: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And a bitterer cry even than that may be heard from some lips—"There is no God!" Aye—for if God hath forsaken He may return; there is still that hope. But when there is no God—then, indeed, hath the soul touched the lowest depths of illusion, then, indeed, it hath tasted the bitterness of death, the horror of the outer darkness.

But how much of this despair might have been saved if the theological God and devil theory had never been perpetrated. The veriest child sees the absurdity of this theory; but his questions are silenced, the purity of his intention is soiled and poisoned, he grows up in conformity or acquiescence; then when the storms of life break he is swept away from the anchorage which can no longer hold him because it is *false*. Then, indeed, if unhappily he find not the path, he may cry out in despair, "there is no God." But, we shall be told, the theological theory has sufficed for thousands and millions, has been a firm anchorage for them all through the storms of life, and through the gates of death. We do not deny the fact. But a very little study of human nature shows us how prone it is to cling to conventional ideas and cherished ideals; and what is true of one religion is also true of another, each has its devotees for whom its ideas and ideals are all-sufficient, however dissimilar they may be.

My friends we want TRUTH, not ideals, we want men and women who can face FACTS, not those who are afraid to question lest their "faith" should become unsettled. And that man who has cried out of the bitterness of his heart, "there is no God," is nearer to "the place of peace" than he who cherishes the ideal of a heaven of bliss for ever and ever.

And to those who can find no God in this evil world; who can find no answer to the problem why an all-wise, and all-powerful, and all-loving God should *permit* such an evil world, we would offer the key which Theosophy presents, of a God *within*, not without. There is all the difference in the universe between a God who rules *over* the universe and a God who is the innermost of all that is manifested in time and space. For if you turn to the God within, if you look for him in your own heart, a wonderful light dawns upon the darkness of the problem of evil. For you yourself in your own innermost nature, in your own "Higher Self," are God.

We have heard of one who took upon himself the form of a man, yet thought it not robbery to be equal with God. And if you have understood aright that divine allegory of the incarnated Christ, neither will you think it robbery to make your SELF equal with God.

But what follows? If the Christ be incarnated in you, the mission of the Christ is your mission. Did it never occur to you that you are here in this lower world to accomplish a purpose which not God Himself but only you can accomplish? Then how can we any longer cry out against God for the evil He permits? It is not He, it is we who permit it; and the man who has once realised that everything works from within without, that the root-cause of all that manifests in the phenomenal world lies hidden in the secret chambers of his own being, will no longer seek helplessly for a personal God who only exists in a materialised theology; he will seek the SELF within, and having found the cause of the illusions of sane life, he will destroy it for ever.

That is the mission of the Christ—a mission which only you yourself can accomplish. When you have realised it, all theological difficulties vanish, all creeds become merged in one; and the name we give to that knowledge which is the sum of creeds, of all science, of all knowledge, is rightly and truly termed THEOSOPHY—*Divine Wisdom*. W. K.

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THE SECRET.

One thing in all things have I seen :
 One thought has haunted earth and air ;
 Clangour and silence both have been
 Its palace chambers. Everywhere

I saw the mystic vision flow,
 And live in men, and woods, and streams,
 Until I could no longer know
 The dream of life from my own dreams.

Sometimes it rose like fire in me,
 Within the depths of my own mind,
 And spreading to infinity,
 It took the voices of the wind.

It scrawled the human mystery,
 Dim heraldry—on light and air ;
 Wavering along the starry sea,
 I saw the flying vision there.

Each fire that in God's temple lit
 Burns fierce before the inner shrine,
 Dimmed as my fire grew near to it,
 And darkened at the light of mine.

At last, at last, the meaning caught :
 When spirit wears its diadem,
 It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought,
 And trails the stars along with them.

G. W. R.

GLEANINGS FROM THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

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

Subject for May—" *The Potency of Sound.*"

DREAMING AND DEEP SLEEP (*Continued.*)

Man is represented as a prismatic trinity, veiling and looked through by a primordial unity of light—gross outward body; subtle internal body or soul; a being neither body nor soul, but absolute self-forgetfulness, called the cause-body, because it is the original sin of ignorance of his true nature, which precipitates him from the spirit into the life-condition. These three bodies, existing in the waking, dreaming, and sleeping states, are all known, witnessed, and watched, by the spirit which standeth behind and apart from them, in the unwinking vigilance of ecstasy or spirit-making.

—*The Dream of Ravan. Dublin University, May, 1853.*

The first or spiritual state was ecstasy: from ecstasy it forgot itself into deep sleep; from profound sleep it awoke out of unconsciousness, but still within itself, into the internal world of dreams; from dreaming it passed finally into the thoroughly waking state, and the outer world of sense. Each state has an embodiment of ideas or language of its own. The universal, ever-present intuitions that be eternally with the spirit in the first, are in the second utterly forgotten for a time, and then emerge reversed, limited, and translated into divided successive intellections, or gropings, rather, of a struggling and as yet unorganised intelligence, having reference to place and time, and an external historical world, which it seeks, but cannot all at once realise outside itself. In the third they become pictured by a creative fantasy into phantasms of persons, things and events, in a world of light and shade within us, which is visible even when the eyes are sealed in dreaming slumber, and is a prophecy and forecast shadow of the solid world that is coming. In the fourth the outforming or objectivity is complete—*Ibid.*

Ask a good clairvoyant to describe the aura of a person just refreshed by sleep, and that of another just before going to sleep. The former will be seen bathed in rythmical vibrations of life currents—golden, blue, and rosy: These are the electrical waves of life. The latter is, as it were, in a mist of intense golden-orange hue, composed of atoms whirling with an almost incredible spasmodic rapidity, showing that the person begins to be too strongly saturated with life: the life essence is too strong for his physical organs, and he must seek relief in the shadowy side of that essence, which side is the dream element, or physical sleep, one of the states of consciousness.

—H.P.B. *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge. Part I.*

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OUR "LOTUS CIRCLE."

ALL ABOUT THE SMALL PEOPLE CALLED FAIRIES.

This is an old, old land, this country we call Ireland, and which some folks who live in it call the Isle of Saints, and the Isle of Destiny; and the fairies dwelt in many parts of it long ago, and some, I think, are with us still.

Down on the wild Kerry coast you can find ferns and flowers growing that are not found wild anywhere else in the British Isles; and the grey, moss-starred, rugged rocks stretching out to sea formed part of a mighty continent that sank beneath the ocean-bed so long ago that you will never read of it in your history books. In those happy, bright days long ago great teachers lived in Eire, and taught the people such beautiful, true things, that the fame of their teaching spread far and wide, over land and sea; and wise men from other lands came to hear them, and to grow wiser still, as they listened to the teaching of the Great Ones.

But when times grew troubled, and the people did not care to learn, the teachers left our Irish shores; but I know, my dear ones, that they are not so far off that they cannot help those who are wise enough to wish for the old true teaching.

But though the teachers left us, their thoughts remained, and the very air is full of them; and thoughts are *things*, thoughts are *living*, thoughts are *fairies*.

You can't see thoughts, you say. That is true; but there are many things you cannot see. When the wind catches your hat, and blows your hair into your eyes, you don't see the wind; but it is there all the same; and although you do not see the fairies, some folks who are very wide-awake still see them. And round the turf fires, when they sit together closely, old people tell strange stories that their grandfathers heard their grandfathers tell, when they were children, like you are now. Only remember this. The old people, however softly they whisper, never *speak* of the fairies, because they know right well that you often grow like what you speak of or think of much; and so they call the fairies *the good people*. As I have told you, because the Great Ones once lived here, their thoughts remain; and that is why, even in this dark age, our land is full of good and gracious influences. And Irish hearts are true, and the nature spirits kindly, and the island fresh and fruitful, for the grass grows greener here than elsewhere, and the breezes are soft and sweet; and there are no hills the wide world over like the fair, blue, Irish hills; and the little rippling streams of Ireland laugh down the mountain-sides like children at their play, flowing faster, and ever faster, towards the ocean.

For nature is all alive and joyful, and the little buds open with a soft, cooing sound; and the flowers turn their dew-wet faces to the sun; and the lark sings of faith, and hope, and peace; the trees whisper great thoughts; the daffodils nod their heads together, as if they whispered many things; and the streams sing nature's song; and if on some fine day you are quiet enough to hear the grass grow, it, too, will tell you some of nature's secrets.

And the people's hearts are kind and true here, and the Irish faces are sunny ones, and if you ask me why the small Irish children are like our weather, all sun and showers; and why they love their comrades so that they laugh with them, and cry with them, I shall tell you it is all owing to the fairies, or good people.

Where are the fairies now? you ask me. Well, that's another matter; if you want to see them you must grow brave and true, and pure in heart; and then some day perhaps you may catch just one peep at them, but not with the eyes you look so astonished with as you listen to me now.

It is of no use for you to creep out of your soft warm beds after mother has kissed you good-night: you may climb upon the window-sill, and press your face against the pane hoping to see the nice, gay, fairy folk dancing hand in hand around the ring of grass that is higher and brighter than the rest of the

field; but you will never see them, dear children, around the fairy-ring in the moonlight, and so you need not try to do so. When the lights are out think lovingly of those who love you, and fall asleep; and maybe you will see bright creatures in your dreams.

But before I go on to tell you how fairies are *made* there is just the story you may like to hear about the fairy Queen Nian and the Prince Oisín.

This Feni prince who lived long ago grew tired of wars and fighting, and longed for peace; and one day when his friends were hunting, Queen Niam came to take him away and teach him wisdom. She was fair, and tall, and gracious, and clothed all in pure white, and her eyes were like the sunlight. And some call her a fairy queen, but others call her *Truth*.

And she took Prince Oisín to the "Land of Youth," and kept his heart young. Many people in after ages tried to find that land of Tirnanogue or youth; it lies, they tell us, just on the ocean's rim, where sea and water meet; and many grown-up people who were silly have tried to sail to it, but they never reach it any more than they can reach the end of the rainbow. Grown-ups *never* get there: it is the children's land, a place of delight for the little ones who love the fairy Queen of Truth. But, my dear ones, when you are no longer little, and grow up into men and women, I tell you what you must do if you would be happy: *Leave your heart in the "Land of Youth,"* and then however old you *seem* to grow, however white your hair becomes, and however wrinkled your face, you will never be really old. For the heart that rests with the Queen, the white Queen Truth, in the land of youth, is always young and glad. But Oisín grew tired, and *Truth* no longer pleased him. He would not listen to her message any more, so he journeyed to the "Land of Forgetfulness." Don't go there, my children; happy, contented people shun that shore. In the "land of forgetfulness" one falls asleep, and no whisper either from the fairies or the Great Ones reaches you; and when at last you wake up, like the prince did you will be sad, and old, and weary; and however much you may long for it, you will never find the fairy realm again.

And the prince died sadly after all, and the fairy queen was not near him. When he comes again perhaps he will remember, and be wiser.

But who makes the fairies? and where do they come from? Why, *you* make them; and they come from your busy brains—good fairies, and nasty, ugly, spiteful ones. You give them life: you dress them, too, although you do not mean to do so; and when you have made them, and given them strength, they do so many good or evil things. There are many kinds of them:—happy, merry ones, born of bright thoughts. They are the white fairies, and when they fly away from you they do kind things. And there are black fairies, ugly and deformed—these are made from ill-temper, and hasty words, and untrue thoughts; and folks say these have no feet, only bodies and wings, and they fly far, and grow larger every time anyone lets them stop near them; but at last they come back to the children who made them. And there are red fairies, made from angry wishes, and they are not nice to see. So, children, try to make only white fairies.

An old man who was very wise, and could see a great deal further than I can, sat by his fire one evening, and his heart was sad and lonely, until he fell asleep; and he woke himself up by laughing, and he saw a white, sweet fairy nestling near his heart; and he knew that a little child who loved him had sent a loving thought to him before she fell asleep, and he was glad once more. And I knew a little child who sent a flower to a sick comrade, and in the heart of the lily, just where you always see the tear that is in the lily-cup, dwelt a

beautiful fairy, no bigger than the drop of dew, and it whispered to the dying child stories of long garden-paths, and great flower-beds; and he forgot his pain.

And I have heard of hearth-fairies, who live in a busy home, where mother gets very, very tired sometimes, because there are so many to wash, and dress, and mend for; but in the evening-time, when the children speak softly and lovingly to her, the tired look goes from mother's eyes, and she looks young and happy, because the fairies gather round her.

Some of you little ones make ugly fairies when the rain patters on the pane, and you cannot run into the sunlight to play; but that is stupid of you; you want the fairies inside the house to help you, and being cross only makes things grow worse, and worse; and then red fairies grow; and sometimes I have heard tell that children slap each other—I have only heard it said—I hope it was not any of *you*.

Get rid of your black and red fairies, by making white ones, and you will be happy then, and good, and truthful.

I wonder could we bring back the fairy queen again?—the fair, white, fairy Truth. And would she, do you think, bring back the fairies of the Long Ago?

Could we do it, you and I, if we tried, and kept on trying, right heartily together? I think we could, do you know; and the black ones would go away then, for they never live long near the white ones. Shall we try? Listen! Think only kind thoughts; listen to the voice of the White Queen in your heart, and do what she tells you; think of each other, and never of yourselves; and the Great Ones will help you to bring the fairies back, perhaps.

K. B. LAWRENCE.

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DUBLIN LODGE,

3 UPPER ELY PLACE.

Our Wednesday Evening Public Meetings continue to be fairly well attended, and the discussions on the various Theosophical topics selected, while, often eliciting wide diversities of thought, are invariably characterised by good feeling, and a general desire to *learn* something. The subjects for the next month are:—

April 18th,	-	-	"The Druids."
„ 25th,	-	-	"The Future of Humanity,"
May 2nd,	-	-	"A Philosophy of Life."
„ 9th,	-	-	"The Use of Analogy."

Opened by Brothers Coates, Russell, Duncan and King.

In connection with the *Secret Doctrine* Correspondence Class, a number of the members are purchasing copies of the S. D.; and I hope the scheme will be fairly under way by next month.

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