

# THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

---

## LETTERS TO A LODGE.

[This series will be published in book form by *The Path*. All rights reserved.]

### I.

YOU ask me, Comrades, how we may best assist our fellows, not in material fashion, but along lines of theosophic thought. I have given much attention to this subject. All of us who truly fulfil our pledges to humanity find ourselves placed soon or late where we are obliged to consider it with care. By "pledges" I do not alone refer to spoken vows or promises to any person or body of persons, but also (and chiefly) to the asseverations made within our own hearts and natures. What we thus promise within ourselves, what we aspire to there, finds there a witness, a recorder, an accusing or approving tribunal. This inner nature is judge. This it is which "obliges" us to weigh all questions arising within ourselves, thus demonstrating the existence of that spiritual law which is said to "contain within itself its own executioners." All that we do or think or refrain from has there its first and deepest effect.

Now, as students, you should know that there is in all things a natural or sequential development, according to which experience unfolds itself in a series of conditions no less regular than those of the flowers. The law of growth is everywhere one and the same. This matter of helping others is no exception; it too has its pre-natal stages. From one to other of these we pass, and must pass, if our experience be vital in the least; if we be growing, involving and evolving at all. The endeavour to observe these stages is at all times necessary. It is the means to that self-knowledge which is the parent of brotherly thought and action.

When first we asseverate within ourselves the wish to help the world, we are prone to go about with offers of help. We look at

our fellows with a view to their salvation. Watchful we, to detect every need, every failure; is not our service a panacea for all these? Do not our fellows slip that we may help them rise?

Ah no, Comrades! Not we, but the Law. Are we alone that Law? Has it no other agents? Earth, air and all the seen and unseen elements; are they not full of these? The Dark, more full than all? So we meet with rebuffs. Or our service fails. Or that service results in the deeper bewilderment of our brothers, and we are shocked into the recognition that we are not saviours in the least. We have outrun the Law. Eagerness, over-anxiety to be doing, or personal habit have led us into situations not yet ripe for us, places all too remote, as yet, for any objective tread or touch. We precipitate crises; we stimulate unwise confidences; we startle unready natures into throes of untimely thought. Tangled events, confused issues, atrophied impulses, the jar of living nerve-lines everywhere proclaim our prentice hand. Despondent, we recoil, no more to involve ourselves in the strife of action.

The duration of this period of depression is governed by the reality of our wish to serve. Its fervour rallies us. We regain the base overpassed by our reaction; we examine the cause of our failure. The sincere light shows Law as being competent to designate its agents. Standing then upon our own base, we watch for a sign by which we shall know our own. Sometimes that watch is long. We are tried most by our highest aspirations, and often the answer made to him who asks only to serve is that mystic answer—“*Wait!*” Later on he learns that he serves most who most waits upon the Will, the Law. Other times we fail to recognize opportunities of service; we see them not at all, or all too late. Again the aspiring heart falls back to earth. But the heart of love is a winged thing; it has its home in the pure ether. Earth cannot stay it; it must again try the strength of its wings. It needs not to wait over-long. Some sign is seen and interpreted aright. From the ocean of life some airy form arises and beckons us. An interior prompting fills us with its urgency, or someone asks our aid. The tide of service comes pouring in. Then, when the eager hands knock at our hearts, from those hearts will arise a pure aspiration for wisdom in service.

This much-needed wisdom is slowly and painfully acquired.

We learn through and by our mistakes, seen in the light of dawning self-knowledge. Yet there may be a royal road to it, if any who have learned through their own want of wisdom can point out to another the stumbling-blocks in the path of devotion to mankind.

The great source of our inadequacy is this: we think it all-important that we should be wise givers of counsel to our friends. We should read aright the omens of their present and disentangle for their wearied eyes the labyrinths of Life. This were to be god-like! This were perfected sight indeed! It is a fallacy. Hope of its present attainment, an error. We cannot clearly read the simplest life line of our own. We are of import to Great Nature only by reason of our incompetence. She needs us, just as we are, in all our weakness, to work out the purposes of soul amid coil and counter coil. Our imperfections are her means of advance.

What *is* all-important is that we should help our friends to find their own wisdom. From us, not wisdom, but self-effacement is required. Yet this is in very fact the highest wisdom.

For look at this. If we give definite advice, that will inevitably be the tincture of our own minds, the essence of our personal experience or belief. Our conclusions on another's difficulty are formed upon half-presented facts; effects, these, whose cause lies many a life—many an age, it may be—behind the fitful gleam of the present hour. They appear now on planes other than that in which they had their source; they wear an altered garb; human intellect cannot discern their underlying nature. The most reverent touch is still too rough for this strange potential fact, mighty for good as for evil in the life of our brother. Refrain! Fear to disturb the balance in which a soul trembles towards its destiny. Desire thou naught but the fulfilment of Law.

I said that definite advice or plan is the fruit of our own experience. But the questioning soul which comes to us is not improbably a stranger to the whole of that experience. Our advice will have no reality. It will evoke no interior response. Respect, or love of us, or many another impulse to action, may cause our advice to be followed. The result will be that false faith which breeds fear. Action taken without one's own hearty interior assent can only breed discord. The hidden will has never moved at all.

The subject bristles with difficulty. What then can we do?

This, as I think. By observation or by question to find out the ideals of our questioner and advise constancy to those at any cost. "Be your best! Be your highest! I trust you!" Observers of that duality which presents choice after choice to the human soul as it oscillates from this pole to that, we may side ever with the higher side of our fellow-nature. We may endeavour to broaden all ideals by comparison. Nearness to universality and unity is a good test. If our brother cannot formulate his ideal to himself, we can hold up one after another before his mind and see which thrills him to response; love will find out the way. It uplifts the banner of the mightiest ideal and gazes with its brother upon that. Or we may have glimpsed his higher nature. Dissevering that nature from the lower attributes, from the mirage of self, we can hold the mirror up to it and bid him see his worthier self, bid him fix his gaze there. He will, if we look too. "Be at each moment the highest self of which you are capable and hold yourself there." It is a blessed office, this, of reflecting to our brothers the image of their noblest possibilities. We are too often but dim mirrors; feeble reflectors of their virtues, magnifiers of their defects. We turn a microscopic eye upon the more salient details of character, and loss of proportion results. False lights ourselves, we deflect the rays of the Self; the divine rays are beaten back, seeking other spheres than ours. Open the fixed mind to them and the rays pass, dissolving our poor limited forms, waxing glorious in that self-creative power which is the appanage of the living Light alone. That Light whose movement is the Law, is the only wise maker of plans. Yet it plans nothing. It provides action, reaction and circulation; mankind calls these down now as blessing, now as curse.

There are, of course, cases where actual wrong may be proposed, and in such elementary situations we can but point out, not so much the error, as the want of wisdom. The terms "right" and "wrong" have been so misused as dogmatic whips wherewith to flog people into the acceptance of creeds or personal ideas, that to-day their use irritates most minds, as with a hint of would-be authority. This revolt has its root in the soul's sense of its own freedom. It knows right and wrong to be relative terms of an existence only partially true. But Wisdom always IS. The appeal to that implies no self-righteousness.

When we have thus done all we can, we must stand aside. We cannot participate in the unwise deed. There are hours when silence is the only aid. In these we can remember that the weight of past Karma was too strong for our brother, and has set him the hard task of learning through the want of wisdom. We can look forward to meeting him at the next turning, stronger perhaps, while we are weaker, more apt to bear our burdens than we to bear his to-day; wise in that dread, yet calm, self-knowledge born of pain, pain, ever more pain. "The karmic root of all is one and runs deeper than you know. Never judge human nature on its lowest levels, and you never know all the facts." So spoke one who too often speaks in vain. We are too careful for our own attitude. Desirers we, of perfection—for *ourselves*. Painful anxiety, ours, to be *ourselves* just and right. The spontaneous generosity which springs to the brother's aid is lost sight of in the cautious balancing of our own wise persons across the sea of sin. Would we discover any other's need by the torch of our own self-righteousness? Where were then Loyalty? Where Faith? These high virtues thrive not upon the husks of material proof. Does not the Christ light say, as of old, to the sinner: "To thee much shall be forgiven, because thou hast loved much." Let us prate less of abstract perfection, abstain from so much "good advice," and give brotherly feeling, human love of the strong, quiet sort to our beleaguered fellows. Justice, do we say? Man never has it in his power to deal abstract, pure justice to man. Our only justice is compassion, and not that personal judgment born of our knowledge of how *we* would act in some given case. There are souls of rectitude which scorn to defend themselves to doubting friends; strong lips on which the seal of silence is set; great ones too high to bend to self-defence before petty self-proclaimed tribunals. And there are also sinners so strong that their reaction from sin is like the birth pains of a new star. Wisdom comes from the abandonment of the self, and Love is her guide. Before the vast spectacle of nature in her death grapple, of the soul of the world weeping as the great human orphan struggles to become; of universal mind straining to be born again as mind divinely human, the thinker bows his humble head beneath the prayer:

"O Light of all lights which are in the boundless Light, have mercy upon us also and purify us!"

If, on the other hand, we attempt to advise as from our own minds, it must be clear that we either approve or disapprove a given course; both ways our advice is coloured by our own view. We fall into the trap set by our own natures. Wrong for me may be right for you. As we are dealing with others, not with ourselves, we can only help them to find out what aspect of truth is most visible to their minds at the time, and then hold up their hands as was done for the prophet of old. All this talk of influencing others appears to me nauseating, contemptible. If we have influence, let us use it on ourselves. He helps most who influences not at all. Resist the appeal to vanity, and our fellows seek our light because their trust is in us. Well they know those who have never used or betrayed them, even to themselves. Well they know that comrade true to the evolutionary trust, who, without assumed authority as without self-seeking, ever refers them back to the law of their own soul. Of such a one the vulgar will say that he (or she) strives to "influence," but clean minds recognize the presence of that impersonal power which is the greatest force in nature. We can only exercise it fragmentarily now, but its smallest portion may feed a multitude. The world may vivisect those faithful ones whose simplicity of service makes naught of all its plans, the incense of grateful hearts may die away, but the deep "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," from the inner altar of their worship is all the reward they understand. The true, the universal lover, will, at all hazards, prevent in himself the expression of that haughty form of separateness which gives the death-blow to compassion by saying, in the presence of wrong: "I could not do that." We err. In the very same position we would do the same thing, for that situation includes the mental and physical make up, the entire Karma of that other person. Every determining factor would be the same. There were no possible escape from the same action were we the same actor. Do we thank heaven we are not the same? It imports more that our fellows shall have good cause to thank high heaven that we are other.

Again, strenuous opposition often forces the questioner in the contrary direction. And too often people ask our opinion to have their own confirmed. Failing that, it is sweet to find, in our opposition, a spur or a justification, it may be, of their course. The

Maya of Nature is endless. It happens again that some who come to us for help, apparently, really man the lifeboat of the Law sent for our succour. They may bring to a focus some long-delayed choice of our own. They may throw, as it were, a search-light upon our position, revealing us to ourselves. "What men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral." To most of us, a privilege means the exclusion of others. He who foregoes the privilege of adviser-in-chief to his fellows begins to learn a deeper wisdom of self-control that leads to wider helpfulness in fields of hidden space. Yet do not say that we can help but little. Sympathy is a vast force, and we develop by its exercise. Not the gush of puling sentiment, nor the blaze of emotion, but the quiet charity which is an occult power, that broad attractive current binding souls apparently dissevered. We touch the bond; they thrill response to its widespread harmonies.

I cannot make you more definite reply, yet you will feel helped, I venture to believe, because, while no definite path has been pointed out, a direction has been indicated where many paths do lie and are to be found. Each path must be freely chosen by him who is to tread it. Hence the wise guide will only indicate their direction.

There is more to it, though. Inasmuch as even two or three are thus met in the name of the universal Law of Brotherhood, or Identity of Souls, and when self has faded from sight, a very real guidance can and does arise from the inner selves of all. It arises from those spiritual spheres whose beings are selfless. Attracted by the harmonious aspirations quivering through the unseen light, they half incline, they listen, they recognize the voice of soul, they help the inner selves of men through the minds and hearts. Watch, then, for these, the descending gods.

Not men and women seek our aid, but souls. The soul, deeply buried in matter, seeks itself through the universe. Deep within us lies that soundless Aum which the Mahâtma—the soul made perfect—salutes in every human being. It lies so deeply hid and knocks. Material brain is occupied. The heart of desire cannot hear. Vainly the Voice resounds; the Aum knocks on, unheard by sinning man. But his brother may hear! On us Nature may have imposed that signal trust; we may have that gift to hear, to recognize the Aum in other lives. Then we may make reply. How? By returning trust

for suspicion; silence for deeds of wrong; we may uphold to our brother the image of his creator and god. Ours it is to cause hatred to cease by love, to win for that distraught and warring comrade a moment of stillness, in which the inner Voice may be heard. When we return patience for anger, that fettered soul within his body vibrates to the universal harmony. Like a miner imprisoned within a ruined mine, it hears the signal of the rescuing party coming nearer, nearer still. It feels the hope of escape, of breaking down the walls; that light approaches from without, borne in a brother's hand, to free the inner light, itself. It leaps in its stony prison. The man feels, he hears, he obeys; the soul-light floods out to know itself, to know the worlds which are but its greatest expression. Is it not an august service, thus to assist the purposes of soul?

Only the Teacher can know whether the soul has done well or ill. The Voice is all the guide the soul can have. It will bring it to the broad places in the end.

JASPER NIEMAND.

*(To be continued.)*

*Notic.*—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

---

## THEOSOPHY AND THE EXPIRING CYCLE.

IN an article in your current number exhorting Theosophists to "Work Together," I observe reference to a belief that has often shown itself in recent theosophical writing to the effect that some crisis or cyclic period is rapidly approaching, after which further theosophical work will be "in vain." Some members of the Society have engendered the notion that we have only a few years left in which to accomplish results, and that after 1897 some mysterious extinguisher will descend upon us which will render all subsequent attempts to disseminate the truths of Theosophy abortive.

This is a groundless and mischievous delusion, springing appa-



rently from some exaggerated importance attributed to phrases used by Madame Blavatsky. Many years ago, before the Theosophical Society had fairly taken root, it may have been still uncertain whether the attempt to plant theosophical knowledge in the world at large would succeed or fail. If the Society had continued the weak seedling it seemed to be at that time, and if the cyclic period which ends in 1897 had come upon us without witnessing any improvement, then it is probable that the real promoters of the movement, the Masters in the background, would have postponed further attempts to stir up the dormant spirituality of mankind by such methods as would then, by the hypothesis, have failed till the closing quarter of the coming century. But as events have turned out, we have no such failure to deplore. In many directions, I am sorry to say, the Theosophical Society has exhibited a crooked growth. This is especially the case wherever branches have allowed themselves, by an unhealthy development of a feeling highly creditable in its origin—a feeling of gratitude to Madame Blavatsky for the great work she did—to forget that the theosophic movement is inspired by an influence independent of all personalities, and to worry texts derived from Madame Blavatsky's writings, as some sectarian fanatics deal with phrases in the English *Bible*. To do this is to reduce Theosophy in turn to a sect, with its hard and fast limitations and its incrustations of error. The system is peculiarly inapplicable in the present case, because Madame Blavatsky was an impetuous writer and speaker, always pouring forth a torrent of ideas without stopping to guard them coolly from misapprehension. No work in the language, for instance, is less entitled to be treated as literally inspired than *The Secret Doctrine* itself, though studied rationally it is, of course, a mine of invaluable suggestion.

The truth in regard to the influence of the end of the cycle on theosophic progress—as everyone who is really in a position to find out how the matter is regarded by the Higher Authorities must be aware—is this: The momentum of the Theosophical Society as it now stands (however crooked in growth in some directions) is abundantly sufficient to carry it over the cyclic crisis now approaching. On the whole it has been a success and not a failure, and will live accordingly and outgrow its ailments in turn. In the course of the coming century, we have reason to believe, the knowledge at present

held by a comparatively small number of persons—that the paths of the higher spiritual initiation are still open to those qualified to tread them—will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the cultured classes. Under the circumstances the beginning of the next century, instead of being a period at which all further efforts to spread theosophic truth will be encouraged, will be the dawn of a new era, in which the uphill efforts we have been making for the last decade or so will go forward far more prosperously. I am not making this declaration with the view of implying that we ought to await that period before making any further exertions, but, on the contrary, to dispel the stultifying belief that the Theosophy of the future is going to be contracted within the limits of the sect represented by the complete works of any single exponent of theosophic teaching.

A. P. SINNETT.

*October 17th, 1894.*

---

## THE APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

### PART II.

IN order properly to determine whether present, as well as past social arrangements put an artificial limit to the bodily, mental and moral growth of women, and to decide whether their power of developing latent psychic faculties has been lessened in a similar manner, some definition of woman's place in the economy of the human race must be attempted—the place of the Mother Principle in Nature specified.

In considering the proper place of woman, the working hypothesis used is this.

The first duty of a woman, as of every human being, is self-preservation, self-perfecting; her duty to the race taking the second place.

Towards man woman's human duties are wholly psychic, mental, spiritual. In her are embodied the complementary parts of his human qualities. Her sexual connection with him is not human but animal—one of the consequences of mind's descent into matter; and this sexual connection is right when undertaken thoughtfully for love to

the race, and as a service to the coming generation; wrong, or at best relatively right—the lesser of two evils—when undertaken for the pleasure or satisfaction of potential parents.

In trying to understand the natural place of the “Mother Power,” it is necessary to go beyond the animal kingdom, through-out which, according to one hypothesis, the feminine element has gradually been debased.

Even an elementary study of evolutionary processes shows a continuous adjustment of means to two great ends—the “preservation of the individual” and “the reproduction of the species.” (Nature frequently sacrifices the welfare of individuals, but only when that of offspring demands it, never to the gratification of the other sex.) Thus the perpetuation in offspring of every advance the race has made is justly said to be the final aim of Nature’s processes, the means being the welfare of the individual, without distinction of sex.

As the case stands, in the human race women have (if not always) for ages been subjected to one form of degradation after another, until in our day it is commonly said to be *inevitable*, and a necessary adjunct to civilization, that a certain percentage of women—of human beings—should be sacrificed in order that the sexual animal in man may perpetrate a vicious action which is insulting to all womanhood, a crime against future generations and destructive of the humanity of every man practising it.

In various eastern books are to be found references to the “Great Mother,” the “Mundane Egg” from which the universe came forth, the storehouse of all forms, in which the “Breath” was matured, from which every living thing emerged as the processes of evolution followed their spiral course; and a somewhat similar conception, differently expressed, is found in many of the works of modern science.

Every effort of a plant’s life is directed toward providing for the growth of seeds; and in reading books dealing with plant and animal life, the elaborate methods taken to ensure the fertilization of flowers and due provision of nutriment to the unfolding plants, appear very striking. Thus neither in the development of worlds nor in the life of plants do the pleasure or satisfaction of a male sexual element appear to be taken into account.

It is only after entering the animal kingdom—where owing to the loss of instinctual consciousness, the temporary introduction of a new spur to development was required, pending the evolution of mental and moral, *i.e.*, human, consciousness—that the sexual life of females is seen to be perverted; and instead of being devoted exclusively to the welfare of offspring has been made to serve the sexual pleasure of males.

The injurious effects of this functional perversion culminate in the human race, where the spur should be, not sexual desire, but reasoned morality.

The greater egoism and increasing brain development of human races have enabled animal man to abuse the female organs of reproduction, in order that his sexual passions might be satisfied.

Out of this gratification have arisen the vices of infanticide, intentional abortion and prostitution. To these artificial means of checking the growth of population, Nature has added death by starvation and by numerous diseases peculiar to infancy.

Thus animal man's sexual sin has been the abuse—unintentional it may be—of the female reproductive organs, with, as resultant, the deterioration of the race, through injury caused to offspring; the partial or complete unfitting of women for the fulfilment of their maternal duties; and the serious restriction of the individual human development of woman herself.

From various social customs based on the perpetuation of this immoral arrangement, has grown the generally received opinion that woman is a creature physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man. Indeed, the adverb *womanly* has come to mean “that which is crippled, helpless and ignorant,” instead of that which belongs to woman.

Have we found the sought-for clue to the right education of woman and her proper place in an associated humanity? First she has to be considered as an individual human being, to whom full opportunity for the healthy development of her body and all inherited or potential powers ought to be given.

From this should follow special training of some aptitude in order that she, as an individual, should be self-supporting. That social arrangements have not up to the present been formed on these lines has been a serious loss to humanity.

One of the functions of the feminine or maternal principle throughout nature is to preserve the potentiality of all beneficial qualities. Man's failure to comprehend this as he became a thinking and moral being, has resulted in withholding from woman some of the essential means to full development, and in her failure to attain a high standard of physical excellence, a wide order of mental power, and an acute degree of moral sensitiveness. Hence her offspring have tended to become unbalanced, and a racial loss has been sustained.

G. A. H. BRERETON.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

### THE GARDENS OF TWILIGHT *(continued)*.

"HE had lived with kings and counsellors; he had wrought in magical arts, and the great and wise of the earth were his fellows. When a time came for him to depart he turned away sadly from the towers of men. He passed, without knowing it, through the strange defiles which lead to these gardens; but the light did not break upon him in iridescent waves foamy with flowers and sparkling with vanishing forms; the light was hidden in the bosom of the twilight; it was all-pervading but invisible; the essence of the light bathed his soul; the light was living; the light was exhaustless; by it everything was born; touched by it everything went forth in ecstasy, blind, seeking for realization.

"The magician brought with him the seeds of human desire and wisdom and aspiration. The light broke into his moody forgetfulness and kindled long-forgotten fires. He awoke from his darkness and saw before him in happiest vistas the island city of his longing. Around him were the men and women he knew; acting on his secret wishes the multitudes hailed him as king, they bowed before him as wise, they worshipped him as all-powerful. It was not strange to him, and rapt in royal imaginations for countless years he held sway over the island city. He dreamed of it as a poet, and there was no more beautiful city than this city of his dream. There were palaces that shot up, pinnacle upon pinnacle,

amid the jewel-light of the stars; there were courts and porticoes full of mysterious glory and gloom, magnificence and darkness; there were fountains that jetted their pearly mists into the light; around them with summer in their hearts lay the island inhabitants, each one an angel for beauty. As the dream of the magician deepened in rapture, the city wavered and changed more continually; its towers pierced more daringly into the way of the stars; for the darkness below he summoned birds of fire from the aerial deeps; they circled the palaces with flaming wings; they stained the air with richest dyes and rained forth emerald and blue and gold on the streets and sculptured walls and the inhabitants in their strange joys.

“His dream changed; he went forth no more but shut himself up in his palace with his wisest princes, and as he took counsel with them, the phantasmal and brilliant towers without faded and fell away as a butterfly droops its wings. For countless years he lived in the intoxication of thought; around him were sages who propounded wisest laws, and poets who sang of love, humanity and destiny. As his dream deepened still more in its rapture, they sang of mightier themes; there was continual music and light; there was no limit of glory or dominion which the human soul might not aspire to; his warriors stepped from star to star in dreams of conquest, and would have stayed the seraph princes of the wind and wave and fire, to make more radiant the retinue of this magician of the Beautiful.

“Again his desire changed. He sought to hold no further sway over these wide realms beyond him; he shut himself up in an inner chamber in lonely meditation, and as he entered into a deeper being the sages and poets, who were with him at his royal feasts, vanished and were no more. He, the wise mind, pondered within himself, finding joy in the continual inward birth of thought following thought, as in lonely seas wave rolls upon wave. From all things he had known or experienced he drew forth their essence and hidden meaning, and he found that he had been no less a king in his old unconsciousness than he now was, and that at all times nature had been obeisant and whatever had happened had still been by his own will. Through the light, thin fretted by the fire of his aspiration, he sometimes seemed to see the Shining Law in all things and the

movement throughout the thought-swept fields of heaven of the universal imagination. He saw that this, too, had been a minister to him. He drew nigh to himself—divinity. The last rapture of his soul was this radiant self-conception. Save for this vesture the light of illusion fell from him. He was now in a circle of whitest fire, that girdled and looked in upon the movements of worlds within its breast. He tried to expand and enter this flaming circle; myriads of beings on its verges watched him with pity; I felt their thought thrilling within me.

“He will never attain it!”

“Ah, the Beautiful Bird, his plumage is stained!”

“His glory will drag him down!”

“Only in invisible whiteness can he pass!”

“How he floats upwards, the Beautiful Bird!”

“These voices of universal compassion did not reach him, rapt in aspiration and imperious will. For an instant—an eternity—the infinitudes thrilled him, those infinitudes which in that instant he knew he could never enter but as one with all on the days of the great return. All that longed, all that aspired and dared, all but the immortal were in that moment destroyed, and hurled downwards from the highest heaven of life, the pilgrim spark began once more as a child to live over again the round of human days.”

“The spirit of the place o’ermastered you,” said the child. “Here many come and dream; and their dream of joy ended, out of each dreaming sphere comes forth again in pain the infant spirit of man.”

“But beyond this illusive light and these ever-changing vistas—what lies? I am weary of their vanishing glories. I would not wish to mount up through dreams to behold the true and fall away powerlessly, but would rather return to earth, though in pain, still eager to take up and renew the cyclic labours.”

“I belong to the gardens,” said the child; “I do not know what lies beyond. But there are many paths leading far away.”

Before them where they stood branched out paths of rich flowers. Here a region of pinks lured on to vistas of delicate glory; there ideal violet hues led to a more solemn beauty; here the eyes were dazzled by avenues of rich, radiant, and sunny green; another in beautiful golden colours seemed to invite to the land of

the sun, and yet another winded away through soft and shadowy blues to remote spiritual distances. There was one, a path of white flowers ending in light no eye could pierce.

"I will choose this—the path of white flowers," he said, waving farewell to the child. I watched the antique hero in my vision as he passed into the light; he seemed to shine, to grow larger; as he vanished from my eyes he was transfigured, entering as a god the region of gods." Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

---

### LOTUS CIRCLE.

Do our "thinkers" ever grow old?—No, because they have been from all time.

Do our "thinkers" ever die?—No, they cannot die, they exist always.

If God did not make us, who did?—We made ourselves, we are part of the whole, or God.

Do our physical bodies ever return to this world again?—No, but all the particles of our body come and make another body.

Has anyone ever known what is above the sky?—Those who can see in the astral do, for it surrounds the earth and sky.

IVY ANDERSON.

The above are answers to Questions by members of the Lotus Circle, which appeared in a previous issue. Ivy Anderson is a young member of a Lotus Circle in America.

---

### DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

THE H. P. B. Training Class meets on Monday evenings, at 7.45 p.m. punctually. *Secret Doctrine* group at 8.30 p.m. Enquirers welcomed on Fridays evenings at 8.30 p.m.

The public meetings here on Wednesdays at 8.15 p.m. during the ensuing month are to discuss the following subjects: Nov. 21st, *Magnetism*; 28th, *Two Main Ideas in Esoteric Philosophy*; Dec. 5th, *Reward and Punishment*; 12th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*.

A new catalogue of our Lending Library will shortly be issued. An anonymous donation of £3 to the library fund is thankfully acknowledged.

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