

# The Irish Theosophist.

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## FEAR AND VALOR.

A SUMMER evening, high among the Alps; the in-gathering of purple twilight veils the world in mystery; the hills, with their curtains of pines; the meadows, sinking away towards the valley. Darkening forests rise again to mountains, white with new-fallen snow, their crests just touched with crimson. The sky behind them, a sea of gold, paling through yellow to the transparent green of the zenith; overhead, a single cloudlet, a scarlet feather, gleaming in the rays of the hidden sun.

The silence is an all-enfolding presence; the flowing sheen and glimmer of the air bathe all things, till it seems that the shining ether alone is real, the rocks and vales but a colored dream, breathed over the eternal light.

This magical power of nature that dissolves the world is a symbol of man's awakening. The light in the heart, first dimly shining, begins to penetrate and inform all life, till the spirit finds quite other realities than those the eyes behold and the hands can handle. Initiation is nothing else than this, a man's awakening to real life.

The natural man, untouched by that new birth, is the victim of the outer world and material fate; his one hope is to secure himself against nature's necessities. For this he toils late and early; for this he builds cities, organizes commerce and merchandise, to surround himself with a barrier against the outer world. For this also, he makes laws and governments, to shield what he has gained from the longings of other men. Thus fear goads him with the lust of possession; all thoughts are directed to no other end than this: his own separate well-being and protection—to hold his belongings, against nature and his fellow-men. The prompting impulse, through it all, is fear; the dread that a man himself is not enough; so that he must surround himself with

houses and lands, with riches gathered up as a defence against the dim and threatening future. As man's possessions grow, his spirit shrinks, so that the loss of the least of them is felt as a sharp injury, apprehension of which brings perpetual suspicion of his fellow-men. There is nothing animal in this lust of possession. The beasts live without fear of to-morrow; or, at the most, laying up stores for a single winter, rest content. This ministering of will and reason to imaginative fear is man's alone. Even in his animal part, he is far away from the beasts. For him, sensuality is three parts imagining, and but one part act. The dreams of lust, the memory of lust, the expectation of lust, fill his mind rather than lust itself. Lust is but a disappointment, to be overcome by new dreams and expectations. And the more utter is the sway of lust, the bitterer its disappointment. Thus fear and fancy do their work, with discursive reason excusing them, and acting as their minister; telling man that these things are altogether well—the lust of possession and the dream of pleasure—till night comes, and the end.

To say that man is utterly under the sway of fear and lust would be to say that spirit is dead. But spirit lives and gains victory, even in the most futile life, wherever fear for one's self is overcome by valor, wherever generosity triumphs over greed, wherever dreams of lust give place for a moment to visions of beauty, wherever hate is overcome by love. For these things, valor and generous love, the vision of reality and beauty, are the assertion and natural being of the unconquerable soul, which the man truly is, and which he will know himself to be, when he is born again.

The meanness of him, the craven fear, the unclean longings, have held their own in his mind; using discursive reason as a cloak to make a respectable outward vesture, to preserve the proprieties, and keep a seemly world. But in his heart, all the time, behind the meanness and the fear, is the gleam and glimmer of a better light; a whisper that valor is not dead, that a man should dare all things, that his spirit is not the slave, but the master of the world. And, for every man, there comes a time when his heart sickens of the meanness and fear of his life, and he turns, with the grim honesty of a forlorn hope, to the light in the heart that sends him these divine monitions; he has already tried the other way, and found it wanting; he will try this now, and the worst that can befall is another failure, while the best is something beyond the hopes of the Gods.

In that turning towards the spirit, which is the first quickening towards new birth, there are certain necessary conditions fixed, not arbitrarily but by the very nature of real life. First, man must have

the courage of his conviction; he must really and heartily throw himself on the side of the soul, depending for his future well-being on the soul, and not on material success. The valor of the warrior is that he is perfectly willing to meet death; not that he believes valor will carry the matter through, and save him with a whole skin. And death is the greatest apparent failure of all; the irremediable loss of material success or any hope of it. So it is with the soul. It is not to be gained if a man makes a reservation in his mind—if he will serve the divine, provided that divinity offers him an assured livelihood; even the smallest, but assured. The truth is, the smallest inbreathing of soul will make him doubly strong and fit to face the world; but the soul was never won by counting on that. The mystic saying is quite simple and rigid: A man must lose his life to save it. The soul is really self-subsistent, and in no way dependent on material success; and, in truth, its majesty is most splendidly visible when every condition of material success is broken, and even death itself defied. The soul is self-supported; a man must act on that.

But before the new birth, in building for it, a man can do much. In almost every act in life there is the choice between cowardice and valor; between greed and generosity; between hate and love; between lust and clean health; between bitterness and good-nature. And here one would like to insist on a truth much forgotten: that valor and good-nature are as essential fruits of spirit as cleanness and faith. In choosing between these opposites, where no one not despising manhood can hesitate in the choice, a man will come to see that the mean and craven tendencies come from one centre, his baser self, while the others are the natural powers, the manner of being, of a better, more real self, whom he is one day to be. This narrows the issue of life to the point where his new birth becomes possible and imperative. Feeling these two selves, he cannot but choose between them; he will choose worthily.

And here it is, all teachers rightly hold, that faith is necessary; the faith to abide by, and heartily follow, what he feels to be the highest, against all the evidence of outward things, against the complaining of his own discursive reason and the same voice in others. For the discursive reason is the intellect of the baser man, full of cowardly precautions, as intuition is the intellect of the real man, valorous and affirmative.

Choosing worthily and with faith, the man is born again. He is no longer his baser self, he has begun to be his real self; this is the beginning, and the end of that way is beyond the imagination of the

Gods. Entering into real life the man begins to learn, just as a child does on entering the natural world. And the least of those lessons is a benediction; for our true estate is something higher than the heart can bring itself to believe.

First as to the fear of death that has dogged his footsteps, subverting his best precautions, out-flanking his utmost sagacity. For him, that fear is gone. For the real self he has begun to be carries with it a deep assurance of eternainess, a profound sense and already realized experience of everlasting life. For him, there are no more controversies as to the soul's immortality; nor have these any longer a meaning. The real self is immortal and knows it, with not less certainty than we know day from night and light from darkness. It is as though man, rising up in his strength, looks backward behind birth, and onward beyond death; seeing himself in a shining being that transcends these, as the clear sky stretches beyond the hills on either hand.

Then the lust of possessions, with its heart of gnawing fear. That too is dead, for the soul, feeling its real, self-subsisting being, knows that it no longer needs these things, or is dependent on them; yet knows at the same time, with a splendid peace, that the soul itself possesses all things; for, in the last reality, the soul is all things. Only after this knowledge can possessions be put to their right and universal use, as the outward expression and vesture of the soul, whereby it communicates with its fellows; only after this knowledge can they be serenely enjoyed, as a strong man enjoys his strength. For the fear is gone that marred them, in the knowledge that possessions are but the outer vesture of the soul, which the soul can renew, or cast away, or change, according to its own needs, through its own inherent power.

One more change follows: instead of bitterness towards other men, the new-born man finds within himself a great goodwill and gentle charity. For he knows now that neither he nor they have any separate interests, clashing and conflicting; but that there is only one interest, the universal; the proper being of the spirit itself, a being that is altogether well.

Then the last lesson: neither my spirit, nor yours, nor anyone's, has separate, isolated being; all are parts, rays of the One Spirit that alone is. Yet not parts, but each the whole of that infinite Being, each born to heirship of the whole: the heirship of each no more detracting from the other than the stars do, when the light of each star throbs through all space. We feel, even now, deep in our hearts that boundless heritage of the universal Self, so that not even the least and meanest of mankind would be greatly perturbed or put out of coun-

tenance, if, waking some morning, he found himself called on to rule a kingdom of stars. There are some things he would like to have forgotten and put out of sight, that is all. Then he would go on bravely and enter into his kingdom, to rule it worthily as an immortal being.

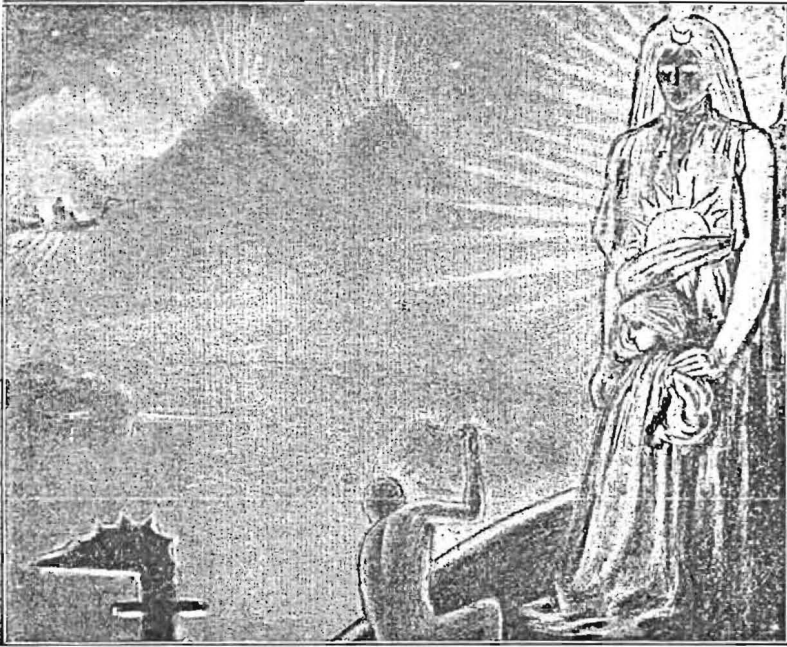
And this is no dream but very like the reality that is opening up before us all. A new world to enter; a world deathless, unfading, eternal, where fear comes not through old age.

With these spiritual changes, that give us valor instead of fear, love instead of hate, generosity instead of greed, immortality instead of death, will come others not less momentous, though their names have nearly died out of our memories. For it is not a symbol, but sober earnest, to say that the new birth opens up to man a new world, with its own high powers, its own shining laws. What these laws of real life are, each one of us must have the profound pleasure of verifying for himself: but we may rest assured that they are not less than justice—justice for every true and honest longing; justice for every lowliest soul of man that has entered into the world. In that justice, the whole of life makes for this one thing only: the perfecting of souls, and their return to their high estate. Pain and death even are subject to this law; they are to goad us on to an exertion of our power, an assertion of our immortality. A world of perfect freedom, perfect justice, where the soul shall have a vesture, not compounded of perishable elements as on earth, but tense and tempered to diviner energies, “a vesture of the color of the sun.” This world, not in some dim, far-off place beyond the grave; but here and now, the only real world, embosomed in which the seeming world of unreality rests, like a colored cloud floating in the infinite blue.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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“Is it best, then, to pour out more light upon the clouds, or to establish a vortex of heart force? The latter thou must accomplish unseen and unnoticed, and even unthanked. The former will bring thee praise and notice among men. Both are necessary; both are Our work; but the rifts are so few! Art strong enough to forego the praise and make thyself a heart centre of pure impersonal force?”



### THE CHIEFS OF THE AIR.

THEIR wise little heads with scrounging  
 They laid the covers between:  
 "Do they think we stay here till morning?"  
 Said Rory and Aileen.

When out their bright eyes came peeping  
 The room was no longer there,  
 And they fled from the dark world creeping  
 Up a twilight cave of air.

They wore each one a gay dress,  
 In sleep, if you understand,  
 When earth puts off its grey dress  
 To robe it in faeryland.

Then loud o'erhead was a humming:  
 As clear as the wood wind rings;  
 And here were the air-boats coming  
 And here the airy kings.

The magic barks were gleaming  
And swift as the feathered throng :  
With wonder-lights out-streaming  
They blew themselves along.

And up on the night-wind swimming,  
With poise and dart and rise,  
Away went the air fleet skimming  
Through a haze of jewel skies.

One boat above them drifted  
Apart from the flying bands,  
And an air-chief bent and lifted  
The children with mighty hands.

The children wondered greatly,  
Three air-chiefs met them there,  
They were tall and grave and stately  
With bodies of purple air.

A pearl light with misty shimmer  
Went dancing about them all,  
As the dyes of the moonbow glimmer  
On a trembling waterfall.

The trail of the fleet to the far lands  
Was wavy along the night,  
And on through the sapphire starlands  
They followed the wake of light.

“Look down, Aileen,” said Rory,  
“The earth’s as thin as a dream.”  
It was lit by a sun-fire glory  
Outraying gleam on gleam.

They saw through the dream-world under  
Its heart of rainbow flame  
Where the starry people wander ;  
Like gods they went and came.

The children looked without talking  
Till Rory spoke again,  
“Are those our folk who are walking  
Like little shadow men?”

“They don’t see what is about them,  
 They look like pigmies small,  
 The world would be full without them  
 And they think themselves so tall!”

The magic bark went fleeting  
 Like an eagle on and on;  
 Till over its prow came beating  
 The foam-light of the dawn.

The children’s dream grew fainter,  
 Three air-chiefs still were there,  
 But the sun the shadow painter  
 Drew five on the misty air.

The dream-light whirled bewild’ring,  
 An air-chief said, “You know,  
 You are living now, my children,  
 Ten thousand years ago.”

They looked at themselves in the old light,  
 And mourned the days of the new  
 Where naught is but darkness or cold light,  
 Till a bell came striking through.

“We must go.” said the wise young sages :  
 It was five at dawn by the chimes,  
 And they ran through a thousand ages  
 From the old De Danaan times.

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#### ON HELPING OTHERS.

You seem to have strange ideas of what real help to others means. It is not always the active work you do that counts the most. Don’t try to help people by advice who do not want it. If people come to you for counsel give it, not otherwise. You think this seems selfish, do you? You had better look at it a while and see.

There is no need to sit down and do nothing while you wait for people to come to you: that is another extreme. Be ready to help at any time, in any way, but “do not rashly rush into the spoken word,” or the untimely act.

You say I seem to do things easily. If I do, it is because I do not run about trying to find some one person who needs my especial help.



I try to help all by keeping in the attitude of helpfulness, and the especial people come my way when needed. I help them then if I can, not before.

Don't enter too largely into the individual lives of people. Work on larger lines, and do what you find to do. If there is nothing to do, try helping yourself as if you were the one you wanted to help or advise. This will give you enough to do.

You will find that those who help the most are those who have first learned how to help themselves; who know when, and when not, to offer individual help, and who work on these larger lines. When you see such remember this; and if you shall ever win a place of usefulness give the help you can as it is needed, not more, not less, but wisely.

When you get into a mental difficulty do you try first to help yourself out of it, instead of hunting about for some one who needs help out of a like difficulty? Try to turn your effort on your own for a while and break up some of your own mental faults; you will thus be getting ready to help others in the true way out of the faults you now think you see in them.

It is not pleasant, you think, to take your own medicine, and is a rather disagreeable way of learning to help others. Yes; but if your desire to help is not sincere enough to begin on yourself, it will count for very little in your work with others.

There is a common failing with some you had better notice in yourself, about which I have spoken before.

You want to take up another line of activity when you have just begun on a definite work, and have not yet the grip of that. Better keep to one thing till you have a firm grasp of it and are able to go on to another. Continual shifting is bad and expends energy that might be used on what you have in hand. Help yourself even a week on this, and you will see a change that will be of use to you in helping others.

Look at another thing. Judge yourself without going to extremes.

Would the special people you are now trying to help care if you stopped trying to teach them? No; there would be others who could do it. Then you feel as though you personally can do nothing worth while, and are not really needed. Doubt of your ability is another extreme. No need to be discouraged because you are facing facts and beginning to see the true way of going to work. When you have learned to avoid these extremes you are getting ready to go to work in the real way. You are beginning to realize that the small things must first be done well, and must be done by you, before the larger ones can follow. That you can teach others only what you have learned yourself.

Help others to know what brotherhood means by knowing it yourself.

Help others to be Theosophists by being one yourself.

Help others to overcome anger, jealousy, fear and envy, by helping yourself out of these.

Help others to be Gods by being one yourself.

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### THE MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIES.

WHAT is to be done to restore the Mysteries? Who is to restore them? These and other similar questions, crowding one's thinking apparatus all of a sudden and with a great rush, could not but raise a great big cloud of dust, in the midst of which one's bewildered eyes seemed to read: "Impossible!"

But the cloud of dust resuming its natural position under one's feet—as all the clouds of dust are sure to do sooner or later—one's thinking apparatus resumed its natural function—that is, thinking. And soon it remembered the invariable morals of all its previous difficulties: in all cases of doubt and trouble there is nothing like going straight to some reliable source of information. And what better source of information about ancient Mysteries than some good book about antiquity in general; let us say, *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Grecques et Romaines*, for instance, or, still better, the translated works of Plutarch.

And I must own that the bewilderment of my particular thinking apparatus was greatly relieved when it found out, in a purely scientific work, that Mysteries, in their Eleusinian shape, not only had real, matter of fact, undoubted existence, but that, during many long centuries, they were the most important, the most widely-spread function of national and social life. In fact, the initiation of the first degree seems to be nothing but a kind of baptismal ceremony, obligatory on all respectable and self-respecting humdrum ladies and gentlemen of ancient Greece—for we need not imagine that, being born in the midst of a heroic and mythical land, they all were heroic or mythological; surely most of them were just as humdrum as ourselves.

To the Eleusinian Mysteries of the first degree everyone had access. Slaves, who had no rights before law or society whatever, had the right not to be expelled, in case a kindly disposed master had brought them inside the hall where the Mysteries were enacted. Ladies of doubtful and even undoubted bad character could be admitted, with

certain reservations. Babies in arms could pass the first degree of initiation long before they could possibly realize the importance of this step, provided the parents of these babies were influential enough to procure for them this, so to speak, preparatory initiation.

Besides, it appears that Greeks, who kept the Mysteries all to themselves, were just as vaingloriously proud of this exclusive right as any of us born Christians are inclined to take an unfounded pride in the fact of our being born in a Christian land, whereas the heathen were not. Proud eyes are always inclined to magnify the purport and size of the object of their pride, which general rule, applicable to the moral life of all epochs and all countries, it seems, brought about the two following facts: (1) Alexander the Great declaring that there was no privilege or achievement of his he valued more than being an initiate of the Eoptic Mysteries, and so glorifying them in the eyes of humdrum mortals; (2) Diogenes, his contemporary, saying in his cynical way, that, so far as he, Diogenes, was concerned, he could not quite see why it should be that Pataëcion, a highway robber but an initiate at the same time, was sure of his salvation, whereas Epaminondas, the benefactor of Thebes but a non-initiate, was not. By which saying the "cynical nondescript" of Macedon's brilliant era tried to check the too ready belief of his compatriots in the saving influence of the mere ceremony of initiation. And we have not to go so far back in the antiquity, it seems to me, to see the fatal influence on human character and general human progress of all such too implicit beliefs in any ready made mechanical ways to salvation.

So far there is nothing very mysterious in the Mysteries. Nothing but a close analogy to a condition of things just as widely spread and as well known in our own family and social life in Europe and America. A wise man was he who said: The more it changes, the more it remains the same.

And the analogy between these remote epochs and our own will be still more close when we come to see that then, as now, behind an apparent aspect of things there always was and is a deeper one, less visible and yet more true. Initiation to the Mysteries was not merely an act required by the customs of a popular religion, for behind the initiation of the first degree there was an initiation of the second degree, and yet an initiation of the third degree.

It was of the second or Eoptic initiation that Alexander the Great was so proud, that when Aristotle published his *Metaphysics* the young king reproachfully wrote to him:

VERA JOHNSTON.

(*To be concluded.*)

## BROTHERHOOD.

MANY years ago, on a bright day in late spring, I mounted my bicycle and rode miles away from the city. The light rains which had fallen a few days previously had brought the roads into almost perfect condition, and as I glided, almost without effort, along the quiet country lanes, I seemed to draw in new life from the fresh scent of the hedgerows. After a couple of hours' riding I dismounted to rest myself beside a stream which wound its way through a meadow near the road and passed under a time-worn bridge of stone which I had just crossed. Beside the old bridge I lay and dreamed, watching the twinkling minnow and speckled trout as they flashed up stream through the clear water. And as I lay there, following I know not what train of thought, I suddenly caught myself wondering why it was that the sight of all beautiful living things gave me such a keen thrill of delight; why it was that my soul, with a swift rush of ecstasy, seemed to go out to them all in love. Then, all at once, there flashed into my mind a thought, an intuition, a memory perhaps, that all these creatures and I drew our existence from one universal source of life, that we were all children of one mother, and bound together by a bond of union older than time.

Thus it was that, years before I had ever heard of the teachings of the Wise Ones of old, the echo of long-forgotten ages of previous existence reverberated in my mind, and the great truth of universal brotherhood filled my consciousness with an all-pervading sense of satisfying calm.

Most of us—all of us, doubtless—have had these odd moments of insight, when the veil of illusion which habitually shrouds our vision is for a brief space removed, and we catch a bright flash of the great Oversoul which animates all nature. But when we come to study the teachings of the ancient wisdom-religion we find that the truths which have been whispered to us in vague dreams are here embodied in a distinct and scientific system of philosophy. We hear of the outbreathing of the Universal Spirit; we learn how a single ray from that Divine Essence, while manifesting itself in various forms of life through countless ages, never loses its connection with the primal source from which it came and to which it must at last return.

Thus, whether we recognize the fact or not, we cannot separate ourselves from the universal life; we are, in essence, one with it. And

surely we should feel the bond as uniting us most closely with those whom we can most easily reach—the human family, the men and women with whom we come in contact every day, and whose lives form, perhaps, the most tangible part of our waking consciousness.

Yet it is sadly evident to everyone that in the ordinary daily life of the world the note of brotherhood is lamentably absent. In the cruel struggle for existence which is the salient feature of our nineteenth century civilization, the weak, the poor, the helpless, must submit to be pitilessly crushed by the strong, the wealthy, the able; and the “fittest to survive” in this sordid warfare must inevitably possess some of the characteristics of the bird of prey. From the fierce strife of warring nations for prestige and power to the pitiful competition between individuals for the means of earning a bare subsistence the struggle is carried on without mercy, and with a relentless and vigilant ferocity worthy of the wild beasts of the jungle. Nay, hardest destiny of all, those who in their inmost souls most heartily detest this fratricidal war, and who would give their very lives to end it, are by the very circumstances of their environment irresistibly drawn into the vortex, and forced to live, like the rest of the human vampires, on the blood of their brothers and sisters.

To those who have no hope in the ultimate destiny of man such a state of things may well mean blank despair, and the tone of bitterness and cynicism which has lately been so prevalent with a good many modern writers and thinkers can scarcely be regarded with surprise. Life would indeed be but a sorry affair did it hold nothing for humanity through the ages but this weary strife between brother and brother, this fierce hatred between those who should be bound to each other by the strongest bond that love can forge. To what end, it might well be asked, were we born, if our very existence must be purchased at such a price as the loss of all that goes to make life worth living—the loss of brotherly love and charity?

But there can be no despair for those of us who believe in the benign and irresistible force of evolution, in the supreme and immutable justice of Karma, in the glorious future of our race. Already there is evidence enough, for those who care to look for it, that the social and psychological changes which are every day taking place point to the ultimate realization of a wider union of humanity, a deeper sympathy between man and man, than many had ever dreamed of. To the limited vision of the casual observer the immediate effects of these developments may appear comparatively trifling, but the calm and patient thinker will regard them as pregnant with future consequence.

Day by day we see brave and strenuous men and women spending life and energy unsparingly in the endeavor to raise their fellow-creatures to better conditions of existence and higher ideals of life and thought. All honor to such: may the pervading force of their comradeship strengthen our hands to work and our hearts to hope; for is not the motive power which animates their lives the same which should inspire us all—the love of humanity, the sense of brotherhood?

On this broad basis, the basis of Universal Brotherhood, the theosophical movement is founded. However vivid may be its modes of activity, their mainspring is the same. Theosophy offers points of attraction and interest to the scientist, to the metaphysician, to the earnest seeker after truth, whatever be his natural bent of mind. But it insists that all research in whatever direction must, in order to be of real value, be undertaken with a single aim, the service of humanity. Not from mere personal greed for the added power which knowledge brings must we search out the secrets of Nature; but only with the humble desire that we may, in so far as in us lies, assist the forces which are tending to bring about the realization of that all-embracing unity which the future holds for us.

To this supreme goal it would be difficult to map out a course. But this much may be said: that if a man's whole being be pervaded by love for his fellows, by the aspiration towards brotherhood, the way will be easy to find—nay, impossible to miss.

Such a one cannot rest content with an indolent saunter from birth to death; he cannot regard with indifference the heavy burden of misery under which the human race labors. The inward force impels him to think, to do; and as that force increases in intensity it will come to dominate every action and every thought. And as the strength of his thought affects his environment and reacts with cumulative force on his own nature, his life will approach more and more nearly to the ideal of selfless love, to the life of Buddha or of Jesus.

JAMES DUNCAN.

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## SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE.

HELD AT DUBLIN, AUGUST 2ND AND 3RD, 1896.

IN giving a curtailed report of this memorable Convention it is necessary, in the first place, to refer to the work of the Crusade which preceded it. Arriving in England on June 20th the Crusaders immediately set to work, and opened their campaign at Liverpool on June 22nd. On July 23rd, a month after their arrival, they had visited most

of the important centres in England, and the two largest in Scotland—Glasgow and Edinburgh. Everywhere they went enthusiasm was aroused. Between thirty and forty new members were added to the roll of the T. S. E. The T. S. E. (Scotland) was formed. Old Branches revived and new ones established. Much of the success attending this wonderful Crusade was on interior lines and will in time manifest in outward activity. A year or two will show even a fuller significance. Reaching Dublin on July 23rd their work in Ireland was soon arranged and taken in hand. Open-air meetings were held and the spirit of enquiry awakened. On Saturday, August 1st, a "Brotherhood Supper" was given to the poor of Dublin. This was a delightful gathering. The tables were beautifully arranged and flowers were tastefully displayed around the hall. Delegates from all parts had arrived to attend the Convention, and set to work to make the poor people happy and comfortable. Songs were beautifully rendered by Bros. Neresheimer, Walton and others. A few appropriate speeches were made, but no one so touched the hearts of all as Mrs. Tingley. The effect of her words was simply magical. The Contemporary Club was then visited, by special invitation, and the Crusade work discussed with its members. Then all separated full of thoughts of the Convention to be held the following (Sunday) morning.

On Sunday morning at ten o'clock the Convention Hall presented a bright and animated appearance. Everyone seemed full of joy. D. N. Dunlop as President T. S. E. (I.) called the Convention to order at 10.20. Before proceeding to business a musical selection—the prelude to "*Parsifal*"—was performed by quartette. When the applause subsided Bro. Dick (Dublin) was voted temporary chairman, and Bro. T. Green (London) secretary to Convention. Roll was called and Committee on Credentials appointed. D. N. Dunlop was then voted permanent Chairman and addressed the Convention. He referred to the work of the past year, and the necessity for a fuller realization of unity between the different countries. Autonomy had been given each country, but it was possible to carry that idea too far and lose the feeling of solidarity that should belong to such a body as the T. S. E. This was not unity in organization so much as unity in thought and feeling, unity in the common work. This unity should be the keynote of our Convention.

Minutes of last meeting were taken as read.

Bro. Dr. Coryn then moved and Bro. Crooke seconded:

That this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe most cordially welcomes as its guests the band of Crusaders from America led by Mrs. Katharine

A. Tingley. It recognizes the great importance of their work to the future of humanity, and invites their coöperation in its proceedings.

That this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe also extends its fraternal welcome to the foreign delegates from all countries and regards their presence as the symbol of our perfect unity through the future.

Bro. Dick suggested that the Crusaders and foreign delegates should occupy the platform and form part of the Convention.

Resolutions and suggestion carried by acclamation.

The Crusaders and foreign delegates then proceeded to the platform amidst uproariously expressed enthusiasm.

Bro. Hargrove, President of the T. S. in America, was called upon and addressed the Convention on behalf of the Crusaders, and spoke of the Crusade and its work.

Bro. Wright, President of the Aryan Branch, U. S. A., also addressed the Convention on the Crusade work.

The Chairman read the following telegram of greeting from the Harlem Branch, U. S. A.: "Hurrah Convention. More power to ye."

Bro. E. A. Neresheimer, representing T. S. A., was called upon and received with great applause. He spoke of the unity existing between the T. S. A. and the T. S. E., and said it was being now more fully realized than ever before.

Bro. Bogren, representing Sweden, was called upon and read a letter of greeting, which was listened to with much interest. It was signed by about fifty members. More enthusiastic applause.

Mme. de Neufville, delegate from Holland, who on coming forward was also greeted enthusiastically, read a letter of greeting on behalf of the members in that country. Here is a characteristic sentence:

Rest assured, comrades, that all the members of the Dutch Branch are in thought standing near their delegate, telling you through her voice that in their hearts is a deep joy because with you they have remained loyal to our beloved chief H. P. B.'s greatest friend and pupil, our noble brother, William Q. Judge.

Bro. Dowell, representing Scotland, spoke on the work of the Crusade in Glasgow and what had been accomplished. Scotland was warmly welcomed through him by the whole Convention.

A letter of greeting from Berlin T. S. was then read and received with applause.

At last Convention the resolution that the Constitution be accepted subject to consideration at 1896 Convention was taken advantage of, and the whole Constitution somewhat revised as the year's experience had suggested. When Art. IV, new Sect. 3 was reached, the whole Convention rose, waving handkerchiefs and applauding. It read as follows:



The office of Corresponding Secretary, formerly held by H. P. B., shall be revived in Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, who shall hold it for life.

Nothing throughout a Convention unparalleled for unanimous enthusiasm evoked a greater display of feeling than this. It was a grand sight.

After the adoption of the amendments recommended by the Committee came the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The first resolution referred to the late President of the T. S. E., William Q. Judge, and was carried all standing. The second resolution is as follows :

WHEREAS, the Theosophical Movement the world over, though represented by many autonomous bodies known as Theosophical Societies, is yet one in its aims and objects, and a unit in its endeavor to form a real nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and

WHEREAS, it is our belief that opportunity should be afforded for the closer union of the said Societies in order that ideas may be exchanged among the various bodies for facilitating and broadening our experience in methods of work, therefore be it

*Resolved*, that we, the members of the Theosophical Society in Europe in Convention assembled in Dublin, hereby invite the other Societies throughout the world to coöperate with us in the formation of a body of International Representatives, to be composed of members of each Society.

*Resolved*, that in order that this body may be formed without further delay that we hereby nominate the following persons as International Representatives:

AMERICA.—Dr. Buck, Dr. Walton, F. M. Pierce, C. Thurston, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Anderson, Mme. Peterson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Oppermann, C. F. Wright.

AUSTRALIA.—T. W. Willans.

BELGIUM.—Mrs. McKinstry.

CANADA.—A. E. S. Smythe.

ENGLAND.—S. G. P. Coryn, Dr. Keightley, Dr. Scanlan, Dr. Coryn.

GERMANY.—Paul Raatz.

HOLLAND.—Mme. de Neufville, Van der Zeyde.

INDIA.—C. Johnston.

IRELAND.—F. J. Dick, G. W. Russell.

NEW ZEALAND.—Rev. S. J. Neill.

NORWAY.—Bro. Alme.

RUSSIA.—Mrs. Johnston.

SCOTLAND.—Mr. Dowell, Mr. Neilson.

SWEDEN.—Dr. Zander, Dr. Bogren.

This set the Convention on fire completely and was carried with acclamation. Representatives present from various countries spoke on the significance of the resolution and supported it heartily.

Bro. E. T. Hargrove was then elected President of the T. S. E. amidst uproarious applause, and was carried to the platform shoulder high.

The Chairman moved and the Convention seconded that Bro. Neresheimer be elected Vice-President. Carried by prolonged acclamation. Bro. Neresheimer being also carried to the platform shoulder high.

A telegram was then despatched to America, announcing the elections and sending greeting. Bro. Crooke was elected unanimously Deputy Vice-President.

Bro. Williams, of Bradford, and Mrs. Cleather were unanimously appointed special delegates from T. S. E. on the Crusade.

The Vice-President by special request sang two songs, and the Convention adjourned till Monday at 10.30.

On Monday the Convention was called to order at 11 a.m., and unfinished business disposed of. A letter of greeting was given to the Crusaders to take to men and women throughout the world from the T. S. E. Dr. Keightley then moved the following resolutions :

WHEREAS, it is of importance that a full and true record should be kept of the history of the Theosophical Societies originated by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and consolidated by William Q. Judge, therefore be it

*Resolved*, that a Recording Secretary be appointed to carry out this work for and on behalf of the T. S. in Europe.

WHEREAS, Brother Claude Falls Wright, by reason of his long services to the Theosophical Movement in Ireland, England and America; his close association as private secretary to Madame H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and the undoubted ability which he has displayed in every department of work which he has undertaken, is well fitted to carry out the duties of Recording Secretary, therefore be it

*Resolved*, that we, the Theosophical Society in Europe in Convention assembled, do hereby appoint him to that position.

The President seconded the resolutions on behalf of the whole Convention, and they were carried with loud and prolonged acclamation.

Representatives of the various Branches were called to the platform and as many as possible asked to address the Convention in turn.

Mrs. Wright presented an address from the Lotus Circles of America to the children of Ireland, and Bro. Dick read the reply from the latter, which was received with applause. The Irish delegates spoke of the good work done by Crusader Patterson in Ireland, and Mrs. Tingley spoke in praise of the work done by Mr. Fussell in America. A few more speeches from various members were given, and Bro. Russell was then called upon to address the Convention *re* the stone to be taken from Killarney and sent to U. S. A. to form part of the building for the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity. After the usual vote of thanks and a song from the Vice-President the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Excepting the Convention at New York last April I have not witnessed such a gathering. Its unanimity, its spontaneous enthusiasm and complete unity and harmony throughout meant much, and must have far-reaching effect on the work in Europe. I have no doubt such a wonderful result was largely due to the presence in our midst of our leader, Mrs. Katharine Alice Tingley, and the band of Crusaders. And such a leader! the very embodiment of fearlessness and courage. Foolish sneers and jibes will fail to affect even in the least degree the heroic purpose of such a soul—one whom we have already learned to love and cherish. We know from past experience how to treat any attempts to discredit the one who visibly leads our movement in the world. The loving sympathy and kindly feeling manifest at the Convention in Dublin will form a wall against which nothing can prevail. A great Convention; a grand Convention indeed!

A splendid Crusade meeting was held on Sunday evening, when the large hall of the Antient Concert Rooms was packed. Want of space prevents us giving a report.

A meeting was held on Tuesday evening, August 4th, to organize Lotus Circle work. A representative Committee was appointed, with Miss Hargrove at its head, to develop this much-needed branch of work. Mrs. Tingley, who has had much experience in such work, gave some excellent suggestions, which will no doubt be sent round for general use.

A full report of the Convention will be issued as soon as possible.

D. N. D.

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#### LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S. E.

DEAR MEMBERS.—I have been asked by your Chairman at the Convention just concluded to write a few lines giving my impressions regarding this great gathering.

It appears to me that no words could evidence half so clearly the out-pouring of that force, which began to manifest itself last April, as did this Convention, so marked with unity, loyalty, and determination for work. Surely it must have been good for all to have seen members from those parts of the Continent not represented last year—Sweden, Germany, Scotland—present with us and united as one man in furthering the work; to stand shoulder to shoulder at the same gathering with members from nearly every country in the world. This must have

touched your hearts, as it did mine, and must have proved to you as outward evidence that the Master's hand is over all.

But the Master could not have done this work unless fitting instruments had been at hand, and it is by your loyalty, your great unity and your brotherly love that it has been made possible to hold a greater Convention of Theosophists than had yet been held in the eastern hemisphere. And it is for you, who remained staunch and true to your elder brother Theosophist—William Q. Judge—when he was attacked, refusing to listen to evil said of him, to now reap a great reward by seeing drawn to you from everywhere men and women who have pledged themselves to similar high principles of life and conduct. The Americans have felt in the past the great help that you have been to them by your loyalty, and through that the bonds of unity in the Great Cause have been made stronger, and your own possibilities indefinitely enlarged.

Throughout the entire land of the British Isles our band of Crusaders have been living witnesses to the same devotion, often by members in isolated spots where no assistance from others could be obtained and where nothing could have upheld them save that interior conviction and intuition which is above all argument. And when we leave for the Continent I *know* the same thing will be manifested, and with this power at work and this strength how can it be otherwise than that you will succeed.

Many have thought it difficult to teach Theosophy to the masses, but the world grows daily and the times have changed. Those things which were tasks yesterday have become comparatively easy to-day, and I assure you all if you stand firm at your posts, your hands clasped together in unity and your hearts and minds full of the great principles on which our Movement rests, that the Convention just ended, great and far-reaching as it has been, will be as nothing compared with those to be held in the coming years. Work on, then, with valor and power. Let each moment of each day mark some great result achieved. If the hundreds of Theosophists scattered over this Continent and the thousands in America will do unflinchingly in each day his duty, then the results accomplished in the next five years will bring our beloved Society to a point in its progress where, instead of making an effort to get members and having to go out into the world to seek them, the people themselves will flock to us to receive from us whatever wisdom and help we may be able to give them.—Your friend,

KATHARINE A. TINGLEY, *Cor. Sec.*

*Dublin, August 5th, 1800.*

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