

The Irish Theosophist.

MAN AS A FORCE.

IN moments of reflection we understand the saying that we are not single nor full of light. Almost always we are plus or minus. A man may be more or less than himself, than that middle nature upon which we too rarely take our stand, but rise and fall with tides of thought, passing and repassing that central point.

The act of reflection is not alone a mode of thought, but is an act of meditation, of stillness, in which the mind is a reflector of truths apprehended, truths lying all about us in the serenity of the invisible, caught and mirrored forth by the quiet mind. When we thus pause upon the middle ground of our nature, getting into touch with it, it appears to us as a broad, underlying ground from which the whole field of action is surveyed. It is that spot Arjuna called his own, from which he might with calm descry the battle. Not ours, as yet, that other point in upper regions from whence the soul entranced beholds the interchange of Life so far below: that heaven is not yet the prize of fervid "violence." As yet we can but secure a breathing space here in the midst of the fight.

While the tidal Being both surges to and fro across the objective field and has its eterne tuneful play in the etheric spaces, so man also finds himself to be rooted in this ground of Nature, the base and supply of all his powers alike. When sages have said that Mother-Nature is but the veil which the Absolute throws over Itself in periods of manifestation, have they not pointed out the way to this central ground of man?

In this Nature we take sanctuary. It ensures a pause, an interlude for the closer examination of Life. Departing from this, we are tossed

back and forth, now degraded, now exalted, never at rest. When the jaded sense wearies of these alternations; when the saturated mind rejects all thoughts and experiences alike, there comes a moment when the man sees suddenly by the flash-light of intuition that there was no need to depart from this substratum of Nature, which, like the ocean's bed, receives all tides unmoved.

Why do we not stand there, receivers and containers of all? Why do we adventure forth to drift or to surge past the pivotal point from which all currents arise and in which all are swallowed up? Is it that man thinks he must join in the march past in order to know it all? He cannot know it in the beat and press of action, but only when, like Arjuna, he stops and surveys the field.

If in truth this fontal Nature contains the whole, were it not wise to seat ourselves more often at this source, waiting to surprise the secret of the ever-welling waters? Perhaps we should then discover that while the tides of force play to and fro, the mind and feelings of man follow them in a futile effort at self-identification. These tides are not himself; they are the emanations of his nature, the forces to be used at his will. His initial mistake is made when he takes them to be himself. Who has not seen in noon-tide fields the small brown bird on seemingly broken wing, luring the too curious traveller from her secluded nest? So Nature acts with every wayfarer, essaying to divert us from her hidden, creative seat.

This point demands mental recognition: it is vital. Man continually strives to identify himself with Nature, and as continually fails. Why does he fail? Evidently because it is to the interest of Nature that he shall fail if she is to remain unconquered and supreme—as she must and shall remain until subdued by that unrelenting will to which alone she yields. Yes, she yields then, for that will is her integral, her higher, innermost self, a ray of that Will divine of which she is but the veil. The spiritual will is the only conqueror of Nature: is it possible that we too should triumph if we identified ourselves with that? It must be so. Nature at the same time defies and allures man; she is his trap, but is as well his opportunity and aid—at his choice. Let all the cheats and lures thrown out to beguile the man but sharpen his will, so that her supremacy is overthrown by a soul of power, and lo! captor and captured are one, passing together behind the veil of Nature.

The moment of necessary calm is to be found in the uncolored mind. For the mind of man is as yet over concerned with the passage of mental phantasmagoria: these shift with that universal action and reaction which is the law of Nature. Man needs not to adventure with

them. His mind may occupy that pivotal point whence both the tides and the unchanging ocean-bed are seen, and can the mind but make its report uncolored by a false view of self, then victory is assured to the waiting soul behind. But if false mazes, false proportions and relations are exhibited by the mind, the soul is confused and bewildered and lingers where it might have leaped.

So great is the effect of the report of the mind upon the out-looking soul, dazed by the bewildering images brokenly held up to it, that it becomes clearly of the first importance to readjust the mental action. To turn from these distorted images to the underlying facts is the work of an instant; it is done when the mind all at once sees man as a force, or a congeries of forces and itself—mind—as a generator and disposer of force. With this changed aspect, all changes. Man, the unit, no longer identifies himself with the thousandfold current of feeling, desire and aimless thought. He sees all that he does and thinks as so much force generated and disposed of by him, and in so doing he glimpses the secret of his power and his destiny. He sees that he is dual, existing on two planes of being at least (to roughly classify them); that the forces emitted from his sphere tend earthwards or heavenwards; externalize themselves or are spiritualized by his aspiring will; he sees that these forces make for unity and harmony or make for discordant division.

The great advantage to be derived from adopting this point of view is that it enables us to look without emotion of any kind on that which we are. Force itself is colorless until we color it; the human mind colors it at choice. And where free choice is ours no further cause exists for emotion in this connection; we may be whatever we will to be, and take the truths about ourselves with unmoved heart until life gives them a wider and a higher meaning. This is much gained, for all this grief and fretting wear away our powers.

The merest glance at the subject shows that force is limited by its vehicle. Each one of us has so much force at his disposal. The brain of man takes up the gross energies of Nature, distributes or transmutes them, refines them or returns them grossly to the grosser earth whence they sprang. As to the transmutation of force, the matter is a simple one, for every grade of force is polar. For example, there is no such thing as "righteous anger," for anger is an explosive mode of force; it shatters and rends where it cannot freely pass and loads the atmosphere with a moral effluvium—the fevered breath of the soul. Anger is the great disturber of Nature's harmonies; it is but the explosive mode of that gentle, constant outgoing current which we call love or compas-

sion, whose other pole is that lust which rushes forth in a desire but to grasp, reach and retain.

As desire puts forth its tentacles to snatch the object of its lust, we see it to be a contractive mode of force, hardening the fluid sphere of man, and spasmodic of necessity, dropping the coveted object when its force has been extracted only to clutch after another victim. Fear: what is that but a swift contraction, astringent and paralyzing, a force erstwhile useful to Nature, where rocks must be held together, but one to be abandoned where larger life sets in? Doubt has a turbulent and chopping motion disruptive of all harmonious mental action. Under the chill breath of distrust the magnetic currents turn to ice and close every avenue of approach. Even so, Nature's wisdom shines forth: she needed ice and stones; the poles of force are all her own. Over against love, the positive, she set fear, the negative; only she called it not fear. In her vocabulary words are things. That contraction which the mind of man misuses and converts to fear, or lust, or spasmodic anger, is in her larger action turned to universal use, and rising in the scale of force holds men and worlds alike in rounded orbits of their own.

The sage is the man who finds employment for every mode of force, uncolored and unperverted by his own mind. He identifies himself above, and not below, with Spirit and not in Nature. Guided by the intellect he falls; guided by the heart he often falls, but falls to rise. Every failure passed through the heart is alchemized there and in time becomes success. Man has his workers—all his elements which make for Life eternal. Man has his destroyers—the elements, the qualities, the tendencies which gravitate to the animal plane of Nature. Yes, let us confess it: an elemental devil growls at the bottom of human nature: it must be faced sooner or later. He who recognizes this creature of self in himself; he who sees its misuse of his forces, its countermining of his will; he who refuses to accept it as himself and so treads it underfoot, he it is who will tear from this thing of self its manifold disguises of "self-respect," personal honor, proper pride and all that brood of deception.

The lower self seeks to "take its proper place." But the true occultist has no place and is intent only on the truth of his message. To what end do we think to appear great in order to make an impression on the mind of another? Is it not as if we concluded that our message must be great *because* we are the bearer? So we cause too many of our hearers to think of our greatness, who should be thinking, "How fortunate am I to have some small part in this work for man."

We must watch and crush this tendency. It is a barrier. Often it comes from a desire to serve, but with the false image added that to serve we must be esteemed, appreciated, honored; that we must be "in place." It is a shadow cast by this world of shams upon the soul's one outlook into matter.

Like all unwise methods, it defeats its own ends. Observers are many and soon sense an effort for personal recognition.

The wise student contemplates the purposes of Nature. He makes her motive his and with that motive works. He breathes, now out, now in; now expands, and now contracts in thought intense, interior. He uses naught for self, but simply and naturally gives himself over to the purpose of Nature; he becomes that harmonious purpose, that inextinguishable unshaken tendency towards the evolution of myriad lives, of untold selves. Meeting the subjacent devil eye to eye, he treads that underfoot and all is well with him and his workers. He passes into closer touch with the starry self: he meditates on the divine unity of soul, on the indifference of temporary estimates formed by man. He lends his heart's ear to the great chanting voice of Nature, and in those vast harmonies forgets all thought of self, of other selves, of time, place, circumstance, of praise or blame, of joy or sorrow. He becomes a force in Nature and the indwelling Spirit breathes upon him also and makes him its own.

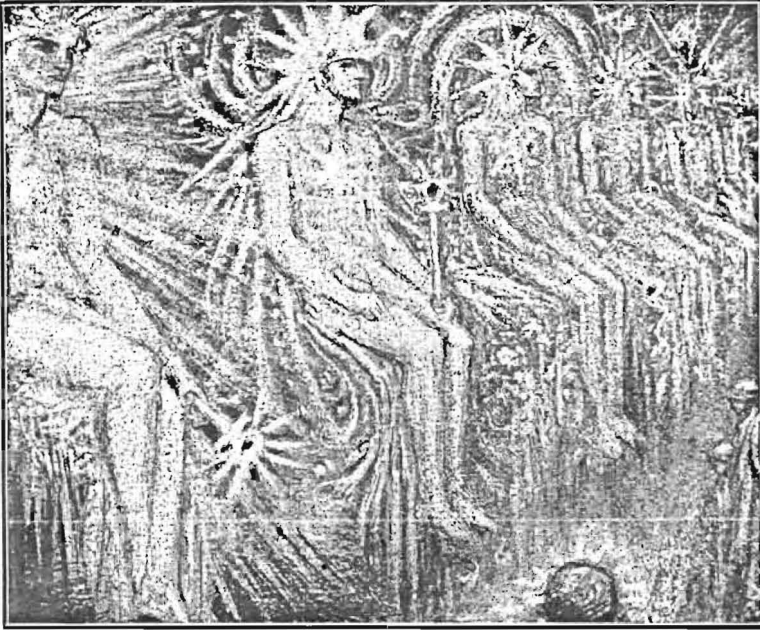
JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

" . . . IF thou shut up thy Soul in the Body and abuse it, and say, I understand nothing, I can do nothing, I am afraid of the Sea, I cannot climb up into Heaven, I know not who I am, I cannot tell what I shall be; what hast thou to do with God; for thou canst understand none of those Fair and Good things; be a Lover of the Body, and Evil.

For it is the greatest evil, not to know God.

But to be able to know and to will, and to hope, is the straight way, and Divine way, proper to the Good; and it will everywhere meet thee, and everywhere be seen of thee, plain and easy, when thou dost not expect or look for it; it will meet thee, waking, sleeping, sailing, travelling, by night, by day, when thou speakest, and when thou keepest silence.

For there is nothing which is not the Image of God."—*The Divine Pymander*.



THE PALACES OF THE SIDHE.

Two small sweet lives together
 From dawn till the dew falls down,
 They danced over rock and heather
 Away from the dusty town.

Dark eyes like stars set in pansies,
 Blue eyes like a hero's bold—
 Their thoughts were all pearl-light fancies,
 Their hearts in the age of gold.

They crooned o'er many a fable
 And longed for the bright-capped elves,
 The faery folk who are able
 To make us faery ourselves.

A hush on the children stealing
 They stood there hand in hand,
 For the elfin chimes were pealing
 Aloud in the underland,

And over the grey rock sliding,
A fiery colour ran,
And out of its thickness gliding
The twinkling mist of a man—
To-day for the children had fled to
An ancient yesterday,
And the rill from its tunnelled bed too
Had turned another way.

Then down through an open hollow
The old man led with a smile :
“Come, star-hearts, my children, follow
To the elfin land awhile.”

The bells above them were hanging,
Whenever the earth-breath blew
It made them go clanging, clanging,
The vasty mountain through.

But louder yet than the ringing
Came the chant of the elfin choir,
Till the mountain was mad with singing
And dense with the forms of fire.

The kings of the faery races
Sat high on the thrones of might,
And infinite years from their faces
Looked out through eyes of light.

And one in a diamond splendour
Shone brightest of all that hour,
More lofty and pure and tender,
They called him the Flower of Power.

The palace walls were glowing
Like stars together drawn,
And a fountain of air was flowing
The primrose colour of dawn.

“Ah, see!” said Aileen sighing,
With a bend of her saddened head
Where a mighty hero was lying,
He looked like one who was dead.

“He will wake,” said their guide, “’tis but seeming,
 And, oh, what his eyes shall see
 I will know of only in dreaming
 Till I lie there still as he.”

They chanted the song of waking,
 They breathed on him with fire,
 Till the hero-spirit outbreacking,
 Shot radiant above the choir.

Like a pillar of opal glory
 Lit through with many a gem—
 “Why, look at him now,” said Rory,
 “He has turned to a faery like them!”

The elfin kings ascending
 Leaped up from the thrones of might,
 And one with another blending
 They vanished in air and light.

The rill to its bed came splashing
 With rocks on the top of that:
 The children awoke with a flashing
 Of wonder, “What were we at?”

They groped through the reeds and clover—
 “What funny old markings: look here,
 They have scrawled the rocks all over:
 It’s just where the door was: how queer!”

Æ.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIES.

(Concluded from p. 215.)

“ALEXANDER sends greeting to Aristotle. You have acted wrongly, having given out to the world several works about the acroamatic philosophy [the same as Epopitic]. What difference will there be between me and others, if everyone is to learn a teaching into the Mysteries of which I was initiated? A knowledge of the most important I prefer to exterior power. . . .”

To which Aristotle gave the problematic answer that the above-mentioned works were “published and yet not published.” Meaning most probably that without a certain preparatory training and some knowledge of symbols and metaphors used no one could possibly derive any good from his *Metaphysics*.

But as to the Mysteries of the third degree we of the glorious nineteenth century can make only feeble conjectures, at best succeeding in dovetailing the guesswork of ancient and modern writers.

"Not everybody knows what the hierophant is doing," says Theodore the ancient: "most people only see what is represented. They who are called priests accomplish the rites of these Mysteries, but the hierophant alone knows the reason of what he is doing and discloses it to those whom he thinks proper. . . ."

"We know positively," says Lenormant the modern, "that for the hierophant and the *dadouch* [an intermediary between the hierophant and the crowd], on taking up the functions, there was a regular ordination, accompanied by a new and special initiation. . . . And it is perfectly evident that it was in this supreme initiation they received the doctrinal tradition. . . ."

Originated a good many centuries before Christ—some scientists say in the archaic times of purely mythical Greece and by a purely archaic demi-god—and continued far down in our own era; so far down, in fact, as to have several Neo-Platonists for their hierophants, and as to be well but not wisely abused by many Fathers of the Church, the Eleusinian Mysteries, for a wonder, managed to keep all their secrets pretty dark.

"What!" protests our natural scepticism, "slaves, untrained in the noble art of self-control; ladies of both good and bad repute, and even irresponsible infants, managing to keep a secret between themselves, and this throughout long, long centuries? Surely this is contrary to all our notions of human nature."

To this very natural questioning I have two answers; one a quotation from Sopater, a writer of the sixth century A.D., another evolved out of my own inner consciousness.

"The law punishes with death anyone who would reveal the Mysteries. A person to whom the initiation appeared in a dream asks one of the initiates whether what he saw conforms to reality; the initiate acquiesces with a nod of the head, and for this he is accused of impiety. . . ."

Surely no law, be it ever so severe and implacable, could hold good against the irresistibly human inclination to talk about things that interest us most, and the example of the ill-omened barber of King Midas ought to be sufficient to prove this. Penalty of death or no penalty of death, the ladies of ancient Greece, gentlemen not excepted, *did* talk about Mysteries it was their good fortune to witness, this possibly being the only point about which I personally have no doubt

whatever in the whole great variety of subjects I am going to touch upon in this article.

But, then, Mysteries just like Aristotelean *Metaphysics* were *published and yet not published*. There exists a wondrous law in the interior moral as well as intellectual life of human beings, a law which permits a great scientist to give out the whole of his most precious discoveries to the most skilled shoemaker, and the shoemaker none the wiser for it, and the discoveries of the learned man just as secret as before.

Ladies and gentlemen in peplums and togas talked and talked and talked. Ladies and gentlemen in balloon sleeves and frock coats talk and talk and talk. But how many amongst either could tell exactly what they were and are talking about, when "the hierophant alone knows the reason of what he is doing and discloses it to those whom he thinks proper"; be this hierophant a man as in the Eleusinian Mysteries, or the spark of God as in the inner mysterious operations of our souls and minds.

Then, just as now, many or even all were called but few were chosen. And the chosen ones surely can be entrusted with keeping a secret, the example of the ill-omened barber of King Midas notwithstanding. Do not all, who hungrily seize upon every manifestation of their inner souls, who long to hear the soundless voices of their higher minds, know how difficult, how impossible it is to impart these shapeless, evasive, yet intense and real impressions to our most intimate, most loved friend, unless this friend can see and hear for himself? The Mysteries remained secret throughout the ages, not because this or that hierophant wanted them to remain so, but because it is a part of their most essential nature to be and to remain secret.

Surely the penalty of death could be applied only to those of the revealers who had something to reveal, the initiates of the second and third degree: possibly only the latter, as history tells us that Aristotle had revealed the Eoptic Mysteries and lived to die his natural death.

For the millions and millions of people who had witnessed the Eleusinian and other Mysteries, they most probably remained only what they apparently were, that is to say, to use Plutarch's words, "marvellous illumination, elegant decorations of the whole place, singing and dancing which tempered the majesty of sacred words and holy apparitions." That is to say, pretty much the same thing as in most established churches, whether Christian or heathen, on the whole extensive surface of our extensive globe.

And so when my thinking apparatus was asked the question: What

are the Mysteries? it was given a problem much greater than it—or any other thinking apparatus indeed—could possibly solve, so long as it remained unhelped by other constituents of the human mind. And it is exactly these other constituents of the human mind the Mysteries of all countries and all epochs address in their veiled yet intense and beautiful language.

Here are several quotations from several ancient and modern authors to testify to the truth of this statement.

Synesius, the rare example of a Neo-Platonist and Christian bishop combined, says:

“Aristotle is of the opinion that the initiates did not learn anything in a precise way, but that they received impressions; that they were put into a certain disposition, for which they were prepared.”

Prepared, we may add, by a certain training, about which no one is positive, and by a certain diet about which everything is known, and which most strictly forbade flesh either of mammalian, bird or fish, for the time being, as well as certain vegetables. And as a French writer remarks, “these abstinences were not founded, as with the Christians, on a principle of mortification; coming rather from certain mystical notions attached to the aliments, the use of which was forbidden.”

In the following words of Plutarch there also is to be found an indirect allusion to the Mysteries:

“I listened to these things with simplicity, as in the ceremonies of initiation, which carry no demonstration, no conviction operated by reasoning.”

Callienus speaks thus on behalf of Nature:

“Give me, therefore, all thy attention; more than if, in the initiation of Eleusis or Samothrace, or some other sacred Mystery, the whole of thee was in the performed acts, in the words spoken by the hierophants; not considering this other initiation [the study of Nature] inferior, neither less capable of revealing either the wisdom, or the providence, or the power of the Creator of the universe. . . . For, to my mind, amongst men who honor Gods, taken either in the totality of their nations, or individually, there is nothing comparable to the Mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace. And yet these Mysteries show what they propose to teach only in a kind of twilight, whereas in Nature everything is in perfect brightness.”

Then the Frenchman Guigniaut, in his *Religions de l'Antiquité*, says that “this was not a direct, rational, and logical teaching, but a teaching indirect, figurative, symbolical, which for all this was not any less real.”

In the German work of Erwin Rohde is to be found a statement that "symbols, as well as dramatic performances, aimed at representing the state of bliss which was to be reached by the initiates after death."

All this answers more or less the question as to the subjects of the Mysteries. But needless to say, no one knows exactly what were the glorious sights and sublime words spoken of in a dim way by many initiates, including Plutarch.

Now to the second question one's bewildered eyes beheld in the cloud of dust, a question the more important as before answering no one could seriously and honestly talk about anything like the restoration of ancient Mysteries. What is to be done to restore them?

At this point, I must ask all sincere and straightforward people to try and help me out of this very difficult situation by looking for the answer to this in their own hearts. If they promise to do so, I shall feel encouraged to say that, though I have no "direct, rational and logical" data for the following statement, yet my answer most decidedly is: *The resurrecting of our dead higher imaginations is strongly to be recommended.*

When a man accomplishes the task of bringing back to life his inherent capacity of seeing through and behind the symbols of any Mysteries, whether they be of Eleusis, or life, or Nature; when this dead centre of his mind's activities is once more ablaze with living fire, his time would come to be hierophant to us all. He will be entitled to give us object-lessons kindred to the Eleusinian Mysteries, and, by gradual and indirect suggestion, to lead our thought away from things gross and temporary, restoring it to its natural elements of direct perception and life amongst things immaterial and infinite.

This may seem a very high-sounding utterance, at the same time next to devoid of any practical and rational meaning. I must try to make my words clearer by the following illustration.

As I have said before, modern students cannot possibly make sure of either the subjects or the methods of the ancient Mysteries. But of one hint we may be sure, however, as all the learned heads of Europe seem to agree as to its authenticity. The symbolical mystery-dramas enacted by the priests at the Mysteries of Eleusis, with all their many-colored pomp of light and sound, invariably ended by a plain ear of corn being shown to the spectators, in perfect silence and with all simplicity, which, nevertheless, was considered as "the greatest, the most marvellous, and the most perfect act of the Mysteries." Once more, I have no "direct, rational and logical" data for the following statement, but my sense of things "indirect, figurative and symbolical," prompts

me to suggest this was a way of the hierophants to remind their initiates of the many lives for every human soul.

How did I come to receive this impression? The answer is: By gradual and indirect suggestion, the image of more gross and temporary things being gradually supplanted by other images and words more refined and spiritual.

This is how I trace the gradual change :

(1) An ear of corn, a thing of straw, a little starch and a little water.

(2) Pictures I saw of ears of corn represented on very ancient funereal monuments and urns of Greece.

(3) An article on ancient Egypt in which, amongst other things, I read that in that country a dead man often was represented as a solitary grain falling into the earth from a complete ear of corn.

(4) The great words sacred and dear to any person brought up in a Christian country: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

(5) Similar symbols of the Vedantins, the thread-Self, the golden string going through the hearts of many pearls to form one complete jewel.

(6) The Self, the soul of the soul, remaining one and the same through all births of all humanity.

(7) Many lives for every human soul.

The Mysteries of Eleusis must have been only a sort of glorified and magnified elder brother to the thinking process by which I have thus reached things immaterial and eternal, having started from things gross and temporary.

Now comes the turn of the third question my thinking apparatus was worried with: Who is to do it?

The great Teachers who work through the Theosophical Society, say the members of this Society. But I make so bold as to say that their efforts would prove of no avail whatever unless they received active, though sometimes unconscious, help from the huge crowd of ordinary men and women, who are so incomparably beneath them.

And this active help *is* given them by all sincere people without distinction of sex, race or creed, who long for something more stable, more true, and more real than the life we lead on this earth of ours. And whether these men and women belong to the Theosophical Society or not, whether they love it or hate it, even whether they know that there is such a thing in this world as this Society or not, in this instance

is of no very real importance. They are sure to help the restoration of ancient Mysteries, though, in most cases, unconsciously and indirectly, sometimes involuntarily, so long as there thrills a responsive echo in their hearts to the following words of the great initiate Plutarch:

“To die is to be initiated to the Great Mysteries. . . . All our life is nothing but a succession of errors, of painful wanderings away from the road, of long tramps on crooked paths without issues. At the moment we are to leave it fears and terrors, shivering, deathly perspiration and a lethargic torpor assail us. But once we are out of it we pass into delicious meadows, where one breathes the purest air, where one hears melodies and sacred discourse, where one beholds heavenly visions. It is there that man, having become perfect by his new initiation, returned to freedom, really master of himself, celebrates, crowned with myrtles, the most august of all Mysteries, conversing with other souls just and pure. . . .”

So a group of modern nineteenth century Americans, with a sprinkling of English and Irish people amongst them, have not undertaken such a completely impossible thing. For, I dare say, it will not be an exaggeration to hold that there are a good many such men and women.

Maybe a long time is required, deception and pain are sure to be met with on the path of all who are eager to accomplish the task, but final success is far from hopeless.

And, to use an expression of a very good book, though not a Greek one, merely to meditate on such things is “to build for eternity, it is to build for eternity.”

VERA JOHNSTON.

AN ALLEGORY.

A MASTER sat working in his chamber in the heart of a great mountain. He looked up from his work at the clock of the great cycles. He saw from it that the time of the conjunction of the cycles was at hand. He arose and departed.

Far through the earth he wandered, seeking virtue and unselfishness. There was none to be found. At last in a simple village he found one man pure and good. Him he took back to his mountain chamber.

Two sat working in the heart of the mountain. The clock showed the hour of the meeting of the cycles to be near once more.

“Hast thou finished all thy tasks?” asked the Master.

“Yea,” replied the other, “my work is complete. Behold! I am ready for initiation. Is the time not at hand?”

"Yea, it is the hour," answered the Master; "but first thou shalt bring me other six, taught and prepared as thyself."

The pupil went forth. Far and wide he searched, with many souls he labored. At last he found one fit, him he taught. Together they found a third. Him they taught.

At length in the course of many lives there were seven. They were taught and prepared. "Come," said the first, "let us seek out the Master." They found their way.

The cycles were again conjoined. The seven stood before the Master. He looked and found them perfect. They were ready.

"Master," said the first, "is it now time that we receive initiation?"

"How left ye the earth-people?" asked the great one.

"In ignorance and darkness, full of sin."

"Carry them truth and light and liberation, and save all possible. When each of you has freed from illusion seven pupils, and taught them wisdom; when ye and they have sown the seeds of Truth throughout the world; when each has given seven times his life to save mankind, return, the temple shall be ready."

Ages went by. Once more the Master looked up from his work. He saw that the great cyclic hour was fast approaching. He arose and departed, but went not to the world of men.

To the secret, holy temple he made his way. Unused it had stood silent throughout the æons. The Master opened wide its gates. He made it ready.

The secret hour had drawn still nearer. The Master stood waiting by his mountain. A mighty multitude approached. At their head were his first seven pupils.

The Master led them on towards the temple. The seven and all the others followed, silent. They reached the outer courts and entered in. There in the outer court were many stationed.

They entered into the inner court. Here others found or were given their places. They entered the great hall, and the hall beyond. In each were left the guardians and those who there belonged.

The few who were able entered the sacred court. The Master and the seven went on to the inner chamber. The Master alone entered the inmost, holy place. The secret moment came.

The seven sounds resounded through the temple. At the seventh there came a silent change. The seven found themselves in the inmost chamber. Their place was filled by those in the sacred court.

Those who were in the halls found themselves beyond. Those in

the courts had passed likewise a step ahead. The outer court alone was empty. But without was a mighty surging.

A sound as of thunder rent the air. The outer court was no more to be seen. The whole world had entered the outer court. All mankind had entered the temple.

MELCHIOR.

THE OUTLOOK.

General Remarks. To "fill the air with Theosophy" is to use the new force wisely. Each Branch and Centre has a definite work to do. All members should be partakers in that work. This is the way to bring about true unity. Personality fades out of sight, and all are merged into one in a single purpose—work for Theosophy. It is no use paying too much attention to fits of gloom. Some people seem to be perpetually busy making extensive preparations for the reception of passing moods of this order; some go further still, and reserve special seats for their accommodation. This interferes with the work; it is better to let such moods pass on. Nature has a place for them somewhere. Look how great Nature does her work. She has been at it a long time. Watch carefully; reflect; and when we act let us work with her.

Many people are anxious to hear all they can about Theosophy, but, to begin with, are naturally not prepared to make any sacrifices. They don't care to attend theosophical meetings, in case they may be found fault with by their friends, or their business prospects affected. It is well to meet such people more than half-way; many of them are perfectly sincere; if they will not come to us we may go to them.

The Crusade. Good work has been done in Paris by the Crusaders. Several meetings were held at their hotel, besides a large public meeting. The inevitable interviewers were around and the press gave friendly notices. Another National Branch has been added to the T. S. E.—the T. S. E. (France). It is the dawning of a new light that will in time shed its influence through France. Madame Peterson was a force of help, and will continue so to the new Branch during the winter months. News also reaches us of a very successful Convention of the T. S. E. (Germany), Dr. Hartmann being elected President and Herr Reuss Vice-President. Strengthening established Centres and starting new Branches where none already exist; so the work of the great Crusade goes on, yes, against all attempts to stop its progress.

Branches and Centres. The holidays still interrupt work somewhat, but everything is being got ready for a busy winter. Miss Hargrove, of the H. P. B. Lodge, has been around with the Crusaders a good deal, getting much insight into their methods, and at the same time quietly

maturing plans for the work of the coming session. Undoubtedly the work in London is hard, but where even a few work together with their whole hearts it is wonderful what can be accomplished.

At Bow the watchword is "Unity." A house has been secured for headquarters and printing and publishing business. There will also be a room set apart as a reading and reception room for visitors and enquirers. The Lotus Circle goes on well and promises further expansion. "Brotherhood Suppers," too, form an important item in the winter's programme.

Mrs. Foster is busy looking after the interests of the Halifax Centre. Systematic study of the philosophy is being carried on under her care. A room will soon be engaged for public meetings. The Halifax Centre has a big future before it if things keep going on as they have commenced.

Things are getting shipshape at Ventnor under the hand of Bro. Ryan. Good articles have appeared in the local press by Bro. Edge, who is at present staying in Portsmouth. Much prejudice still exists but it is gradually giving way. Bro. Ryan finds much opposition is disarmed by emphasizing the Christian aspect of Theosophy.

Like other Centres Ilford is busy. Bro. Jameson makes his home a theosophical headquarters, and in his own quiet way is doing much good. He suggests, in order to dispel the stupid notion that "every man's house is his castle," that T. S. members who happen to have friends near any Branch or Centre should assure them of their being *absolutely* welcome by those in charge, and that they should be advised to write or call. He thinks many are kept away by fear of intruding, or by waiting on some formal introduction do not think it right to call.

Lady Malcolm is a theosophic centre without periphery. For long she has been setting others in motion, and doing a great deal of work by means of correspondence. An article on, "Hints on how to Conduct T. S. Correspondence," would be good reading and full of the suggestions experience alone can give. In about fifty places throughout England and Scotland Lady Malcolm has placed T. S. books, leaving Karma to attract to the literature those who are prepared for it. This is the method of the sower of the seed, forgotten too often. The sower does not expect each seed to germinate; he knows a lot will turn out failures, but not knowing which will grow and which will not he sows broadcast, and leaves the result to other influences. Lady Malcolm is always glad to "coach" those seeking light on Theosophy.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne Bro. Moore is laying the foundations for a good Branch before long. He does not want anything of mushroom

growth and he is right. He says he has a "sort of rudimentary feeling like a tadpole getting legs and still retaining the tail," but he will soon be well on his legs, I know, and have others there also, and where will the "rudimentary feeling" be then? A "forward" policy for Newcastle, Bro. Moore. Help the "special Crusade fund" and get Bro. Crooke along.

In Bentley, near Colchester, Bro. Went and his wife are the light-bearers. They propose to open their house to those interested during the winter, and meantime are lending books and spreading what knowledge they can as widely around their district as possible. The work is sure to go on wherever one or two are found who do what they can for Theosophy.

Activity at Liverpool and Southport since the visit of the Crusade (it is not without significance that the Crusade began its English work in Liverpool) goes on splendidly. The Centres on north and south sides are doing excellent work, and before long there may be two or three full-blown Branches in Liverpool. Outdoor meetings are being held—the crowd being gathered together by the display of a large purple flag with the word "Theosophy" boldly set out. Around this speeches are made on theosophical subjects, and much interest is thus aroused among a class otherwise untouched. As in the case of Bow Branch, "Brotherhood Suppers" are being organized for the winter months. Such activity is worthy of emulation.

Earl's Court is a perambulating T. S. Centre at present, but before long it will have found a local habitation and a new name. Travelling Centres a good idea.

Things look in a fair way to prosper at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Bro. Crooke paid a visit to both places and gave them a lift. The By-Laws of the T. S. E. (Scotland) have been fixed up, and Bro. Andrew Neilson, of Glasgow, appointed President of the National Branch for Scotland. Under the old *régime* Edinburgh was peculiarly select in its methods, and Glasgow was too closely allied to a purely spiritualistic element. It is well to see an active propaganda started. Experience goes to show that true occult development is brought about by spreading the ideas of brotherhood, and acting up to this principle by working unselfishly for others. The time for closed doors is long past; the "house-top" is the place now. So up, Glasgow and Edinburgh, all Scotland lies before you.

Travelling Lecturer. A circular has been sent round with reference to this matter and asking for funds. It is a matter of much importance at the present juncture, and should meet with a ready response. What-

ever help can be given should be given, and with as little delay as possible. Meantime if any Branch or Centre wants a visit from Bro. Crooke, and can pay his travelling expenses and put him up free, they should communicate with him at 67, Lord Street, Liverpool. If he can arrange the matter he will, I am sure. I have been in touch with him during his travels lately, and know no one better fitted for the work briefly outlined in the circular referred to.

Literature. In the last issue of *Borderland* someone has written some nonsense about H. P. B., Mrs. Tingley, and matters affecting the "split" in the T. S. organization, brought about through the action of Mrs. Besant. *Lucifer* says: "We may feel thankful to Mr. Stead for putting the matter so plainly," and so *we* do. According to the writer, H. P. B. stated that in her next incarnation she would "inhabit the body of an eastern man," but on reading further we find if this Oriental ("anyone" is the word) claims that H. P. B. is speaking through "him" we may be sure "he is telling a lie." I have been told on the best possible authority that H. P. B. always coupled her reference to "the eastern man" with the statement that he would be an *imbecile*. In that case it is obvious he is better dumb. The article as regards Mrs. Tingley is almost entirely inaccurate.

Some well-meaning friend in Benares has sent me *Prasnottara*, No. 66 (the "Forum" of the Indian Section T. S., Adyar). I wondered why, but on opening it found an article about Mrs. Tingley somewhat on the same lines as the one in *Borderland*, which he evidently wanted me to read. Some people seem to be much afraid of Mrs. Tingley's influence, and think this is the best way to check it; but it is a short-sighted method, and really fails in its purpose; the intention is too obvious.

Lucifer (August) is dull, but respectable as usual. *Theosophy* (August) republishes part of an old tale by W. Q. J. from *The Theosophist*, which is full of interest. It will be concluded in this month's issue. *The Lamp* is one of the brightest T. S. journals we have. It would be a good thing to circulate free in every district where a T. S. Branch or Centre exists. Put a local cover round it with local Branch announcements and it will be complete for this purpose. Bro. Smythe, if approached, might give a supply at cost price. *Isis* I like, excepting illustration on cover and the arrangement of title on inside front page. It is worth getting every month to read Dr. Coryn's articles alone.

"It meets a long-felt want," is a common expression, but it really fits *The Theosophical News*. To publish a paper every week to report T. S. activities everywhere is a big undertaking, but who will say that

it is not needed? It deserves support. With one or two theosophical articles popularly written and general "tit-bits" and extracts of a theosophical character it would be an ideal weekly for the public, and special news-boys might be induced to take it up and push it vigorously in all busy thoroughfares.

The Child, its Spiritual Nature, is the title of a new book by Mr. H. K. Lewis. Many interesting children's stories are told in it. Here is one taken at random. Babs (two and a half), Enid (four and a half), modelling in clay from a pea-pod. *B.*—Enid, did God make this pea? *E.*—Yes, Babs, God makes everything. *B.* (pulling a maggot out of one of the peas).—He didn't make much of a one of this, did he, Enid? We find the inventions of the telescope, stethoscope, and the valve motion of the steam-engine were due to children.

Talking of children reminds me that Dr. and Mrs. Hyatt, of Brooklyn, New York, are starting a monthly magazine for children. It has been "christened" *Child-Life*, and the first number will be issued in October. It is difficult to find "big" people who can write satisfactorily for "little" people. For this reason such a magazine as that proposed is largely in the nature of an experiment to begin with, but a sufficient number of good writers ought to be found in the T. S. to make the venture a success. Under Mrs. Hyatt's skilful leadership this will, no doubt, be brought about in time, and the children may learn to look month by month for something quite their own, which they will find interest in and understand. I believe Mrs. Tingley has something to say in the first number. I wish every success to *Child-Life*.

D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE air is full of plans for continuing the various lines of effort inaugurated and suggested by recent events here, and a new departure has already been made with the free public lecture given on Sunday evening, the 13th inst., in a hall centrally situated. Albeit the members have barely recovered their breath after the late outpouring of energy, and in matters pecuniary the going is a bit slippery.

The regular public meetings on Wednesday evenings are continued: Sep. 16th, *Theosophy in Practice*; 23rd, *The Teaching of Art*; 30th, *Spiritual Footprints*; Oct. 7th, *Compensation*; 14th, *The Purpose of Life*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.