

## The Irish Theosophist.

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WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(Continued from p. 110.)

BUT at the period with which we are now engaged, Mr. Judge's industry had not as yet discovered and indoctrinated these and other Theosophists. As yet he stood, as we saw, the centre of a small group of students. We have a glimpse of him calling a meeting of the Aryan T. S., finding no one present, opening the meeting, reading the minutes and the customary chapter of *The Bhagavad Gita* with which the Aryan Lodge opened and still opens every meeting, just as if he were not the only person present, and so he did whenever this occurred. Will, such as this, makes its way through every obstacle.

Members began to come in, though slowly. Other Lodges formed; there was no very great activity, but the link was kept unbroken and correspondence with H. P. Blavatsky was brisk. Amid such external work as he could find to do, the young disciple still kept up the inner search. It was a period of darkness and silence, the period of probation. Through such a period had passed H. P. Blavatsky, and of it she said and wrote: "For long years I thought Master had quite deserted me." She had seen the Master in London, in the physical body, following, as if an official, in the suite of some Indian prince, and in an interview which was given to her in Hyde Park, the Master told her she might come to Thibet, but left her to find her way thither unaided, and also to discover where she should go when she reached that country, all of which she accomplished after several failures and some years of search and apparent desertion. Of such a period the author of *Light on the Path* wrote in some explanatory notes in *Lucifer*, that though the Master might really be near the neophyte and might extend to him the utmost comfort which one soul could give to another, yet the neophyte would feel himself utterly alone, and that not one has

passed through this period of suffering without bitter complaint. Complaint was wrung from this strong soul, whose portrait is feebly attempted here, in letters of sacred privacy to his teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and to Damodar, his fellow-disciple. After the death of H. P. B., and the departure of Damodar for Thibet, these very private letters were taken without the consent of either the recipients or the writer, and were given in part to the world in an attempt to show that Mr. Judge lied in claiming uninterrupted connection with the Masters, because of his despair at the period of seeming silence. It is difficult to believe that professors of philanthropy could be found, thus to rifle the correspondence of the dead and the absent, and to publish letters written in that relationship of pupil and teacher, which these very investigators professed to revere.

We have it on the authority of a much respected member of the Auditing Committee, called to verify the correctness of the prosecutor's quotations from these letters in the so-called brief against Mr. Judge, that several of that Committee asked to be spared the reading of letters so painful to hear. But the prosecutor insisted!

The startled mind protests at such sad misdirection of noble energies and vigorous purpose, and at an hour, too, when all the forces that make for materiality, as against evolution, press hard upon our little band; when every energy of every soul is needed, is drawn upon, to the last ounce of life-force. Thus to assail the hardest worker, the greatest sufferer! Ah, yes! But also he is our strongest soul. He is the one most capable of forgiveness; least capable of retaliation. It was perhaps his highest karmic office, as a helper, to undergo the trial, to stop the baleful vibration more quickly than any other could stop it by his final acceptance and pardon of injury, and to turn the Society strongly away from the grievous issue into new fields of work. Let us turn, with him, from this outrage upon the dead and the living. The shadow portrayed in those letters lifted, the disciple came to know even as he was known, and in 1888 we find H. P. B. writing in certain official documents of him as being then "a chela of thirteen years' standing, with trust reposed in him," and as "the chief and sole agent of the Dzyan (Lodge) in America." (This, it will be remembered, is the name by which that which is called "The Lodge" is known in Thibet.) He had been in South America, where H. P. B. said there was a branch of the Great Lodge, and in that country he contracted the dreaded Chagrès fever, which racks the system of its victims as by fire, often carrying them off in the twentieth year. Mr. Judge has always been a great sufferer from this torturing disease—though he

never stayed his work for it—and he is now passing through the twentieth year. To Europe he went too, meeting H. P. B. in Paris and spending some little time with her there, and thence to India, where he arrived just after the outbreak of the Coulomb scandal. After a brief stay there, Mr. Judge returned to America and the duties of his professional and theosophical life. The moment was critical, a turning-point. As so often happens, the scandal attracted public attention to the Theosophical Society and letters of inquiry began to pour in. Mr. Judge seized the tide at the flood and carried the bark of the Society on to wider fortunes. The press took the matter up, reporters called, inquirers became members, the community became aware of the quiet, forceful worker in its midst. His method and his matter won the respect of those who heard him: the press began to accept his articles on Theosophy, and later on those of others: from scoffing and jeering and being unable to admit a theosophical item without insulting comment, it passed to giving these like other items of news. Later still, the personal influence of Mr. Judge induced the editors of a great journal to retract a libel which they had published against the T. S. and Madame Blavatsky, and a libel suit instituted against that journal by Mr. Judge was withdrawn. So it continued until the present day, when Mr. Judge can always count upon a hearing from the metropolitan press. Meanwhile his work had begun to teel in other directions. The T. S. took on a third form, and passed out of the Board of Control stage into that of the late American Section, and the fourth stage was reached at Boston Convention, 1895, when the original parent body and branches voted its autonomy and became the Theosophical Society in America by an overwhelming majority. In each instance the Society outgrew the old form and reincarnated anew, in conditions more favorable to the work. Members of influence and standing began to come in, especially in Mr. Judge's lodge, the original parent body, the Aryan Lodge of New York, and their activity and devotion were stimulated by his own. He instituted *The Path* magazine himself; meeting its deficits and carrying it on unaided; he wrote unceasingly, books, articles, letters. He spoke whenever opportunity arose. Every spare moment was given to Theosophy, and taken from his meals and his rest. Finally, when the New York Headquarters were bought, and when the work had increased to large proportions, Mr. Judge relinquished his profession and gave his entire life and time to the Society. His health, always frail, continued to give way. A day free from pain was rare with him. Often he was in very real danger. But always he was scornful of every suffering, working when another man would have

been prone, when his friends and doctors were shocked at his being about at all. As the T. S. grew, his working staff grew also, but he out-worked and out-tired them all. Dauntless, indomitable, he was ever inaugurating fresh plans of work. He sent timely aid and thought to India, to Europe, to England especially, and it was always by his influence and at his request—of late years through his *urgency*—that America, never helped by Europe or by India, so largely contributed, both publicly and privately, to the work of the two sister Sections.

Bringing this portion of my sketch down to the present day, we have Mr. Judge President of the T. S. in America, having lost not more than five branches, inactive as a rule, and having issued several new charters and a number of new diplomas. The work is now more active than ever before during the same period (the dead summer period) and new diplomas were going out steadily, while new lecturers have had to be sent into the field. We also have Mr. Judge as President of the new T. S. in Europe, composed of those European branches who have legitimized their connection with the parent body, and provided their own autonomy. During the twenty years a score of members has grown to thousands, primarily through the zeal and ability of the man who was able to inspire a similar devotion in others: the man whom the Master, writing to H. P. Blavatsky from Thibet and by the post in 1889, called, as she tells us in print and letter, "The Resuscitator of Theosophy."

We have hitherto considered Mr. Judge in relation to his profession and to the Theosophical Society. There are other relations which, of necessity, enter into the life of a man before it is bounded to our view.

The family life of Mr. Judge is restricted by reason of the smallness of its numbers. Mrs. Judge is at present, as is almost always the case, with her husband, who has at last been obliged to seek a milder climate and some degree of rest. His sisters are ladies of talent and culture, devoted to him in the fullest sense of the word. There is also a brother, Mr. Frederick Judge, resident in America. This comprises all the family of William Q. Judge. His only child, a little girl of great charm and promise, died very early, and the sad event graven deeper lines in the heart of the father than is generally known. Friends of Mr. Judge are often struck with the great attraction which he has for children, who gather about him uninvited. If he sketches on the deck of a steamer the children sidle up, coming nearer and nearer, until they are leaning against him or perching wherever a resting-place can be had, often before he has seemed to notice their

presence. The children of his friends always give him joyous welcome, and not infrequently he is dragged to the floor, the common playground, amid their toys. A child in the company where he is, is sure to find the haven of his arms at last, and nestles there while the metaphysical discussion goes on above its curls. But however animated the argument, you will not find that small form, so gently cradled, to be ever so little disturbed. A friend who was once walking with Mr. Judge in the streets of New York at eventide tells the following story. It was a summer evening, the electric lamps were just lit, and a very beautiful little child, some three years old, had been carried out of the door of a hotel to get a breath of fresh air. Passers by, on the sidewalk, and one or two who knew the child, had stopped to speak to her, attracted by her beauty and merry chatter, just as Mr. Judge and his friend drew near. The little beauty would have none of her admirers; she turned this way and that, pouting and embarrassed, flung herself about in the nurse's arms, and finally, as the knot of people drew nearer, gave a piercing scream. At this moment she caught sight of the unknown Mr. Judge, over her nurse's shoulder. Struggling down to the ground and fleeing for protection, the little white form flashed past, and running to Mr. Judge held up imploring arms and tear-bedewed face, crying: "Take! take! take!" As he stooped and lifted the wee elf her tears gave place to smiles; she laughed, and pressed her cheek to his, her arms passed round his neck and gripped, and for a few moments the nurse's persuasion "to leave the stranger gentleman" was quite unavailing, so closely did the waif cling to her refuge. But the witnessing friend turned his eyes away from the look on Mr. Judge's face, and between them fell a silence as they walked on, the child restored, the arms she had instinctively sought once more empty, and always bereaved.

*(To be concluded.)*

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"Whom no one knows as high or lowly born,  
 Or knows as deeply learned nor yet unlearned,  
 Or knows as of good deeds or evil deeds,  
 A child of the Eternal he, in truth,  
 Given to hidden duties well fulfilled,  
 In secretness shall his whole life be spent,  
 As he were blind and deaf, of voice bereft,  
 Thus shall the truly wise pass through the world."—*From the  
 Sanskrit.*

## THE PROTEST OF LOVE.

Those who there take refuge nevermore return.—*Bhagavad Gita.*

ERE I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,  
 While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes  
 of men,  
 May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not  
 release,  
 May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour  
 again.

Ere I storm with the tempest of power the thrones and dominions  
 of old,  
 Ere the ancient enchantment allures me to roam through the star-  
 misty skies,  
 I would go forth as one who has reaped well what harvest the earth  
 may unfold:  
 May my heart be o'erbrimmed with compassion, on my brow be the  
 crown of the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark sent forth with wishes and  
 prayers  
 To return with the paradise-blossoms that bloom in the eden of light:  
 When the deep star-chant of the seraphs I hear in the mystical airs  
 May I capture one tone of their joy for the sad ones discrowned in the  
 night.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the Heart of the Love:  
 Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest  
 breath,  
 I would still hear the plaint of the fallen recalling me back from  
 above  
 To go down to the side of the mourners who weep in the shadow of  
 death.

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## ELOQUENT, JUST, AND MIGHTY DEATH.

It is a part of the strange, deceptive quality of things, that nothing should teach us so much of life, nothing should so much open our eyes to the grandeur and limitless possibility of life, as death, which is called the cessation of life. Twice it has been my lot to verify the same truth: that the death of a friend, esteemed wise and valiant in knowledge of life, should not impoverish life but enrich it; should, indeed, add a new world to the kingdom of life, and that new world—the realm of death.

There is—in a few souls vividly manifest, in many souls dimly felt, in all souls at least suspected—a quality of high reality which, when we meet and touch it, brings with it a keen sense of eternalness, of something that really is, and therefore cannot cease to be. This profoundly real light is the best gift the highest souls have to offer us; and the moment for testing the value of the gift, is the moment of their death.

When that death has come, and we know quite certainly that we shall not by any possibility see them again in life, there comes to us—if we have fitly received their gift of light—a keen and lucid sense of the closeness to us of that eternal part in them which we had felt during life; and, with it, a knowledge that this is the reality of our friend, not the outward form, faded by the waste of mortality. And that new reality—new, because not known before in its pure and isolated nature—has won a new world for us. For what we feel, close to us, is not in this world, as men speak of this world; nor does it approach us from the side of this world, or in the manner of this world, but in a new and hitherto inexperienced way, which we know to be not of this world, but of the mysteriously shining, mysteriously hidden world of death. In that newly gained world we have now a certain possession, a possession not of the dead, but of the living. More than that, as we cannot perceive the things of the real world in any way but by becoming them, by recognizing our real oneness with them; so, in thus gaining a possession in the kingdom of death, we really become, in a sense, at one with the kingdom of death, and, thus becoming death, we find that death is—life.

We are apprised of a new, hitherto hardly suspected, hardly felt realm of life; a new world, to which our dead friend has gone as ambassador, carrying with him our consciousness, and thereby giving us

a sense of being, in some degree, familiar with the world of death, and at home in it.

Death is no longer a blackness stretching across the sky of life, and drawing closer and ever closer. Death has been transformed; we have become reconciled to it, found in it a new, wide world, where a real part of us already dwells. This knowledge is the last, best gift to us from our dead friends.

This strange inheritance of death is yet not more than a single piercing intuition, which we can only in part relate to the whole of our lives and wills; very much of our lives are lived as though there was no death, or as if death were immeasurably distant, or a terrible fate which it were best to keep hidden from memory and thought.

Yet that single intuition foreshadows for us the possibility of a time when we shall live with equal regard to both worlds; when we shall at will inhabit both worlds, the Beyond as familiarly as this earth. It is easy enough to figure some such possibility in fancy; it is in no wise easy to realize it, even a little, with our wills; and it is hardly conceivable that anything we could voluntarily undertake would give our wills a hold in the world of death.

For this very reason, perhaps, it is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality, most of eternalness, should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that not seeing but inwardly touching is the true proof that our friend is there; in order that we may learn that the vanishing and dissipation of the outward, visible part, is no impairing or detriment to the real part, which is invisible.

This knowledge, and the realizing of it in our wills, are gained with the utmost difficulty, at a cost not less than the loss of the best of our friends; yet, if the cost be great, the gain is great and beyond estimating, for it is nothing less than a first victory over the whole universe, wherein we come to know that there is that in us which can face and conquer and outlast anything in the universe, and come forth radiant and triumphant from the contest. Yet neither the universe nor death are real antagonists, for they are both only Life everywhere, and we are Life.

C. J.



## AN OLD CELTIC MYSTIC.

From *The Division of Nature*, Book V. 39, of Joannes Scotus Erigena.\*

AFTER we had considered the fourfold view of universal nature in the foregoing four aspects, it appeared good to us to add certain views concerning the return of the effects into their causes, that is, into the original plans in which they have their being. And this return again presented itself to us in threefold fashion. The first, generally, in the transmutation of the whole sensible creation contained within the bounds of the universe, that is, of all bodies, whether coming within the cognizance of our senses, or escaping them through their exceeding subtlety, in such wise that there shall not be any body that does not by the operation of its own vitality return into its hidden causes: for of those things which have received a substantial existence from the cause of all things none shall be reduced to nothing. The second mode contemplates the general return of the whole of human nature saved in Christ into the condition in which it was originally created, and into the dignity of the divine image, as it were a paradise, through the merits of the one, whose blood was shed for the salvation of all humanity, so that no man should be deprived of those natural blessings amidst which he was created, whether in this life he has lived well or ill. And so shall be made manifest the ineffable and incomprehensible outpouring on all human nature of the divine goodness and bounty, that which flows from the supreme good being punished in none. The third mode of contemplating the return has to do with those who shall not only ascend to the heights of that nature which was created in them, but through the abundance of the divine grace which through Christ and in Christ shall be delivered to the elect, shall, above all the laws and limits of nature, superessentially pass even into God, with Him and in Him to be made one.

And of these the return is observed as taking place, as it were, by seven steps. The first will be the change of earthly body into vital motion; the second will be that of vital motion into sense; the third that of sense into reason; then that of reason into soul, in which is appointed the end of the whole rational creation. After this fivefold unification of the parts of our nature, of body, to wit, vital motion,

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\* The author of *The Division of Nature*, Joannes Scotus Erigena, was born in Ireland in the ninth century, and was contemporary with Alfred the Great of England. His works are much better known and commented upon on the continent than in this country.

sense, reason and understanding, so that they are not five but one, the lower being always swallowed up in the higher—not so as to cease to be, but to be made one—follow three other steps of the ascent, and of these one is the passage of soul into the knowledge of all things that come after God; the second that of knowledge into wisdom, that is, the inner vision of the truth so far as is granted to a created being; the third, which is the supreme, is the supernatural setting of the most purified souls in God, into the darkness of incomprehensible and inaccessible light, in which are hidden the causes of all things; and then shall night be bright as day—that is, the most secret divine mysteries shall in some unspeakable fashion be revealed to the understandings beatified and enlightened. Then shall be accomplished the complete solidity of the eightfold number, a supernatural cube, in type of which the sixth psalm is entitled, “A Psalm of David for the Eighth.” The Lord’s resurrection also took place upon the eighth day for this reason, that there might be mystically signified that blessed life which, after the end of the world, is to be brought about following the septenary revolution of this life through seven days, when human nature, as we have already said, shall return to its beginning through the eightfold ascent: a quinary ascent within the limits of nature; a ternary, supernaturally and superessentially, within God Himself; and then shall the quinary of the creation be made one with the ternary of the Creator, so that in none shall there be manifested aught save God; just as in the air, when it is free from all impurity, we are conscious of nothing but the universal smile of light.

W. L.

#### SELF-RELIANCE.

PERHAPS it is now while we are in a state of transition, when old leaders have gone out of sight and the new ones have not yet taken their place in the van, that we ought to consider what we are in ourselves. Some questions we ought to ask ourselves about this movement: where its foundations were laid? what the links are? where is the fountain of force? what are the doors? You answer the first and you say “America,” or you say “India.” But if that old doctrine of emanations be true it was not on earth but in the heavenworld where our minds immortal are linked together. There it was born and well born, and grew downwards into earth, and all our hopes and efforts and achievements here but vaguely reflect what was true and perfect in intent above, a compact of many hearts to save the generations wandering to their doom. Wiser, stronger, mightier than we were those who shielded us in the first years; who went about among us renewing

memory, whispering in our hearts the message of the meaning of life, recalling the immemorial endeavor of the spirit for freedom, knowledge, mastery. But it is our movement and not the movement of the Masters only. It is our own work we are carrying on; our own primal will we are trying to give effect to. Well may the kingly sages depart from bodies which were torment and pain to them. They took them on for our sakes, and we may wave them a grateful farewell below and think of the spheres invisible as so much richer by their presence, more to be longed for, more to be attained. I think indeed they are nearer heart and mind there than here. What is real in us can lose no brotherhood with such as they through death. Still flash the lights from soul to soul in ceaseless radiance, in endless begetting of energy, thought and will, in endless return of joy and love and hope. I would rather hear one word of theirs in my heart than a thousand in my ears. I would rather think of my guide and captain as embodied in the flame than in the clay. Although we may gaze on the grave, kindly face living no more, there can be no cessation of the magic influence, the breath of fire, which flowed aforetime from the soul to us. We feel in our profoundest hearts that he whom they call dead is living, is alive for evermore.

He has earned his rest, a deep rest, if indeed such as he cease from labor. As for us, we may go our ways assured that the links are unbroken. What did you think the links were? That you knew some one who knew the Masters? Such a presence and such a Companion would indeed be an aid, a link. But I think wherever there is belief in our transcendent being, in justice, our spiritual unity and destiny, wherever there is brotherhood, there are unseen ties, links, shining cords, influx from and unbroken communication with the divine. So much we have in our own natures, not enough to perfect us in the mysteries, but always enough to light our path, to show us our next step, to give us strength for duty. We should not always look outside for aid, remembering that some time we must be able to stand alone. Let us not deny our own deeper being, our obscured glory. That we accepted these truths, even as intuitions which we were unable intellectually to justify, is proof that there is that within us which has been initiate in the past, which lives in and knows well what in the shadowy world is but a hope. There is part of ourselves whose progress we do not comprehend. There are deeds done in unremembered dream, and a deeper meditation in the further unrecorded silences of slumber. Downward from sphere to sphere the Immortal works its way into the flesh, and the soul has adventures in dream whose resultant wisdom is

not lost because memory is lacking here. Yet enough has been said to give us the hint, the clue to trace backwards the streams of force to their fount. We wake in some dawn and there is morning also in our hearts, a love, a fiery vigor, a magnetic sweetness in the blood. Could we track to its source this invigorating power, we might perhaps find that as we fell asleep some olden memory had awakened in the soul, or the Master had called it forth, or it was transformed by the wizard power of Self and went forth to seek the Holy Place. Whether we have here a guide, or whether we have not, one thing is certain, that behind and within the "Father worketh hitherto." A warrior fights for us. Our thoughts tip the arrows of his quiver. He wings them with flame and impels them with the Holy Breath. They will not fail if we think clear. What matters it if in the mist we do not see where they strike. Still they are of avail. After a time the mists will arise and show a clear field; the shining powers will salute us as victors.

I have no doubt about our future; no doubt but that we will have a guide and an unbroken succession of guides. But I think their task would be easier, our way be less clouded with dejection and doubt, if we placed our trust in no hierarchy of beings, however august, but in the Law of which they are ministers. Their power, though mighty, ebbs and flows with contracting and expanding nature. They, like us, are but children in the dense infinitudes. Something like this, I think, the Wise Ones would wish each one of us to speak: "O Brotherhood of Light, though I long to be with you, though it sustains me to think you are behind me, though your aid made sure my path, still, if the Law does not permit you to act for me to-day, I trust in the One whose love a fiery breath never ceases; I fall back on it with exultation; I rely upon it joyfully." Was it not to point to that greater life that the elder brothers sent forth their messengers, to tell us that it is on this we ought to rely, to point us to grander thrones than they are seated on? It is well to be prepared to face any chance with equal mind; to meet the darkness with gay and defiant thought as to salute the Light with reverence and love and joy. But I have it in my heart that we are not deserted. As the cycles wend their upward way the heroic figures of the dawn reappear. Some have passed before us; others in the same spirit and power will follow: for the new day a reärisen sun and morning stars to herald it. When it comes let it find us, not drowsy after our night in time, but awake, prepared and ready to go forth from the house of sleep, to stretch hands to the light, to live and labor in joy, having the Gods for our guides and friends.

## PHANTASIA.

[THE following is a free and very inferior translation of a Russian poem by Polonsky. Its reading gave me so much pleasure that nothing would do me but that some of my English-speaking friends should also read it, although in an imperfect shape.—VERA JOHNSTON.]

IT was a period long lost in the multitude of other epochs. Man, a biped animal with the soul of a child, was a shaggy fowl creature. He killed birds with his arrows—eagles and swans; with his spear, blunted by use, he killed cave-animals. When hungry, he gnawed their bones and ate their flesh raw. Their fur saved his children from chilly winter. But scorched by summer heat their nudity looked bronzed with sun-rays.

He swiftly climbed rocks and trunks of trees; and the free savage maiden, won by him after a brutal struggle, followed him a subdued, obedient slave. . . . Here and there his poor shed rose over the lake on piles, that a beast of prey might not creep in. The low entrance, a mere hole, knew no locks. And his stone hatchet was heard in the woods.

Listening to the thundering of storms, of avalanches and eruptions of heaving mountains, which breathe fire, or to the rush of waters raised by a flood, the bold hunter of animals humbly felt his own powerlessness; and, measuring with his eye the invincible powers of nature, he vaguely believed in something, but never prayed as yet, erected no altars and burned no sacrifices.

And over the earth was soaring an immortal Genie, kindred to heaven and kindred to earth, half heavenly, half earthly, unseen, unheard, unknown. His fate was preordained; he was to be the fellow-wanderer of the planet which has grown dim; he was to watch over everything doomed to waking and sleeping, and to call to divine light those who received higher gifts.

The Genie was sad. With his head clad in lightning-bearing cloud, he gazed down at a land where the blue sea, having broken down a white chalk cliff, ran its fickle foam far into the shore-sands. There below, overtaken by the storm in the forest, man ran madly, seeking a shelter; man yelled, and waved his hands and howled, helplessly slaking his spear at the lightning, as if, in his helplessness, he was

akin to the tossing waves, chased by glittering sheets of rain. . . .  
 And the Genie took pity upon man; he appeased the thunder, and there, high in the vermilion verge of day and night, the Genie raised into the sky his burning eyes.

Piercing the blazing firmament, there in the deepest deep and the highest height, intense with devotion, he was searching the one we call God. He felt him, but could not see. And, all impregnated with the blissful sense of his love, he cried out to him, to his father and God, in words of filial sorrow:

“Look, what thy touch has created, what wild beast thou hast endowed with soul! If even I—I, thy primordial angel, who, hardly covered with an ethereal shape, watch over this earth, revolving in the abyss of space like an imperceptible point in the great sweep of a hurricane. . . . If even I, who rejoice in every manifestation of thy love, could not conceive of thee, of the preëxisting beginning, of the beginning of all beginnings—could, then, this wicked child understand thee? Did I not behold, on the morn of being, how myriads of suns were lit up by thee, how the blazing of all these worlds burned like one tiny lamp in thy house? Did I not shudder when their fires went out and their lights grew dim? But bright spirits were born out of their dust, and new worlds burned smokeless lights again, and great was the joy of the innumerable host of the immortal. I saw all this. I know it all. And he, who drags on his days, measured by thee, changing from cold to heat, from daily labor to struggle with want, what has he seen? what does he know? Half animal himself, open only to the vague feeling of the approach of his prey, can he believe, if I tell him: ‘You, poor wretch, believe?’”

And lo! like a soft tolling, bringing glad tidings, the voice of God sounded to answer the other voice, which had cried after him:

“I send Phantasia. Receive her as the daughter of my love, she will be your help. Let everyone believe in me according to the best he can.”

The spirit of earth trembled and the night grew dumb. . . . A heavenly apparition stood on a light cloud, and all the sky grew bright. Three rainbows passed their triple coil around the clouds feathery and airy; and, having surrounded the disk of the moon with their luminous glory, they eclipsed the glittering of the bright but distant stars.

The moon sent her radiance crosswise to the north, the south, the east and the west. Nature itself dreamed marvellous dreams, when

Phantasia, a crown on her brow, descended into the earthly gloom. . . . But who could tell what were the dreams of the earth, during this moonlit night, with women and children resting in the warmth of the night, with the hatchets working not and the nets hanging idly over the dark mirror of the lake? The lights of the sky grew dark: . . . man thoughtfully gazed above his head into the far-off sky, from whence the dew fell and the day came. And for the first time God's firmament and the shrilling of the field-cricket, the song of the nightingale, and the rocks and the forests spoke to his soul of wonders, forgotten by his forefathers, but without which it is difficult to live.

Phantasia descended and began to create.

Many years passed. But nature was still the same. And the Genie of the earth, as of yore, arose, breathing storms over the great mountains, and, as of yore, he cried out:

"Oh, thou who canst do all! in the ravine, near the ford of the brook, where the spotted panther is wont to come and drink, after having eaten its fill of flesh torn with its claws, there stands, in a tangle of ivy, a fragment of stone, with its base deep in the sand. It was torn from the rocks the night when the flood broke through the mountain chains, and a great torrent poured forth so that thy forests might breathe in thy desert. Phantasia came across this piece of granite and gave it a wondrous appearance: eyes on the forehead, a flat nose raised in the middle of the fierce mask, over the jaws. . . . But Phantasia did not know how to end the ugly body and left it without legs. . . . And long did the savages contemplate this monster with sidelong glances. At last, overcome with terror, they dropped on their knees and crawled to him in the dust and howled: 'Thou art our God, have mercy upon us!' They thought it was he who sends lions against them and crocodiles, and the strong-clawed panther. And since then they began casting into the flames and the smoke before their idol unhappy prisoners and various freshly slain creatures. Animate has bowed down before inanimate. Listen not, O Lord, to their vain prayers and their wild groans. Call back Phantasia from this world. Give thy blessing to my righteous wrath and look upon my sorrow, oh, thou who canst do all!"

And God answered the voice that was crying after him:

"Let Phantasia be free to create my image for them. Let the stone speak to their hearts as if it was alive. Phantasia is my gift. She will

not be condemned. All she creates, she creates for the people: their thought is in its germ, they have but a few words. Beast of prey and reptile, bird and insect, believe in no wonder. They could not see the dreams in store for man, and our heavens will ever be strange for them. Nature will point to them the way to self-preservation, teaching them to love life and to multiply; but who could teach an animal the simple skill of getting fire? But whoever is only half animal is also half human. And only in him lies hidden the God-seed of a different future. The turning of planets brings epoch after epoch, it will bring new layers on the surface of the earth, new generations will spring up. Establishing the power of love, of beauty and humanity, Phantasia will endow suffering with a higher meaning and will lead from looking at the worlds to understanding them. Spirit will take flesh upon it, which will die and arise again many times. Man will raise a new altar and will understand the true Being not less than thou."

The voice spoke no more.

And like streaks of sunlight passing over darkness and shining in dust, these words left dim earth and entered other worlds to speak to living spirit.

#### THE MOUNTAINS.

WHILE we live within four walls we half insensibly lose something of our naturalness and comport ourselves as creatures of the civilization we belong to. But we never really feel at home there, though childhood may have wreathed round with tender memories old rooms and the quaint garden-places of happy unthinking hours. There is a house, a temple not built with hands; perhaps we thought it a mere cabin when we first formed it, and laid aside humbly many of our royal possessions as we entered, for the heavens and the heaven of heavens could not contain all of our glory. But now it seems vast enough, and we feel more at home there, and we find places which seem nearer of access to our first life. Such are the mountains. As I lie here on the monstrous mould of the hillside covered with such delicate fringes of tiny green leaves, I understand something of his longing who said: "I lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my aid." Oh, but the air is sweet, is sweet. Earth-breath, what is it you whisper? As I listen, listen, I know it is no whisper but a chant from profoundest deeps, a voice hailing its great companions in the æther spaces, but whose innumerable tones in their infinite modulations speak clear to us also in our littleness. Our lips are stilled with awe; we dare not repeat what here we think. These mountains are sacred in our Celtic



traditions. Haunt of the mysteries, here the Tuatha de Danaans once had their home. We sigh, thinking of the vanished glory, but look with hope for the fulfilment of the prophecy which the seer of another line left on record, that once more the Druid fires should blaze on these mountains. As the purple amplitude of night enfolds them, already the dark mounds seem to throw up their sheeny illuminations; great shadowy forms, the shepherds of our race, to throng and gather; the many-colored winds to roll their aerial tides hither and thither. Eri, hearth and home of so many mystic races, Isle of Destiny, there shall yet return to thee the spiritual magic that thrilled thee long ago. As we descend and go back to a life, not the life we would will, not the life we will have, we think with sorrow of the pain, the passion, the partings, through which our race will once more return to nature, spirit and freedom.

We turned back mad from the mystic mountains  
 All foamed with red and with faery gold:  
 Up from the heart of the twilight's fountains  
 The fires enchanted were starward rolled.

We turned back mad—we thought of the morrow,  
 The iron clang of the far-away town:  
 We could not weep in our bitter sorrow  
 But joy as an arctic sun went down.

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 WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?

**Roy.** It is so easy to ask questions and so convenient to be unsatisfied with the answer if it does not please us. I think one of the reasons we do not remember our past lives is, because we go outwards from thought, instead of from thought inwards. And also, we are not *willing* to allow the mind to be in that state where it could remember, because this means the severing of the *mind* from all that is dear to the personality. To think in a fleeting mood that we desire nothing, want nothing, does not necessarily mean that we have attained that exalted state. These moods very often come from not getting something we very much desire, and whether we recognize this or not makes no difference. If it is a mood arising from the personality it has a hold on the mind, and keeps the mind in touch with the personality and connected with its particular memory. We all want to remember our past lives. It would gratify a desire. Perhaps when we have given up the desire we will remember.

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**Red Man.** Certainly this question deserves to be raised to the dignity of a problem. How can we hope to remember the past—we, who cannot even recall all the events of last year, or the year before that, not to speak of the preceding years. But stay, are we sure that we *never* remember anything of our former lives? What of all the strange, vivid dreams we have, dreams in which we see ourselves figuring in scenes in other lands? Can these be nothing? No, I think they are often glimpses into the past, but we do not know that it is so. To consciously remember things that occurred long ago would require a power of concentration and an amount of persistency very rarely met with in these days. We think in an idle manner we would like to look into the past, and at the same time do not think that our lack of memory as to former existences is our own fault. And know that to look into the past means you must look into the future also. Who among us is capable of doing this? The joys and sorrows of one little life are quite as much as we can bear at the present time. Why, even to think of the possibility of some things occurring thrills the heart with the keenest pain. Think what it would be to look back into the past, reading it as clearly as we would read a book, and then to look forward into the future, seeing what is stored up for us by our own deeds. We should all go mad. We, who are in the world and of the world, have not this vision. To gain any of these superhuman powers the spiritual life has to be led, and concentration must be brought to bear on everything we do, in order that we may get some understanding of life. And not till we have eliminated some of the selfishness in our own natures can we hope to become more than ordinary men and women, for selfishness would prompt us to use any powers we had for our own ends, and thus, instead of being instrumental in bringing about good, they would cause naught but evil to fall upon ourselves and others. So we can all find the answer in ourselves as to why we do not remember our past lives.

\* \* \*

**Omar.** To the average labor-driven, problem-haunted modern mind the idea of reïncarnation comes at first with a shock of angry surprise. "If an indefinite series of such existences is what you offer as immortality I should prefer annihilation. Such were but discreditable incidents in the history of the planet, best forgotten," he seems to say. He does not remember partly because he wishes to forget. But when we come to think of preëxistence rather than reëmbodiment the problem changes. Why does modern life harass us so much, why do the ideal within us and the actual without dash in such deadly com-

bat if it be not that that ideal is reminiscent of our own nobler past as well as prophetic of our grander future? "What is finest hope but finest memory?" We forget that reïncarnation does not imply passing straight from one earth-life into another. There is the dreamy interlude of rest to take account of, where the essence of our aspirations and spiritual joys can hardly fail to impress itself upon our next stage of waking consciousness, filling us with shadowy recollections which we are not pure enough wholly to recall, and yet the glimmering light of which is the source of that divine despair which is our surest presage of immortal life.

*(To be concluded.)*

### CONVENTION OF THE T. S. IN AMERICA.

HELD AT NEW YORK, APRIL 26TH AND 27TH, 1896.

THE 26th of April marks an important epoch in the history of the T. S. It was the privilege of those present to witness the dawn of a new cycle. The whole proceedings were dominated by a spirit of peace, unity and harmony; the enthusiasm was no evanescent outburst, but the calm, dignified expression of hearts united by the deepest bonds of sympathy and love. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten. The outward form of him who was lovingly named "the Chief" being no longer present, his spirit seemed to be manifest everywhere. The cremation of that outward form was, in a sense, a symbol of the burning to ashes of the old form of the T. S. and its being born anew. Those who predicted ruin and disaster had but little knowledge of the forces at work, and the method of their operation. It was easy to see the master-hand of H. P. B. again in our midst, and to feel the influence of that great presence, and here I speak of what I know.

There were over 300 delegates present when the chairman called the Convention to order on the morning of April 26th. He referred to the fact that subsequent events had abundantly justified the action taken at Boston in 1895, and the year just closed had been one of unprecedented work and prosperity.

The foreign delegates present were introduced to the Convention, Mrs. Cleather and Dr. Keightley representing the English Society, and F. J. Dick and D. N. Duniop representing Ireland, and were accorded an enthusiastic and warm-hearted reception. Greetings were also read from Australasia, India, Scandinavia, and a new Spanish Branch.

Bro. C. F. Wright read the President's report, showing the progress made during the year 1895. After the reading of the Treasurer's report (which showed receipts \$8,644; expenditure \$7,714) the meeting adjourned till the afternoon session.

On reassembling the Committee on Resolutions presented their reports. Among the resolutions presented was one referring to Mr. Judge, in which occurred the following significant passage:

We therefore offer ourselves anew upon the altar of sacrifice, and pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, to endeavor to push forward to its full completion that ideal of perfect brotherhood and humanity which shall be without distinction of race, creed, sex or caste, and which was born in America amid blood and tears in 1776, re-incarnated in 1875, attained its manhood in 1896, until America shall have become that which the guardians of the race and Karma have alike decreed—the hope of humanity, the refuge of the oppressed, the protector of the weak, and the light towards which the whole world may turn for encouragement and example.

A resolution providing for the extension of Lotus Circle work was passed. This department of activity will now be recognized as part of the work of the T. S., and a Committee was formed to look after the matter.

Then came the election of officers. Dr. Buck in appropriate words nominated Ernest T. Hargrove for the Presidency. He quoted the words of Browning: "I am young, I have a life to give," and said that exactly fitted the man he nominated. "I have travelled across the continent," continued Dr. Buck, "with this candidate, and have been in his company often. He is level-headed. He has good common-sense. He is full of devotion and he is ready to offer himself to the service of the Society. I believe he will be quite as acceptable to the Theosophists of Europe as to those of America." Dr. Buck's nomination was seconded by Claude Falls Wright, who said Bro. Hargrove was "not only the man, but the only man." The scene of enthusiasm when Mr. Hargrove's name was mentioned would be difficult to fitly describe. The whole audience rose to their feet, applauding and waving handkerchiefs, and the election was unanimous.

Mr. Hargrove, in returning thanks, said "that if Dr. Buck had but held up his little finger he would have been unanimously elected, but he (Dr. Buck) had declined the office, because he felt he could do better work by carrying on his labors along private lines. I take it as a great honor to be President of this Society, because, though it is the T. S. of America, you may say there is no part of the world where its influence does not reach."

Mr. E. A. Nereshmeier was then unanimously elected Vice-President and also re-elected Treasurer.

The public meeting in the evening presented a brilliant spectacle, the large auditorium being packed to its utmost capacity. In the centre of the platform was placed the bust of our late chief, surrounded by a

beautiful profusion of palms and ferns, rose-plants and banks of lilies. Dr. Buck again presided. Short speeches on different theosophical topics were delivered. Genevieve Kluge, a little girl of about five years of age, performed the ceremony of unveiling the bust of Mr. Judge, while the entire audience stood in silence. It was an impressive moment, and just then Bro. C. F. Wright stepped forward and said:

*"The real founders of the Theosophical Society, we are informed, are preparing to found a School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, in which those who have served their time in the lesser Mysteries or the preceding degrees—namely, in the discipline of the soul and the service of humanity—may enter the greater Mysteries and become masters indeed by evolving to higher planes of knowledge and power, on the one condition that such power and knowledge shall be devoted unreservedly and for ever to the service of humanity. To carry out this purpose funds will be solicited, a suitable site procured and buildings erected, when the aim and possibilities of such an undertaking shall have become apparent to those who have the power and the disposition to carry it into effect. This grand object will be achieved with certainty through the diffusion of real knowledge regarding the origin, nature and destiny of man by the Theosophical Society."*

Mrs. Tingiey said a few words with reference to Mr. Wright's announcement, indicating the need for such a School, and stating that by a revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity "humanity will be saved."

Mr. Hargrove, speaking on "The Future of America," said:

The statement made by Mr. Wright pointing to the opening of a School for the revival of the old Mysteries, I know to be true, and it only needs time to bring it to a fruition. The time has come, and nothing in nature can prevent its accomplishment, and now that the old souls are coming back it is absolutely necessary to have this School.

Look at the past and see Egypt, its rise and fall, the decay of other ancient empires: see some of the European countries on the verge of crumbling, and then turn to America in the heyday of its youth. It has not yet reached its turning-point, but in the next few years we may expect a big development. The future of this country is a great one, and I look to this country as the nucleus of the race which is to follow the present race, when man will have realized the universal brotherhood.

The announcement about the starting of this School of occultism seemed to fairly take hold of the entire audience. Everyone was on fire with the idea, and before the proceedings of this great public meeting terminated the sum of \$5,000 was subscribed towards a fund for the acquirement of land and the erection of the building.

At the commencement of the second day's proceedings everyone was talking of the School for the revival of the Mysteries of antiquity.

The sudden way in which the whole matter took such a practical, tangible shape seemed to astonish all present. Before long C. F. Wright was able to announce that money and services offered amounted to \$35,000. This points to the almost immediate acquirement of the site on which the new School will be built when the proper moment arrives, which is not far distant. Wave after wave of enthusiasm passed through the audience as each new development of the scheme was announced. Dr. Buck said:

The response with which the announcement was received was a surprise, I think, to everyone in the hall. To people outside the Society the idea may seem Utopian—this establishment of a college for the revival of the Greater Mysteries of the olden times, for teaching the science of life and the philosophy of the soul. All who are acquainted with the ancient history of Greece and all students of philosophy who have included Plato in their readings know the traditions with regard to the Mysteries. The great mistake made by modern scientists is that we have now risen to an altitude never before attained by man. Emerson says that to go back to Plato is progress: so we say that to go back to the Mysteries of Greece and Egypt is to learn something that modern science and modern people have never yet dreamed of. According to the traditions of Freemasonry, those traditions were hidden, and it matters not if people sneer at the assertion that this science never existed—what care we if we know that it existed? This is no childish enthusiasm. Those who have received information through the study of Theosophy and Masonry well know that these things exist. The first thing we have to do now is to secure land whereon to erect the college. This, I estimate, will take about 10,000 or 15,000 dollars, and if we can obtain so much by voluntary subscriptions, I have no doubt that when we come to solicit money we shall obtain sufficient to warrant us in getting to work on the scheme without any undue delay.

A Committee of ten members was appointed to undertake the work of collecting the subscriptions, and the approximate result of its efforts was the sum given.

Miss Hilliard read a most interesting paper entitled "The Lessons of a Noble Life," which was a tribute to the life and work of W. Q. Judge. It was listened to with much attention.

Several minor alterations in By-Laws (one limiting the term of Presidency to three years) were suggested and passed. A hearty vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Buck was passed with acclamation. All the formal and routine business having been disposed of the Convention was adjourned *sine die*.

In the evening a reception was given for the delegates. This gave an opportunity to all to get better acquainted with one another. It was a pleasant gathering, a foretaste indeed of the time when all men will feel and act as brothers.

A new feature was the admission of the public to the entire pro-

ceedings of the Convention, and the introduction of music, which was beautifully rendered by a string quartette. Another feature of importance, indicating the change in public opinion, was the manner in which the New York Press reported the entire proceedings. One or two of the leading dailies devoted a whole page to a detailed report, giving portraits of leading Theosophists. All the papers were speculating as to who Mr. Judge's occult heir and successor could be, and great prominence was given to the proposal to build a new School for the revival of the lost Mysteries.

I regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present at such a memorable gathering. D. N. D.

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The nucleus is formed. The unity felt by all at the Convention of April 26th will never fade. The legions on the march have burst into a veritable song of triumph, reverberating across the whole American continent from Atlantic to Pacific. Our leaders, who seemed to leave us, slumber not nor sleep. They are with us, helping and guiding to greater and more far-reaching work in the immediate future. Developments that we timidly thought were to be the work of centuries are within the reach of those now living, and the clarion call sounded by THE LODGE on that ever-memorable day met with an immediate response from all, and will roll like lightning round the earth.

The ancient Mysteries are to be reëstablished before the world. How great the privilege to live in these days! We can, each one of us, add the impetus of our thought to the accomplishment *now* of that for which the Elder Brothers have waited patiently for thousands of years.

What has made it possible? Simply the realization by thousands—through the work of H. B. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and the Theosophical Society—of brotherhood as a fact in nature. That realization is a call to the Gods, and they have responded. We who visited America for the first time were almost overpowered by the strength and depth of the fraternal feeling there manifest. It is the Dawn of the Golden Age. Each unit who has stood firm amid recent shocks and crises in the movement has become a centre of force, a power. Many are humble and unknown, but verily great is their strength and far-reaching the effect of the steadfastness they have shown. Great indeed is their reward.

More than ever we shall try to realize the meaning and sublimity of *The Bhagavad Gita*—best-loved book of the Chief—and the high teaching of *Light on the Path*. For it is now clearer than ever that the

attitude of mind engendered by the endeavor to realize these teachings not only constitutes chelaship, but, what is of far more importance, provides the Masters of Life with instruments they can and do use mightily for the regeneration of humanity.

F. J. D.

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THE T. S. IN EUROPE (ENGLAND).

*The H. P. B. Lodge (London).*—During the month of April three regular meetings of the Lodge have been held. On the 13th there was a general discussion on Theosophy; on the 20th Miss Morant addressed the Lodge on *Brotherhood*, and on the 27th H. T. Edge (who is again working with us in London) lectured on *Reincarnation*. The meetings have been well attended, and if the numbers continue to increase as at present we shall soon have difficulty in accommodating all our visitors. Four new members have been elected.

Our President and Treasurer attended the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, which has elected as its President E. T. Hargrove, a member of the H. P. B. Lodge. It is to be hoped that the T. S. in Europe and the T. S. in Australasia will do likewise and thus *officially* link together three bodies already united in aim and aspiration.

THOS. GREEN, *Hon. Sec.*

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THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

At the public meetings on Wednesday evenings the following subjects will be discussed: May 20th, *The Mystery of Death*; 27th, *The Three Fundamental Propositions of The Secret Doctrine*; June 3rd, *Dawn of The Golden Age*; 10th, *The Spiritual Will*.

It has been practically decided by the Executive Councillors that the forthcoming Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe is to be held in Dublin on the 16th and 17th of August next. A considerable number of American Theosophists will attend this Convention, and it is to be hoped that a full representation from England and the Continent will be present, both of delegates and individual members. The Convention will be one of very great importance. The official announcement will appear next month.

The meeting of T. S. E. (Ireland), held on 7th inst., was unanimously in favor of the election of E. T. Hargrove as President of the T. S. E.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

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