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VOL. I

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

VI. THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN.

Enough has been said in former papers to present, perhaps, some general idea of the teachings of Theosophy with regard to man's place in the Universe and the nature and purpose of his relation to the other myriad orders of being of which that Universe is held to consist. The current Western beliefs on the same matter seem to waver between two extremes. One view—that of our exoteric religions—tends to exalt man, as man, to a place of quite undue importance in Nature. His personal interests, virtues, vices are supposed to bulk very largely before the Mind of the Supreme Creator and Upholder of things. The entire host of invisible beings, angels and demons, seems to exist for little other purpose than to dance attendance upon him for good or evil. Like an "alien and a sojourner" he is ushered for a few short years into a vast, indifferent Universe, thronged with lives and controlled by laws in which he has neither part, lot nor interest. Sometimes all is represented as "a fleeting show, for man's illusion given."

No wonder that from this crude "homo-centric" view of things, a reaction has sprung up and developed to an opposite extreme. This opposite extreme is materialism, which regards man, in the light of physical science only, as a kind of superior parasite on the earth's surface—the ephemeral survivor of a blind struggle for existence brought about by accident in the long night of time.

Theosophy, on the other hand, conceives of the Universe as a great Sympathetic System, animated and knit together by One Eternal and Infinite Life. This life is ever evolving, or expressing itself, through the countless monads or entities which are its vehicles or agents—gathering increasing consciousness and self-knowledge on the various planes or kingdoms of Nature. Each entity as it advances in the scale of being aids at the same time the evolution of others less progressed, and therefore man is held to have a very intimate and vital connection with the other lives which surround him—human and sub-human. He has acquired this connection through milleniums of development through lower forms, and by his thoughts and feelings and desires he produces, even without knowing it, occult effects on his outer environment. This will be understood when we come to examine with greater detail the teaching of Theosophy on man's past evolution. At present let us consider that teaching as it affects the question of what man actually is—what in fact we mean, in Theosophy, by the word "man."

Our readers have all probably heard, at least, of the doctrine of the "seven

principles of man." The expression, alas! is a little misleading, though it would be difficult to find a substitute. The word "man" is connected with a Sanscrit root which means "to think," and by "man" we all, in fact understand "thinker." The thinking principle is in Theosophic terminology called Manas. Now this Manas is not regarded as the highest of the seven principles. The other principles do not, so to speak, form aspects or modes of action of Manas, but of Spirit, Atma, which is said to act through six vehicles, of which Manas, or Mind, is one. So that it is somewhat incorrect to speak of the seven principles of man, and one should rectify at least in thought, any such expression which savours of the old "homo-centric" view of things.

The following list, then, represents, in a rough and partial manner, the Theosophic analysis of "man's" nature:—

SPRIT.	1. <i>Atma</i> , Spirit.	} MONAD.
	2. <i>Buddhi</i> , "Spiritual Soul" }	
SOUL.	3. <i>Manas</i> , "Human Soul" Mind.	}
	4. <i>Kama</i> [-Manas], "Animal Soul", passionate nature.	
	5. <i>Prana</i> , Vitality, Life-Principle.	
BODY.	6. <i>Linga Sarira</i> , "Astral body" "double", etc.	
	7. <i>Sthula Sarira</i> , physical body.	

The first of these principles, Atma, is the One Spirit, Breath or Life, out of which everything emanates—the underlying reality, the ineffable First Cause and Essence of all that is. It is *the* one Universal Principle. No being, thing, state, form, law exists apart from Atma. Therefore, however unknowable and undefinable are its attributes, with Atma every enumeration of the elements or principles of man's being—as of every other being—must of necessity begin.

Now we know of this Ultimate Reality only through the innumerable agents, or vehicles, or centres, through which it manifests itself to our perception—just as the supposed "luminiferous ether" only becomes physically known to us in the suns or other bright objects which conduct it into visibility. Our own inmost Self—the "Divine Spark" as it is sometimes called, is one such centre. In Theosophy this "vehicle of Atma" is called *Buddhi* And *Atma-Buddhi*, that is, Atma manifested as a pure centre of spiritual Being, is spoken of as the *Monad*. It is the Ray of divinity enshrined in each human being—that which amid all change remains changeless: the "thread" upon which, like a row of beads upon a string, all experience is hung. One may also, from another aspect, speak of it as the Root or Seed, of which our evolution (through mineral, plant, animal, up to man) is the unfoldment, and which contains in itself the entire "promise and potency" of future development. *Buddhi* is the *Christos* or Divine Ray which is mystically described as "Mediator between God and Man" through its presence or "crucifixion" in fleshly life. And so we can better see why Paul the Initiate spoke of the *Christos* as the *First-born of every creature*; and how in this *Christos* are hidden "all the treasures of the god-head bodily." We can better understand what was meant when it was said "ye are the temple of God," and "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." To the misunderstanding and distortion of this ancient and sacred teaching may be attributed many of the evils of priestcraft and dogmatism which have disgraced the history of Christianity.

With *Manas* or Mind begins the enumeration of human principles properly so called. It may indeed be said that *Manas*, acting as the vehicle of *Atma-Buddhi* or the *Monad*, in reality constitutes the being "man"; for the four lower principles, often called the "quaternary," are but transitory aspects of

the permanent essential "triad" of Atma, Buddhi and Manas, which alone carry on the continuity of existence from one earth-life to another.

When Manas is translated "Mind," however, the word must not be taken as referring merely to the thinking, reasoning, logical faculty centred in the physical brain. This latter or "lower" mind belongs, as we shall see, to Kama-Manas, or Manas combined with the principle of emotion, passion, desire. It forms the centre of the "personality" or transitory offshoot from the Higher Ego, the Triad. Manas, the true "Mind" or rather *Thinker*, is something far higher. It is creative Intelligence, Ideative Force, the Absolute Knower. It is the source to us of intuition, insight, imagination—all that enables us to look beyond the perceptions of sense to the cause and inner nature of things. What Manas really is upon its own plane, is indeed a question far beyond the scope of this or any similar article. But it may be said that the old mystical doctrine of a higher Ego or "spiritual man" as an actual Being fully conscious on its own plane, although limited in respect to this so-called "waking" plane of physical sense, finds its expression in the Theosophic teaching concerning the Manasa-Putras, or Sons of Mind, who are said to have incarnated themselves in the human race at a certain point in its evolution. This question however, may be left over until later, when some teachings of the Secret Doctrine on man's evolution will more directly engage our attention.

(to be continued.)

THREE COUNCILLORS.

It was the Fairy of the place
 Moving within a little light,
 Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
 The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "quietness."
 Then quietly itself was gone;
 Yet echoes of its mute cares
 Still rippled as the years flowed on.

It was the Warrior within
 Who called, "Awake! prepare for fight,
 "Yet lose not memory in the din;
 "Make of thy gentleness thy might.

"Make of thy silence words to shake
 "The long-enthroned kings of earth;
 "Make of thy will the force to break
 "Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing Soul
 Who counselled neither war nor peace.
 "Only be thou thyself that goal
 "In which the wars of time shall cease."

THEOSOPHY AND LIFE.*

The last time that I had the pleasure of speaking publicly to you was in your old rooms in Stephens Green. Annie Besant and I had then come over from England as the Theosophical messengers of her whose bodily presence is no longer with us, our loved and honoured teacher H. P. B. We were able to tell you then of the advances which Theosophy was making all the world over—now if I were to speak of them the whole evening would be too short in which to tell the tale. In every part of the civilised globe Theosophy and Theosophical teaching have had their hearing, and day by day the Theosophical ranks are being strengthened by the adhesion of earnest, devoted men and women who see in that teaching the supreme solution of those problems of Life and Death which for countless generations have wearied the hearts and the brains of men. But to-night I do not intend to speak to you of our outward progress, nor do I intend to dwell on the evidential side of Theosophy. Rather would I speak of something which concerns us, not so much as members of a Society, but as individuals who have slowly to win our way upwards to those spiritual heights of which as yet we can only dimly dream. I would speak to you of Theosophy as it should influence and affect our individual daily lives.

In this age every thinking man and woman must feel a profound dissatisfaction with the moral and social conditions which are misnamed nineteenth century progress. In every department of thought, social, religious, literary, we find in many minds a deep unrest, an unrest which in the last generations wailed in Schopenhauer and moaned in Carlyle, and which to-day, no longer virile or philosophical, finds mournful expression in much of our modern cultured agnosticism. It lies at the bottom of that widely spread pessimism which this agnosticism can neither stem nor allay. It has created it and it is now face to face with the child of its creation, which it would fain slay could it find weapons to accomplish its end. But it is powerless, for despair is born of loss of truth, and truth and strength can never dwell in an eternal "I do not know." Poor and mistaken as most of the exoteric creeds of the world have been, the real *credo* of the individual heart is ever a tower of strength. Whatever the true end and aim of existence, that end and aim must be reached through affirmation, for negation starves the individual life and has in it no solid nor lasting foundation for social and brotherly unity.

But, it may be said, of affirmation in the world we have enough and to spare. Everybody, especially in religious matters, is affirming his own particular shibboleth as the only password to the promised land. True, and in this confusion of tongues lies the weakness of much of our modern thought. It is the shibboleth, the exoteric word which is insisted on as the essential, while the life, which should be based on the esoteric truth, is too often but secondary in the eyes of men; and as the outward word must ever vary with the changing and evolving mind of humanity, no solid resting ground will be generally possible in thought, till some underlying central truth is firmly grasped and made the basis for that real inner life which is greater than all creeds, and deeper than any exoteric expression of the aspirations of the hearts of men. In Theosophy we believe this underlying central truth is surely to be found.

For life to be real and true four things seem to me to be necessary—Peace, Calmness—Strength—and Self-sacrifice. It is not too much to say that our general modern life lacks each and all of these qualities. No one would assert

* An address delivered to the Dublin Theosophists by Herbert Burrows, Nov. 24th 1892.

that this age is an age of peace and calm. The unrest and dissatisfaction of which I have spoken is eating like a cancer into the very heart of modern society, and the effort to escape it but intensifies the feverish activity of every-day existence; and so no real strength is possible, for strength necessarily implies a calm self-reliance which is completely foreign to our nineteenth century life. Without true strength there can be no true sacrifice, and without that sacrifice life loses its real meaning, for only in life for others do we touch the deepest springs of our own existence.

Peace, and by the word I mean that inward condition of mind and soul which is altogether independent of the outward circumstances and changes of every-day life, can only be attained by the grasp and appreciation of certain definite coherent principles regarding ourselves and the universe at large. Here the ordinary western philosophies and orthodoxies completely fail. They are as much at enmity with each other as they are at war with their opponents, and they are all found wanting when the problems of life, of death, of thought, and of consciousness imperiously clamour for an answer and will not be satisfied. Orthodoxy has completely lost its hold on the best minds; Philosophy, with its confusions, ever falls short of any real explanation of human nature, and Science offers to the human heart but the dry bones of classified facts. Science, if it carries out its own stern logic, can but point the race to a future virtual annihilation, for no modern scientist dares to dream of a perpetual physical humanity. Philosophy loses its way in the mazes of its timorous western psychology, and Orthodoxy can now do no more than "mock a dead creed's grinning jaws with bread." Neither in Science, Philosophy, nor Religion as Europe knows them is to be found the true theory of man's inner life, and without it, man, as Emerson says, is but a god in ruins.

Theosophy affirms; its affirmations are scientific, philosophical and religious, and herein lies its strength and power. The body is not man, but the real man uses the body and physical nature as a workman uses his tools. This definite assertion cuts at the root of modern materialistic science, it supplies the key for which Western philosophy has sought in vain, and it grips and holds fast the great central spiritual truth which Western religion has smothered under the load of exoteric creeds. And when as Theosophists, we in our individual lives grip and hold fast that truth, when once we fully realize that physical life is only the transient changing mould which but cramps the abiding, the enduring builder, the real man, we can smile at the maddening perplexities, the wearying confusions of modern thought, for we have set our feet firmly on the path which leads to that peace which in very deed and in very truth the "world" can neither give nor take away.

And Calmness goes hand in hand with true Peace. It is not enough that we should find our peace in loneliness and solitude. True, in every human heart there is a holy of holies into which not even our nearest and our dearest can ever penetrate, and that we must, perforce, keep jealously and guard carefully, for there we should be face to face with the innermost life of the universe; but the peace of which I have been speaking, which is based upon knowledge and conviction, must translate itself into the outer life, and that means a serenity of character, a patience of method, a dignity of act, to which the hurried restless men and women of our time can never attain.

And truly enough is that calmness needed. I know that in this room to-night there are some who like myself have penetrated beyond the outward gates of that social hell which is a distinguishing feature of our misnamed civilisation; where men and women and little children have everything to make them devils and nothing to make them Gods, where the hours drag

wearily, where life is hopeless, and where the grave is the sweetest couch because there is the rest from the long-drawn-out misery of existence.

Patient for these forsaken ones we can hardly be, and it is harder still in the face of it all to be patient with ourselves and to resist the adoption of those quick and hasty methods which seem to have the promise of the lightening of the outward burden of life for these our brethren. But if we *know*—if reincarnation is to us a living truth, if our peace is true and our calm real, then we have learned the lesson that although the wheels of the mills of the universe seem to move not at all, yet truly in the long sweep of the ages of evolution each individual life is weighed, and measured, and balanced and ground, and that for the sorrow of the night there cometh the equal joy of the morning.

And this should make us strong. It is a flabby age; men are tossed about with every wind of doctrine and but few can stand erect and four square, with their mental gaze steady, and their spiritual sight clear. The strength which comes from calm conviction and from inward peace is the one thing which the generation needs, and those who have won it for themselves will be as towers of refuge to the storm-tossed lives who are adrift on the seas of nineteenth century doubt, speculation and despair. Strong men armed we must be, but armed with the weapons of helpfulness, of brotherliness, and of love.

So lastly comes Self-sacrifice. Easy indeed to talk of but so hard to act out. One of the canons of the newest literary school of thought is an extreme individualism at any cost to those around us, the pushing of the individual development to its utmost limits, a naturalism which means separate units in life rather than a collective whole. Not so says Theosophy. Humanity is one, and individual progress is impossible apart from all. This then means the development of all by the efforts of each, and the translation of that into one word is Sacrifice. Believing as we do that the Christ myth is the long crucifixion of the spirit in matter, surely we may not complain if here and now the truest and the noblest lives have to work out some small part of that eternal sacrifice, day by day and year by year, till this incarnation has run its course. And by an unerring law, the law of Karma, sacrifice brings nobility of life and nobility brings sacrifice. The spiritual heights to which men can climb now if they will, are rugged enough, but what would they have been now if in the past they had not been smoothed somewhat by the weary feet of the former pilgrims of the race, if the mountain rivulets which we can turn into rivers if we will, had not flowed first of all from the tears of those who suffered and were strong. Think you where we should have been if our loved H. P. B. had not taken the thorns of life for us and worn them cheerfully as a chaplet of roses. Through the mists of the ages we see but dimly the majestic forms of the great saviours of mankind, but when ever and anon the veil is lifted we see in their faces the peace, the calm, the strength for which I would have you strive, and above and beyond it all that divine compassion which drove them to prison, to exile, and to death for those whom they loved dearer than life itself, the suffering sons and daughters of the race.

Feebly have I striven to put to you something of what our Theosophic life should be. No one knows so well as I how miserably short of that life I daily fall, but you and I can conquer and be strong. Failure there must be but victory there should be, and that victory means possibilities which are bounded only by the universe itself. Step by step we may climb upward if we will, till at length our whole being shall be set to the keynote of those eternal spiritual harmonies which only the pure in heart can ever fully know.

THE MASK OF APOLLO.

A tradition rises up within me of quiet, unrumoured years, ages before the demigods and heroes toiled at the making of Greece, long ages before the building of the temples and sparkling palaces of her day of glory. The land was pastoral, all over its woods hung a stillness as of dawn and of unawakened beauty deep-breathing in rest. Here and there little villages sent up their smoke and a dreamy people moved about; they grew up, toiled a little at their fields, followed their sheep and goats, they wedded and grey age overtook them, but they never ceased to be children. They worshipped the gods with ancient rites in little wooden temples and knew many things which were forgotten in later years.

Near one of these shrines lived a priest, an old man whose simple and reverend nature made him loved by all around. To him, sitting one summer evening before his hut, came a stranger whom he invited to share his meal. The stranger sat down and began to tell him many wonderful things, stories of the magic of the sun and of the bright beings who moved at the gates of the day. The old priest grew drowsy in the warm sunlight and fell asleep. Then the stranger who was Apollo arose and in the guise of the old priest entered the little temple, and the people came in unto him one after the other.

Agathon, the husbandman. 'Father, as I bend over the fields or fasten up the vines, I sometimes remember how you said that the gods can be worshipped by doing these things as by sacrifice. How is it, father, that the pouring of cool water over roots, or training up the branches can nourish Zeus? How can the sacrifice appear before his throne when it is not carried up in the fire and vapour.'

Apollo. 'Agathon, the father omnipotent does not live only in the æther. He runs invisibly within the sun and stars, and as they whirl round and round, they break out into woods and flowers and streams, and the winds are shaken away from them like leaves from off the roses. Great, strange and bright, he busies himself within, and at the end of time his light shall shine through and men shall see it, moving in a world of flame. Think then, as you bend over your fields, of what you nourish and what rises up within them. Know that every flower as it droops in the quiet of the woodland feels within and far away the approach of an unutterable life and is glad, they reflect that life even as the little pools take up the light of the stars. Agathon, Agathon, Zeus is no greater in the æther than he is in the leaf of grass, and the hymns of men are no sweeter to him than a little water poured over one of his flowers.'

Agathon the husbandman went away and bent tenderly over his fruits and vines, and he loved each one of them more than before, and he grew wise in many things as he watched them and he was happy working for the gods.

Then spake Damon the shepherd, 'Father, while the flocks are browsing dreams rise up within me; they make the heart sick with longing; the forests vanish, I hear no more the lamb's bleat or the rustling of the fleeces; voices from a thousand depths call me, they whisper, they beseech me, shadows lovelier than earth's children utter music, not for me though I faint while I listen. Father, why do I hear the things others hear not, voices calling to unknown hunters of wide fields, or to herdsman, shepherds of the starry flocks?'

Apollo answered, 'Damon, a song stole from the silence while the gods were not yet, and a thousand ages passed ere they came, called forth by the

music, and a thousand ages they listened then joined in the song; then began the worlds to glimmer shadowy about them and bright beings to bow before them. These, their children, began in their turn to sing the song that calls forth and awakens life. He is master of all things who has learned their music. Damon, heed not the shadows, but the voices, the voices have a message to thee from beyond the gods. Learn their song and sing it over again to the people until their hearts too are sick with longing and they can hear the song within themselves. Oh, my son, I see far off how the nations shall join in it as in a chorus, and hearing it the rushing planets shall cease from their speed and be steadfast; men shall hold starry sway." The face of the god shone through the face of the old man, and filled with awe, it was so full of secretness. Damon the herdsman passed from his presence and a strange fire was kindled in his heart. Then the two lovers, Dion and Neæra, came in and stood before Apollo.

Dion spake, "Father, you who are so wise can tell us what love is, so that we shall never miss it. Old Tithonius nods his grey head at us as we pass; he says, 'only with the changeless gods has love endurance, for men the loving time is short and its sweetness is soon over.'"

Neæra added. "But it is not true, father, for his drowsy eyes light when he remembers the old days, when he was happy and proud in love as we are."

Apollo. "My children, I will tell you the legend how love came into the world and how it may endure. It was on high Olympus the gods held council at the making of man; each had brought a gift, they gave to man something of their own nature. Aphroditè, the loveliest and sweetest, paused and was about to add a new grace to his person, but Eros cried, "let them not be so lovely without, let them be lovelier within. Put your own soul in, O mother." The mighty mother smiled, and so it was; and now whenever love is like hers, which asks not return but shines on all because it must, within that love Aphroditè dwells and it becomes immortal by her presence."

Then Dion and Neæra went out, and as they walked homewards through the forest, purple and vaporous in the evening light, they drew closer together; and Dion looking into her eyes saw there a new gleam, violet, magical, shining, there was the presence of Aphroditè, there was her shrine.

Then came in unto Apollo the two grandchildren of old Tithonius and they cried, "See the flowers we have brought you, we gathered them for you down in the valley where they grow best." Then Apollo said, "What wisdom shall we give to children that they may remember? Our most beautiful for them!" As he stood and looked at them the mask of age and secretness vanished, he stood before them radiant in light; they laughed in joy at his beauty; he bent down and kissed them each upon the forehead then faded away into the light which was his home. As the sun sank down amid the blue hills the old priest awoke with a sigh and cried out, "Oh that we could talk wisely as we do in our dreams."

SEEKING.

Permitted Notes from the Experience of a Chela.

EDITED BY MAFRA. *

FIRST YEAR.

JAN. 1st. 187-] The Light is dawning!

* * * * *

Returning late last evening from holiday festivities I questioned "what have I"—the real "I" within, of whose existence I have learned during the last few months—"to do with these gaieties and wasting of substance, material and immaterial"?

An hour later I found myself, as the bells tolled one of the New Year, forming a silent vow, in which the whole force of this unknown "I" set my face and feet toward the unknown Light with the cry "Lord I believe, help Thou me"! As these words mentally clothed my yearning, I was aware of a great power within me though blind, and I knew however dark and long and miry be the ways through which I may go, that my face shall never more be turned back from the Light, though I see it not. The raven I had let forth in youth from my ark had gone sweeping the vapory astral realms for Truth, and finding no living thing, had returned no more. She starved on some lone rock of creed. But now I send forth my Dove of Peace and she returns to nestle in my poor ark another seven days. Shall she then find an olive leaf?

JAN. 5th.] Last evening another student, older and stronger than I, gave me the added strength needed to free myself from my body. I fixed my thought and desire upon my young friend in a distant city. After a time (it might be a moment, or a year; for there is no time in blankness) of unconsciousness "I," the knower, was freed. In a flash of time, I distinctly saw my friend at his desk, writing and troubled. He looked up suddenly, thought of me and putting it aside, impatiently resumed his task. His aura was dim, as if overshadowed by some baneful influence.

JAN. 6th.] This morning in my "silent time" there was revealed to me something of the development of human form into the perfect man.

JAN. 7th.] I lay on my sofa last night alone, and lifting myself on The Breath, soon was free. I floated a moment in the air, then, after the usual blankness, found myself in a beautiful garden before a building of which I could see no more than the portal. There was sweetness in the air, and a soft golden light, different from any sunlight, filled the atmosphere with glory that blinded not, and filled me with a strange tranquillity, as I stood looking in at this wide columned entrance. There was no visible door, the tessellated floor appeared to recede in a long hall, with columns on each side, between which were curtains, closing entrances to numberless chambers and halls. From far within, I saw a figure, clad in a long robe of peculiar rose color, embroidered with strange golden symbols, approaching with marvellous lightness, and graceful dignified mien. When he came nearer I saw his

* If any reader, having had similar experience or feeling specially interested in any subject in these notes, wishes to communicate with Mafra c/o Editor, *Irish Theosophist*, such communications will receive careful attention.

beautiful face, about which flowed wavy dark hair, bound above his forehead by a white scarf, with a resplendent gem on the front of it. Oh! the glorious power and sweetness of those wonderful eyes, before whose kindly look of *recognition* I sank reverently upon my knees. He said, waving his hand, which seemed to lift me, "My child rest there." I seated myself on a large square ottoman of curious carving and covering, which stood by the right hand pillar of the entrance. Then he passed his hand above my head, and I knew that in that sign He had promised me success in the Great Quest. He talked with me long, and I put to Him questions such as I now wonder I could have conceived. These he answered with gentle care and infinite patience. It seemed as if I had been there an hour, but when I became again conscious in the body, I noticed the clock and found I had been away but eight minutes. In that time I had been where the glory of the Truth is made manifest.

MAR. 10th.] From last writing to this, I have each day on waking, visited my beautiful Master, often with only partial completeness, at other times with clear interchange of thought. In going thither I am sensible of crossing an ocean, and of going over a desert to this lovely place whose golden aura I can see from afar, and into which I seem to drop. But the flight is instantaneous.

He has frowned but once; and has given me, not only answers, but experiences and inspirations that have taught me great truths. I hope, and am working for, a place and surroundings more favourable for my spiritual development and higher work.

A lake may be protected from disturbing winds by a surrounding guard of mountains, but its very placidity will attract neighbouring monkeys to amuse themselves by throwing stones into it to make ripples. It seems as if my Karma draws such disturbing influences to my Lake of Peace.

MAR. 12th.] I was given by S. a letter to psychometrize, when I touched it I immediately saw an elderly, slight built man engaged in some alchemical work in his laboratory. His aura appeared in strong colours, which flashed or throbbed about the upper part of his body and head. I could also see the auras of the things in the little stone cup over the alcohol lamp; but could not see what material was therein, although the vapors which arose were no impediment to my sight. I felt a great interest in the process, which did not seem unfamiliar to me.

He had a shield of some sort over the lower part of his face, to protect him from the fumes of the operation, but his piercing black eyes were free. He finished his work, removed the shield, and threw himself down on a couch to rest. He recognised me as one of the —— and smiled at my misunderstanding of a certain name. He told me I would not be interested in the letter I held.

Here my outer-life anxiety of the present time intruded on my consciousness, and I asked his aid in my efforts against a terrible wrong, threatening an innocent person. This he promised, if I should need it, but he said I was about to succeed in my fight for justice.

At that time I thoroughly believed a great pretender to be an advanced chela, and I will always feel grateful to him, because his pretensions did me no harm, whereas my faith did me much good. It is only what we do, or have in ourselves, that counts in our growth, and for which we alone are responsible. No doubt the picture which I saw on the astral plane was a correct one of a person in the same vibratory ray with myself at the time. It is noticeable that he made me understand that the letter I held would not interest me, and it proved to be so. (*to be continued.*)

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

In connection with Mr. Peal's remarks regarding the state of the Moon quoted in March *Lucifer* the following extract from a letter of a student of occultism written some months ago, will be of interest. He says,

"According to the law of sequence of the Tatwas, the Moon should now have arrived, in the process of destruction, at her place of Prithivi-apas tatwa, or solid watery condition. The earthy portion has already been dissipated or dissolved, during the long conflict between the Prithivi and Apas tatwas before the supremacy of the Apas was established. Now this tatwa reigns supreme in its own body of glaciers and snow, and its dominion extends to Earth as an outlying province in the heavens. The Moon is our celestial centre of Apas tatwa in its lowest form of manifestation, and this Water Monarch exerts a power over our globe that is enormous, and little understood.

Every atom of this element in Earth from its centre to the outmost limit of our atmosphere feels and responds to the far vaster preponderance of Apas in the Moon. This we all note in the tides, when the waters lift themselves toward this celestial sovereign at her positive and negative phases. The moisture and rain in our atmosphere does not rise from our seas. The Apas tatwa holds its proportionate place among the other four tatwas to preserve the balance as atmospheric air, but the Moon's influence through synchronous vibration with the Apas tatwa in the air, continually excites it to over activity among the others and develops moisture rain and snow. I will only remind you that the Apas tatwa is the action tatwa of the astral plane, and you will perceive the enormous influence over us which the Moon exercises on that plane. That it is more baneful than beneficial is accounted for by the fact that in the Moon the activity of this

tatwa is on the downward cycle toward destruction and is no longer acting, as on Earth, in connection with the higher principles."

I would be glad if other students, who may have given this matter some attention, will send me the result of their investigations for publication.

Theosophy explains Shakespeare! In *Dublin Figaro* of 8th inst. the writer of "Shakespearean Studies" alluding to the Ghost in "Hamlet," says that he has found the *only* explanation in Theosophy. The "prison house" referred to by the ghost he takes to be *Kama Loka* and quotes from our report of Mrs. Besant's lecture in Ancient Concert Rooms in corroboration of his theory.

I observe that a book entitled "The Keely Mystery Elucidated" compiled by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench Trübner & Co. H. P. B. says in the "Secret Doctrine" that Mr. Keely is at the threshold of some of the greatest secrets of the universe, and it will be interesting to see how far the mystery is now elucidated.

I have to request that articles sent me for publication should in all cases be accompanied by name and address of sender.

I. T. FUND.

We have to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following since last issue:—R. T. Cross, £2 2; H. M. Magee; £1; Mrs. Londini, £1; Dr. E. A. Seale, 5/-

The fund is still open, and we will be glad if our friends don't forget us.

Readers will observe "The Hour of Twilight" has been crowded out this month.

REVIEWS.

PATH (MAR. '93) is an excellent number. "Aphorisms on Karma" (also published in *LUCIFER*) are all of much interest. In no. 21 it is stated that "Karma is both merciful and just. Mercy and Justice are only opposite poles of a single whole; and Mercy without Justice is not possible in the operations of Karma. That which man calls Mercy and Justice is defective, errant and impure." A letter from H. P. B. on precipitation, reveals quite a new phase of her character. "Before you volunteer to serve the Masters, you *should learn their philosophy.*" She explains how she was unable to justify herself even when suspicion crept into the minds of those she loved and respected. Yes! such a letter makes our H. P. B. all the dearer to us. The "Coming of the Serpent" is a strange article. It seems to embody a striking prophecy and if we are not mistaken, refers in peculiar terms to Ireland.

LUCIFER (MAR. '93) H. P. B.'s notes on St. John are most interesting and make us turn to the much misunderstood Bible with renewed interest. "There is one thing worth

remembering. If you read the Bible you will find all the names of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and other prominent characters that begin with the letter 'J' (or 'I') all were meant to depict (a) a series of reincarnations on the terrestrial or physical plane as their legends shew; and (b) all typified the Mysteries of Initiation, its trials, triumphs, and birth to Light etc. Mrs. Besant's continued article "Death and After" is most important; and Mr. Machell has an interesting contribution "The Beautiful."

THEOSOPHIST (MAR. '93) "Old Diary Leaves," chap. XII. deals with Mrs. Britten's "Art Magic" and its production. W. R. Old concludes his article on "Psychometry." Feeling—Sympathy—is so to say, "the dominant note, out of which the melody of nature arises, upon which its harmony depends, and into which the anthem of life at last resolves itself; then, as a single sound, instinct with life, and thrilling with the impulse of its countless memories, it pulses for an age in the very Heart of Being and trembles into silence."

NOTICE.

With reference to our notice in last issue of change of name, we find that another magazine has priority of claim to the title chosen. We have therefore, decided to postpone any further consideration of the matter till the end of our present Volume.

OUR WORK.

During the past month papers have been read at the Dublin Lodge on "Some teachings of H. P. Blavatsky;" "At-one-ment;" "Myths of the Old Testament;" "The *Secret Doctrine* on Man's Evolution;" "Paracelsus;" The attention of members is drawn to the excellent series of papers now running at the Lodge, and it is hoped that they will make an *effort* to support the meetings by their presence. The following papers will be read during the coming month. April 19th. "The Theosophical Basis of Brotherhood," F. A. Roberts; 26th. "Laurence Oliphant," D. N. Dunlop; May 3rd. "Transmigration and Reincarnation," F. J. Dick; 10th. "Theosophy and Socialism," J. Varian.