

# The Irish Theosophist.

## THE WARRIOR ETERNAL AND SURE

THERE are times and seasons when old truths should be restated. Events suggest some line of thought which needs the presentation of its opposite. After applying a corrective to oneself one may properly suggest it as of use to others. But it should be remembered that any one view can only be a fragment of the whole horizon.

Those who are united in a bond of mutual aspiration must fall victims to each other now and then, even as at other times they share in the victories of their fellows. So when some on whom the hopes of many were centred fail in their greater promise, and seem to have lost all sense of honor and of right, others ask of themselves in wonder what chance have they to succeed where such as these have stumbled? Then forgotten fears return and the memory of sleeping sins, whilst the errors of to-day seem crushing. And the mind groans (a way it has) with the sudden weight of its burden and of the terrible path which awaits it. Darkness enshadows the soul and the heart turns to lead. How can the light be once more kindled?

Life will do it for us in the end, for the swing of life is eternal and night only screens the day. But we may work with the current of the Law and lead our own reactions; we may use that current as a means instead of idly drifting with its tide. We need not be slaves.

Consider, then, these shadows of fear and doubt which paralyze the will and prevent all progress as well as present service. One such shadow may be thrown on your heart by a sin, perhaps of the past, perhaps of the present. And you stop for that? But the sin is in you, it may be said, and you see no escape from its clutches. Are you then that sin? *You are not.* Sin and vice are universal properties; they spring from lower Nature and its qualities; they are energies which *belong* to us all: but we are superior to them. We are not bound to claim all or any part of them as personal possessions. The wise man

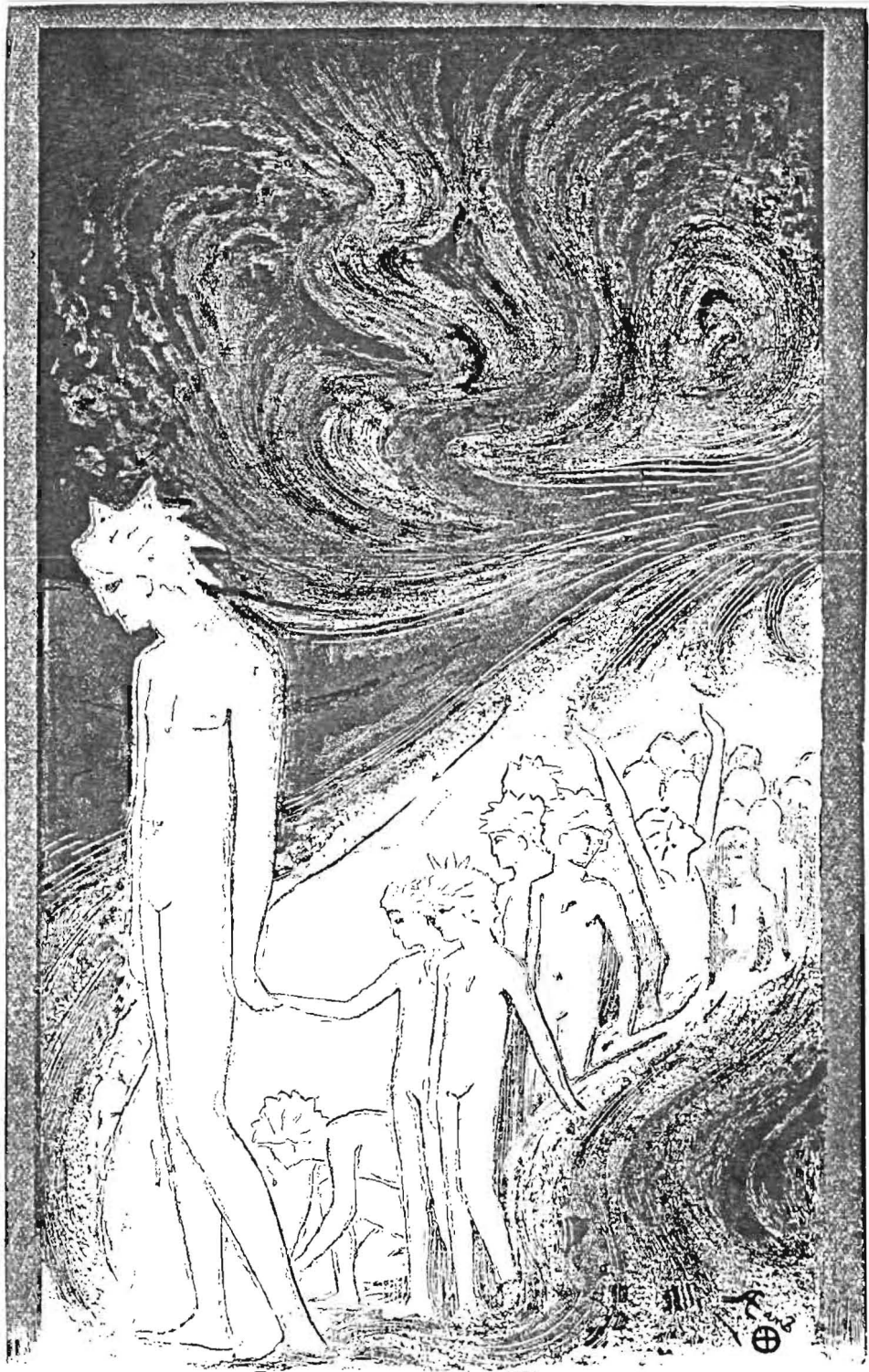
has no possessions. "He will find no pleasure in success, no grief in failure. He will not account a throne as his own private gain, nor the empire of the world as glory personal to himself. His glory is to know that all things are One, and that life and death are but phases of the same existence" (Chuang-tze). You grieve for your sin: do you grieve equally for mine? Do you grieve equally for the countless millions of sins committed in the past by you and all of us; being committed to-day throughout this and other worlds? You accept this world-wide record of crime, knowing that it must continue, knowing that with all your efforts you can only imperceptibly affect its course. Why, then, separate yourself from the universal and add to the waste of energy by selfish gloom for purely personal failings? You may use those very sins as a sacrifice to the Supreme: "Place all thy works, failures and successes alike, on Me, abandoning in Me the fruit of every action." But if, instead of that, you make your sin a fetish, you must ultimately become the horror that you worship by your grief. The wise man will offer it up to the Supreme, will treat it as a universal product, will turn his mind from its darkness to the living light of his true Self. For he knows that sin and what appears to be the opportunity for sin will fall away from him as he looks to that Light and leaves the result of every thought and act to be purged by It. He believes in the power of the soul. And I tell you that you may go down into the depths of hell; you may sink so deep that there seems to be no return, nor heaven, nor anything but hell and all its furies of hate and shame and viciousness, and that you may yet rebound from that and rise as a God in your majesty to be a lover and a comforter to nations. Trust, then, in that Self which is yourself. We need a wiser carelessness.

Nor should the failings of others give rise to self-distrust. Growth takes place by rise and fall, though with an ever upward tendency. We see the fall of to-day and forget the tendency of ages. Self-distrust! It is the devil's best ally. "I cannot succeed in that; it is absurd to suppose that I can become a chelâ or get into contact with Masters in this life." And yet you are so wise that you can use the word "impossible"? A little thought should show at least that it is folly to fix the mind in such an attitude. To say "I cannot," must close the door on success. "May not a man give life to a dead thing by constant motion . . . may not friction overcome cold?" are the words of the Tao. There is no need to strive to become a chelâ or any one thing, but there is every need that each should strive to become his *best*. No man can say what that best may be.

There was a time when many thought they only had to look

ecstatic to become Mahâtmas. (Some would even seem to think so still.) But that was an error. Then when they had tried for the proverbial seven years and had not been straightway lifted into Paradise as a *grande finale*, they prepared to sleep till they got "another body." Now there are some who wearily talk of another seventy lifetimes as preliminary preparation. So on all sides there are those who have deliberately cased themselves in with a thought, limiting their possible growth through a combination of laziness and unhealthy humility. This is madness. No man would fasten a steel band round the brain of a growing child, but what is that to an effort to confine the unknown but unlimited possibilities of soul within a fixed conception? He cannot say how great his past may not have been; he cannot say that in a year, or even to-morrow, through an agency now unforeseen, that past will not arise and sweep him upward to undreamed of heights of power and usefulness. He is in essence and in fact the Divine. He has but temporarily forgotten his divinity. Should not that fact give each of us a boundless Self-confidence—not in ourselves as apart from any, but in ourselves as a part of the whole, the All? We are THAT. We are the omniscient, the universal, the changeless. Then let us rekindle in our hearts the light of that eternal fact. From that light other flames would burst forth, and the slumbering Will would uprear itself in its ancient might to bear us on to unity. That Will is ours. You, each one of us, have that indomitable power which can and should be used. Using it, we would go on and conquer in spite of every adversity, and the more opposition and difficulty we might meet, the more would that incarnate, ceaseless Will be called forth—that Will which is ourselves. We will do it. We will use everything as an incentive to further work. We will use Fate itself and make it serve us; we will submit to it but to bind it and carry it with us. We will take a defeat and convert it into a most astounding victory. We will take Wisdom and the essence thereof, which is Patience, and make it our own. And when we die we will make even Death our tool for more fitting work and service, for more universal employments. We will go on and on till we have raised every atom in every universe to self-conscious sublimity. Then the one vast, silent Will may rest.

CHI-YEW-TSANG.



## SONGS OF OLDEN MAGIC.—III.

## OUR LOST OTHERS.

IN the days of the new, Pó-shai-an-k'ia, the Father of our esoteric orders, lived with his disciples in the Mist-enveloped City in the true centre of the world. . . . And in the sacred lake there is a descending ladder, down which even the smallest may enter fearlessly, who has passed its borders in death. . . . That is the lake where dwell "our others," and whither go our dead.—*Archaic Sacred Poem of the A-shi-wa-ni.*

*Self of the Opal, Soul of the Ruby,  
Diamond-hearted Child of the Sun,  
Thine is the crimson-dyed robe of the Crucified,  
Mine the dark garment of purple and dun;  
Thou in the Wonder-world, I in the Under-world,  
Yet we are one.  
Do not forsake me, lovingly take me  
Back to our olden home in the golden  
City enwreathed in the silvery mist  
Shining like opal and amethyst.*

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We were the careless jests of God,  
In Chaos, ere the worlds began:  
And when the stars sedately trod  
Their circling paths, like them we ran  
In winding ways, and mimicked them:  
As globes of fire and glittering dust  
We mocked the toiling worlds that stem  
The streams of Space; and on the crust  
Of cooling spheres we took repose  
When wearied by our wanton chase  
Of fleeting comets. Then we chose,  
From lingering shadows we could trace  
Of worlds that perished æons past,  
The forms of men, and wore their pale  
And silvery likeness, overcast  
With shimmering colors, such as veil  
The sun-kissed Daughters of the Dawn.  
Then to a crimson globe of flame,

A starlike ruby, we were drawn,  
 And wandering o'er its surface came  
 Before a cavern, dim, and yet  
 Pulsing with waves of wondrous light  
 In luminous gold and violet—  
 Sullenly dark, then shyly bright,  
 Lured by that mystic shine and shade  
 We ventured in, and swiftly flew  
 Through labyrinths whose depths were sprayed  
 With fires of iridescent hue.  
 We bathed in streams of molten gold  
 And lakes of liquid amethyst:  
 Where glowing vapors took the mould  
 Of coiling serpents, and the mist  
 Traced towering trees and trailing vines,  
 And monstrous forms of living things,  
 That startled fled to dark confines  
 Of clouded purple, where their wings  
 Showed dimly and their bright eyes gleamed.  
 Far, far we journeyed, till we came  
 Within the great globe's heart where streamed  
 The seven Breaths, the threefold Flame;  
 And there we took our rest, for peace  
 Brooded within that central shrine  
 And wrapped us like the golden fleece  
 Of the Sun-child, the Lamb divine,  
 And some through musing there alone  
 Found wisdom deep and manifold,  
 And for the Sun-god raised a throne  
 Of opal-mist and filmy gold  
 With sheen of rubies; yet no hand  
 Upraised it: by their potent thought  
 The mist was carved, eterne to stand.  
 And then in that same wise they wrought  
 A wondrous city; and they said:  
 "The Sun-breath in this opal sphere  
 Endures when all the Gods are dead,  
 When worlds dissolve and disappear."  
 But we who yet were all unwise  
 Disdainful grew of peace and rest:  
 We longed to see above the skies

The great Sun-Father's plumèd crest,  
"If go you will," our others said,  
"Seek not the way we came, but one,  
An inner path, that like a thread  
Of subtile gold leads to the Sun,  
This ruby globe whose heart we are  
Has frozen from the moon's chill breath:  
No longer gleaming like a star,  
It wears the sombre hues of death."  
We heeded not: we left behind  
The city of the opal mist,  
And sought the labyrinths that twined  
Where cooling vapors writhed and hissed  
Like angry serpents, and the waves  
Of molten seas solidified  
To mountains pierced with vaulted caves  
And rent with chasms deep and wide.  
Path there was none: we wandered on  
For weary ages numberless,  
Till, all our gleaming glories gone,  
We bore the Under-world's impress:  
Our forms became as bronze, more hard  
Than adamant; our hearts grew stern  
And cruel as the powers that warred  
Against us, striving to return.  
At last the outer world was gained:  
We found it changed, as we were changed,  
Its vesture stained, as ours was stained:  
And while its wave-washed lands we ranged  
The great Sun-Father, far away,  
With waving plumes uplifted high  
Paced the far shore beyond the grey  
And azure ocean of the sky.  
Our battling with the elements  
Had maddened us, and we were torn  
With savage passions: continents  
And islands, desolate and worn  
Would sink beneath the sheltering seas  
In terror at our furious strife,  
All forces turned to enemies  
And joined against us, till our life

Grew feeble, and our forms as clods  
     Of senseless earth: then came release  
 Through Sleep and Death, the only Gods  
     Who pitied us and gave us peace.  
 And now when kindly Death divides  
     The spirit from its form of clay  
 It blissfully awhile abides  
     Where "our lost others" dwell alway,  
 And then returns, to don again  
     Its prison-garb of hateful hue;  
 While some among the sons of men  
     Whom Sleep has chosen, still may view  
 That opal City mist-enwreathed:  
     For sometimes to the slumbering one,  
 Upon whose heart such love has breathed  
     As charms the Children of the Sun,  
 A radiant being comes, of gold  
     And amethystine light, Sun-crowned,  
 With opal glories aureoled,  
     Who whispers to the sad earth-bound  
 And sorrow-stricken one, that he,  
     The jest of Chaos, passion-torn,  
 Yet led the Dawn, and yet shall be  
     The greatest of the Sons of Morn.

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*Self of the chanted Word that implanted  
 Life in the melody Æons prolong,  
 Thine is the seven-toned lyre of the Heaven-throned,  
 Mine but a tremulous murmur of song;  
 Far in the Mother-soul thou art mine other soul,  
 Perfect and strong,  
 Do not reject me, lead and protect me,  
 Till the supernal city eternal  
 Opens its welcoming portals of gold  
 Unto the wanderer weary and cold.*

ARETAS.



## THE BOOKS OF HIDDEN WISDOM.

. . . Beheld the Gods all, sweatless, steady-eyed, their flower-wreaths fresh and dust-free, as they stood, touching not the ground; but he, doubled by his shadow, his flower-wreath withered, stained with sweat and dust, standing on the earth, with eyelids tremulous. . . .—*The Story of Nala*.

I HAVE a friend who, I think, has come back to us after many lives among the braves; has come back, wrapped in the breath of wild, mighty forests, touched with the bronzed twilight of gaunt mountain-summits, the whirl of the eagles' wings still resounding in his ears. And dwelling among us somewhat aloof, still longing for his great rocky solitudes, a stranger though very welcome, he has found his way to our books, and is comparing their spirit a little curiously with the great earth-breath and air-breath and night-breath that coursed so gladly through his untamed heart.

Whatever this wanderer says of our books is well worth hearing; it is good for us to see how they look, mirrored in eyes that gazed across the western ocean from some lava-knotted precipice, as the sunset shot up molten over the rainless sea: good especially to hear what he says of our religions, and what aspect they bear, to him so newly come back from the heart of mother earth.

And one day he found together the Gospels and the Upanishads, books esteemed greatly holy, so different in time and age and tongue, yet so full of things dear to our hearts, as they turn back wearied by the commonplace of the world.

One knows not exactly why, perhaps because they are so much better translated, perhaps because of their very strangeness—the quality of sweet reasonableness being somewhat unknown in the lands of the braves—but at present my friend is altogether for the Gospels, and will not hear of the Upanishads at all. The Evangels of Israel, he says, are deeper and clearer and broader and longer than the Indian Books of Hidden Wisdom.

And as all things this sky-clad critic says are full of deep suggestion, even when they are the very opposite of what one expected from him, I fell a-thinking as to how the difference he so clearly feels between the Upanishads and the Gospels might be described; what names we could give the one and the other, so as to bring the truth about their natures to light.

First, the Gospels—to us a joy and a sorrow for so many generations, to him so new and strange. One need not enter at all into asking what persons or personages stand behind them; one can take them as they are, in themselves. And the first thing that is very clear about them is, that they are poetry, full of imagination and color, full of natural magic. This is pure poetry, and nothing else: Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

And again, what excellent poetry is this, spoken very likely among the vineyards: I am the vine, ye are the branches. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away; every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it that it may bear more fruit. Already ye are clean. . . .

What exquisite feeling and beauty in it all; in the goodly pearl, the prince's marriage, the lost sheep, the fig-tree, the wedding-feast. Each one of them a compact little poem, not a word out of place, with that perfect economy of beauty, from which the rough handling of the ages can break off no superfluous fragment.

Yet our life is concerned with other things than beauty, though it should be greatly concerned with beauty too. Our life is concerned chiefly with two things, that a quaint old document calls our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbor. And in weighing books like these we must chiefly ask what they have to say of these two things, of our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbor.

And here, it seems to me, the real difference between the Gospels and the Upanishads comes out.

The poet of the lilies and the vines was largely occupied with these two things, and found for each of them an expression full of sweetness and light. That wonderful power that approaches our hearts and minds from within, and kindles in them a strange, infinite light; that power that the framers of the quaint old document called God, the poet of the lilies called the Father, the Father of us, he in the heavens. And with abundant riches of sentiment, with the warmest color, with high poetic beauty, this is insisted on: that our duty is to love the Father of us, the Father in the heavens.

Then our second duty; here the quaint old document has borrowed from the poet of the lilies that happy phrase of his, our neighbor, taken from the poem of the pitiful Samaritan and his olive oil and wine. Here again we have a precept of admirable beauty: to love our neighbors as ourselves.

So far the Gospels. Then the Upanishads. What is most potent

there, in the Books of Hidden Wisdom, is not rich imaginative beauty, warm coloring, the magic glow of poetry, though they are full of beauty too. What is most potent is a high, lonely intuition that wraps us out of ourselves, and calls us away into the great silent depths of being; where the wide waters of life roll for ever; where the fiery breaths of endlessness pour in upon us, and thrill us with a sense of new mightiness, pouring into us a power as of vast antiquity that is still for ever young with the youth of the immortals.

Verses like these: As from a glowing fire, kindred sparkles come forth thousandfold; so, from the Eternal, manifold beings come forth, and return again to the Eternal. That Seer is never born nor dies, nor is it from anywhere, nor did any become it. Unborn, everlasting, immemorial, ancient, smaller than small, mightier than mighty. In the highest golden veil is the stainless, partless Eternal: this is the shining, the light of lights, that the self-knowers know. The sun shines not there, nor moon and star, nor this lightning, nor fire like this; after the shining of that, all shines; from the shining of that, all else receives its shining.

Sentence after sentence like this one might gather, hour after hour, from the Books of Hidden Wisdom. Here is beauty, and high poetic force too, though not the trailing luxuriance of the poet of lilies and vines. Beauty and high poetic force, though these are not the chief things, but only secondary to the aboriginal light of intuition.

Yet, when this is said, all is not said: for the supreme worth of the Upanishads is the face they put on the two duties of the quaint old document, the duty to God, the duty to our neighbor. For they first, instead of the Father of us, he in the heavens, they give us the supreme Self, the lonely Eternal. And our duty to this most real Self is simple and splendidly natural: our duty is not to love, but to become that supreme Self; to realize that we are, and have ever been, that supreme Self; to enter boldly into our own infinite eternalness, to know that we are the All, the glowing Eternal, whence the kindred sparkles came.

And the second is like unto it; instead of our neighbor, receptive of olive oil and wine, we have the supreme Self in all beings: he who realizes all beings in Self and Self in all beings, thenceforth sorrows not any more.

Not so tender, so sweet, perhaps, as the Father and the children, even if these are some day to be perfected into one; not so tender, perhaps, yet, it seems to me, far fuller of potent reality, stirring the infinities within us, calling us forth to be, not children of the realm

but lords, or rather supreme Lord of the kingdom, by primeval birth-right and inborn majesty.

Not so tender, perhaps, but far nearer to reality, to that great, strange power within us that is already stirring into limitless being.

The Gospels, with their message of humanity, like that mortal who, doubled by his shadow, his flower-wreath withered, stained with sweat and dust, stood on the earth with eyelids tremulous; the Books of Hidden Wisdom, the Upanishads, with their intuition of that dread primeval Self, like a message of the Gods, sweatless, steady-eyed, their flower-wreaths fresh and dust-free, touching not the ground.

C. J.



### THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

(Concluded from p. 220.)

**B**UT when you deny yourselves, do not become, like the interpreters, of sullen face: for they cloud over their faces, that they may be seen by men to be self-denying. Amēn. I say to you, They fully have their recompense. But when *you* deny yourself, anoint your head and wash your face, that you may not be seen by men to be self-denying, but by your Father who is in the occult; and your Father who sees in the occult shall repay you in the manifested.

Treasure not up for yourselves treasures upon the Earth,\* where moth† and rust‡ cloud over, and where thieves dig through and steal; but treasure up for yourselves treasures in a Firmament where neither moth nor rust clouds over, and where thieves do not dig through and steal: for where your treasure is, there also will be your heart.§ The lamp of the body is the eye. If, therefore, your eye be open,¶ your whole body will be luminous; but if your eye be useless,¶ your whole

\* "Earth" is the psychic world, the bride of the "Firmament," the sidereal or spiritual. Knowledge stored up in the psychic nature is impermanent, nor can it be guarded against the followers of the "left-hand path," who dig through and steal.

† Gr. *sēs*, any small insect, as a clothes-moth or a book-worm.

‡ Gr. *brōsis*, eating, gnawing; its use in this passage is peculiar, and some good authorities translate it as "corn-worm" instead of "corrosion," or "rust."

§ The mystic "heart," whose throbbing opens that inner "eye" which is the "lamp of the body."

¶ Gr. *haplous*, unfolded, clear, open.

¶ Gr. *ponēros*, equivalent to "atrophied."

body will be dark. If, therefore, the Light which is in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!

No one can serve two Masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and disregard the other. You cannot serve the Holy One and Mammōnas.\* Therefore I say to you, Do not be concerned about your ethereal body,† what you shall eat and what you shall drink: neither for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the ethereal body more than the food, and the body than the garment? Look at the birds of the Firmament, that they do not sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into granaries, yet your Father in the Over-world feeds them. Are not you of much more value than they? And what one among you by being concerned can add one single arm-length‡ to his height? And why then are you careful for a garment? Meditate on the lilies of the field, how they grow: they do not weary themselves with toil, nor do they spin; and yet I say to you, Even Solomōn in all his radiance§ was not arrayed like one of these [*Kings*, x. 1-29]. Now, if the Holy One so robes the plant of the field, which to-day lives and to-morrow is cast into the oven, (shall he) not much more (robe) you, O you of little wisdom? Do not be concerned, therefore, saying, "What shall we eat?" or, "What shall we drink?" or, "With what shall we be arrayed?" For after these things the outsiders|| seek. For your Father in the Over-world knows that you need all these things. But seek first the Realm of the Holy One, and his right-conduct; and all these things shall be added to you. Therefore do not be concerned about the morrow; for the morrow will be concerned about itself: sufficient for the day is its own vexation.

Judge not, that you may not be judged: for with what judgment you judge you shall be judged, and with what measure you measure it shall be measured back to you. And why do you look at the splinter¶ in your brother's eye, but do not observe the beam which is in your

\* The precise meaning of this word is unknown. It is supposed to signify "gain"; and some have supposed Mammōnas to be a God worshipped in Syria, and equivalent to Ploutōn, as god of wealth and of the Under-world.

† Gr. *psuchē*, the semi-material body. When it is clouded by food-fumes, psychic vision is obscured—a matter of consequence to psychics, but not to those who see with the "open eye."

‡ Gr. *pēchus*, elbow: the measure of the arm from the elbow to the finger-tips.

§ Gr. *dōxa*, shining; the aura.

|| Gr. *ethnē*, people: here denoting special castes of pseudo-occultists.

¶ Gr. *karphos*, a straw, a small chip or shaving; here contrasted with *dokos*, a beam or joist. As Iēsous was a carpenter's son, the simile is an artistic touch of local color.

own eye? Or how shall you say to your brother, "Let me pull the splinter out of your eye," and, look, there is the beam in your own eye? Interpreter, first pull the beam out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to pull the splinter out of your brother's eye.

Give not the sanctuary to dogs; neither throw your pearls in front of pigs, lest perchance they trample on them with their feet, and turn again and rend you.\*

Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you: for everyone who asks receives; and who seeks, finds; and (to him) who knocks, it shall be opened. Or what man among you, if his son shall ask for a loaf, will give him a stone? Or if he ask for a fish, also, will give him a snake? If you, therefore, who are useless ones, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father who is in the Over-world give good things† to those who ask him? All things, therefore, that you wish men should do to you, even so do you also to them: for such is the ritual and the soul-inspired.‡

Enter in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate and spacious the path which leads to Death,§ and many are they who enter in through it; for narrow is the gate and hemmed in the path which leads to the Life.|| and few are they who find it. But beware of the falsely inspired who come to you in sheep's clothing,¶ but within are plundering wolves. By their fruits you shall recognize them. Do they gather a bunch of grapes from thorns, or figs from prickly-plants? Even so every good tree produces useful fruits, but the rotten tree produces useless fruits. A good tree cannot produce useless fruits, nor a rotten tree produce useful fruits. Every tree which does not produce useful fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Hence, surely, by their fruits you shall recognize them.

Not every one who says to me, "Master, Master," shall enter into the Realm of the Over-world; but he who does the Will of my Father who is in the Over-world. Many will say to me on that day: "Master, Master, in your Name have we not interpreted? And in your Name

\* The inner life and psychic experience should be spoken of only to those who will understand what is said, and not to those who neither understand nor believe.

† *Luke*, xi. 13, reads, "give the holy Breath," etc.

‡ The outer form and the inner meaning.

§ The downward path of the Breath, leading to generation: the physical world being under the sway of Death.

|| The upward path of the Breath, leading to the mystic second birth.

¶ Sorcerers simulating the auras of neophytes.

cast out spirits? And in *your* Name performed many magical feats?" And then I will confess to them, "I never knew you: depart from me, you who make a practice of sorcery."\* Everyone, therefore, who hears these precepts of mine, and does them, I will liken to a sensible man who built his house upon the rock; and the rain descended, and the streams came, and the winds blew, and assailed that house; and it did not fall, for its foundation was laid upon the rock. And everyone who hears these precepts of mine, and does them not, shall be likened to a stupid man who built his house upon the sand; and the rains descended, and the streams came, and the winds blew, and assailed that house; and it fell, and great was its fall.

ARETAS.

CONTENT.

*Who are exiles? as for me  
Where beneath the diamond dome  
Lies the light on hill or tree  
There my palace is and home.*

WE are outcasts from Deity; therefore we defame the place of our exile. But who is there may set apart his destiny from the earth which bore him? I am one of those who would bring back the old reverence for the Mother, the magic, the love. I think, metaphysician, you have gone astray. You would seek within yourself for the fountain of life. Yes, there is the true, the only light. But do not dream it will lead you further away from the earth, but rather deeper into its heart. By it you are nourished with those living waters you would drink. You are yet in the womb and unborn, and the Mother breathes for thee the diviner airs. Dart out thy furthest ray of thought to the original, and yet thou hast not found a new path of thine own. Thy ray is still enclosed in the parent ray, and only on the sidereal streams are you borne to the freedom of the deep, to the sacred stars whose distance maddens, and to the lonely Light of Lights.

Let us, therefore, accept the conditions and address ourselves with wonder, with awe, with love, as we well may, to that being in whom we move. I abate no jot of those vaster hopes, yet I would pursue that ardent aspiration, content as to here and to-day. I do not believe in a nature red with tooth and claw. If indeed she appears so terrible to

\* Gr. *anomia*, lawlessness, as opposed to *dikaionomē*, right-conduct; violation of the law or ritual (*nomos*) of the right-hand path.

any it is because they themselves have armed her. Again, behind the anger of the Gods there is a love. Are the rocks barren? Lay thy brow against them and learn what memories they keep. Is the brown earth unbeautiful? Yet lie on the breast of the Mother and thou shalt be aureoled with the dews of faery. The earth is the entrance to the Halls of Twilight. What emanations are those that make radiant the dark woods of pine! Round every leaf and tree and over all the mountains wave the fiery tresses of that hidden sun which is the soul of the earth and parent of thy soul. But we think of these things no longer. Like the prodigal we have wandered far from our home, but no more return. We idly pass or wait as strangers in the halls our spirit built.

*Sad or fain no more to live?  
I have pressed the lips of pain:  
With the kisses lovers give  
Ransomed ancient powers again.*

I would raise this shrinking soul to a more universal acceptance. What! does it aspire to the All, and yet deny by its revolt and inner protest the justice of Law. From sorrow we shall take no less and no more than from our joys. For if the one reveals to the soul the mode by which the power overflows and fills it here, the other indicates to it the unalterable will which checks excess and leads it on to true proportion and its own ancestral ideal. Yet men seem for ever to fly from their destiny of inevitable beauty; because of delay the power invites and lures no longer but goes out into the highways with a hand of iron. We look back cheerfully enough upon those old trials out of which we have passed; but we have gleaned only an aftermath of wisdom and missed the full harvest if the will has not risen royally at the moment in unison with the will of the Immortal, even though it comes rolled round with terror and suffering and strikes at the heart of clay.

Through all these things, in doubt, despair, poverty, sick, feeble or baffled, we have yet to learn reliance. "*I will not leave thee or forsake thee,*" are the words of the most ancient spirit to the spark wandering in the immensity of its own being. This high courage brings with it a vision. It sees the true intent in all circumstance out of which its own emerges to meet it. Before it the blackness melts into forms of beauty, and back of all illusions is seen the old enchanter tenderly smiling, the dark, hidden Father enveloping his children.

All things have their compensations. For what is absent here there is always, if we seek, a nobler presence about us.



*Captive, see what stars give light  
 In the hidden heart of clay:  
 At their radiance dark and bright  
 Fades the dreamy King of Day.*

We complain of conditions, but this very imperfection it is which urges us to arise and seek for the Isles of the Immortals. What we lack recalls the fulness. The soul has seen a brighter day than this and a sun which never sets. Hence the retrospect: "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, the jasper, the sapphire, emerald . . . Thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." We would point out these radiant avenues of return; but sometimes we feel in our hearts that we sound but cockney voices, as guides amid the ancient temples, the cyclopean crypts sanctified by the mysteries. To be intelligible we replace the opalescent shining by the terms of the anatomist, and we speak of the pineal gland and the pituitary body in the same breath with the Most High. Yet when the soul has the vision divine it knows not it has a body. Let it remember, and the breath of glory kindles it no more: it is once again a captive. After all, it does not make the mysteries clearer to speak in physical terms and do violence to our intuitions. If we ever use these centres, as fires we shall see them, or they shall well up within us as fountains of potent sound. We may satisfy people's minds with a sense correspondence, and their souls may yet hold aloof. We shall only inspire by the magic of a superior beauty. Yet this too has its dangers. "Thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness," continues the seer. If we follow too much the elusive beauty of form we will miss the spirit. The last secrets are for those who translate vision into being. Does the glory fade away before thee? Say truly in thy heart, "I care not. I will wear the robes I am endowed with to-day." Thou art already become beautiful, being beyond desire and free.

*Night and day no more eclipse  
 Friendly eyes that on us shine,  
 Speech from old familiar lips,  
 Playmates of a youth divine.*

To childhood once again. We must regain the lost state. But it is to the giant and spiritual childhood of the young immortals we must return, when into their clear and translucent souls first fell the rays of the father-beings. The men of old were intimates of wind and wave and playmates of many a brightness long since forgotten. The rapture

of the fire was their rest; their outgoing was still consciously through universal being. By darkened images we may figure something vaguely akin, as when in rare moments under the stars the big dreamy heart of childhood is pervaded with quiet and brimmed full with love. Dear children of the world so tired to-day—so weary seeking after the light. Would you recover strength and immortal vigor? Not one star alone, your star, shall shed its happy light upon you, but the All you must adore. Something intimate, secret, unspeakable, akin to thee will emerge silently, insensibly, and ally itself with thee as thou gatherest thyself from the four quarters of the earth. We shall go back to the world of the dawn, but to a brighter light than that which opened up this wondrous story of the cycles. The forms of elder years will reappear in our vision, the father-beings once again. So we shall grow at home amid these grandeurs, and with that All-Presence about us may cry in our hearts, "At last is our meeting, Immortal. Oh, starry one, now is our rest!"

*Brothers weary, come away;  
We will quench the heart's desire  
Past the gateways of the day  
In the rapture of the fire.*

.E.

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#### METHODS OF WORK.

THE moot question of methods of Branch work is having full discussion at present, and especially in view of Mr. Judge's plan of "a Napoleonic propaganda, filling the air with Theosophy." The present moment is one highly favorable to all work and propaganda, for when the Theosophical Society is most in the mouths and minds of men (whether with favor or disfavor matters little, except that disfavor promises swifter reaction), then is the golden hour of opportunity and of success, according to universal Law. It matters nothing how or in what mood hearers come to Theosophy; what does matter is that they shall come. To this end the "air must be filled with Theosophy," so that the echoes from the past may reverberate, arousing the hidden thinker within. Many a man and woman, brought to a meeting by that hidden Ego and its attraction, has "come to scoff and remained to pray." One of the most devoted F.'s T. S. of my acquaintance studied Theosophy in order to "save a friend from its errors." The intention was sincere, and so the light broke through? Our opportunity being

what it at present is, and the ether being filled with the sound of our existence, it is to be hoped that suggestions for work will pour in from all directions—and I am sure THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST will offer its hospitality—for methods of work must differ in different countries and surroundings.

It would appear true that Branch work, in order to be helpful, must begin with individuals in a Branch, before it extends to the outside public. I mean, that the work should at first consist in an effort to fit the individual—each one of us—for his or her larger work in the world. To this end, I know of nothing so useful as a brief preliminary study of *The Bhagavad Gītā*, which should occupy the Branch for a short space—not more than half an hour—at the beginning of each meeting. For the whole practice of Life is there; the whole energetic scheme, both of conservation and of multiplication of energy. Rightly understood, it is an immense help in daily, practical life. I have heard men in active business of the widest kind declare that those teachings, taken from that standpoint alone, enabled a man to go through the friction of daily life, strengthened his mind and nerve as nothing else did, and left him with a surplus of energy for theosophic work or study at night. Do not lightly think we have read and know it all. There are those who have studied and tried to live it for years who daily find new meaning in it. In the early volumes of *The Path* are some excellent and suggestive articles upon the *Gītā*, and Branch discussions, not upon the *Gītā* as literature or intellectual ambrosia, but upon its use in all the events of everyday existence, will develop fresh meanings rapidly. Members imbued with its spirit will do their work more wisely.

Another very good field of work has been pointed out by the Southport Branch. This Branch has issued a circular for debating societies, clubs and so forth, saying that a body of students interested in the various problems of life would be pleased to meet with them for discussion of various topics; a list of topics—not doctrinal—follows. This is an admirable idea. In America it has also been found that lectures on Eastern philosophies or teachings have been welcomed by educational bodies, whose members desire information.

Another most important field of work is that with the children. It can be undertaken by a Branch whenever there are three children to teach. This work has been very successful in America, and the Lotus Circle songs have been published there. The object is to teach the children the truths of Karma and of the Golden Rule, and to help them to trace the effects of these in their little lives. Many children appre-

ciate these truths, which even meet their brief experience of life in a way which cut and dried dogma has not at its command.

Hardly less important than the little ones are our fellow beings who suffer and those who "suffer from themselves" in an immediate and visible sense. The hospitals welcome visits; the prisons need our aid. No hard and fast rules can be laid down, for methods must differ—and it is a vital and a healthy difference—with the individual who takes upon himself a task for which he feels himself to be fitted.

Constant watchfulness upon the local Press, and the writing of letters or articles wherever acceptable; printed invitations to Branch meetings, issued in local newspapers or by circulars; the distribution of leaflets in various directions; series of lectures well prepared and advertised; addresses at labor churches, clubs, and at other societies; various kinds of work among the poor; all these have a place in our world-wide field.

It is of the utmost importance that we shall avail ourselves of the present opportunity to work, and publicly, so far as may be, "filling the air with Theosophy." Each one of us, whose Karma has brought him to the theosophic life, has some gift, some trait, some aptitude, some point of contact with the surrounding world, which can be used to promulgate all these ideas. If each one will go over the matter in the mind, asking, not "What shall I do to be saved?" but "What can I do to save others from materialistic thought?" then we shall be assured of success. Each one of us is a workman: each has his appointed instrument: let us find and use that instrument, which may be broadly named—OUR OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE.

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

GOOD news has come to hand of a marked improvement in the health of Brother Judge.

The activity of members here at the public meetings is susceptible of improvement. There seems to be an absence of preparation to discuss the topic of the evening. "And some listened, perhaps, but never spoke at all." The subjects for these Wednesday evening meetings during the ensuing month are: Oct. 16th, *Theosophy applied to Life*; 23rd, *Masters and Disciples*, F. J. Dick; 30th, *Our Opportunity*, Chas. Johnston; Nov. 6th, *Rebirth and Præexistence*; 13th, *Old Celtic Beliefs in Immortality*, Miss K. B. Lawrence. F. J. DICK, *Convener*.

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