

# The Irish Theosophist.

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## KEYNOTES.

A BAND of Crusaders left New York on June 13th to go round the world bearing aloft the banner of fraternity and goodwill. When the mists are gathering, in the dark hour, in the crisis, the true seer points to the light beyond, sees the victory complete. Such a seer was our beloved Chief, W. Q. J. When others were talking of failure, he prophesied a revival of Theosophy in 1896. "Nothing but a cataclysm" can stop our progress, he said on another occasion. It requires no straining of the eyes now to see how events are shaping. "This is the time to make friends." Not the sentiment merely, but the sentiment grown to a purpose. A new influence is abroad. Comrades! a new light shines on your faces, a new joy beams through your eyes. Look around at those working with you to-day and say has not your relationship a strange significance. Why do you remain together in that standing attitude? Is it not because you have left your mission unfulfilled in the past? Now you take it up again together, and this time to carry it to completion. The higher notes of the octave are sounding; the solar sphere has put forth its touch. You feel it and have responded. As this band of Crusaders goes from point to point, sending out waves of energy which strike directly to their ends, it is well to be found in your places, scorning no burden. See how discord flies when the right chord is touched by the skilled hand. The world seeks for wisdom through a labyrinth of ignorance. Having found the clue, it is ours to give. Once more we have to turn the eye of the world to the importance of much that had well-nigh perished. By working in harmony we will accomplish our task.

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While the strong hand of a great leader is required to break moulds and crystallizations, social and religious, it is the quiet worker who sustains the work, who affords the necessary conditions for its fruition

and fulfilment. Wherever an active Branch of the T. S. is found, you can trace the current which supplies its force to the quiet workers. Receivers themselves from a generous life, they weave into every act a power to hold, to shield. From hearts that serve unseen, perhaps unknown, there goes forth a peace and cheerfulness which makes even the cloudiest day serene and radiant. And this gaiety of heart is much needed. It refreshes all who come under its influence, as the rain refreshes plants after a long drought. The struggle of life begets a general pessimism. This is clearly indicated by the drawn-up and compressed countenances that we constantly meet. In the company of the quiet worker composure and placidity are soon restored, for this gaiety of heart is infectious and quickly brings about the desired change.

Yes! we owe much to our quiet workers. Let them not think, "I shall live unhonored and never be anybody anywhere."

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I have received from Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Cape, two workers closely associated with theosophical work among children in New York, the following communication, which I gladly put on record. It is gratifying in the extreme to find this important branch of work now receiving the attention it deserves:

"You will soon enjoy the privilege of having Mrs. K. A. Tingley amongst you, and her wonderful force and power will be fully recognized there, as it has been here.

"But another view of this remarkable character has recently come to our notice, and we wish you to know of it also. Mrs. Tingley, the present Outer Head of the E. S. T., like our late President, William Q. Judge, has the greatest love for children. Some years ago, while only a quiet member of the T. S., Mrs. Tingley had been working amongst the poor people on the east side of New York. She wished the children of these people to be brought to a Lotus Circle entertainment, thinking that in this way they might come in touch with us.

"We took the addresses she had sent us and visited all these people. It was not only a complete revelation, but a lesson as well. Our journey took us amidst some of the most squalid, filthy, god-forsaken places in New York, rank with vile odors so nauseating that we had difficulty in completing the work. But it was worth all the trouble taken to see the radiant expression that would come to the pale faces of these working women when they were informed that we had been sent by Mrs. Tingley. They told us that she had taught their children, clothed them as well, brought joy and comfort into their lives.

Not having heard from her for some time they had wondered much what had become of her, where she had gone, and where she could be found. Their joy at hearing of her again and delight in receiving the invitation to be present at the entertainment was very affecting. Many of them came on Sunday and they were not forgotten by Mrs. Tingley, who, although absent in Boston attending the first meeting of the Crusaders, yet found time to telegraph a "Greeting" to the children, which was read to them.

"Only a strong soul willing to sacrifice itself for humanity could have instituted and carried on such a grand work. Through her we have been brought into touch with an element among the poor of New York not before reached, and we are desirous that all members in all parts of the world may receive our testimony to one only of the noble deeds of which this wonderful life has been so full."

D. N. D.

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THYSELF AND THY KING.

Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom.

WE were talking of lucent intervals, when the primeval sunlight breaks through our clouds: here is the record of one of them. In the new birth, the door to real life, it is not fated that these dearly beloved personal selves of ours shall enter in, after undergoing some betterment and amelioration; as an old bonnet is renewed, a piece of ribbon here, a flower there, a skilful touch over all, and the miracle of regeneration consummated.

With us it is not like this, but quite otherwise. Everything we habitually consider ourselves to be, our whole normal selves, must melt away and dissolve in light, leaving not a wrack behind. Nothing that comes within our ordinary consciousness at all; nothing even of better hours but a few high and shining intuitions is good enough to "inherit the kingdom"; or, to speak sober prose, is large enough to enter into real life. I do not want to flatter us, but it seems to me most of us are finely gifted and endowed for our tragi-comedy of shadows, so much so, that these delicate perfections of ours are quite unsuited for the valor and vigor of real life—therefore they will never get there.

When the new birth is spoken of, we hear much of giving up ourselves and living for others. Here is only half a truth, and that the lesser half. It is not at all as though I should step forth from the throne of my heart, and invite my neighbor to take a seat there, while I meantime admire myself for being good. It is not as though I should

open wide the doors of my house, so that they of the highways and hedges may come in, while I stay outside on the doorstep. That is something like the danger of the mansion swept and garnished. All this is merely imitating effects, without possessing the cause.

When I step down from the throne of my heart, with a comely feeling that I am a not quite adequate occupant, it will not be to give place to my neighbor or any human guest, however pious and worthy, but to make way for a divine and mightier power, of great majesty and mirth; a power whose glowing light has been shining through these clouds of my making for ages past. Myself and my king—that old immortal self whom I have dimly felt, standing behind and above me, masterful and persistent. Whose purposes, which are my real purposes, have shaped all these many-colored incidents of my life; knowing that my fantastic mind would learn the real in no simpler and more direct way. My king, unquestioned, from self-evident majesty, and yet my real self. The self immortal, through whose dwelling already in real life, comes my possibility of new birth and inheritance there; though of this personality of mine I can see very little that is likely to share that inheritance. It must dissolve and melt away, quite completely and without reservation. It cannot “inherit the kingdom.” And after all, once you get used to the thought, there is a great satisfaction in thinking that this discreditable old friend is to stay behind—if complete disappearance can be called staying anywhere. One knows too much about him—has too much evidence as to his character, as the courts phrase it, when unearthing something particularly disagreeable. If this poor relation were to come into the fine company of the real, it would be perpetually necessary to hide his shabbiness behind things, to keep him in dim corners—an unending embarrassment.

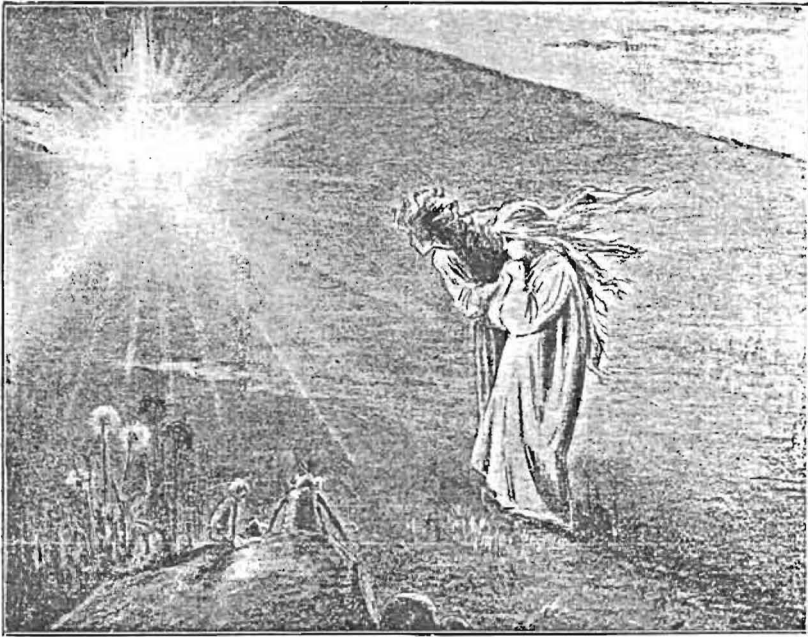
So the personality, practically the whole of what we ordinarily suppose ourselves to be, must become permeable to the light, until it melts away in the light altogether. Thus it must give place to the immortal self, but not to any other power at all. It is of no avail to build up an artificial self of private and individual virtues, of self-consciously doing good and being good, to our own great admiration and humility. The real virtues, the valor and excellence of reality, are to be as little our private property as the ocean-depths or the sun-beams are; they are to be virtues, large, cosmic, universal. It is very likely, indeed, that for a personality of private and self-conscious virtue there is least hope of all; and for this reason, perhaps, there is greater joy over one sinner that repents than ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance—or at least who believe they need none, and thus shut themselves

out by a hard shell of humble self-satisfaction from the great, real world of being. One thing, perhaps, is more futile and foolish than this sun-proof canopy of virtue, and that is, the vices which we, the enlightened, are tempted to permit ourselves, in order to keep ourselves quite safe from self-consciousness, from the sense of possessing a private hoard of good works. If even fine virtue, when self-admiring, is foreign to the real, how much more vices, which are not fine at all? These contemptible things are quite invisible to the large, sane, and healthy life of the real, and not less invisible are the contemptible personalities who indulge in them.

Virtuous or vicious, therefore, this very dear usurper, this much-admired and greatly-pitied personal self, must consent to become quite diaphanous; first like a net in the sunlight; then gossamer that melts altogether into the glow. That is how the transformation appears to the real self, how it rightly should appear. But it would be comic, were not we ourselves so implicated in it, to watch the startled apprehension of the personal self, the lower man, when it first dawns on his mind that a speedy disappearance is what is most expected of him. We are too much the lower self ourselves to quite enter into the humor of it, except perhaps where other people are concerned.

A word about those good neighbors of ours, for whom we are unwilling to prepare the throne of the heart. They deserve, and shall receive, compensation. Indeed their part is taken, very mightily taken, by that very self and king who stands immortal behind us, perpetually reminding us that they are our other selves. Reminding us that we must not, presuming on our present enlightenment and superiority, forget for a moment that these others are our very selves, on pain of the keen mortification of waking up some morning to find that they are ahead of us, offering us the good-natured compassion which we would have extended to them. One of the chief works which lie before the real self, now to be installed in lawful sovereignty, is to establish a true relation with these our other selves, instead of the chaos of petulant preferences and detestations which has separated them from us hitherto. They must be received into our hearts; yet after the real self reigns there, not before. And to be truly received, they also must be transformed; till we know them, no longer subject to sorrow, but a serene, august company of immortals.

C. J.



### THE DREAM OF THE CHILDREN.

THE children awoke in their dreaming  
 While earth lay dewy and still:  
 They followed the rill in its gleaming  
 To the heart-light of the hill.

Its sounds and sights were forsaking  
 The world as they faded in sleep.  
 When they heard a music breaking  
 Out of the heart-light deep.

It ran where the rill in its flowing  
 Under the starlight gay  
 With wonderful colour was glowing  
 Like the bubbles they blew in their play.

From the misty mountain under  
 Came gleams of an opal star:  
 Its pathways of rainbow wonder  
 Rayed to their feet from afar.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow  
It led through caverned aisles,  
Filled with purple and green light and shadow  
For mystic miles on miles.

The children were glad; it was lonely  
To play on the hill-side by day.  
“But now,” they said, “we have only  
To go where the good people stray.”

For all the hill-side was haunted  
By the faery folk come again,  
And down in the heart-light enchanted  
Were opal-coloured men.

They moved like kings unattended  
Without a squire or dame,  
But they wore tiaras splendid  
With feathers of starlight flame.

They laughed at the children over  
And called them into the heart:  
“Come down here, each sleepless rover:  
We will show you some of our art.”

And down through the cool of the mountain  
The children sank at the call,  
And stood in a blazing fountain  
And never a mountain at all.

The lights were coming and going  
In many a shining strand,  
For the opal fire-kings were blowing  
The darkness out of the land.

This golden breath was a madness  
To set a poet on fire,  
And this was a cure for sadness,  
And that the ease of desire.

And all night long over Eri  
They fought with the wand of light  
And love that never grew weary  
The evil things of night.

They said, as dawn glimmered hoary.  
 "We will show yourselves for an hour ;"  
 And the children were changed to a glory  
 By the beautiful magic of power.

The fire-kings smiled on their faces,  
 And called them by olden names,  
 Till they towered like the starry races  
 All plumed with the twilight flames.

They talked for a while together,  
 How the toil of ages oppressed ;  
 And of how they best could weather  
 The ship of the world to its rest.

The dawn in the room was straying :  
 The children began to blink,  
 When they heard a far voice saying,  
 "You can grow like that if you think !"

The sun came in yellow and gay light :  
 They tumbled out of the cot,  
 And half of the dream went with daylight  
 And half was never forgot.

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 ON STEADINESS.

STEADINESS? Well, what of it? I have told you many times, but you have not listened. I will illustrate by your own actions.

You were told to write regularly at a certain time of day on a definite subject, and in a definite manner. What did you do? First you began as told, the next day it was ten minutes later than the time appointed. You had no definite subject, did not write with care. Then what happened? You did not get it correctly either in subject-matter, detail or appearance. The following day you began once more, the effort having to be made again as though never having been tried before. Writing is a small matter, you think, but it counts. This is lack of steadiness.

You were told by one who knows to be reserved to all, you agreed to this, stood the test for a few hours, perhaps a day, when suddenly you let all fly and forgot both the advice and the person advising. Steadiness? I think not.

My dear, of what use are you to be if you do not get hold of your-



self at once. I cannot always be with you, nor can I always be telling you; each must learn to stand alone, each must carve these things out for themselves. I had to do it, why not you?

Steadiness should be so much a part of your nature by this time that nothing could shake you. You are steady in devotion to the work, but that devotion will be of greater use only when you can apply it to the simpler affairs of life.

The person who is useful in this work is he who hears all, says little, but when having to speak says what is necessary, then stops.

Steadiness is that power gained where action is regulated by the power to stop. The special genius is not of value unless to that can be added evenness of purpose, calmness of action. This can be acquired by all who begin in the affairs of life, as I say.

When I told you to write I knew what would happen, for it is a law, that the first effort is the supreme effort. It is difficult to get the machine to act in accordance with the mind except by this supreme effort. You "have failed in the test," have you? Yes; well, what of that? You see thus the difficulty; you know now by that failure the effort necessary to success. Will you go on or stop?

Do you want to know the meaning now of steadiness? Your own experience in this has taught you. I cannot explain more. Let it sink in and you will know the meaning and need for steadiness.

A.

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## SYNTHESIS.

To the pilgrim soul in its quest of the divine, perfection suggests itself under the three aspects which we name severally the good, the true, and the beautiful. For purposes of study some such rough division is necessary, yet in ultimate analysis the distinctions are arbitrary, for conduct includes both Science and Art, being itself both. Science is the effort to actualize the ideal, to realize, deduce, and prove law; and Art seeks to idealize the actual, to transcend no less than to transform.

How nearly allied are the terms of this divine trinity we see when we try to think of any term singly. Say we consider goodness—the first fact our analysis discovers is that we by no means know what essentially it is. The intellect quails before the attempt to examine the content of "the grand word ought," or delivers at best but a half answer to our question: What is this thing which sends its imperious mandate forth from the hidden recesses of the soul behind us? It gives us an interchangeable phrase for goodness, "the right conduct of

life," and leaves us to find out, as best we may, what life is. Assuredly life is something more than to buy and to sell and to get gain. Assuredly right conduct is something more than to help that our brother get a just share of the result of his labor. We call it *duty* that which we owe—but what is our debt and to whom? Have the great and noble of all time helped us? Has it been good to be an intrinsic part of the humanity which produced Socrates, St. John, Gautama? Then our duty is to humanity as a whole and to that divine brotherhood, the kings of thought, who rule in the realm of the soul, to carry on their work; and thus goodness in its breadth and depth means more than some shreds of philanthropy—though heaven forbid that we despise the very least of these; contempt can claim no kinship with the soul. Philanthropy is virtue, but this is virtue also: to seek to restore the lost harmony between the actualities of to-day, with all their feverish needs and fears, and that ideal life which the Companions of the soul have taught us is the Real, and which "is none other than man's normal life as he shall one day know it." This is virtue and harmony—which is beauty, and inmost life—which is reality.

The distinction which some men, else wise, make between the beautiful and the good or the beautiful and the true, is responsible, to some extent, for the fragmentary nature of our life to-day, and for our aloofness from the deep and vivid impetus of the intuitions. We live scraps of lives but not any forceful, coherent, symmetrical *life*. How to make life one-pointed yet all-embracing, devoted without narrowness, broad without limpness, is a question which is daily presenting itself for practical solution. Perhaps some hint of the answer may be found through cherishing the desire we find within us for synthesis, for correlating the aspect of the divine, for seeking out the soul of the universe behind all its protean works.

For instance, in this thing that we name beauty, whose beckonings men sometimes fear to follow lest it lead them into bondage to the senses, can we not hear issuing from its lips the chant of the primeval divine life, that native music which we have "loved long since and lost awhile," if we but make our hearing fine enough to receive it: is not it, too, a messenger of the gods for such as have ears to hear? *Can* it be that the peace of the woodlands, the pleadings of the sea, the immovable serenity of the mountains, the aspirings of sea-birds and the pitiful purity that beams from out the stars, contain no life-truths for us; or is it that we do not yet know the spirit in which to accept the hints of beauty, and so must needs construct a science of ethics to save us from the wooings of the sense?

On the other hand, shall we call virtue cold and barren because we lack the imagination which translates it into living impulse, the emotion to warm it with the heart's best fires, or the ideality to note the graces of its curves, stretching away boundless, basking in the smile of God.

Perhaps even graver is the danger of our present day to sever truth from virtue, making it the concern of the intellect alone and not of the moral sense also; giving to all facts, whether vital to the life of the soul or not, an equal value, dissociating the external details of life from their root in the inner being or character of the men who perform or are concerned by them. There is, of course, truth of the intellect, and physics, metaphysics and psychology may be made to subserve the strengthening and disciplining of the inner man, but to me it seems that the final test of truth is subjective. How much truth can a man live? that much he has. Is his experience vivid? then he understands something of inner nature, something of the truth that comes not of text-books occult or profane, but that grows out of the roots of transcendent being. Such truth, I think, is inseparable from character, from virtue, from love; it is the expression of these in terms of thought. Only he who lives in the presence of ideals can utter it, only he who knows the joys and agonies of tense feeling can comprehend it. Perhaps, using words truly, it cannot be comprehended, for it passes knowledge, it is the wordless message of the divine. Such truth is a synthesis, and its appeal is towards synthesis, bidding us see the divine impulse behind all life; it moralizes art, beautifies character, sanctifies knowledge, teaching us that to "see life clearly is to see it whole."

OMAR.

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### THE CRUSADE.

THE loyal devotion that led up to the magnificent Convention at New York in April is not to be stayed in its titanic sweep. Scarcely had the members scattered homeward when the announcement was made that a CRUSADE had been organized to literally girdle the earth with a message of peace, goodwill and brotherhood. Ere one had time to realize the scope of the new enterprise, the Crusade was upon us. Everyone is on the move now. At Liverpool, on the 22nd ult., the Crusaders made their first public appearance, surrounded by the poorest of the poor. Three hundred of these had received invitations from the active members of the Liverpool and Southport Branches, and sat down to a hearty "brotherhood supper" in the Albert Hall, Cazneau Street.

When this had been amply discussed, a chorus was sung by all present. Bro. Wright then gave a short but stirring address outlining the nature of the theosophical movement, which evoked much applause. "We believe that all men and women are equal. What do you think of that? We believe that we can all help each other. How do you like that? We believe that everyone has the right to think for himself. How do you like that?" Songs, choruses, and instrumental music were interspersed with other short speeches by H. T. Patterson, E. T. Hargrove and Mrs. Tingley, who, after referring to work done among the poor in New York with which she had been connected, said that the impulse to help one another existed in all of us, that it is the voice of our immortal nature speaking, that from this all our real force proceeded, and that the reason it does not act more is that we stop to think and thus become selfish. There was great cheering when she concluded. Other speeches by Mrs. Keightley on "Hope," Mrs. Wright on "Woman," Bro. Hargrove on "Brotherhood," and Bro. Wright on the meaning of the word "Theosophy" followed, and those present were asked to keep a lookout for further reunions of a similar kind. Everyone went away delighted with the happy evening spent with the Crusaders and the members of the Liverpool, Southport, London and Dublin Branches who had been attending on them.

Previous to this evening gathering there had been a special meeting of the Eastern School of Theosophy, of which Mrs. Tingley is the Outer Head.

On the following day the Crusaders met the local Theosophists and the children of the Lotus Circle in the afternoon. In the evening there was a public meeting in the Picton Lecture Hall, Liverpool, at which some 1,500 people were present. The proceedings were opened by a beautiful rendering of Raff's *Cavatina*, arranged for 'cello and piano. Dr. Keightley, who was in the chair, asked Dr. Coryn to welcome the Crusaders to Liverpool. Then H. T. Patterson sketched the purpose and described the route of the Crusade. Mrs. Wright followed with an eloquent address on "Charity." "Civilization is founded on the idea that man is a body. This Crusade, on the idea that man is a Soul." Referring illustratively to the effect of electrical induction she spoke of the dynamic force in men who know they are souls, and said that a body of such men and women going round the world would have force to rouse people to a sense of their higher destiny here and hereafter. E. T. Hargrove followed with a thoughtful and convincing speech on "Compensation." By irresistible steps he proved that we are the result of our past thinking, and for which we alone are responsible. "If you

have sown what you are now reaping, you must reap in future what you are now sowing." "Man is his own Master."

Mrs. Wright then presented a greeting from the Lotus Circle children of America to those in England. This greeting said Theosophy was as much for children as for older folks, and that it was to carry on their message of goodwill and brotherhood. For Theosophy had taught them that we have lived many times on the earth, and that there were really no foreigners, no strangers. Called strangers, only because we have forgotten them. This meant they were men and women, only their bodies were young. And they had an advantage over the older folks, for their minds were free from absurd teaching. They had not been taught they would go to heaven if they believed as the grown-ups believed, and to hell if they didn't. They wanted to believe only what was true. And they were only asked to believe what they knew to be true. A suitable reply from the Lotus Circle children of Liverpool was then read, in which occurred the following: "Then they (the grown-ups) tried to make us believe what they did not understand themselves," pointing a lesson for Theosophists as well as other folk.

The next incident was the presentation of a Union Jack to the Crusaders by Bro. Crooke. He said they would carry it round the world with other flags and not against them.

Mrs. Tingley was then introduced as the leader of the theosophical movement. She thanked the meeting most heartily for the good feeling with which they had recognized the efforts of the Crusaders. It was the recognition of a great movement, of a great impulse, of a great inspiration; and of the force—brotherly love—that is in every human heart. It would be their effort to build it with a "cable tow" that shall unite all nations. For long there had been going up to heaven the cry: "O God, my God, is there no help for us?" To answer this *call*, the members of this Crusade had left home, position, friends, with the most unselfish motives, working with the divine inspiration of love for all humanity.

Bro. Wright followed with a masterly and lucid address on "Re-birth," which space prevents amplifying at present. Mrs. Cleather followed on "The Perfectibility of Man." Dr. Keightley summed up briefly and referred to the projected "School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity," and after a farewell address to the Crusaders, read by Bro. Crooke, the proceedings were brought to a close with an exquisite performance on organ and piano of Walther's "Preislied," from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, by Mrs. Cleather and Bro. Crump.

This meeting was largely composed of the artisan and working classes in Liverpool, who, both before, during and after the meeting took a keen interest in the literature and speeches put before them, and applause was frequent and enthusiastic. F. J. D.

### THE MYSTERIES.

A KING of heroes was earth's ruler in the golden age. Driven by mighty destiny, he first tasted death; first descended the steep path to the under-world. Thus becoming one with death, he reigned there, Initiator into the Mysteries.

A candidate came to his realm, but for three days found not the king of wisdom. For these three days of waiting, King Death granted him three wishes. He chose first peace, the quiescence of the past. Then, as second wish, a knowledge of celestial fire. Lastly, to learn of men's souls that go forth, departing from life.

King Death denied this wish at first; saying that these things were secrets for the Gods. Thus the Initiator, becoming the Tempter or Assayer, sought to call forth in the aspirant an intuition and assertion of his own godlike essence, his equality with the Gods. And the candidate rightly answered that what the Gods sought to know, he also sought to know, and would learn it even from Death.

The Tempter-Initiator spoke again, offering worldly success and power, much cattle and elephants, gold and swift steeds; the wide abode of the world, wealth and length of days. Thus tried by ambition, the candidate, rightly ambitious, claimed higher things—the sovereignty of the Great Beyond.

For the third time, the Tempter spoke; offering this time the fair forms of celestial lovers, infinitely delicious and alluring, such as are not to be won by mortals. But the candidate, knowing a more excellent beauty and higher delight, again put aside the temptation. Thus, thrice tried, and thrice proven, he was accepted by the Initiator. He passed on living into the Great Beyond, in the power of the real Self, the supreme Eternal.

Yet another scene from the Mysteries. The Initiator is again a king; the candidate a priest, weary of his priestcraft. The priest asks for knowledge of the secret ways that men's souls go forth on, and come back once more to the world; the path of the Fathers who are to be born again; the path of the Gods who need no more rebirth.

The king refuses, in the words of the old temptation. This is no wish for men. This is a wish for the Gods. But the old priest, who

has so long brought fruitless offerings to the Gods, now feels in himself a power that is their equal. He also shall know the great, the endless, the illimitable.

And, familiar with the rites, he himself numbers the further temptations, to disdain them; heaped-up gold, cattle and horses, fair slave-girls, serfs and robes. So he too passes onward, to rise from the pyre in a body of the color of the sun.

Yet another initiation. This time an ascetic enthusiast, led into the desert by the Breath, to be tried through the Adversary. And fasting two-score days and nights, he suffered the pangs of hunger, even unto death. And the Assayer came to him, saying that if it were true that he was a son of the Eternal, his birthright should at least save him from want, giving him food instead of the stones of the desert.

But the candidate answered that divinity needed no material success, nor even life itself. For the soul can live of itself, even though failing utterly of material success.

Then another temptation, this time to soaring pride; that the soul should cast itself down from the holy place to the earth, for no depth of descent could harm it. But the candidate discerned that the inviolable soul must also remain perfectly pure, on the summit of the holy place, not descending into defilement.

The last temptation; all the realms of the world and the glory of them, as the reward of the great betrayal. But the aspirant lightly valued these things, seeking nothing outside the Eternal.

Then the Adversary gave place to the Messengers. And thenceforth, well-proven, the new Initiate lived and spoke as a son of the Eternal, with power over the realms of life and death.

These are the immemorial Mysteries, with ever the same ancient goal: the powers of life and death, the realm of the Great Beyond. Nor can any enter the realm, until thus assayed and proven as gold.

C.

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## HEARTS AND HANDS.

If the world is to be transformed it must be done by human hearts and hands. Numerous organizations have been formed from time to time for alleviating sorrows and redressing wrongs, but after all it is a poor way to comfort the world's despair. The kind look, the sympathetic human touch, are they not so much more potent to heal, to vivify, to restore? Someone has compared such organizations to automatic machines, where gold is put in at one end and our brother draws his

help out at the other, and it is an apt illustration. All barriers that stand between the common man and the achievement of a common destiny must be removed. It is possible to take up so much time trying to read the riddle of the destinies that we may not feel the beating of the common heart, may forget, in fact, that we are men and women. Knitting the brow and gazing at some physical object may be "concentration," but even much of it will fail to gladden the heart of one groping and pining among the tombs. "Dignified" and "lofty" Theosophy, as now advocated by *Lucifer*, may be all very well in its way, but is it not better to come down from our pedestals and open our deeper hearts, so that others may hear the song of life and rejoice? What use spending time over the exact pronunciation of a Sanskrit word? Leave that to the scholar, and let us be Theosophists for a change. Time will slowly but surely undermine our pedestals, and if we sit there long enough we will come down, pedestal and all.

But the dawn is here at last. The herald of the new day has come. Theosophy will be humanized, and the common people shall hear it gladly as before. In human life, Theosophy claims once again her heritage. Hail to the new Crusade! It is easy to feel where the "force" is, and to see that it will break through every tumult. H. P. B. is an eagle this time.

D. N. D.

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#### THE EAGLE AND THE HENS.

[Fable by Ivan Kriloff, from whom H. P. B. quoted constantly, not minding in the least that her English readers could not possibly catch on to the allusion.—V. J.]

AN eagle drinking in the brightness of the morn,  
 Soared through the upper air  
 And hovered there,  
 Where lightning gleams are born.  
 At last from cloudland and the mountain's misty head  
 The king of birds descending rested on a shed.  
 Though this was hardly fitted for an eagle's throne,  
 Yet sovereign souls have fancies of their own.  
 Perhaps he wished the shed to grace,  
 Or found close by no better place,  
 No oak or granite summit lone.  
 But soon the eagle—why nobody knows—  
 On broad wings rose  
 And on another shed sought new repose.



Observing this a worthy barn-door hen,  
 Nudging her neighbor, reasoned thus:  
 "They honor eagles more than us,  
 Because they soar so high, perhaps, but then  
 I'm certain sure, when all is said,  
 That even I could fly from shed to shed!  
 We must not be such silly geese again  
 And praise these eagles to the skies,  
 They've just two feet like us and just two eyes,  
 You saw yourself, that great big stupid flies  
 Quite near the ground, no better than a hen!"  
 The eagle answered: "Friend, quite right.  
 And reasonable, yet not quite:  
 Though eagles sometimes through the barn-yard fly,  
 No hen has yet ascended to the sky!"

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#### THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES.

**Fand.** Will it be magic? is whispered. Will it be ceremonies such as we read of in ancient days? will we have the forms in detail as when then we took part in the ancient Mysteries?

A very wise person has said it will not be well to speculate what they will be when revived, because we do not *know*; for when the time for the revival comes we may find we have been mistaken. So we will not speculate foolishly. We had better leave the details to time and those behind the scenes who alone *know*.

But this we can venture to believe, that there will be those who together will reach in the soul such a point of spiritual development that words will be unnecessary. The mystery of the soul will be in part discovered, and it will be possible (as we sometimes sense now) to converse without words, to see and know our other selves in a truer sense than it is possible now even dimly to imagine.

The mysteries of the human heart will be revealed, but best of all the power to relieve some of the great sum of sorrow heavy Karma has put upon humanity, will be the privilege of those who take part in this revival. What greater wonder, what greater power to gain than this held out to us as part of the revival of the ancient Mysteries? Then will be known how to lift the veil which hides the Spiritual Sun which may illumine the heart of each, then by the power of this Sun "humanity will be saved."

Will this be the revival? if so may the Gods permit many to witness the beginning, may they permit many to take part in the revival of this mystery of the human heart, when "Man, know thyself," will in part be understood, not talked of only as a wise saying.

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**Pax.** And so the Mysteries are to be revived, and once more, after long and dreary centuries, the standard of mysticism is to be unfurled, and to be floated publicly before the eyes of all men. Again the faithful guardians of the Gnosis are about to invite the truth-seekers all over the world to come and drink of the perennial spring of the old Wisdom-Religion, without money and without price.

A feeling of great exultation arises in the heart at first, as though all would now be easy, and that, like little birds, we have only to open our mouths and the sacred ambrosia will be placed inside. Such cannot be. Occultism cannot be taught, it must be learnt, and now, as in the days of Jesus, only "he who hath ears" will hear. No teacher, however great and powerful, can avail us anything unless we have trained the ear, by long and painful striving, to catch the "Voice in the Spiritual Sound."

"The great secret," so the mediæval mystics were wont to say, "was so simple that it might be discovered by a woman while sitting at her spinning-wheel"; and so, though doubtless great advantages may be found at the college of occultism, yet those unable to attend on the instructions may contentedly remain at home, knowing full well that what they seek may be found wherever they are.

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**Red Man.** What can we say about these lost Mysteries of antiquity? Deep down in ourselves we feel we are not wholly unacquainted with them, but to give to anyone else anything intelligible about them, to put our thoughts and ideas into words, is a somewhat difficult matter.

The Mysteries concern the inner life, and are only lost to those who neither know nor care about this deep life. Those earnest ones who have searched and are still searching for the Truth have doubtless penetrated beyond the veil, though maybe unconsciously to themselves. The revival of the Mysteries before the world again betokens a great change in the mind and thought of mankind; were it not for this change they could not be thus publicly reëstablished. The object of the Mysteries is to help man to fulfil that old command, "Know thyself." And not

in words do I think the Mysteries are taught, but in symbols and color, sound and flame. This teaching is only possible when man has become largely indifferent to outward things, and centres himself more in the Reality. It is not possible to teach the Mysteries to one who is all unheeding of any other world than this. For very truly is it said: "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." The sacred things will never be disclosed to him who would not understand them. But, O humanity, be glad that the Mysteries are once more among us, that the day of promise, long looked for, has arrived, a day which will close, only to give birth to a still brighter day, when perfect unity reigns among all beings.

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**Roy.** The thought of the revival of the lost Mysteries brings a ray of hope to many hearts. But it is well, perhaps, not to dream in that ray of hope, and more advisable to ask the practical question, "What does it really mean to us?" In ancient times, candidates at the mysteries did not receive knowledge without first having their natures tried to the utmost. That this was so brings another ray of hope to those who think of the welfare of the race. A greater curse could not befall humanity than knowledge developed for personal use, or a more useless waste of energy than power placed within the reach of those who have not the strength to wield it.

The great school for training human nature does not depend on man's idea of fortune and misfortune. Even in the much-abused nineteenth century civilization can the soul reap a rich harvest. Where could we have a better chance for testing our personal indifference to earthly sorrows and joys? Where a greater opportunity of realizing the fleeting littleness of life, which leads us to seek the equal-minded stillness of the soul? Where a greater school for stirring within us compassion, the flame in which shines divine perception? Are not these some of the powers which will lead humanity to seek the school of the Mysteries?

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"So far from being a system apart from Paganism, Christianity is, in fact, a survival of some of the exoteric teachings and rites of the Pagan Mysteries of Chaldea, Egypt and Greece; and its sacred literature contains but mutilated selections from text-books used in the secret schools centuries before the so-called Christian era. Even if the history of the primitive church did not clearly show its Pagan

origin, a translation of the New Testament, restoring to the technical words employed the precise meanings those same words had in the Pagan system, would conclusively prove it. Only by the recognition of this fact and the restoration of that ancient system of which Christianity is only a distorted and misinterpreted fragment, can Christendom escape from the two schools of thought, which, though adverse to each other, are alike the foes of spiritual truth; from the fanatical followers of the dead-letter, and from the materialistic opponents of religious blind belief who glory in an equally blind unbelief; from religionists who make of the Christos an idol, and from anti-religionists who see in him only a sun-myth.

“For nearly 2,000 years those ancient Mysteries, which Aristides called ‘the common temple of the earth,’ have been unknown in the outer world; but the secret schools have never passed out of existence, the Initiates who have the key of the Gnosis still remain among men, and the beginning of the next century will see the rebuilding of the temple and the revival of the sacred teachings in all their purity.”

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#### THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THE Irish press has been most considerate and courteous of late in publishing articles and notices connected with the present Crusade, the forthcoming Convention, and other recent events. One paper, while disavowing any connection with the Society, boldly takes up the cudgels in defence of its work and ideals. Surely the dawn of intellectual and religious freedom, and, greater than these, of kindly toleration, is at hand. The attitude is now, “What have they got to say, anyhow?” rather than, “Where are they wrong?”

Active preparations are being made for the arrival of the American and European Theosophists on August 1st, and a full programme of proceedings on August 2nd and 3rd will be issued shortly by the Executive Councillors for Europe. There will also be a “brotherhood supper” to the poor on the evening of Saturday, August 1st.

The present session here will close with discussions as follows: July 22nd, *Psychic Law and Ethics*; 29th, *Harmony*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.