

# THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST

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PRICE ONE PENNY

This being the first issue of a new journal, we think it right to offer a few words which will, in some degree, indicate our objects. The march of events in connection with the spread of Theosophy in Ireland necessitates, in our opinion, some publication which will, in a measure, represent the teaching of Theosophy, and bind more closely the already existing bonds of brotherhood, so clearly defined in the first object of the Society. It is evident that at present there is more than a usual stirring in the hearts and minds of people, that there is a breaking up of old beliefs and customs. "Religion is herself in transformation;" the broken images that have been set up for the world's worship, lie scattered about like the wreck of some plaster model. Thus, the letter of religion perishes, and all that remains is a religious sentiment. As religions commence to perish, they adapt themselves as far as possible or profitable, to the custom of the age; the priestly teachers commencing to interpret their standards of dogma, figuratively and fancifully, as they do their scriptures, until men begin to feel it is time to put away childish things and have realities.

How to grapple with the problem, is the question we must face. It is a generally understood modern idea that the pursuit of pure science is a safe retreat from the many perplexing problems both spiritual and religious. But when we consider the actual state, in which the life of man and his surroundings is; that science bases all its conclusions from the facts of life so presented, it is not to be wondered at that history bears a dismal witness to the continual dissatisfaction of the human mind with all previous attempts of science to harmonize the philosophy of things.

What is wanted in our opinion, is a clear conception,—a true knowledge of man's spiritual condition, aim, and destiny, and this we believe is offered to a reasonable certainty in Theosophical teaching and literature. This brotherhood we speak of is, in our thinking, no mere Utopia, it is a fact of existence. In its unity all are embraced. As the law of growth throbs through every atom of the realm of matter, so in every expression of the moral nature, every mould and form of religious life, but the workings of that inward spirit, that from the raw material of human passion and experience, shall draw forth little by little, the perfect results of ideal goodness.

We will endeavour to point out the truth underlying every religion, favouring no form in particular. At the foundation we believe science and religion are together, germinally at one, and only as this is recognized can science take her true

place in the service of man. The best of men have made the greatest failures; one philosopher after another has dipped his sponge to wipe his slate and make a new *tabula rasa* for himself. Science in limiting herself to sensuous observation, pure and simple, and the mere mathematical and logical deductions therefrom, but postulates a negation.

We seek for something which will enlist all our sympathies and satisfy every aspiration of the soul. We seek truth, and she will not unveil herself to be gazed at by a purient intellectual eye; we must live for her, and her alone. Above all we lay emphasis on *Universal Brotherhood*, because we believe, in this alone lies the true key to all knowledge. In another column we give a few particulars of publication. Born as the result of private work and endeavour, we ask our readers to overlook any shortcomings, and invite their assistance, in making our work a success.

We wish to draw attention to the article on "The Theosophical Life" by Mrs. Besant, written specially for our first number. It expresses in her usual clear and forcible manner the importance of mental action, in relation to Universal Brotherhood.

... ..

It is worth while mentioning, that Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Reincarnation", delivered in the Antient Concert Rooms early in August, was reported by all the Dublin morning and evening papers without any unfriendly comment whatever; indicating pretty clearly, the change that has come over the minds of people, with regard to Theosophy.

It was a wise move on the part of the *Ethical Echo*, to give it a verbatim report in its September issue.

... ..

W. Q. Judge, president elect T. S. in his short address at the conversazione held at Dublin Lodge, made a remark that rather startled some of his audience.

He said, "To-night I have met some strange shapes in this room, and I asked them if any one here was trying to elevate their fellow men by a materialistic philosophy, and they answered 'yes.'"

"Now" said Mr. Judge, continuing, "I tell you, that is impossible."

About a month ago the Dublin Lodge issued its winter syllabus, presenting a most interesting series of discussions.

It is as follows:—Sept. 7 Why we are Theosophists, F. J. Dick; Sept. 21, The Seven Principles of Man, H. M. Magee; Oct. 5, Theosophy, its aims and methods, Wm. Kingsland; Oct. 19, The Higher Mind, G. W. Russell; Nov. 2, Mysticism and Modern Thought, W. B. Yeats; Nov. 16 Karma, friend or foe?, P. E. Jordan; Nov. 30 Inherited Karma, G. A. H. Johnston. The meetings commence at eight p. m. are open to all, and visitors are allowed to take part in the discussions. A new feature is added in the shape of a question book.

... ..

F. J. Dick the energetic and untiring secretary of the Dublin Lodge, is, and has been for some time, the principal mainstay of Theosophy in Dublin. We believe he was the one to make a permanent headquarters possible, and ever since its establishment he has been on the spot,—devoting all his spare moments to the cause.

... ..

In April last the North Dublin Centre was established, and all through the summer fortnightly meetings were held,

and some good work done. But it does not stop here. A new syllabus for the coming session has been prepared, particulars will be found further on. Up to the present its meetings have not been open to the public, but such a step may be necessary ere long.

... ..  
 "Honour to whom honour is due." To the North Dublin Centre is due any credit that may be attached to the issue of the first printed Theosophical magazine in Ireland. All the work in connection with, it is done by its members after their necessary daily avocations are over, and is purely a "labour of love".

... ..  
 The Ethical Society is now in full swing and with its Sunday evening discussions and monthly magazine, is doing useful work. The life and soul of the movement is Clement Richardson the secretary. Last session he read a paper on "A Useless God" which created rather a sensation among christian devotees. He is of powerful physique, and would impress one as if he had been combating the "Useless God" through different hemispheres and that some doubt still existed as to who would have the victory. He is a fine fellow withal, is Clement Richardson, and his genial smile reveals a kindly sympathetic nature, which is too often lacking these matter-of-fact days. He will be sure to make the best of the Society and of the Magazine.

... ..  
 W. B. Yeats and E. J. Ellis, we believe have now completed their work on Blake with memoir and interpretation, which will be of much interest to all mystical and occult students. Blake was the first to substitute the more universal language of literature for that of theology in connection with mysticism.

The first edition consisting of two vols of five hundred pages will be expensive, owing to the reproduction of pictures and illustrations, but we understand a cheap edition is in contemplation.

... ..  
 E. J. Ellis, so far as he is known to the public at all, is known as the author of a singular volume of poems entitled "Fate in Arcadia." It deals mainly with mystical and occult subjects, and is illustrated by himself with strange and weird designs. He is a wit of no mean order, and a visionary of whom the world will some day probably hear a good deal.

... ..  
 W. B. Yeats contemplates following Blake with a book on the elemental world giving the result of his own investigations into realms invisible. He also intends publishing shortly a book dealing with ghouls, goblins and fairies, to be entitled "Celtic Twilight" and illustrated by his brother Jack Yeats.

... ..  
 Charles Weeks, whose article on Yeats' "Countess Kathleen" appeared in the October *Bookman*, will we are told, shortly issue a poem called "Paul Verget," founded on a story told by Eliphas Levi of a young priest who took to the study of black magic and was incited by demons to the murder of his archbishop. C. W. was, until recently, one of the most prominent Dublin Theosophists.

... ..  
 Next issue we will be in a position to give particulars of some interesting features, which at present we are trying to arrange for, and with your help we intend to go right on. It is our desire, that this little paper should be welcomed every month by our brothers and sisters as the inspirer of peace, love and abundant good-will.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL LIFE.

People very fairly and rightly judge a tree by its fruits, and a practical philosophy by its effects on the lives of its professors. If a system puts forth ethical claims, it cannot complain if its claims and its results are set side by side, for an inoperative moral system is little better than no moral system at all.

Now the key-note of Theosophy is brotherhood, and it is on this that its great Teachers have laid so much stress. And the Brotherhood it enforces is not a dreamy Utopia, far away either in time or space, but a Brotherhood to be carried out, right here and now, in our family and social life. An unbrotherly brother is no brother, and so a teacher wrote:—"He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.

It may be said that this same key-note has been struck by every great Teacher of our race, by Gautama, the Buddha, as by Jesus, the Christ. That is a weighty truth, and it reminds us that every great Teacher has come forth from One Central Brotherhood, is a Branch of One Central Stem. The value of the teaching is not lessened, but increased, when we find that the Great Souls, honoured by millions upon millions of human beings, have all had one lip and one language on this vital truth. And if it be asked, why then should Theosophy re-proclaim it? the answer is, because the social and international condition of the world proves that the principle is not yet widely operative. Some of us think that if it be proved, as it is proved in Theosophy, that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, that it does not rest on a command, "Be ye Brothers" but on a plain statement, "Ye are Brothers," men, recognising the fact, will begin to put themselves into accord with it, as they do with other facts of nature once definitely recognised and understood. Now Theosophy does prove this fact; it proves it on the physical, astral, psychic, mental and spiritual planes of being, and so gives to the immemorial teaching a basis ascertained by a scientific method.

From this investigation into Brotherhood as a fact in nature, the Theosophist, learns that he is affecting his surroundings far more than he before imagined.

He learns on the physical plane that his body consists of myriads of minute lives, which come and go incessantly; that the lives that come to him dwell with him awhile, and are impressed and modified by the treatment they receive while they are his guests; they leave him to fall on other bodies; mineral, vegetable, animal and human, and to carry to those the modifications received from him, their previous host. Hence the importance of physical purity, of pure diet, of temperance in all things. If these tiny lives are fed grossly, are impregnated with alcohol, are in any way tainted during their stay with us, they go out as our messengers of mischief to our surroundings, setting up fresh evils, or intensifying any existing evils of their own type that they may meet. To take a salient instance; the lives which take up alcohol in the body of a "moderate drinker", falling on the body of a drunkard intensify his craving for drink.

The Theosophist further learns that he is ever peopling the astral plane with the

offspring of his thoughts, desires, and emotions. These affect all around him, giving them impulses towards good or evil, for we all think each other's thoughts as we breathe each others breaths. Pure, lofty and unselfish thoughts tend to reflect themselves in the brains of others, helping them to noble living. So also do thoughts of anger, lust and cruelty, reflect themselves in the brains around us, and epidemics of crime are due to this "astral light" action, playing on natures already morbidly susceptible to criminal impulses. All men are working thus unconsciously on the mental and astral planes, but the Theosophist should be a conscious worker, and should constantly be helping the world forward by his thoughts.

Thus mindful of the action on the outer world that he cannot avoid—being forced to act, but able to choose his line of acting—the Theosophist will further study his surroundings, to see where he can most usefully employ his energies.

Holding himself as a servant of humanity, and his powers as held in trust for the common good, he will seek opportunities of active personal service. He will take part in such social and political movements as his best judgment approves, testing each by love and justice, those being the two great aspects of Brotherhood in practice. He will be careful that his life is not a burden on others, but will faithfully render back in work all that he takes for support. He will, as far as is possible in our complex system, avoid making himself partner in oppression or injustice, and will try and understand his relations with those of his Brothers who provide by their labor any of the means of his subsistence. In choosing his line of service he will have regard to his capacity, his knowledge, and his opportunities, and work in public movements, in private benevolence, with pen, or tongue, or hand, according to his powers. One good rule he may follow: never to give up any kind of social service, unless it be to take up some heavier task; the ordinary work of political or social reform, or of philanthropy, should only be renounced in favor of some more toilsome and imperative duty, not in favor of ease and selfish pursuits.

Thus should the Theosophist live.

Annie Besant, F. T. S.

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While the yellow constellations shine with pale and tender glory.  
 In the lilac-scented stillness, let us listen to Earth's story.  
 All the flow'rs like moths a-flutter glimmer rich with dusky hues,  
 Everywhere around us seem to fall from nowhere the sweet dews.  
 Through the drowsy lull, the murmur, stir of leaf and sleepy hum  
 We can feel a gay heart beating, hear a magic singing come.  
 Ah, I think that as we linger lighting at earth's olden fire  
 Fitful gleams in clay that perish, little sparks that soon expire,  
 So the mother brims her gladness from a life beyond her own,  
 From whose darkness as a fountain up the fiery days are thrown  
 Starry worlds which wheel in splendour, sunny systems, histories,  
 Vast and nebulous traditions told in the eternities:  
 And our list'ning mother whispers through her children all the story:  
 Come, the yellow constellations shine with pale and tender gl'ry!

G. W. R.

## INVOKING THE IRISH FAIRIES.

The Occultist and student of Alchemy whom I shall call D. D. and myself sat at opposite sides of the fire one morning, wearied with symbolism and magic. D. D. had put down a kettle to boil. We were accustomed to meet every now and then, that we might summon the invisible powers and gaze into the astral light; for we had learned to see with the internal eyes. But this morning we knew not what to summon, for we had already on other mornings invoked that personal vision of impersonal good which men name Heaven, and that personal vision of impersonal evil, which men name Hell. We had called up likewise, the trees of knowledge and of life, and we had studied the hidden meaning of the Zodiac, and enquired under what groups of stars, the various events of the bible story were classified by those dead Occultists who held all things, from the firmament above to the waters under the Earth, to be but symbol and again symbol. We had gone to ancient Egypt, seen the burial of her dead and heard mysterious talk of Isis and Osiris. We had made the invisible powers interpret for us the mystic tablet of Cardinal Bembo, and we had asked of the future and heard words of dread and hope. We had called up the Klippoth and in terror seen them rush by like great black rams, and now we were a little weary of shining colours and sweeping forms. "We have seen the great and they have tired us," I said; "let us call the little for a change. The Irish fairies may be worth the seeing; there is time for them to come and go before the water is boiled."

I used a lunar invocation and left the seeing mainly to D. D. She saw first a thin cloud as though with the ordinary eyes and then with the interior sight, a barren mountain crest with one ragged tree. The leaves and branches of the tree were all upon one side, as though it had been blighted by the sea winds. The Moon shone through the branches and a white woman stood beneath them. We commanded this woman to show us the fairies of Ireland marshalled in order. Immediately a great multitude of little creatures appeared, with green hair like sea-weed and after them another multitude dragging a car containing an enormous bubble. The white woman, who appeared to be their queen, said the first were the water fairies and the second the fairies of the air. The first were called the Gelki and the second the Gieri (I have mislaid my notes and am not quite certain if I give their names correctly). They passed on and a troop who were like living flames followed and after them a singular multitude whose bodies were like the stems of flowers and their dresses like the petals. These latter fairies after a while, stood still under a green bush from which dropped honey like dew and thrust out their tongues, which were so long, that they were able to lick the honey-covered ground without stooping. These two troops were the fairies of the fire and the fairies of the earth.

The white woman told us that these were the good fairies and that she would now bring D. D. to the fairies of evil. Soon a great abyss appeared and in the midst was a fat serpent, with forms, half animal, half human, polishing his heavy scales.

The name of this serpent was Grew-grew and he was the chief of the wicked goblins. About him moved quantities of things like pigs, only with shorter legs, and above him in the air flew vast flocks of cherubs and bats. The bats, however flew with their heads down and the cherubs with their foreheads lower than their winged chins. — I was at the time studying a mystic system that makes this inversion of the form a mark of certain types of evil spirits, giving it much the

same significance as is usually given to the inverted pentagram. This system was unknown to D. D. whose mind was possibly, however, overshadowed for the moment by mine; the invoking mind being always more positive than the mind of the seer. — Had she been invoking the conditions would have been reversed.

Presently the bats and cherubs and the forms that a moment before had been polishing the scales of Grew-grew, rushed high up into the air and from an opposite direction appeared the troops of the good fairies, and the two kingdoms began a most terrible warfare. The evil fairies hurled burning darts but were unable to approach very near to the good fairies, for they seemed unable to bear the neighbourhood of pure spirits. The contest seemed to fill the whole heavens, for as far as the sight could go the clouds of embattled goblins went also. It is that contest of the minor forces of good and evil which knows no hour of peace but goes on everywhere and always. The fairies are the lesser spiritual moods of that universal mind, wherein every mood is a soul and every thought a body.

Their world is very different from ours, and they can but appear in forms borrowed from our limited consciousness, but nevertheless, every form they take and every action they go through, has its significance and can be read by the mind trained in the correspondence of sensuous form and supersensuous meaning.

D. E. D. I.

#### REVIEWS AND NOTES

“Old Diary Leaves” by H. S. Olcott, now running through the *Theosophist*, is perhaps one of the most remarkable additions to recent theosophical literature, as well as the most interesting and artistic matter which the *Theosophist* has printed for two or three years. In leaves two and three, are incidents which attracted us.—The bare statement of H. P. B.’s changing a cabin ticket from Havre to New York, in order to have the power of purchasing passage for a woman and children; (she also going steerage) this after having exhausted her powers of persuasion (and objur-gation) on the booking clerk, who was quite unoffending. And the dozen of towels hemmed by a poor Elemental; the Colonel being somewhat puzzled as to whether H. P. B. or the Spirit was the worst seamstress,—are worth much, as indicating the complete honesty of H. S. O. A careful study of the “Diary Leaves” enforces the conviction that the writer firmly believed every sentence which came from his pen. He is absolutely sincere and never omits any fact lest it endanger his cause, or present H. P. B. in less respectable colours, or at anyrate in less conventional garments,—“Short straw-coloured hair, crinkled to the roots, like the fleece of a cotswoold ewe, and a red shirt;” a steerage passage chosen in order to help a duped and miserable stranger; psychic phenomena of a most remarkable character; progressive philosophy;—yes! the “Old Diary Leaves” are worth reading.

The *Path* for September is even better than usual, to our mind. “The Place Of Peace” by Annie Besant, contains some of her most beautiful writing—“What does it matter if in some small strife we failed or we succeeded.” “What our Society needs most,” is an unsigned article, which will strike most people as too practical,—“Intellectual study only, of our philosophy, will not speedily better the world. It must, of course, have effect through immortal ideas, once set in motion, but while we are waiting for those ideas to bear fruit among men, a revolution

may break out and sweep us away." All the other articles are well worth reading

The September *Lucifer* is the first number of a new volume, and is, as a whole, too learned, too full of technicalities for general reading. 'The Watch Tower' notes and the quotations from Prof. Huxley and John Ruskin, are to be read and remembered. Want of space prevents us noticing the other articles.

The current number of the *Ethical Echo* is up to its usual standard. It opens with a short account of Dr. Stanton Coit, with portrait. He visits Dublin this month, and it is hoped that as a result, a neighbourhood guild may be formed, and "it is hardly necessary to insist on the crying need there is for such a departure" The second article is a criticism from an agnostic point of view of Mrs. Besant's lecture in the Ancient Concert Rooms on "Reincarnation." The writer while admitting the idea of Reincarnation as a reasonable hypothesis, regards Heredity as a sufficient cause in itself to account for the facts adduced by Mrs. Besant in support of the Theosophical Doctrine. Perhaps J. C. B., sometime might explain why "mankind have the capacity for clothing themselves," and where they obtained "the least spark of spiritual flame." In reading "The Rev. Gyles Wrestler," a poem by Charles Weekes, one almost loses sight of the beauty of its diction, and perfection of style, in the pain of the picture so vividly presented; "Ah! but the world is a very sad old place." Mr. Richardson's paper at the opening meeting of the Ethical Society, on Morality and Religion comes last. He spends a good deal of time hammering at old faiths that already lie in ruins, and seems to have no veneration for "the shrines that hold their mystery." He finishes by trying to shew that it is phosphorus, carbon and nitrogen that thinks and knows, that recollects the past, and anticipates the future and reaches out in aspiration for perfection—in fact that the coat is the man.

Father Clarke S. J. has been preaching on Theosophy to crowded congregations at Manchester. We must reserve 'till next month any detailed notice of the two sermons reported in the *Catholic Times*. At present we merely note with satisfaction the fairness and moderation of tone shown in Father Clarke's exposition of Theosophy, and we must add, the extreme feebleness from a non-catholic point of view, of his concluding denunciation.

In this connection we take the opportunity of recording our appreciation of the courage of the *Dublin Figaro* in opening its columns in defence of Theosophy.

We hope its circulation will not suffer in consequence,—or is it that Theosophy is now "taking on"?

#### OUR WORK

On Tuesday Sept. 29., an interesting paper was read by Miss Lawrence on "Psychic Phenomena" at the North Dublin Centre T. S. The meeting was fairly attended, and much interest shown in Miss Lawrence's "personal experiences." This finished the summer syllabus, and a new syllabus has been issued for the next 3 months as follows:— Oct. 11 The Secret Doctrine, W. Kingsland; Oct. 25 Marriage Relations, John Varian; Nov. 8 The Three Keys, G. A. H. Johnston; Nov. 22 Theosophy and Christianity, Miss Lawrence; Dec. 6 The Tatwas, M. F. Wright; Dec. 20 Psychic Science, D. N. Dunlop.

W. Kingsland, president of the Chiswick Lodge T. S., arrived in Dublin on 4th inst. to carry on a week's propaganda in Ireland. He delivered an address at 3 Upr. Ely Place on the 5th inst. on "Theosophy its Aims and Methods," to a large and appreciative audience, and lectured at Belfast also on the same subject on 6th inst. Next issue we hope to give a full report.