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Universal warfare is the condition of the world. The advance of thought has brought about new conditions, and generated new antagonisms. The question now is not "what does Scripture teach?" but "what does Nature teach?" The whole current of thought seems in the direction of agnosticism. In imagination the Roman Catholic is relieved from the responsibility of his soul's salvation, for the Church cares and is responsible. Peter's barque awaits to rescue him. He trusts the boatman, and doubts not that all will be well. On the other hand, Protestantism but substitutes the authority of a less pretentious nodule, for that of a Universal See. Everywhere, conformity to sect opinion and custom. Everywhere bigotry, intolerance, arrogance and a persecuting spirit. The Ethical Movement, formed to assist in constructing a theory of right, has failed so far to do so. They have not yet found that *Central Principle*, the nearness or remoteness from which proves our ideas true or false. The socialist seeks redemption from tyrannous material conditions, ignoring the problem of individual regeneration. And so the destructive process goes rapidly on. No true priesthood, no organized religion. No true philosophership, no corresponding culture.

The ancients believed the sun was alive, that it breathed. To the materialistic scientist of to-day the sun is dead, a ball of dry fire. To them the earth also is dead, whirled into coherence and held to shape by soulless gravitation. We are educated in the science of seeming; not in the science of *being*. We are taught to regard our deeper consciousness as the breeding-place of illusion and confusion.

We are taught that we are separate entities, whose private welfare depends on the repression of the instinct to humane association. We look back and criticise our own shadows, and from the light so derived pursue a train of reasoning which ends in shadow, mere shadow. And the farther we advance in this direction, the more we lose sight of the Divine Genius the race involves.

The dead weight of ob-solete environments impedes the advance. A mighty effort must be made if this impediment is to be overthrown. The craving of men after righteousness—to get rid of the thralldom of their own existence, is the push of the divine faculty or principle, of which, as one of the race, each partakes "World building is slow building." When aged and decaying systems appear ripe for ruin, and when chaos seems to impend, then ensues the crisis that evidences the initial stages of a new series in evolution.

THEOSOPHY IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

NO. II WHAT IS THEOSOPHY? — FIRST PRINCIPLES. (*contd.*)

Now this one Omnipresent Energy of which, as science tells us, "matter" is a partial manifestation, is to the Theosophist, itself but an external phase or aspect of the *living* Breath which flows from the One Source of all life, consciousness and intelligence. When we look around us at the objects of the material universe—stars and planets, winds, waters, rocks, trees—we are looking upon mere appearances in which, to our imperfect physical perception, the One Spirit has clothed itself.

Remember, it is not maintained that these objects are *unreal*. That is a false mysticism from which no satisfying philosophy of life, no true system of ethics can be derived. What Theosophy teaches is, that the *appearances* of things, which give us the notion of motionless, inert, lifeless substance, are illusory.

Underneath these misleading appearances, thrills ceaselessly One Universal Life, the same in essence that vibrates in the consciousness of each of us, men and women. And so we reach a conception of that which is the corner-stone of Theosophy—the doctrine of the living unity of nature, of the inseparable kinship with all the myriad lives—human, sub-human and super-human, which throng the Universe. On this truth, for the Theosophist, hang "all the law and the prophets."

NO. III UNIVERSAL MIND.

Having reached the conception of a Universal Ocean of life welling forth in countless visible and invisible forms throughout all nature, we are met by the great difficulty which the infinite complexity of all this cosmic life presents, in any effort to comprehend and realize its presence everywhere around us. To the astronomer, the milky way, which the unaided eye discerns as a continuous cloud of luminous haze, reveals itself under the telescope as a wondrous congeries of innumerable distinct stars. In like manner, to the student of occult nature, the sea of life around him resolves itself into numberless elemental lives or entities, each pursuing an evolution of its own. At first sight then, a variety so endless a complexity so baffling, so inscrutable, might seem to argue against, rather than in favour of, the inner unity of life of which we have spoken.

But reflect one moment on the other side of the picture, or rather, leaving aside for the present the analytical view of Proteus-like Nature, consider this same Nature as a whole: let us contemplate rather than dissect. What do we find? What does the very conception *Uni-verse* imply? What mean the *laws* of nature? How came the affinities and groupings of elements, atoms, molecules, planets, suns, systems? Atheism talks of "chance." Agnosticism says with a shrug "we do not know." Exoteric Theism speaks confidently of an inconceivable Deity, self-contradictory in his attributes. Theosophy whispers "Universal Mind." It is by reason of the *mind* in Nature, mirrored more or less fully and consciously in each of Nature's living units, according to their degree of evolution, that man is able first to perceive, then to realize, lastly to enter consciously and actively into the eternal harmony of things. By observing and following the laws of his own inner being, he is able to discern the larger sweep of the same laws in the world about

This is one of the most important principles of Theosophy and of Occultism. It affords the *rationale* of the magical powers and spiritual knowledge and insight of the Initiates on whose teachings we claim that modern Theosophy is founded.

NO. IV THE SEVEN "PLANES" AND "PRINCIPLES."

Most of us, no doubt—whether Theosophists or not, have been struck by the curious and persistent influence of the number seven, not alone in the mythology and ritual of every ancient religion, but in phenomena of nature around us, as in the color-spectrum, the musical scale, the weights and properties of chemical elements, or the periodic phases of organic life familiar to the physiologist. Have we not felt instinctively that some mysterious unifying principle of number must relate together effects that are otherwise so diverse? And has not the importance so unanimously accorded to the "perfect number" by antiquity, sometimes caused us to be haunted, even in spite of ourselves, with an impression of some deep wisdom, some hidden meaning in these myths and observances, of which we in modern times have lost the key?

Such questionings and surmises must have arisen in the minds of many who are unacquainted with the Theosophic philosophy, which alone offers a really adequate explanation of these strange coincidences. Here it is taught that the inner senses, once recognized and used by seers and initiates all over the world, but now become latent or dormant except in a comparatively few highly-endowed and highly-trained men of our race—have access to the subtler and finer realms of nature which permeate and ensoul the gross physical vesture of things; that when these inner senses are awakened, the various organic laws, forms and life-processes of which one limited set of faculties gives us cognizance, are then perceived as but partial, prismatic aspects of realities whose one Essence manifests itself in seven distinct manners. Thus man himself, the microcosm, is said to be composed of seven "principles"—related respectively to the seven "planes" of nature, the macrocosm. And as in the case of colour, the seven rays of the spectrum are found to consist of three primary, and four derivative rays, so in the Esoteric Philosophy, cosmos and man are regarded each as an essential trinity, manifested in four transitory aspects. We shall return further on, to the consideration of the sevenfold constitution of man. Meanwhile there is an important conception involved, as to the relation of different orders of being to one another in the evolutionary scale, which it will be well to try to make clear at this point.

The primal entities or lives, the first offshoots of separated being that awaken to conscious existence in the Cosmos, may be likened to drops of quicksilver which reflect in miniature the vast plan and pattern of starry heavens around them. By this comparison it is meant, that in every *monad* or elemental life that starts into existence, all the seven planes or principles are contained, as it were, in germ. Now as this germ unfolds, as consciousness expands, the entity is successively attracted within the sphere of other entities more advanced, that is, more e-volved or developed, and from these it derives the stimulus, or inner life-impulse, which impels it to further evolution. We have not far to look for an illustration of this law. Are not our bodies built up and cemented together by myriads of microscopic lives? On the inner planes of thought and feeling, again, we are equally surrounded and interpenetrated by other living entities known as "elementals." We ourselves, as we shall see later, are dependent for the stimulus to inner evolution, upon super-human beings, lofty intelligences that through ages and milleniums of the past have attained to the stature of the Divine, and whom men have worshipped as gods.

Thus we find, plane within plane, that the life in Nature "groweth up into a temple of the living God." Spiral beyond spiral, in sevenfold steps the path of evolution reaches in one grand continuity, from the lowest levels of dim half-consciousness, 'till it includes in its sweep the vast range of Cosmic Intelligence.

And behold! saith Wisdom, that Path, and that Kingdom of Heaven are within you.

(to be continued.)

LIGHT FROM THE PAST:—One of the signs of the times is a book, *The Letter and The Spirit*, by Mr. Geo. Trobridge (London, James Spiers; 4s.). The *Literary World* comments on it as follows — "The drift of Mr. Trobridge's *The Letter and the Spirit* is to show that the Church, by treating Swedenborg as an enemy acted unwisely; and he thinks it possible that now she is encompassed on all sides by enemies, she may repent and turn to Swedenborg as a deliverer. . . .

The doctrines of Swedenborg, which bear on the interpretation of the Scriptures, are:— I. From the Lord proceed the celestial, the spiritual and the natural, one after the other. II. The distinction between these three degrees cannot be known unless correspondences are known; for the Word *being interiorly spiritual and celestial, was written by pure correspondence, i. e.* representations of spiritual and heavenly things in natural forms. . . . The essentials of Swedenborg's system are as follows:— I. Everything proceeds from God through a regular series of gradations, orders and degrees. II. On love to God and charity to our neighbour hang all the Law and the Prophets. III. The body exists for the sake of Soul, which is immortal. IV. The end of creation is a Society of Souls, or Heaven." If we understand by this last clause the final spiritual unity of humanity we have here the fundamental teachings of Theosophy.

K R I S H N A .

"I am Beauty itself among beautiful things."
Bagavad-Gita.

The East was crowned with snow-cold bloom
And hung with veils of pearly fleece;
They died away into the gloom,
Vistas of peace, and deeper peace.

And earth and air and wave and fire
In awe and breathless silence stood,
For One who passed into their choir
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of anethyst, amid
The few strange stars that lit the heights,
Where was the secret spirit hid,
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights?

The flame of Beauty far in space—
When rose the fire, in Thee? in Me?
Which bowed the elemental race
To adoration silently.

G. W. R.

CONCENTRATION.

Beyond waking, dreaming and deep sleep is Turya. Here there is a complete change of condition; the knowledge formerly sought in the external world is now present *within* the consciousness; the ideations of universal mind are manifest in spiritual intuitions. The entrance to this state is through Jagrata, Svapna and Sushupti, and here that spiritual unity is realized, the longing for which draws the soul upwards through the shadowy worlds of dreaming and deep sleep. I have thought it necessary to supplement the brief statement made in the previous number by some further remarks upon concentration, for the term applied without reference to the Turya state is liable to be misunderstood and a false impression might arise that the spiritual is something to be sought for outside ourselves. The waking, dreaming and deep sleep states correspond to objective worlds, while Turya is subjective, including in itself all ideals. If this is so, we can never seek for the true beyond ourselves; the things we suppose we shall some time realize in spiritual consciousness must be present in it now, for to spirit all things are eternally present. Advance to this state is measured by the realization of moods; we are on the path when there surges up in the innermost recesses of our being the cry of the long imprisoned souls of men; we are then on our way to unity.

The Bhagavad-Gita which is a treatise on Raj Yoga, gives prominence to three aspects of concentration. Liberation is attained by means of action, by devotion, by spiritual discernment: these aspects correspond respectively to three qualities in man and nature, known as Tamas, Rajas and Satva. The Tamas is the gross, material or dark quality; Rajas is active and passionate; the attributes of Satva are light, peace, happiness, wisdom. No one while in the body can escape from the action of the three qualities, for they are brought about by nature which is compounded of them. We have to recognize this, and to continue action, aspiration and thought, impersonally or with some universal motive, in the manner nature accomplishes these things. Not one of these methods can be laid aside or ignored, for the Spirit moveth within all, these are its works, and we have to learn to identify ourselves with the moving forces of nature.

Having always this idea of brotherhood or unity in mind, by action—which we may interpret as service in some humanitarian movement—we purify the Tamas.

By a pure motive, which is the Philosopher's Stone, a potent force in the alchemy of nature, we change the gross into the subtle, we initiate that evolution which shall finally make the vesture of the soul of the rare, long-sought-for, primordial substance. Devotion is the highest possibility for the Rajas: that quality which is ever attracted and seduced by the beautiful mayas of fame, wealth and power, should be directed to that which it really seeks for, the eternal universal life; the channels through which it must flow outwards are the souls of other men, it reaches the One Life through the many. Spiritual discernment should be the aim of the Satva, "there is not anything, whether animate or inanimate which is without me," says Krishna, and we should seek for the traces of THAT in all things, looking upon it as the cause of the alchemical changes in the Tamas, as that which widens the outflowing love of the Rajas. By a continued persistence of this subtle analytic faculty, we begin gradually to perceive that those things which we formerly thought were causes, are in reality not causes at all; that there is but one cause for everything, "The Atma by which this universe is pervaded.

By reason of its proximity alone the body, the organs, Manas and Buddhi apply themselves to their proper objects as if applied (by some one else)." (The Crest Jewel of Wisdom). By uniting these three moods, action, devotion and spiritual discernment, into one mood, and keeping it continuously alight, we are accompany-

ing the movements of spirit to some extent. This harmonious action of all the qualities of our nature, for universal purposes without personal motive, is in *synchronous vibration* with that higher state spoken of at the beginning of the paper; therefore we are at one with it. "When the wise man perceiveth that the only agents of action are these qualities, and comprehends that which is superior to the qualities, he attains to my state. And when the embodied self surpasseth these three qualities of goodness, action and indifference—which are co-existent with the body, it is released from rebirth and death, old age and pain, and drinketh of the water of immortality."

F.

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REDEMPTION.

Is not primordial Cosmic Consciousness the consciousness of One—the Monad which is the Buddhic veil of the Unknowable Atma? It is called Adi-Buddha in its oneness and is "abstract consciousness"—the consciousness of a cosmos in its entirety, but still undifferentiated.

The moment the equipoise is disturbed, or vortical motion (as *laya centres*) sets up in the Akasa with its active polarity, the One becomes—not two—but *Three*—(product and not division.)

One, or Consciousness, cannot be divided. It has evolved and become *active* as cosmic substance in the dual Mahat which always contains The One. Still this consciousness is cosmic, substantive and single, as well, having no knowledge of the dual, Mahat. It does not become *Self-consciousness* until It (the monad through differentiation by Mahat) reaches in man the point of contact with its own Self as Atma-Buddhi, manifesting in man through Manas which is an imprisoned Ray of Mahat. "The Monad which successively differentiates through all kingdoms from the divine monadic essence which primarily encloses undifferentiated cosmic substance, is the same in the human as it is in the mineral, vegetable or animal forms of existence; and, finally, it emerges into a perfect union through *man* with its own essential Self that energizes through and in Manas as Atma-Buddhi." (W. R. Old, *Vahan* Sept.). That is to say—man is the seven-stringed harp that divides up this One Breath, or Monad, so that it *can* know itself. Each man since the third race who has become so finely organized, by mahatic action as to be capable of becoming a self-conscious unit appropriates to *himself*, by vibratory law acting through his aura, a ray of this cosmic Mahat, (in this connection called Manas) in order that, in time, his individual consciousness (Atma-Buddhi) may, through the refining Manas, become conscious of *Its Self* in him—and thus add the sum of its acquired sentiency (as Bliss) to the involuntary cosmic Self-Consciousness. From out this present absorbing Cosmic Self-Consciousness after Pralaya, will emerge a future Universe advanced above this present manifesting Universe to just that degree to which *man* has advanced the Cosmic Consciousness (or Monad) in its passage through the smelter of Manas in Humanity. H. P. B. says somewhere in the Secret Doctrine that there is nothing *in or on* this Earth that *man* has not made. This I can now understand to refer to the activity of *manas* in man, in advancing the *Cosmic Consciousness*, or Monad.

To account for the present correlation between the minds of men and the Universal Mind, I think we must take into consideration the multiplicity of gradations pervading our involving Monad, (gradations from man in his first thinking state to the highest Dhyanî of our manvantaric system,) and call the Universal divine Mind not Mahat—but *that part of Mahat* which has been *redeemed* from *Cosmic*

consciousness into *self-consciousness* by becoming first humanized, and thereafter deified.

We are told that "*all beings, without exception, either have been, are, or will be Man.*" The great heavenly hierarchies, and the Dhyān-Chohanīc hosts must *have been* man. What disturbs the equipoise or repose of the "Concealed Wisdom" from which disturbance, creation ensues?

I do not know if there be or be not in *Space* manifesting universes in pairs of positive and negative interaction. It seems to me that in *Time* we find the pairs of positive and negative following each other unendingly, as the positive impregnating manifested universe followed by the negative pralaya universe—or gestation of the Egg of Brahma—then this process complete, the positive becomes manifest again, and so on for ever and for ever.

Now the involutory cosmic consciousness *can* become *positive* (or reaches adolescence) only in and through *Manas*, and returns into *negativity* as impregnating cosmic *Self-Consciousness*; and the product or birth from this so impregnated "Egg of Brahma" will be a fresh cosmic Consciousness, or monad, which must be the refined experiences or memory of the *past Universe*.

And so all is spinning on, weaving memory for ever: and what is true of worlds and universes, is true also of our successive lives and of our begetting. (This may throw new light on reincarnation.)

The "*Virgin of the worlds*" is the dual but unseparated Mahat, the two-poled agent ever working (and in its working ever creating) and seeking the mate of its King and Lord, *Adi-Buddha*—until, after ages of sorrowing toil, it, as *Manas*, brings him face to face with his bride—and lo! it is *itself*—neither he nor she—they are One!

When and why did the *Agniswatta* become a part of our humanity? They are sons of a *Manu*—collectively men who have become *Self-Conscious* in a past and lower *Manvantara*—they are the glorified product of its *Manasic* activity.

The ceaseless Mahat of our present solar system—the dual-poled worker (through the *Tatwas* in their various vibrations which always work in positive and negative phases) evolved in the third Race of this Round the perfection of *polarity* in the male and female forms, separate one from the other, and when this differentiation was reached, the acme of our Solar Mahatic work was reached. Then the vibrations of those organisms were so fine and strong as to become synchronous with the lower vibrations of the Sun Lords—the *Agniswatti*, or *Self-Conscious Beings* of a past *manvantara*, they *could not choose* but be drawn into those perfected forms *by like vibrations*—but they, having become Lords in *Self-consciousness* (in this *grade* of involution) *can choose to create or no*.

Just here I find the explanation of the "Fall of Angels" and of "Free Will." I have never before found *sufficient cause* for this "fall into generation," nor able to see why it was a "rebellion" against heavenly power. I could not see the advantage gained by the Angels who dwelled in harmony in heaven, by descending upon earth to dwell in pain. Now I see that the descent was not simply for the purpose of generating (this was a result) but to be able to exercise *will* (*Buddhi*, force or *Consciousness*) separate and distinct from *Cosmic will* (or *Adi-Buddha Consciousness*). *Will* is always free, *i. e.* there is *nothing* (at least within the reach of our conception) behind, within or above *will*: but only in *manasified*, dual-formed *man* is it exercised separately from *Cosmic Consciousness*. (I do not refer to the after-human or deific states.)

And here is the secret of "rebellion" against Heaven—for without possessing this *Ray of Will*, which is in its essence *Deific* there would have been no sufficient power to oppose against the heavenly will.

Mahat's working has evolved the dual-formed Man. Now why should a *dual*-formed being be *needed* to imprison a Ray of Mahat, or Manas?—with its inherent Atma-Buddhic force,—will or consciousness?

Because in order that The Knower shall be able to study Itself and its own Inner-Self (or inherent "I" as Buddhi or Consciousness) it must be made *objective to itself*—and to the "I." This is only possible in *our* manvantara in the two-formed One Being which the polarizing Mahat has evolved while still working as *subjective* power for Cosmic Consciousness.

And when this process is complete—the Gods descend—and the dual Manas (higher and lower or positive and negative or masculine and feminine, alternately manifesting its two aspects) leads Humanity through all its multiple phases of evolution and involution, till The Knower, finally, knows itself and its Lord, "I" !

All Man's pilgrimage of lives is *only* for *this*—to attain such exercise and power of Manas as shall open the Inner Court where dwells The King, Consciousness, by whom all worlds are made. And why? To "save one soul alive"? No! To save *all Souls!* to redeem *the whole of manifesting Mahat*, through Manas, into the next higher plane of manifestation in an ensuing Universe in which we shall be parts, either as Servitors or—Lords.*

Now, as this process goes on, this moving into finer matter of the worker, Mahat, the withdrawing upwards, by Manas, of this power of manifestation, (which is also *the manifested*—the vesture of itself) leaves *nothing* behind it but negativity—hence Pralayas are a *necessary sequence* of the redemption into Self-Consciousness of Mahat. Matter can exist in any one state only so long as its polarizing power is active in that state.

Thus Earth and all the planets will pass into finer and finer grades of manifesting matter with their sequential pralayas (chains of orbs etc.) until all of the Solar Mahat shall be redeemed, through Manas, into one unit of Solar Self-Consciousness. Then shall Solar Pralaya *Be*—a state of Being-hood too transcendently glorious for our present grasp—and yet—I may be THAT.

* Those who reach to Manasic Consciousness will be Servitors—those who reach Buddhi Lords.

LOVE.

Thou art the light of day ; the dark of night ;
 The depth of being ; and the calm of death ;
 The roseate sleep ; and the first flush of dawn ;
 The soul's high heaven with its veil undrawn ;
 The life of atoms in the sun's bright beam ;
 The voice of music in the mountain stream ;
 The harmony by which bright stars unfold
 Their veiled eyelids, and through space are rolled,
 The deep drawn sigh ; and the divinest thrill,
 That with the Deity our bodies fill ;
 And more, and more, for thou art *all*, oh Love !
 Beneath, deep down, on highest heights above ;
 Oh ! thou art wondrous, thou art strange, Almighty Love.

H. F.

THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.

For the future we intend that at this hour the Mystic shall be at home, less metaphysical and scientific than is his wont, but more really himself. It is customary at this hour, before the lamps are brought in, to give way a little and dream, letting all the tender fancies day suppresses rise up in our minds. Wherever it is spent, whether in the dusky room or walking home through the blue evening, all things grow strangely softened and united; the magic of the old world reappears. The commonplace streets take on something of the grandeur and solemnity of starlit avenues of Egyptian temples the public squares in the mingled glow and gloom grow beautiful as the Indian grove where Sakuntala wandered with her maidens; the children chase each other through the dusky shrubberies, as they flee past they look at us with long remembered glances: lulled by the silence, we forget a little while the hard edges of the material and remember that we are *spirits*.

Now is the hour for memory, the time to call in and make more securely our own all stray and beautiful ideas that visited us during the day, and which might otherwise be forgotten. We should draw them in from the region of things felt to the region of things understood; in a focus burning with beauty and pure with truth we should bind them, for from the thoughts thus gathered in something accrues to the consciousness; on the morrow a change impalpable but real has taken place in our being, we see beauty and truth through everything.

It is in like manner in Devachan, between the darkness of earth and the light of spiritual self-consciousness, that the Master in each of us draws in and absorbs the rarest and best of experiences, love, self-forgetfulness, aspiration, and out of these distills the subtle essence of wisdom, so that he who struggles in pain for his fellows, when he awakens again on earth is endowed with the tradition of that which we call self sacrifice, but which is in reality the proclamation of our own universal nature. There are yet vaster correspondences, for so also we are told, when the seven worlds are withdrawn, the great calm Shepherd of the Ages draws his misty hordes together in the glimmering twilights of eternity, and as they are penned within the awful Fold, the rays long separate are bound into one, and life, and joy, and beauty disappear, to emerge again after rest unspeakable on the morning of a New Day.

Now if the aim of the mystic be to fuse into one all moods made separate by time, would not the daily harvesting of wisdom render unnecessary the long Devachanic years? No second harvest could be reaped from fields where the sheaves are already garnered. Thus disregarding the fruits of action, we could work like those who have made the Great Sacrifice, for whom even Nirvana is no resting place. Worlds may awaken in nebulous glory, pass through their phases of self-conscious existence and sink again to sleep, but these tireless workers continue their age-long task of help. Their motive we do not know, but in some secret depth of our being we feel that there could be nothing nobler, and thinking this we have devoted the twilight hour to the understanding of their nature.

THE HOUSE OF TEARS.

On the East side of a great craggy mountain stood a square tower, windowless and forbidding; carven on each side was its name—"The House of Tears."

As the summer sun rose above the hills on the opposite side of the valley at the mountain's base, a beautiful woman appeared in the small eastern doorway of the tower, gazing forth over the vale and wastes, expectant, but perceiving none. Her white face, about which the wind blew her golden hair, was lit by radiance of wondrous violet eyes, and she was apparelled in a garment of fine white wool with threads of gold and silver running through the warp and woof. Her raiment was wrapped about her closely, so that she could not freely walk, but glided softly on her sandaled feet.

As she gazed she heard the footfalls of one who, approaching from the West, came down the mountain path with firm steps although his eyes were bounden with a scarf in such manner that he could see only the ground at his feet about one step in advance of him. She stood upon the threshold of her tower and called:—

"Whither wendest thou with covered eyes, O brother?"

Her voice stirred the air into music and he, startled, answered:—

"To the gathering of Seekers in the City of Light, beyond this mountain of Sorrow and the valleys and arid wastes of the Land of Science. The way is long and I may not tarry."

"Wilt thou not rest thee in the House of Tears, into which only the *noon-day* sun can shine, until thine eyes be strengthened for The Light?"

"Nay, gentle one, I have well learned to walk and have my compass and my sword; I fain would hasten on."

"But there are torrents on the way, and magnet caverns where the compass loseth poise."

"How knowest thou this? Hast thou been thither?"

"Nay, brother. For twice seven years my home hath been this tower whose great square walls shut out the world and let the zenith scan its heart. Here have I dwelled—here have I wept—here have I known the Sun Lord in his power. My feet have lost the cunning of earth paths—my light-woven robes know touch of naught but air. I fain would hie me to this day's concourse, but have no strength of limb nor chariot steeds."

"O, fellow Seeker," cried the stalwart youth, "I pray thee let me bear thee thither! My strength is dauntless and my heart would serve a patient dweller in the House of Tears."

But, if thou bearest me thou shouldst be guided by my voice. Wilt thou obey?"

"I promise thee, I will."

Then he placed her on his shoulder and resumed the pathway down the mountain. The valley's rushing river barred the road; wide stretched the placid waters toward the shores and midway roared the mighty song of ceaseless rapids; treacherously deep. The golden-haired one raised her voice:—

"Three steps to the channel through the still water, then a leap of the length of thy shadow at the third hour of sunrise—a strong leap for the current is swift," and he passed over safely. Through fields, over rocky heights, into deep, dark chasms, along tracks stained with blood and beautiful flowery ways hesped under her guidance, with free and agile feet but bounden eyes. He marvelled that she, having been secluded in the House of Tears, could tell him where to tread, and queried:—

"How knowest thou the way to the city by the mighty river where at noon the people assemble?" and she made answer.—

“By the thread of Light that runneth through the air, spun by the Star that shineth at midday.”

He apprehended not her meaning, but was astonished and said.

“Seest thou the stars at noontide?”

She responded gently, “The stars shine ever; but of some things I may not speak to those whose eyes are bounden. To thee, who hath borne me willingly and followed my word, I may declare that the day is near when thou wilt not need to question, for to those who discern the Light all things are revealed.” He apprehended not her meaning and silently pursued the course.

Presently she said.

“It lacks but a half hour of noon and the road is smoother hence. Art thou weary?” “Nay, But how knowest thou the hour?” “By the colors that shimmer above the wayside flowers and by their angles to their stems.”

He understood her not, but coveted her knowledge.

At last they ascended a high hill on which was set the magnificent city and past its farther gates rolled the majestic river where floated a strange barge of exceeding lightness and splendour. It had two wide spreading sails like wings of iridescent gossamer and a third, high above these, shaped like a sphere or vast transparent bubble such as children throw upon the sunbeams. This was attached to the very centre of the ship by a rope of golden threads, and none could conceive by what manner of device the vessel was conducted. Those who had come up in the barge were ten strangely beautiful men, who spoke the language of all with whom they held converse although they were of many different nations and tongues.

Seven of The Ten were in conference in the secret chamber of the Temple whose radiance continually lighted the sky above it and gave the city its name.

This visit occurred every seven years at midsummer, and the trial of the Holy Chamber was held in order that any who were prepared might return with these visitors from the Great East Sea.

The youth from the plains trod lightly the city avenues and set down the lady of the tower in the garden of the esplanade overlooking the river. Two who recognized her garments came and loosened them a little, that she might walk more easily over the smooth and beautiful pavements of the wondrous city. When her feet were freed, the golden-haired one, with her two companions, turned to the young brother and gently unwound the fine long scarf of many colors with which his eyes were bound, and lo! they were sealed! Then they knew that he could not yet bear the Light of the city, and were saddened.

With great love and compassion they led him to the West Gate where his sight was restored to him, and he fell down before her whom he had borne through the devious ways of the morning and kissed the hem of her garment. She said,

“Insomuch, brother, that thou didst bear me over the rough places, willingly obedient to my guidance, I will give unto thee a ribbon of my robe whose texture shall be an aid in selecting the right paths when thou dost again come through that country with *thine eyes unbounden*.”

From the edge of her vesture she bade him tear a strip. By reason of the gold and silver threads woven in the warp and woof, it was difficult to sever. He sought to cut it with a blade, but she withheld him, saying—
“Let not the sharp steel touch it—by thine own strength take the piece.” And he brake it evenly with his hands. She took the ribbon and tied it about his bare right arm, at the heart level, and kissed his forehead. Then they left him to be refreshed and to return to the Mountain of Sorrow and tarry in the House of Tears.

Now many that day were summoned into the secret chamber to the Holy Council, but none of these candidates had been able to view The Light, because they had come by various ways up from their lands,—had shunned the dark tower on the Mountain of Sorrow and had found no bearers to carry them through the labyrinths of Science among whose rough roads their feet had been bruised and their strength squandered. When she of the House of Tears was summoned to the Temple her eyes were not smitten because she knew the mystery of the Triple Light, and she came forth in a new vesture with a white stole about her neck on which sparkled gems of the seven rays.

Radiating her "sphere of bliss" upon the people who followed her, she moved slowly with the Holy Seven unto the ship, and was received by The Three who had there remained concealed.

When the sun was setting, the barge in a glorious effulgence, glided majestically and silently down the broad river toward the Great East Sea, and was seen no more 'till yet another seven years.

M. F. Wight.

We shall be pleased to receive interpretations of this allegory from any of our readers; these we will publish if suitable. [Ed.]

REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Lucifer (Jan.) The most noticeable articles are "The Vesture of the Soul," by G. R. S. Mead; "Mind, Thought and Cerebration," by Dr. Wilder and "The Infinite Universe and Worlds," by Giordano Bruno (Nolano), translated by W. R. Old. "The Watch Tower Notes," draws attention to the present 'boom' in some of the London papers of Hypnotism, Mesmeism etc.

... ..

Path (Jan.) Perhaps the most interesting article to our readers is one entitled, "Two Startling Predictions" from a Hindu book in which occur the following passages:—"There will be famine then, (about 1895) . . . Peo-

ple will die in great numbers. . . . Wealthy lords will become paupers and paupers will become wealthy."

... ..

Theosophist (Jan) Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves" are continued. A report of the Indian Section T. S. makes the number a bulky one.

... ..

We have also received the current numbers of *Le Lotus Bleu*, which is up to its usual standard; *Theosophia*, the organ of the Dutch Theosophists, and *Miscellaneous Notes and Queries*, a monthly magazine of history, folklore, mathematics, mysticism etc. (S. C. Gould, Manchester, N. H., U. S. A.)

OUR WORK.

There will be a conversazione at the Dublin Lodge, 3 Upper Ely Place, on the 16th. inst. Members, associates and friends should endeavour by their presence, to make these social reunions a complete success.

The annual business meeting of the Lodge to receive Secretary's and Treasurer's reports and those of other officers, was held on the 23rd. ult. A council was also elected, consisting of the three principle officers *ex officio*, and four members chosen by ballot. The following constitute the council:—H. M. Magee, President Dublin Lodge (1893); F. J. Dick, Secretary; G. W. Russell, Librarian; D. N. Dunlop; P. E. Jordan, Sec. L. T. W.; J. Coates, Sec. North Dublin Centre; and J. Varian.

On the 23rd. ult., a beautiful and instructive paper was read by Mrs. Jno. Varian on "Theosophy as it appears to a beginner." Her telling exposition of the principles of truth, justice and love involved in the great laws of Reincarnation and Karma, elicited the heartiest expressions of approval. On the 8th. inst. Mr. W. B. Yeats in a lecture on "Blake on the Symbolism of the Bible", held the attention of his audience enchained for two hours, while he explained the outlines of Blake's system. He succeeded in endowing a rather abstruse subject with an interest, which those who had the good fortune to be present, will not easily forget.

The following papers will be read during the ensuing month:—Feb. 22nd. "Theosophy and Present-day Problems", Miss K. Lawrence; Mar. 3 "Aims of Theosophy," Mrs. Duncan.

NOTICE:—All the back nos. may still be had; subscription for the year 1/6 free. articles for insertion should reach us by 1st. of the month. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 71 Lr. Drumcondra Road, Dublin.

IMPORTANT.

We have to inform our friends that this number is the last which will bear the title of *The Irish Theosophist*. Born but six months ago we have already outgrown our swaddling clothes, and for the future will appear in a new dress and under a new name. *ISIS* is the title we will be known by in the future.

The necessity for a Theosophical Magazine, at a price within the reach of all, was so much felt, that our little magazine has been welcomed everywhere, and with this increasing international circulation, it has become necessary to adopt a name more universal in character.

We have not come to be a day's astonishment, but to stay. We hope our kind friends will extend to us as cordial a welcome as before, and so help us in our efforts—feeble though they be—to gather a little of the old wisdom the world forgets, and, like a shrine-lamp in some lonely spot, to keep it twinkling still.
