

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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II.

YOU ask me, Brothers, for my thoughts respecting the Theosophical Society and its neutrality. The latter point appears to me to be one important at all times and one which should be better understood.

The Society is held to represent our ideal. It stands for Universal Brotherhood. What is that? I have heard, and I believe it true, that when the elder Brothers of that hierarchy which specially helps the West were considering the base of the T. S.—a base to be as broad as the world, free as the ether—they chose for this foundation a truth which they expressed by the term “Universal Brotherhood.” In this they followed after Nature, herself based upon that truth. The term was chosen as one fitted to convey to all minds in all languages a clear, distinct, and ethical idea. At the same time, their ethics transcend ours; the only real ethics are spiritual laws we do not glimpse as yet. So this term is held to cover and to convey in its highest sense the truth of the “spiritual identity of all Being,” on which alone can a *real* universal brotherhood, true in fact as well as in potentiality, active on all planes alike, be based. The Society is thus seen to rest upon spiritual identity, upon likeness and not upon difference, upon union and reunion as beginning and goal, and, in the intermediate spaces of Time, upon unity in diversity. Like the world-soul, the Society receives into its bosom all manner of minds, souls in all stages of evolution and involution, promising within those borders free and unimpeded development, through enquiry, to each. Thus the sole article of faith necessary for admission premises its neutrality; the one springs naturally from the other.

Let us now take up and examine the nature of this neutrality. At once we perceive that no passivity, in the usual sense, is implied. The Society does not permit the war of creeds, the attack of minds within its precincts. Members and officers are not to sit calmly by and allow the assault upon the beliefs of others to go on unimpeded. It is not permitted in the meetings; on the part of officials it is held to be a misdemeanour forbidden expressly by the Constitution. The neutrality is positive, not negative. It is active, as becomes a spiritual quality springing from a spiritual truth lying at the very foundation of Being. Rightly so, for those who sit by and allow a wrong to be done when their activity might prevent it, are sharers of the injustice which their passivity makes possible. They do not escape, by that inactivity, a really active share in the wrong. They provided a quiet shelter, so to say, for the aggressor, a field from which the evil could sally forth and take effect. We find mankind recognizing this fact at two poles, first in the common axiom: "The receiver is as bad as the thief"; secondly, in the mystic's code, "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin." When the machinery of the Society is put in motion to bring about an infringement of the rules of Brotherhood, we do not escape responsibility by assuming the attitude of calm spectators, or of judges ready to deal out a justice which in truth we have not to bestow, being as yet imperfect men. Neutrality is not passivity. The last is a mental inertia, the other a fixed mental attitude. The first altogether rejects an infringement of Brotherhood, and forbids an insistence upon diversity, which the latter supinely permits. The ideally neutral attitude is that taken up by the Society. It posits for itself a broad code, a tenet wide as the fields of light and single as is the source of that light; for others it adopts an impartial neutrality. In this mental equilibrium there is no lethargy. The "holder of the balance" requires every faculty, every nerve brought into play. Try; you will not find it easy. This point of balance is the lever of Archimedes; once found, it moves the worlds. When disturbances shift the balance too far, the true neutrality consists in an effort to bring about readjustment, just as we see people instinctively throwing themselves to one side when the ship keels over or the coach careens. That is the recognition, in physics, of nature's law of readjustment, or reaction. The Society provides for it, even

to dismissal from office, if the rule of neutrality be violated, and such provision is a part of its neutrality. Ours should be no less positive. In this light an occult saying becomes understandable: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold I will spew thee out of my mouth." To be at either pole implies reaction in time, and so comes about circulation, or the condition of living, of evolving. To lie passively in a middle state where no action is, is to be spewed out of the mouth of nature, or manifestation, to fade out without further *personal* evolution. The Yogî is intensely active on the spiritual plane and negative upon the physical plane in trance. The same penalty would be incurred by the Society if it were "neither hot nor cold." Its inactivity would bring about its decay.

It would thus appear that an active charity is the legitimate outcome of the sole article in our confession of faith. An *active* charity—not verbal, not inanimate, not supine. The magnificent picture given by St. Paul delineates the aspect and mode of such a vital charity from the standpoint of the adept, and portrays the inadequacy of mere eloquence, though it spoke as angels might speak, to do justice to that living quality, without which sonorous speech "were as sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal."

Our Society is the model, the working model in the objective world, of that body known to the mystics of all ages as THE LODGE, or aggregate of spiritually active souls, embracing all the rungs of conscious mental Being.

THE LODGE is the servant of Karma. That is, its operations are guided by the laws of Being. It works along the lines of Law, using cause and effect as it finds them to its hand, provided already by mankind under Karma; using the action and reaction of currents in the Âkâsha as it there finds these. It reveals nothing. It attacks nothing. It punishes nothing and no one. It leaves all this to the Law. The withdrawal of its influence or its aid is not, properly speaking, punishment, for it only removes that which cannot be used by those who turn away from its path, the path of Law. Strictly speaking, offenders are those who have removed themselves. But it protects. It defends. It secures for its followers the right to mental freedom. It imposes no action. It offers opportunity for right action to those entitled to such opportunity. If rejected, the opportunity comes no more. The Divine is not importunate. Where

honest intent and pure aim have not secured a man from mistaken action, his soul learns a broader view, a vision more intense from the pain of the mistake, and his right intent carries him onward still. The Law thus provides that intention, motive, shall count, and so they do also count with that instrument of the Law, THE LODGE. So long as a man wills to do rightly, wills to see clearly, he is helped over the innumerable obstructions put in our way (by nature), by that LODGE itself, whose mission it is to help mankind in their progress through the mire of material life.

THE LODGE has but one insurmountable barrier, hypocrisy; one crime, ingratitude; one felony, self-abuse. For conscious root in falsity under guise of truthseeking must debar the mind from sight of the True. Denial of a gift, rejection of the giver are perjuries committed against the very nature of Life—the One Being—*itself*. All who give us aught have given us somewhat of their life; that life works in and for us; when we deny that, after any one of our numerous contemptible human fashions, we do inhibit and expel it from our spheres; we do our paltry best to stifle Life and stultify its source; we deny the very mainsprings of existence, the eternal give and take, when we give back evil in any shape of denial, forgetfulness, suspicion, for the blessings of fraternity and good will. And he who destroys the nervous vehicle destroys the inner senses in the germ and cannot penetrate to that arcanum of hidden Being because he has destroyed the path leading to it, and that, too, after a fashion which affects the atoms of nervous matter for many a life beyond the life we call to-day.

The great function of THE LODGE is also that of the Law—re-adjustment. That is to say, bringing into equilibrium the nature—human or universal—temporarily overbalanced by undue determination to one or another pole of force. When undue stress is laid upon one aspect of life, the true servant can be helped by the awakening of energies then latent at the other pole. This is done whenever *necessary*; the good gardener does not disturb the plant until it requires his care; then he only brings to bear upon it natural agencies which he has learned to specialize. Such servants form, each in his own degree, links of the great chain of conscious endeavour which stretches from man to the angels, and beyond. Once they have served, and while they do serve, that LODGE is in the

very nature of things bound to them as they to it. For such living links there is no severance unless they will it so.

Life, the Breath, the Conscious Mover, flows along the chain, *seeking and making its own bed*, choosing its own vehicles; those above cannot reject those below; those below must receive that Life by way of those above. Each put himself in his own place; not one can lose it unless he himself moves away or is moved away from that place. It is hierarchial, because the laws of Life, of the One Life in the One Substance, have made it so, fashioning plane upon plane, stage upon stage, link after link, soul after soul. "Ingratitude *is* a crime in occultism," as the Master twice has said, for he who denies one link of the chain, one source of but a single interior benefit, throws, or would if he could, throw the whole chain into confusion. He endeavours to isolate one link from the living palpitant whole; that whole resists, and he himself is torn away from it; the great stream expulses him as debris upon the naked shore, and flows on. Brotherly help is a spiritual entity; it is of the higher order of life; it is a part of the higher substance of our being—the thought-substance, the heart-substance—and we sow it in the spheres of our fellows, open to ask and to receive it.

When, then, they turn against the giver, they do violently reverse the action of those living substantial atoms within them; the sudden reversal of force is a great shock to their own inner man. Moreover, they do then, by their thoughts, expel and cast back upon us the force we have bestowed, but a force also reversed to its other pole. By this reversal of force they drag the atoms of spiritual substance down to a lower plane existence before their time. They return hatred for love; in occult dynamics this means that they give contraction, death, bitter cold for life and love. They *may* hurt the giver, if they be powerful enough, but primarily they injure themselves. In the ungrateful man you may plainly see the horrid action of this sharp reversal; he is torn by doubt, anger, suspicion; his misery knows no cessation. Peace has no foothold within him; he is the wretched playground of forces whose nature he himself has transmuted, making that deadly which was given from the fountain of life. And Life uprears its crest against him, it will have none of him except upon the terms he himself has made, the terms of violence to the essential nature of things; no

truce is given by the Law to him who has thus declared himself a foe to order and law. The Benefactor is sacred in the penetralia of spiritual truth; he cannot undo the good once done, himself; no benefit once set forth can ever be cancelled; the stream can be checked at the source but its flowing waves cannot be recalled. Present evil cannot obliterate past good so far as we are concerned; in the universal sum of things they may tend to one benefit—self-knowledge—in the end.

Hence fidelity to that Society, at once a model and a benefit, an ideal and a nucleus capable of perfection, is a primary virtue in the would-be Theosophist. He must act the brotherhood he professes, or he risks to become a hypocrite, one of those “pharisees” of whom H. P. Blavatsky remarked that they were the only class whom the Christ constantly rebuked. The mystic Christ-light will have none of the hypocrite, for he seeks a false light, one of the numberless false reflections of the One. He must be grateful, to his fellows, his officers, to the unseen givers of the ideal, to the “guardians of the base,” to the “bearers of the flame.” Otherwise, he risks to destroy the vehicle. It is not perfect, for men can provide no vehicle which shall be better than their aggregate selves.

It is for them to perfect both. Theirs is at choice that noble part of avoiding all fixed codes, all rigid methods of comparison, all hard and fast conceptions of charity or justice or neutrality or benevolence, whereby we reduce divine fluidic lights to mere forms, models of our restricted minds. Let us watch at the springs of the spirit within us; let us wait for the dawn of compassion; let us listen for the pleading of an inner voice; for the pulses of pardon, of peace and of prayer, let us keep undying watch within ourselves. When these arise, were it by but the feeblest heart-beat, let us give way to the eternal processional of the peace bringers, the currents of divinity ever ready to flow through every man who will take down his bars and evoke their passage. We are fixed; they change ever. We are mechanical; they are spontaneous. Fatigue is ours; they are immortal, tireless, ever-born and never-fading. We are the slaves of our own poor preconceptions of conduct and virtue; they are servants of the Divine Dark Children of the Father of Lights, teachers of men who yet are—if they will—themselves. Through and by our Society, that concept of spiritual and charitable

identity, we may both receive and give these boons *if so be we abide by the spirit itself*. We shall learn and become that truth than which no grander ever was set forth:

"As the one fire, after it has entered into the world, becomes different according to what it burns, so the self within all things is *different—but it exists also apart*."

Now this is an epitome of the *real* neutrality.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

Note.—The Editor will gladly receive any communications, in the nature of enquiry or otherwise, connected with this series. These he will forward to the author, to be dealt with in future letters if suitable.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

"It is more disgraceful to suspect a friend than to be deceived by him."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it."—EPICTETUS.

THE following extracts are from the letters of one whose good Karma bids fair to enroll him on the list of the world's great "frauds." The name of the first on that list is not known. He was perhaps a good man of whom the Atlanteans did not approve. In the historical period we have Jesus, Apollonius, Paracelsus, many Alchemists, Saint Germain, Cagliostro, H. P. Blavatsky and others of varying degree.

These brief extracts are taken from letters which were written to various friends over a period of years. They were written on a basis of some intimacy, during times of storm and difficulty for the most part, and when the writer was nearly always being attacked either openly or privately. They are peculiar, inasmuch as from first to last they do not contain an uncharitable remark about any person, dead or living.

These extracts will, perhaps, furnish additional evidence—for some people—of the writer's immorality, unscrupulousness and

deceit. It is possible to extract such evidence from the cut of a man's clothes—when looked at from the standpoint of enlightenment. With such people we have nothing to do, so far as these letters are concerned. Theosophists will find them of interest, we believe.

THE RECIPIENTS.

"For the love of heaven do not take any tales or informations from any person to any other. The man who brought news to the king was sometimes killed. The surest way to make trouble out of nothing is to tell about it from one to another. Construe the words of the *Gîthî* about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's fancies, tales, facts or other matters, as you will have enough to do to look out for your own duty. . . . Too much, too much, trying to force harmony. Harmony comes from a balancing of diversities, and discord from any effort to make harmony by force. . . . In all such things I never meddle, but say to myself it is none of my affair at all, and wait till it *comes to me*—and thank God if it never arrives! And that is a good rule for you."

"We all differ and must agree to disagree, for it is only by balancing contrary things that equilibrium (harmony) is obtained. Harmony does not come through likeness. If people will only let each other alone and go about their own business quietly all will be well. . . . It is one's duty to try and find one's own duty and not to get into the duty of another. And in this it is of the highest importance that we should detach our *minds* (as well as our tongues) from the duties and acts of others whenever those are outside of our own. If you can find this fine line of action and inaction you will have made great progress."

"Think of these points:

"(a) Criticism should be abandoned. It is no good. Coöperation is better than criticism. The duty of another is dangerous for one whose duty it is not. The insidious coming of unbrotherly criticism should be warned against, prevented, stopped. By example you can do much, as also by word in due season.

"(b) Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all

the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never rise to trouble you.

"(c) Solidarity.

"(d) Acceptation of others."

"Yes, that business is already a 'back number,' stale and unprofitable. I have found that work tells. While others fume and fret and sleep, and now and then start up to criticize, if you go right on and work, and let time, the great devourer, do the other work, you will see that in a little while the others will wake up once more to find themselves 'left,' as they say in the land of slang. Do, then, that way. Your own duty is hard enough to find out, and by attending to that you gain, no matter how small the duty may be. The duty of another is full of danger. May you have the light to see and to do! Tell —— to remember to work to the end to make himself an instrument for good work. Times change, men go here and there, and places need to be filled by those who can do the best sort of work and who are full of the fire of devotion and who have the right basis and a sure and solid one for themselves. My love to all."

"Well, now, just at this minute I do not know exactly what to say. Why not take up an easy and fluidic position in the matter? An occultist is never fixed on any mortal particular plan. So do not fix your mind as yet on a plan. Wait. All things come to him who waits in the right way. Make yourself in every way as good an instrument for any sort of work as you can. Every little thing I ever learned I have now found out to be of use to me in this work of ours. Ease of manner and speech are of the best to have. Ease of mind and confidence are better than all in this work of dealing with other men—that is with the human heart. The more wise one is the better he can help his fellows, and the more cosmopolitan he is the better too. . . . When the hour strikes it will then find you ready; no man knows when the hour will strike. But he has to be ready. You see Jesus was, in fact, an occultist, and in the parable of the foolish virgins gave a real occult ordinance. It is a good one to follow. Nothing is gained, but a good deal lost by impatience—not only strength, but also sight and intuition. So decide nothing hastily. Wait; make no set plan. Wait for the hour to

make the decision, for if you decide in advance of the time you tend to raise a confusion. So have patience, courage, hope, faith and cheerfulness."

"Silentio, my dear, is almost as good as patience. He laughs best who does it last, and time is a devil for grinding things. . . . Use the time in getting calmness and solid strength, for a big river is not so because it has a deep bed, but because it has VOLUME."

"Let them croak, and if we keep silent it will have no effect, and as there has been trouble enough it is better not to make it any worse by referring to it. The only strength it has is when we take notice. It is better policy for all of us who are in earnest and united to keep still in every matter that has any personal bearing."

"Say, look here, never growl at anything you have to do. If you have to go, just take it as a good thing you have to do, and then it will redound to the good of them and yourself, but if it is a constant cross then it does no good and you get nothing. Apply your theories thus It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business. . . . Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

"Anyway you are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly, that is the way the Masters do it. The reaction the other way is just as you say, but the Master has so much wisdom he is seldom if ever, the prey of reactions. That is why he goes slowly. But it is sure. . . . I know how the cloud comes and goes. That is all right; just wait, as the song says, till they roll by.

"Arouse, arouse in you the meaning of 'thou art that.' Thou art the self. This is the thing to think of in meditation, and if you believe it then tell some others the same. You have read it before, but now try to realize it more and more each day and you will have the light you want If you will look for wisdom you will get it sure, and that is all you want or need. Am glad all looks well. It would always look well if each and all minded their own things and kept the mind free from all else."

"Now this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of western Occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it is wes-

tern. The symbol is the well-intended American Republic, which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand 'as a new era in the affairs of the world.' It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its declaration and constitution. 'The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in a state of friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It cannot be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And *brother* was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in fifty years we'll all be gone and forgot.

"Cut off, then, thoughts about those 'foolish children' until harmonious vibrations ensue to some extent. That absurdity . . . let go. I have deliberately refrained from jumping at such a grand chance. So you see forgive, forgive and largely forget. Come along then and with me get up as fast as possible the feeling of brotherhood.

"Now, then, you want more light, and this is what you must do. You will have to 'give up' something. To wit: have yourself called half an hour earlier than is usual and devote it *before* breakfast to silent meditation, in which brood upon all great and high ideas. Half an hour! Surely that you can spare. And don't eat first. If you can take another half *before* you go to bed and without any preliminaries of undressing or making things agreeable or more comfortable, meditate again. Now don't fail me in this. This is much to give up, but give it up recollecting that you are not to make all those preparations so often indulged in by people. . . . 'The best and most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity.' Good-bye, then, and may you find that peace which comes from the Self."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MYSTIC NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"Did you really dream all that?" said Willie. "How jolly it must be! It is like stepping from sphere to sphere. Before the night of one day you are in the morning of another. I suppose you have some theory about it all—as wonderful as your gardens?"

"Yes!" said our sceptic, "I had an uneasy consciousness it was not all pure story. I felt an allegory hiding its leanness somewhere beneath the glow and colour."

"What I want to know is how these things enter the imagination at all!"

"With what a dreadfully scientific spirit you dissect a fantasy! Perhaps you might understand if you recall what sometimes happens before sleep. At first you see pictures of things, landscapes, people you know; after a time people and places unknown before begin to mingle with them in an ever-widening circle of visions; the light on which these things are pictured is universal, though everyone has around himself his own special sphere of light; this is the mirror of himself—his memory; but as we go deeper into ourselves in introspection we see beyond our special sphere into the great or universal light, the memorial tablet of nature; there lie hidden the secrets of the past; and so, as Felix said a little while ago, we can call up and renew the life of legend and tradition. This is the Astral Light of the mystics. Its deeper and more living aspect seems to inflame the principle of desire in us. All the sweet, seductive, bewitching temptations of sense are inspired by it. After death the soul passing into this living light goes on thinking, thinking, goes on aspiring, aspiring, creating unconsciously around itself its own circumstance in which all sweetest desires are self-fulfilled. When this dream-power is exhausted the soul returns again to earth. With some this return is due to the thirst for existence; with some to a perception of the real needs of soul."

"Do you really believe all that?"

"Oh, yes! But that is only a general statement."

"I wonder at your capacity for believing in these invisible spheres. As for me I cannot go beyond the world I live in. When I think of these things some dreadful necessity seems heaped upon me to continue here—or, as you might put it, an angel with a flaming sword keeps everywhere the avenues to the Tree of Life."

"Oh!" said Willie, "it seems to me a most reasonable theory. After all, what else could the soul do after death but think itself out? It has no body to move about in. I am going to dream over it now. Good-night!"

He turned into the tent and Robert followed him. "Well, I cannot rest yet," said Bryan, "I am going up for a little to the top of the hill. Come, Felix, these drowsy fellows are going to hide themselves from the face of night." We went up, and leaning on a boulder of rock looked out together. Away upon the dream-built margin of space a thousand tremors fled and chased each other all along the shadowy night. The human traditions, memories of pain, struggle, hope and desire floated away and melted in the quietude until at last only the elemental consciousness remained at gaze. I felt chilled by the vacancies. I wondered what this void was to Bryan. I wished to see with his eyes. His arm was around my shoulder. How I loved him—my nearest—my brother! The fierce and tender flame, comrade to his spirit, glowed in my heart. I felt a commingling of natures, something moved before my eyes. "Look, Bryan!" I whispered, "this is faery!" A slight upright figure, a child, stood a little apart shedding a delicate radiance upon the dusky air. Curiously innocent, primeval, she moved, withdrawn in a world only half-perceived of gorgeous blossoms and mystic shadows. Through her hair of feathery brown drifting about her the gleam of dust of gold and of rich colour seemed to come from her dress. She raised her finger-tips from the flowers and dashed the bright dew aside. I felt something vaguely familiar about the gesture. Then Bryan said, "It is one of the Children of Twilight." It was a revelation of his mind. I had entered into the forms of his imagination.

"This is wonderful, Bryan! If I can thus share in the thought of one, there can be no limit to the extension of this faculty. It

seems at the moment as if I could hope to finally enter the mind of humanity and gaze upon soul, not substance."

"It would be a great but terrible power. As often as not we imagine ourselves into demons. Space is thronged with these dragon-like forms, chimaeras of the fearful mind. Every thought is an entity. Some time or other I think we will have to slay this brood we have brought forth."

But as we turned backwards I had no dread or thought of this future contest. I felt only gay hopes, saw only ever-widening vistas. The dreams of the Golden Age, of far-off happy times grew full of meaning. I peopled all the future with their splendour. The air was thronged with bright supernatural beings, they moved in air, in light; and they and we and all together were sustained and thrilled by the breath of the Unknown God.

As we drew nigh to the tent, the light of the fire still flickering revealed Robert's face within. He was sleeping. The warmth of the sun had not yet charmed away the signs of study and anxious thought.

"Do you know the old tradition that in the deepest sleep of the body the soul goes into itself. I believe he now knows the truth he feared to face. A little while ago he was here; he was in doubt; now he is gone unto all ancient things. He was in prison; now the Bird of Paradise has wings. We cannot call him by any name, for we do not know what he is. We might indeed cry aloud to his glory, as of old the Indian sage cried to a sleeper, 'Thou great one, clad in white raiment; Soma: King!' But who thinking what he is would call back the Titan to this strange and pitiful dream of life? Let us breathe softly to do him reverence. It is now the Hour of the King,

"Who would think this quiet breather
From the world had taken flight?
Yet within the form we see there
Wakes the Golden King to-night.

"Out upon the face of faces
He looked forth before his sleep;
Now he knows the starry races
Haunters of the ancient deep:

“On the Bird of Diamond Glory
Floats in mystic floods of song;
As he lists, Time’s triple story
Seems but as a day is long.

“When he wakes—the dreamy-hearted—
He will know not whence he came,
And the light from which he parted
Be the seraph’s sword of flame;

“And behind it hosts supernal
Guarding the lost Paradise,
And the Tree of Life eternal
From the weeping human eyes.”

“You are an enchanter, Bryan. As you speak I half imagine the darkness sparkles with images, with heroes and ancient kings who pass, and jewelled seraphs who move in flame. I feel mad. The distance rushes at me. The night and stars are living, and—speak unknown things! You have made me so restless I will never sleep.”

I lay down. The burden of the wonder and mystery of existence was upon me. Through the opening of the tent the warm night air flowed in; the stars seemed to come near—nearer—full of kindly intent—with familiar whispering; until at last I sank back into the great deep of sleep with a mysterious radiance of dream showering all about me. Æ.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

EDITOR *Irish Theosophist*:

The matter of charges against me seems not yet to be at an end, as I am informed that *The Westminster Gazette* has made a long story of the whole thing, as it was once before given in California and other places, and has added to it various falsifications of fact. All this has led some European members of the T. S. to say that they think I should make a reply and explanation. One would suppose that the legal maxim that a man is called innocent until he

is proven guilty is but a form in England, and that a man's friends are not obliged to defend him when accused until he has made all his proofs.

All I have to say for the present is this: that at the proper time and place I will have to say what I wish and find right and proper. Let us wait until all the innuendos, charges and accusations are fully presented. One who knows, as I do, that he is guided and helped by the Masters, knows also that there is a time and a place for everything, and is able to bide his time. That is what I am doing. When the true moment comes I will be able to speak, and then facts and circumstances will join in speaking for me.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, Nov. 20th, 1894.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

WE have had a visit from Bro. E. T. Hargrove, whom we kept busy the few days he was with us. He lectured at the Lodge Room on December 5th on *The Practice of Theosophy*, next evening at the Dublin Ethical Society on *Mysticism—The Doctrine of Common Sense*, and on the Saturday at the Fabian Society, on *The Evolution of Society*, finishing later by joining in a discussion on theosophical matters at the Contemporary Club. A conversazione was held on the Friday evening.

The H. P. B. Training Class (Mondays, 7.45 p.m.) goes on merrily; some members attend outside meetings and put in a word or two.

The Wednesday discussions during the ensuing month are: Dec. 19th, *Theosophy and Asceticism*; Jan. 2nd, 1895, *Some Aspects of Pessimism*; 9th, *How to help the Theosophical Movement*.

FRED J. DICK, Hon. Sec.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The series of letters by Jasper Nicmand (of which the second appears in this issue) will be continued in future numbers. Each letter deals with questions of vital interest to all Theosophists.