

The Irish Theosophist.

LETTERS TO A LODGE.

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VII.

COMRADES.—Replying to a former letter of mine, you say that some persons have advanced the following argument, to wit:

“That Masters may use bodies, but they never interfere, or notice, or take interest in temporary affairs.”

This is not an “argument.” It is a statement of belief, unaccompanied, as you put it, by reasons. It would not be noticed among people of good breeding, for the reason that it expresses a dogma, a creed, a personal belief, and one would not criticize such, any more than one would criticize the dress, or the manners, or the features of another. There is a good breeding of the spiritual plane—little as some may think it—and it exists in ethics as well as in psychological life, and everywhere it forms a part of the mental equipment of true souls, freed from the shackles of self-conceit.

If, however, anyone were to ask whether my experience agreed with that statement, I should frankly reply that it does not. Even upon its face it is illogical and against reason. For why should Masters have or use bodies—which bodies are governed by two brains—if all questions relating to the physical plane are to be excluded from those brains, the engines or motors of this plane of human life? There is some truth in the statement, I believe, but it needs a discriminating care. And I must admit that a feeling of indignation will, at times, arise in my heart against the cruelty—that worst form of cruelty which seeks to fetter the mind—exercised by those who make a veiled statement of that kind, knowing that other minds will be entangled in it, while they themselves, the only fit guardians of the truth in their own eyes, are saved from falsehood, and also from laying the truth before the multitude, by verbal double-dealing.

It is true, and may well lift our hearts, that Great Nature always recompenses. Those who bring us to doubt and despair become angel

visitors entertained unawares if, through the pain to which they bring us for purposes of their own self-seeking, we learn to think for ourselves. The race has not yet learned how to think; Manas is too recently acquired and is not yet fully involved by that race as a whole.

Let us, then, set aside interlopers and thresh out this matter for ourselves. We understand the "Mahâtma" to be a perfect Soul. And by the term "Adept" we mean one far advanced in practical occultism but not yet a Mahâtma. It is stated on the authority of H. P. B. and also in letters from himself, that Master K. H. was not yet a "Mahâtma" at the time when he wrote the letters in Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*. It would appear unwise, a waste of energy, that one of the very rarest products of Nature—the Mahâtma—should do work for which less advanced members of the GREAT LODGE are fit and able. And this is true, *as a rule*. But just as there is no gap in the ladder of Evolution, so there is no gap in that of the GREAT LODGE, and we may hence expect to find, and I believe that we do find, some one Great Being whose duty it is to preside over all that relates to the evolution of men, from our present plane on to the highest planes, and to assist, both by his own powers, knowledge and action, and by those of his hierarchical supporters, assistants and pupils, in that great work. For to THE LODGE this is the greatest work; it is THE WORK. Those who are engaged in deepest spiritual research, wholly remote from this earthy plane of ours, still pursue that arduous toil for man; Man, the final word of the manifested universe and the first promise of Spirit—perfectible Man and Man perfected. If the Mahâtma, in his duly appointed place and work, is to help man, he must take interest in this plane, of which man to-day almost wholly is, in which he lives and from whose chains he must rise. There always have been and there always will be natural distinctions, departments, duties in the universe, just as white light can always be decomposed into rays. There are Mahâtmas whose specialized function it is to watch over the East and others who watch over the West; there are those who watch on the starry confines of this globe and those who watch its teeming interior; there are those who search the Light and those who question the Dark; but each has evolved to his place and his duty and all pass along the rounds of universal duty, all great and none less. Else analogy has no voice and Law—or the sequence and order of Being—no meaning.

It is my belief that the Master, or Mahâtma, whose special function it is at this period of time to watch over the involution of Manas and its evolution by and through Egos now embodied in the West, is He whom we call Mahâtma Morya. But name Him as you please, or let

Him—better still—be nameless. Regard Him as a Great Soul known only to some advanced men “BY ITS LIGHTS,” and to others by its influence. We may be sure that matters *not* having to do with the evolution of human souls engage him not. Buying and selling, marrying and burying, the mart and the home, all these countless details of human interest are but effects of previous causes, and the Master deals not with them, but the Law runs its course. The Master deals not with them *as such*. But also, we do not know when, precisely, any given matter has to do with the evolution of the soul. A man is a fool who would limit the action of a power he does not fully understand. We may know, and some of us believe this, that the Mahâtmas occupy themselves with all men and movements tending towards evolution, by which I mean tending towards universality. It would be strange indeed if they did not. He who climbs helps those below him, else he risks one day to stand upon the peaks of solitude. In such an interior solitude the perfect soul will never be found. So the Master would naturally—*i.e.*, in virtue of his own nature—help the leaders and workers of a spiritual movement so long as these were capable of being helped at all. But he would do so upon strictly hierarchical lines, by duly appointed means and agents and agencies, all evolved to the point where reception and comprehension were possible. Observe the processes of Nature. In Nature, “gratitude” has its cosmic expression in that law by which a stream makes its bed along the line of least resistance and follows that alone.

In the Tao are these beautiful thoughts, sent to me by a friend. “Effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings—this is the way of Tao. . . . Therefore the wise man takes great account of small things and so never has any difficulty. . . . Transact your business before it takes form. . . . The tree which fills the arms grew from a tender shoot.”

The last part refers to the mind, and its purification and wisdom, for from it all actions spring. But also it is very true that in very small things, unobserved by the crowd, lie the great results of the future. And why? Because all exists first upon the astral or etheric plane as a nodule, or embryo form. When these forms first come into activity upon one plane—and it is usually as what we call “thoughts” in human minds—they appear trivial; yet the right impetus can make them great. And that man or woman who has power to evoke the soul, and the high qualities of the soul, in others, that person has touched diviner things. Moreover, the life elementals are less obstructive while the grosser energies are inactive or subdued.

There is not space for me to extend these suggestions, but you can do that better than I. Yet one word more.

There is far too much talk of proving things of the spirit and soul by the things of sense. Would you smell, touch, hear, see the perfect Soul? When you know that Soul, there may be further lessons for you in the way the vibrations of its ethereal body or its thought-body affect your nervous fluid; but you will never prove the independent existence and perfectibility of the Soul to the world by any such means. You will only fall amid jeers and laughter. Rather say boldly: "I know the Soul by its touch upon my soul, and the Spirit by that which is nameless among men." In *The Voice of the Silence* we find that all senses must merge in the *concealed* sense before we can find the Master.

Moreover, such appearances are more rare than you suppose. In a letter published in *The Occult World*, Mahâtma K. H. says how very rare such an appearance is, that it is only in great crises. The ocean rolls between me and my books, but seek the quotation for yourselves. And the use of physical terms is forbidden to Chelas in this connection.

You will find, I think, that in most cases the Teacher teaches through the mind. He may, and doubtless does, instruct his special agents in other ways. But the appearance of his form is so rare because the student's mind creates an ideal image in his own mental sphere, which image can be made visible. The Master can use it as a vehicle of communication, but a special training on the part of the student is necessary before he knows how to *form such an image out of the proper grade (or plane) of nerve fluid*. In this secret lies the whole difference between right or wrong interpretation of the message sent through that form or vehicle, which may appear to speak, so far as your eyes and ears are concerned. Consider a moment. The "message" is vibratory, if real—a vibration sent along the Akasha. If the atoms of which you have composed this image are not atoms of a very highly evolved etheric substance ("light," as the occultists call it), those atoms do not vibrate "purely," *i.e.*, in consonance with the vibration, and you get a sense impression which is incorrect. It is for this reason, among others, that at least seven years of scientific training are required before the pupil can even begin, and far longer before he can be exposed to the energetic play of the real Mayavi-Rupa of a Mahâtma unless there is an Adept near at hand to protect him without undue waste of energy. In *The Path* for June you will find more upon this theme.

JASPER NIEMAND.

(*To be continued.*)

A "MASTER BUILDER" TO THE SOCIETY IN KORINTHOS.

BUT concerning the Breath-beings, brothers, I do not wish you to be ignorant. You know that you were once of the common herd, deceived by means of the voiceless Shells, even as you were allured. For that reason I make known to you that no one speaking by the Breath of God calls Jesus a temple-offering; and no one *can* speak of Jesus as Master save by the hallowed Breath. Now, there are diversities of magical powers, but the same Fire-breath. . . . To one through the Breath is given the Word of Wisdom; and to another, the Word of Knowledge, according to the same Fire-Breath; . . . to another, the energizing of forces; to another, speaking by soul-inspiration; to another, the discerning of Breath-beings; to another, various symbolical languages; to another, the interpretation of mystery-languages. . . . Desire ardently the better magical powers—and yet I point out to you a more excellent Path.

Though I speak in the symbolical languages of Men and of Messengers divine, *but have not Love*, I am become but sounding brass or a cymbal clanging. And though I have speech soul-inspired, and know the Mysteries all, and all the Secret Lore; and though I have all Wisdom, so that I could remove mountains, *but have not Love*, I am nothing. And though I give away all my possessions, and allow my body to become parched up, *but have not Love*, it profits me nothing.

Love is patient, is kind; Love does not envy, does not vaunt itself, is not inflated, does not appear fantastic, seeks not the things of self, is not irritated, does not impute evil; rejoices not in injustice, but takes glad share in the World-Soul; accepts all things, understands all things, bears patiently with all things.

Love perishes never, whether soul-inspired speech shall cease, or symbolical languages be made an end of, or the Secret Lore be abolished. For our knowledge is from a fragment, and our soul-inspired speech is from a fragment; but when the Period of Consummation shall have come that which is from a fragment shall be done away with. When I was a child I talked as a child, thought as a child, imagined as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child. For *now* we see as by means of puzzling images in a mirror; but *then*, face towards face. *Now* I know only from a fragment; but *then* I shall know again even as again I am known. And thereafter shall abide Wisdom, Realization, and Love, these Three; but the greatest of these is Love.

Follow Love, be desirous for the Fire-breaths; but more that you should speak soul-inspired. For he who speaks in a symbolical language speaks not to Men, but to God: no one *hears*, but by the Fire-breath he speaks Mysteries. But he who speaks soul-inspired speaks to Men for an upbuilding, an evocation, an exhortation. . . . I give thanks to my God that I speak symbolical languages more than you all; yet in the Society I would rather speak five words with my own Soul, that I may teach others also by word of mouth, than countless words in a mystery-jargon.

H. P. B.

[THE following extracts from the letters of H. P. Blavatsky are in several instances prophetic. Addressed to more than one person, the originals are all in the possession of the sender. Some are written as late as 1890, as will be seen by the allusion to Mrs. Besant's trip to America. Two are evidently to Mr. Judge (so stated), who was prevailed upon to give them to friends on account of their prophetic nature.—ED.]

"If, knowing that W. Q. J. is the only man in the E. S. in whom I have confidence enough not to have extracted from him a pledge, he misunderstands me or doubts my affection for him or gratitude, then in addition to other things he must be a flapdoodle. . . . There is nothing I would not do for him and I will stick to him till death through thick and thin. . . . He says and writes and prints he is my agent (of the Master rather, not mine). Therefore it is easy for him to say that any alterations are as by myself. . . . And look here, if he does protest . . . against what I say about him in my forthcoming Instructions, then I will curse him on my death-bed. He does not know *what I do*. He has to be defended whether he will or not. He has much to endure and he is overworked. But so have I, and if he threatens me with such a thing [as resignation] then I had better shut up shop. . . . May our Savior, the mild Jesus, have him in his keeping."

"He *who does all and the best that he can* and knows how does ENOUGH for Them. This is a *message* for Judge. His *Path* begins to beat *The Theosophist* out of sight. It is most excellent. . . . *The Path* alone is his *certificate* for him in Theosophy."

". . . Oh, my poor crushed chum, what would I give to help him. I try to be with him as much as I can. I am often watching him.

. . . He should gather strength from one who is oftener with him than he knows of."

"Judge . . . whom I trusted more perhaps than I did Olcott—or myself."

"My Co-Founder, W. Q. Judge, General Secretary in America."

"Master *wants* Judge to be elected for life, for reasons of His own—that's God's truth. . . . Less than you would I want to see X—or anyone (save Judge) elected for life. . . . But if I do not like the idea it is because I trust *no one* any longer, save Judge, and Olcott perhaps. I have lost my last faith in mankind and see and smell (rightly, if you please) Judases everywhere. But with Judge it is different. . . ."

"My dear W. Q. J. . . . my *only* friend. . . . Judge has done for me so much lately, I owe him such gratitude, there is nothing I would not do for him. . . . 'Pon my word, I never knew I cared so much for him personally. . . . I will never forget Judge's loyalty and devotion, his unswerving friendship . . ."

"Thanks for all, my dear old chum [W. Q. J.]; may the Masters protect him. His ever and till and AFTER death."

[To W. Q. Judge.] "Well, sir and my *only* friend, the crisis *is* nearing. I am ending my *S. D.* and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. I know you will have success if you do not lose heart, but do, *do* remain true to the Masters and *their* Theosophy and THE NAME. . . . May They help you and allow *us* to give you our best blessings. I am offered any amount of money, an income, board, lodging, all free to come to America and work without you, *i.e.*, *against*. . . . I rather lose the whole American lot to the last man, X— included, than you. Perhaps soon now, you will know why. . . . Now be so kind as to write to me plainly (so that I could read) what you expect me to do and what I must *not* do. And I *give you my word* that I shall follow your instructions. Let us understand each other, mutually. But till now no one ever said to me a word about you asking to do this or that. Write to me direct and I will do it. Good-bye, my Irish crocodile, and may Masters protect you."

". . . Affairs and events may be turned off by unseen hands into such a groove that you will be unanimously elected for life—just as Olcott and I were—to go on with the work after our deaths. Do you understand what it means? It means that, unless you consent, you force me *to a miserable* life and a MISERABLE DEATH, with the idea preying upon my mind that there is an end of Theosophy. That for several years I will not be able to help it on, and stir its course, because

I will have to act in a body which will have to be assimilated to the *Nirmānakāya*, because even in occultism there are such things as a failure and a retardment and a misfit. . . . Nothing that you will do will ever be discountenanced by me, my beloved W. Q. J.”

“If I thought *for one moment* that *Lucifer* will “rub out” *Path* I would never consent to be the editor. But listen, then, my good old friend. Once that the Masters have proclaimed your *Path* the *best*, the most *theosophical* of all theosophical publications, surely it is not to allow it to be rubbed out. . . . One is the fighting, combative *Manas*; the other (*Path*) is pure *Buddhi*. . . . *Lucifer* will be Theosophy militant and *Path* the shining light, the Star of Peace. If your intuition does not whisper to you ‘it is so,’ then that intuition must be wool-gathering. No, sir, the *Path* is too well, too *theosophically* edited for me to interfere.”

“I trust Judge more than anyone in the world. . . . He has numerous enemies who work against him underhand and openly too, as — does. Now I have to hold in check and counterwork their machinations when they write or say to Olcott that Judge is a liar, etc. Now this is a — lie. . . . I am thinking of going to U. S. with Annie Besant when the spirit moveth me.”

“The night before last, however, I was shown a bird’s eye view of the present state of Theosophy and its Societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death-struggle with the world in general and with other nominal but ambitious Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as *you in America will prevail* if you only remain staunch to the Master’s programme and true to yourselves. Is Judge ready to help me to carry on the sacrifice—that of accepting and carrying on the burden of life, which *is* heavy? My choice is made and I will not go back on it. *I remain* in England in the midst of the howling wolves. Here I am needed and nearer to America; there in Adyar there are dark plots going on against me and poor Olcott.” [*Note by K.*—And one “plotter,” who is named by H. P. B., still plots to-day.]

[To W. Q. Judge.] “Take my place in America now and, after I am gone, at Adyar. If you have no more personal ambition than I have—and I know *you have not*, only combativeness—then this will be no more sacrifice for you than it was for me to have Olcott as my President. . . . I am yours truly in the work forever. Dispose of me. I will . . . help you with all my powers. . . .

“Well, I have raised a ‘Frankenstein’ [the T. S.], and he seeks to devour me. You alone can save the fiend and make of him a *man*.

Breathe into him a soul if not the spirit. Be his Savior in the U. S. and may the blessings of my SUPERIORS and yours descend on you. Yours—the ‘old woman,’ but one ready to offer you her *inner* life if you begin and proceed with the work. . . . But as the ranks thin around us, and one by one our best intellectual forces depart, to turn *bitter* enemies, I say—Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition, for intuition is better than intellect. . . . Yours ever, H. P. B.”

“THE JUDGE CASE.”

[COPY.]

COL. H. S. OLCOTT, *President-Founder of the Theosophical Society of New York.*

DEAR COLONEL,—Last June and July I laid before you the point that I was never elected Vice-President of the “Theosophical Society”; consequently that office was then known to you to be vacant. The decision then arrived at by you, Mr. Bertram Keightley and Mr. George R. S. Mead that I was Vice-President was invalid, of no effect, and quite contrary to the fact. The original notification to the public that my name was attached to the office was merely a notice of your selection, without the authority of the Society you are the President-Founder of, and without any election by a competent, regular and representative convention of that Society. I also informed you in July that no notice was ever given to me of the said invalid selection.

A long and bitter fight has been waged by Mrs. Annie Besant and others, one of the objects of which is to compel me to resign the said office which I do not hold. I have refused to accede to their requests, and would refuse even did I hold that I was legally the Vice-President.

But as I have worked a long time with you in the cause of Theosophy, and am with you one of those who helped H. P. B. to start the American movement in 1875; as I would aid you in all proper ways, and since I hear that you are to be in London this summer to “settle the Judge case,” as you have proclaimed, I now beg to again point out to you that I do not hold, and never have held, the office of Vice-President of any Theosophical Society of which I am a member, and that you can consider this as my declaration that I cannot and will not oppose your filling the said so-called office in any way you may see fit, either arbitrarily or otherwise.

While on this point, I would say to you that my signing my name hitherto as “Vice-President” was in ignorance of the important facts since ascertained showing conclusively the *de facto* character of the act.

Should you ask why, then, I raised the objection so long ago as July, I reply that the Master whom you think I do not hear from directed me to do so, and at that time I found only the fact of non-election in support of it.—Fraternally,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

May 8th, 1895.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—May I request your insertion of the following letter to Editor of *The Vahan*, for which I wish to secure a wide circulation. I also ask your permission to say, through your columns, that the Countess Wachtmeister has apparently misunderstood me to say that I believed H. P. Blavatsky to have reincarnated in a physical body. I never had and have not such belief. I have no *knowledge* upon the subject, one way or the other, but I always inclined and do still incline to the contrary belief. I also believe H. P. B. to be consciously working on the inner planes of Being.

Countess Wachtmeister apparently has reference to a confidential conversation, of no immediate interest to the public, which related to quite another point.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of The Vahan.

May 21st, 1895.

DEAR SIR.—Having read in *The Vahan* for May, 1895, the statement of Mrs. Besant in regard to the "Chinaman" episode, I ask your editorial courtesy in order to say, definitely and clearly, that that statement, as such, is wholly incorrect. I do not use the word "untrue" because, to my mind, that word would imply a conscious moral perversion on the part of Mrs. Besant, while I do not know—I have no means of knowing—what her state of consciousness is. When working with or for Mrs. Besant, whether in America or in England, I always required from her her directions *in writing*, in order to guarantee myself against her constant forgetfulness and her characteristic inability to admit herself to be mistaken, an inability which I was wont to call "her sunspot." No human soul can maintain itself above its own experience for any great length of time; my experience inclines me to the belief that Mrs. Besant, when she changes her mental attitude, forgets much of what she thought and said under the influence of a prior state of consciousness. Examples of this on her part are not wanting, even from the English daily press. Hence I say advisedly that *the statement*, as such, is not true to fact.

Mrs. Besant herself requested that Mr. Mead be not told who the Chinaman was, and in response to to my suggestion to the contrary. She gave as her reason Mr. Mead's "feelings," and also the prevalent jealousy of the members of her household at 19, Avenue Road, in regard to the relations between herself and others. She used the words: "Do not tell these children." No promise of secrecy was asked from her at that interview, or ever, so far as my knowledge goes; but I understood that the usual *editorial* inviolability was implied, it was not worded.

Mrs. Besant sent me a letter from India, quoted in "Luciferian Legends," addressed inside to Dr. Keightley, the Chinaman and myself. In that letter she requests that it be not shown to Mr. Mead and two others (named; one, another employé of her own), because she named the Chinaman. If *we* had asked her to keep the matter private; if the wish for secrecy towards these persons was *ours*, why ask *us* not to show them the letter?

If Mrs. Besant asked Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead of his identity and Mr. Hargrove failed to do so, why her praise of Mr. Hargrove's moral worth in letters to me from India much later?

As to the matter of jealousy, I have a letter from Mrs. Besant which goes into that subject in relation to 19, Avenue Road, with clear and kindly criticism of her household.

While I cannot ignore facts—and facts of record—it is not my present wish to publish these letters, which are of a personal character; but on my return to England I contemplate some arrangement for their inspection by some honorable persons, under the auspices of the General Secretary for Europe (yourself); in the midst of a sudden and deep family affliction I cannot now give my mind to such matters.

It was my hope that the literature of contention would pass into oblivion without the smallest contribution from me. Let others fulfil their Karma uninterrupted by my intrusion. But the attack of Mr. Mead upon Mr. Hargrove, and that of Mrs. Besant upon Dr. Keightley for telling the truth as known to him, leaves me no alternative if I would maintain the right of others to have justice. May I be pardoned the suggestion that there are persons of private life to whom truth and honor are none the less vitally dear, because they do not make of them professional adjuncts? "I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted." So says one of Stevenson's most living characters.

There are also those whom it is necessary to impugn and impeach—in the interests of the present self-righteous outbreak—because they will not forget that noble saying of Master K. H. in the letters of *The Occult World*:

" . . . We see a vast amount of difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, *is on his way to his daily quiet work*, and another *is on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station*, while the men of science see none: . . ."

The italics are mine. We are, all of us, in danger of forgetting those early landmarks setup to direct pioneers upon the true theological path: why not study them afresh, then?

In conclusion, I beg to say that as my daily word is my word of honor to me, and as I strive ever to bring that more and more into accord with the unseen laws which alone are true, I can only affirm that the above is a true account of what took place (before three witnesses), such as I would give—and will give when desired—under oath in a court of justice. But I have no desire to influence others in their free choice between the true and the untrue facts. Right discrimination is their privilege. It is only attainable by the abandonment of the personal view.—Sincerely yours,

J. C. KEIGHTLEY.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

May 14th, 1895.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—Mrs. Annie Besant has succeeded in breaking her own record. Very soon after the death of H. P. B. we see her rushing over to America, bringing accusations against Colonel Olcott, clamoring for his removal. Omitting minor instances, we next find her writing of H. P. B. as largely responsible for the “crimes” of her favorite pupil. In both cases acting privately and speaking of both Colonel Olcott and H. P. B. meanwhile in the highest terms, for the benefit of the public. After informing several persons that Mr. Judge was a “forger,” under promises of secrecy, we next find her publicly attacking him, and one by one all those who do not agree with her in this respect are added to her little list of criminals—Dr. Archibald Keightley being the latest addition. Fortunately there is too much of comedy in the situation to permit of serious indignation for any length of time.

In the April issue of *Lucifer*, Dr. Keightley wrote in regard to Che-yew-Tsang and Mr. Mead’s travesty of events in relation to the writing of “Some Modern Failings.” Dr. Keightley stated that it was at Mrs. Besant’s express desire that Mr. Mead was not told as to the personal identity of the writer. “B. K.” volunteered a footnote to the effect that Mrs. Besant denied this statement. In the May issue of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST I wrote that I must refuse to believe such a thing of Mrs. Besant until I saw it over her own name. This was because I knew Dr. Keightley’s statement in regard to Mrs. Besant’s connection with the matter to be correct in every detail.

And now, in the May *Vahan*, Mrs. Besant offers this denial for whatever it may be worth. She flatly contradicts Dr. Keightley’s account, and giving this as her only instance, bases upon it one of her characteristic accusations, amounting to a charge of wholesale lying—namely, that Dr. Keightley has been circulating “many extraordinary and false statements” about her during her absence from England.

I do not write in order to defend Dr. Keightley. It would be simply absurd to offer a defence when Mrs. Besant is the only accuser and the only witness. It would, in any case, be absurd to defend him from a charge of such a nature. But it is a good instance of the mental delusion from which Mrs. Besant would appear to be suffering. It is, in any case, my duty to state the facts.

Dr. Keightley wrote in “Luciferian Legends”: “We therefore suggested that Mrs. Besant be told who the Chinaman was. This was done on the evening of Friday, Oct. 6th, 1893, in our sitting-room at 17, Avenue Road, Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Keightley, Mr. Hargrove and myself being present. Mrs. Keightley, who has always had a loyal regard for Mr. Mead, then suggested that Mr. Mead be told. Mrs. Besant opposed this, on the ground that the feelings of Mr. Mead would be hurt. . . . However, Mrs. Besant adding, ‘Do not tell these children’ (referring to Mr. Mead and other residents at headquarters), it was then agreed that no one should be told.”

As stated by Dr. Keightley, I was present during the whole of that conversation, naturally following it with the closest attention, making a note of it in my diary that same evening (thus being able to supply the date), and I give my word of honor that Dr. Keightley’s account as above set forth is accurate in every detail.

And what does the fourth person present say? In the May *Vāhan* Mrs. Besant denies the above account, putting forward an exactly opposite statement, asserting, "On the contrary, I advised Mr. Hargrove to tell Mr. Mead." The fact is, the whole of Mrs. Besant's first paragraph does not contain a word of truth, and the only correct statement made in it is the short sentence: "The facts are simple."

Here you have three people, Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand), Dr. Archibald Keightley and myself, the word of each being at any time at least as good as Mrs. Besant's, agreeing perfectly as to what transpired, stating that they have often referred to that conversation since, and now contradicted by the only other person present—Mrs. Besant. That should be sufficient in itself. But there is much more to say. It is not simply a question of veracity, three to one. It is a question of common-sense.

It should, at least, be evident that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself must be totally disinterested in the matter. It is trivial in itself. It is only of interest as a side-light on Mrs. Besant's state of mind. Her approval or disapproval of my action as Che-Yew-Tsāng conveys nothing to me. Her approval would certainly not imply that my action was right; her disapproval could not possibly show that it was wrong. I alone am judge of that, and I am not interested in the opinions of those who do not know the facts. No one could imagine that either Dr. or Mrs. Keightley are personally interested. No other two members have made greater sacrifices for the Theosophical Society, both financially and otherwise. No two other members could have less to gain by association with it; few have as much to lose, for in a worldly sense we do so lose—in England at all events.

I do not believe that Mrs. Besant deliberately says what is false, but I make it a distinct issue that either she is hopelessly deluded and confused, or that Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself are deliberately lying. It is impossible to conceive that we can have collectively forgotten, or collectively "made a mistake." It is either an unmitigated lie or it is true.

Examine the probabilities, apart from the fact that there are three witnesses against one, and that the accuracy and memory of that one have already been very seriously questioned. Mrs. Besant asserts that she advised me to tell Mr. Mead, and that I agreed to do so. (1) Mrs. Besant was at that time one of the outer heads of the E. S. T., of which I was a member. Those who know me must be aware that in a case of that sort, where no question of right or wrong was involved, I should have at once followed Mrs. Besant's advice, and with as little delay as possible, if she had advised any such thing. (2) If Mrs. Besant's version be correct, I failed to keep my alleged promise to her, by not telling Mr. Mead. Why, then, did she not mention the matter to me, either verbally or by letter? I find an entry in the diary which I then kept, that on Sunday, Oct. 17th, 1893, eleven days after Mrs. Besant had been told who the writer was, and two days after the first article had actually appeared—I had a long conversation with Mrs. Besant in "H. P. B.'s room" at 19, Avenue Road; that I then gave Mrs. Besant an outline of what I proposed to say in my next article; that I consulted her as to whether it should be sent in for the November or for the December issues of *Lucifer*; that she told me she knew that most of the "I. G." regarded her as a "deluded psychic," etc.; but no question about telling Mr. Mead, although I had had eleven days in which

to do so after having told her that it should be done. Did my alleged "failure to perform" cause her much anxiety?

(3) Repeating the question: Why did she not mention her alleged wish or advice again, seeing that she knew I had not told Mr. Mead and that many enquiries continued to be made as to the writer of "Some Modern Failings"? I have shown that, although talking future articles over with me, she never suggested such a thing. And how was it that in her letters from India, both to Dr. and Mrs. Keightley and myself, she said no word of reminder? As was shown in "Luciferian Legends," Mrs. Besant wrote in reference to "the Chinaman," and in a tone of very distinct trust and friendship; but no mention of telling Mr. Mead, only the words, "But don't give them [Mr. Mead and others] the letter, as I have put 'the Chinaman.'" In a letter to myself, dated Jan. 16th, 1894, after the appearance of the second article in *Lucifer*, Mrs. Besant wrote: "I did not think the Chinaman's second article up to the level of his first [I did not wonder!]. . . . He will not mind the friendly criticism." Mrs. Besant then adds: "Mrs. Keightley's influence, and the Doctor's, have been invaluable at Headquarters, as indeed I felt sure would be the case." But no word of reminder of my alleged unfulfilled promise; no question as to whether I should not tell Mr. Mead. Not a word!

Is more needed? Then take this sentence of Mrs. Besant's from *The Vahan*: ". . . but I should not have revealed Mr. Hargrove's identity, as I was told it as a secret, and *unfair as it was to trap me* without my consent, I felt none the less bound." Italics mine. The letters quoted in "Luciferian Legends," and the facts given above, must seem strange as coming from one who had been "trapped unfairly"! Or is this more of "the Christ who ate with sinners"? If so, it was out-Christing Christ, I would suggest. But consider the matter further: Mrs. Besant says she was "trapped unfairly" on Oct. 6th. The first article was then in proof only. *Lucifer* did not appear till Oct. 15th. If she felt she had been trapped, why not have stopped the appearance of the article? It would have been easy. It was what would have been done *if* Mrs. Besant had been "trapped unfairly." Those who know her know this. And I assert that Mrs. Besant gave no verbal promise of secrecy in any shape or form. She was not asked for any promise, nor did she volunteer one. There was an understood "promise of secrecy" on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, as well as on the part of Mrs. Besant, as I stated in *The Path*. But there was no verbal promise given in any case, and all assertion as to "trusting" to anyone's "honor" bears its absurdity on its face. In this I directly contradict Mrs. Besant. But it is not merely a question of contradiction. A few days after Mrs. Besant had been told, and had *not* promised secrecy verbally, Dr. and Mrs. Keightley left for the north of England. I wrote them, pointing out that Mrs. Besant had given no promise. I wondered if she would tell Mr. Chakravarti. Telling Mr. Mead would have been one thing; telling Mr. Chakravarti quite another. Mrs. Keightley replied on behalf of herself and Dr. Keightley. I still have that letter. She wrote that any formal promise would be a "crude superfluity." Remembering Mrs. Besant's words at the time she was told, I at once agreed to this view. But how account for this letter if Mrs. Besant had been asked for or had given her word of honor that she would keep the matter private?

The thing is absurd. I repeat again that there is not a single word

of truth in the whole of that long paragraph under the heading, "The Chinaman," in May *Vāhan*. Mrs. Besant seems to go through some such sub-conscious process as this in "remembering": What *would* I have said?—arguing from her present state of consciousness. Then this "would have said" immediately becomes "did say." She is utterly confused—and I do not wonder at it.

The Case against W. Q. Judge is full of similar instances. Accusation gone mad. A volume might be written on the subject, but I should hope the above is sufficient.

One word more as to a pamphlet just issued by the Countess Wachtmeister, entitled *H. P. B. and the Present Crisis in the Theosophical Society*. I am not surprised at its having been written, but surely it was published without the consent of the Countess Wachtmeister's friends! It consists almost entirely of what H. P. B. is supposed to have said to the Countess some years ago. One extract from a letter is given to which I will refer later. I am obliged to flatly contradict one statement she makes. On page 10 of her pamphlet she says: "Mrs. Archibald Keightley also confirmed this statement [that H. P. B. had reincarnated], telling me that she had seen and conversed with H. P. B. in her new body. This autumn Mrs. Keightley said to me that she had been mistaken in her vision." Taking the last statement first, I can only say that I was present during the whole of that conversation, which took place in the drawing-room at 62, Queen Anne Street, in the autumn of 1894. I was calling upon Dr. and Mrs. Keightley at the same time as the Countess and her son. Dr. Keightley was present. I sat between Mrs. Keightley and the Countess during the greater part of the conversation between them, and close beside them during the remainder. I heard every word that was said, and I absolutely deny that Mrs. Keightley said what the Countess puts into her mouth. If asked by the Countess to repeat that conversation, I will do so. She may remember some statements she made in regard to the occupants of 19, Avenue Road.

In regard to the first part of her statement: I was not present when Mrs. Keightley is alleged to have made this very remarkable and highly improbable statement. But at Maidenhead, when staying at Miss Müller's with Mr. Mead, the Countess and others, very shortly after this conversation is alleged to have taken place, the Countess gave me an entirely different version of it which flatly contradicts her present account. I did not say a word about it to Mrs. Keightley, but some weeks later she herself told me what she had said to the Countess, and this version agreed exactly with what the Countess had before told me. So I have the Countess's first version, confirmed independently by Mrs. Keightley, which absolutely contradicts her statement as made in her recent production. I therefore conclude that all the other hearsay which the Countess volunteers, from conversations with H. P. B. to those with Mr. Judge is, to put it mildly, faulty.

But the Countess does quote one letter which is of interest, and I thank her for doing so. She supplies a missing link. In the Preface to *The Case against W. Q. Judge*, p. 10, Mrs. Besant says: "It was these experiences, related to her by me, that H. P. Blavatsky wrote to Mr. Judge under date March 27th, 1891: 'She hears the Master's voice when alone, sees His Light, and recognizes His voice from that of D——.'" Mrs. Besant quotes this as a complete sentence, without asterisks to show the omission of words. It is put forward as a sen-

tence by itself. Now turn to what the Countess gives as the whole sentence, and notice the words left out by Mrs. Besant, who is so very particular about other people's "lack of straight-forwardness" that she cannot exist in the same Society with one whom she merely *accuses* of such a thing. Turn to the omitted words: "She [Mrs. Besant] *is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*, and yet she hears Master's voice," etc. Italics mine. But why did Mrs. Besant quote as a complete sentence what was only part of one? Why did she leave out those very pregnant words, "*She is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect*"?

Bah! Why will not people try to purify themselves before trying to crucify others for alleged "lack of straight-forwardness." "If it were not for delusion such action could only be called hypocritical." But I would to God they would stop these slanders and leave others to go on with the work. It may here and there be momentarily amusing, but such amusement becomes monotonous. Here are thousands crying out for these eternal verities, for a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation, and the time is taken up by attacks on Mr. Judge and his friends and in necessary refutation and defence. I say it is a shame. Let us go on with the Work, the Work, and leave time and great Karma to do the other work of scavenging if any at all be needed. Let us think of those who have not yet heard of Theosophy, and these petty attacks would soon be stopped and forgotten.—Faternally yours,

E. T. HARGROVE.

25, Lancaster Gate, London, W.

I certify that I have seen the originals of all the letters quoted or cited by Mr. Hargrove, and that these quotations are correctly given.

BASIL CRUMP, *Temple*.

May 31st, 1895.

As Mrs. Besant's article in the May *Vahan*, containing the above-mentioned incorrect assertions and accusations, required comment in the same journal, I wrote a letter to the editor endorsing Dr. Keightley's statement of fact. This I did well in time for the June issue, according to the usual rule. Mr. Mead had not the common courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, nor, as I now see, did he insert it. Is it possible that he thinks Mrs. Besant's attacks no longer require reply? Or must we take this as further proof that Mr. Mead is only interested in ventilating any accusation against one of "Mr. Judge's friends," since he will not insert an answer? Courtesy from our executive officer I have ceased to expect.

E. T. H.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

THE following interesting letter is sent for publication, with the writer's consent:

MY DEAR —,

I have been away in the North or I would have written to you sooner *re* the statement lately published above the signature of the Countess Wachtmeister concerning Annie Besant's claim to supersede W. Q. Judge. As I have now read it I think my testimony may have some weight with those who were with us in the Lansdowne Road days, when first the E. S. was formed.

I was sitting one afternoon with H. P. B. in the back part of the ground floor room of 17, Lansdowne Road; she was telling me about her disease, which was then beginning to grow very troublesome; she said she knew she must soon leave us. I asked her about the filling of the void and said it would be, so far as an ordinary man could judge, impossible adequately to fill it. She answered that W. Q. Judge was her favorite pupil and would worthily bear her mantle when she was gone. Shortly after he came over on a visit and she introduced me to him, saying distinctly that he was her destined successor. After he had gone back to America she always spoke of him in the same way to me and, I have no doubt, to others who were seeing her nearly every day. As for the letter quoted by Countess Wachtmeister, where H. P. B. couples Annie Besant with W. Q. Judge—she evidently hoped that all would proceed normally, and that no karmic flood would burst forth to whirl away a good woman on an evil tide; still, she seemed to know that some serious disturbance would surely occur after her departure. In this connection I asked her if she meant to reïncarnate immediately; she answered that she would not do so but would be able to help in the good work better as a Nirmânakâya. This help is especially needed now that loyal support seems denied even to him who has been bearing the brunt of Philistine attack for so many years. But happily Judge is not yet surnamed Belisarius.—Yours sincerely,

ROGER HALL.

10, Southchurch Avenue, Southend, May 25th, 1895.

REVIEW.

LYRICS, by R. H. Fitzpatrick. [London: W. Stewart and Co.]

WHILE one race sinks into night another renews its dawn. The *Celtic Twilight* is the morning-time and the singing of birds is prophetic of the new day. We have had to welcome of late years one sweet singer after another, and now comes a volume of lyrics which has that transcendental note which is peculiar to our younger writers. It is full of the mystery and commingling of the human and the divine soul:

“Hail, thou living spirit!
Whose deep organ blown
By lips that more inherit
Than all music known;
Art is but the echo of thy mysterious tone.”

These lyrics, I imagine, have been wrought in solitary wanderings, in which the forms and shows of things and human hopes and fears have been brooded upon until the intensity of contemplation has allied them with that soul of Nature in which the poet finds the fulfilment of all dreams and ideals. And in this refining back to an Over-Soul there is no suggestion of the student of academic philosophy, no over-wrought intellectualism. Such references arise naturally out of his thought and illuminate it. One can imagine how such lyrics were engendered:

“I stood and twirled a feathered stalk,
Or drank the clover’s honey sap,
Happiest without talk.

“The summer tidal waves of night
 Slowly in silence rippled in;
 They steeped the feet of blazing light,
 And hushed day’s harsher din.”

This aloofness from conflict, if it has hindered him from fully accepting and justifying life, the highest wisdom of the poet, has still its compensations. He has felt the manifold meaning of the voices through whose unconsciousness Nature speaks, the songs of birds, the aerial romance and intermingling of light and shadow, and has vision of the true proportion of things in that conflict he has turned his back on :

“ All things sip,
 And sip at life : but Time for ever drains
 The ever-filling cup in rivalry,
 And wipes the generations from his lip,
 While Art looks down from his serene domains.”

Æ.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE first annual Convention of the T. S. in America, held at the New England Headquarters, Boston, on April 28th and 29th, was a splendid and worthy achievement. The reports in the public press were numerous; all sympathetic, and many quite enthusiastic. The reply of our American brothers to the charges made against Mr. Judge was to elect him President for life. To quote Mrs. Besant’s words with regard to Mr. Judge on a former occasion, in a somewhat similar connection : “ If the past may count for anything in judging of the future, no hands could be found to which to confide its destinies more loyal, more strong, and more true.”

* * *

The action of our American brothers is regarded by Mrs. Besant and others as secession from the “ T. S.,” and it is so put in this month’s *Vähan*. By this time the historical facts regarding the T. S. are in the hands of members, and they will be able to judge of the truth of this for themselves. If these inside facts are correctly given, the action taken by the Convention at Boston was the only possible one. There is no doubt whatever that the T. S. in America was the parent Society. That has always been recognized. A declaration of independence in all administrative affairs is *not* secession. The point was admirably put by Brother Corbett at the Conference of the North of England Federation T. S. on May 11th, when he advised “ that each Section should have its own rules only, and be perfectly autonomous, the bond uniting the several Sections to be not one of law, but of love and co-operation.” Real secession, then, is disregarding this important fact of brotherhood; this union of harmony, the nucleus of which the T. S. was formed to create. Unless we succeed in making it real and actual we had better erase the motto from our shield.

* * *

The fifth annual Convention of the “ European Section of the T. S.” will be held, on July 4th and 5th, at the Portman Rooms, Baker

Street, London, W. It will afford a fitting opportunity, after nine months of internal turmoil and strife, to sink all personal aims "in one great sea of devotion to the cause." The Rules and Constitution of the T. S. will, of course, have to be fully considered and discussed, and some action taken. Two points have been commended by the Northern Federation to the representatives of their various Lodges, assembled at their recent Conference, for consideration before Convention: (1) with reference to each Section being autonomous; (2) with reference to expulsion of members. Whatever questions may arise, there can be no doubt that a great responsibility will rest on the delegates present. Only by calm judgment and wise discrimination can the existing crisis be tided over. "The tranquil state attained, therefrom shall soon result a separation from all troubles."

* * *

In the matter of government, we could with advantage take a leaf from the masonic book. For example, in a new territory, when there are a number of lodges formed (three only are needed) they federate themselves together and become a Grand Lodge, which becomes sovereign in its jurisdiction, and communicates in various ways with other Grand Lodges all over the globe. This is a good illustration of autonomy. I can assure those who talk of secession that there is no "gulf fixed" between Ireland and America in consequence of the latter having declared for legislative independence. Why should there be, indeed? Our bond of union has not been one of "red-tape." United in aim and aspiration, we stand to-day as we stood before. Outward forms may change as necessities arise, the inner attitude remains unchanged; it alone gives strength and power, it is the attitude of the Soul. What matter if India, Europe, America, Australia, have each separate administrative organizations with full legislative powers, if they are joined hand and heart with one common object? Let each answer.

* * *

Conventions are generally supposed to have "keynotes." I would suggest that the "keynote" of the 1895 Convention be "HOME-RULE." Wherever we turn, we find that experience shows federal government to be too cumbersome and unwieldy for practical purposes. Business usually becomes so congested that progress is impossible. In the T. S. we have had, within the past twelve months especially, striking example of this. Let us, then, take advantage of a unique opportunity, and "go in" for autonomy. The "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" would make a good and fitting title. We need not slavishly follow America in every detail in framing a Constitution; but we certainly should endeavor to have a Constitution as simple and practicable as possible, and theirs is, to my thinking, a model of simplicity. Branches on the continent, wherever strong enough to have an independent organization, should become perfectly autonomous also, and if desirable affiliate with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland." Wherever there are Lodges outside of Great Britain and Ireland not strong enough to have a separate administrative organization, and where there exists no T. S. affiliated—as indicated above—they could become federated with the "T. S. in Great Britain and Ireland" on the same conditions as Lodges within its territory. The important thing to remember is: that the theosophical movement circles the world, and that it is not confined to the organizations that go under that name. There are probably

more outside the T. S. than in it doing Master's work. We are not building for to-day only, so that we need not be in too great a hurry to do all the work at once. Let us take as comprehensive a view of things as possible, and we will have more time to laugh. "One of the wants of the age is more laughter." A greater appreciation of the humorous side of things might have saved much of the trouble of the past year. Suppose we began the Convention with a good hearty laugh. I think the effect would be magical. All we want is the presence of the Supreme Humorist.

* * *

A feature of our General Secretary's report will necessarily differ this year from previous ones. I refer to that dealing with the wonderful "consumption of paper" by the H. P. B. Press. To regret the altered circumstances would be foolish (would it be theosophical?). There are so many fields and pastures left unexplored, that the cessation of one form of activity may be but the opening to other forms even more desirable, and leave many free to go in search of treasures "rich and rare" that lie awaiting the explorer. Consumption of paper is certainly not everything; on the contrary, it is of little value compared with the quality of the work produced. Much of our work in this direction has been of a tentative and temporary character; we will have to turn our attention to work of a more enduring nature that will be good as literature, and command attention. Literature, art, music and the drama, will all have yet to be enlisted in the service of Theosophy. Translations from Sanskrit, Greek, Spanish and French will have to be done, as well as original work. In fact, the work has already commenced.

* * *

Delegates to former Conventions, who turned in to the H. P. B. Press to see the "wheels go round," will remember the faithful worker who was responsible for the "ten tons" of work produced. Excellent as the work was, it but afforded opportunity for one phase of Brother Pryse's abilities. He has lately been engaged on work of a different character. From what I have seen of it, I can assure our readers that, if nothing occurs to interrupt, a treat lies in store for them if they care, when the time comes, to take advantage of it. He is busy unearthing "treasures."

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

THE regular weekly public meetings have, as usual in this Lodge, come to a close for the summer months, to be resumed in September. The Monday evening group for study of *The Secret Doctrine* will, however, meet as usual from 8.30 to 9.30.

The midsummer meeting of the Lodge for consideration of agenda relating to the Annual Convention in London, and other business, will be on Wednesday evening the 19th inst., punctually at 8.30. As important matters affecting the welfare of the movement will come up for discussion it is hoped that there will be a very full attendance.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*