



The Theosophical Link

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Ushas, the Dawn

Ushas is an exalted goddess in the Rig Veda. She is often spoken of in the plural, "the Dawns." She is portrayed as warding off evil spirits of the night, and as a beautifully adorned young woman riding in a golden chariot on her path across the sky. Twenty of the 1028 hymns of the Rig Veda are dedicated to the Dawn.



From Rig Veda I. 113:

This light, most radiant of lights, has come; this gracious one who illumines all things is born. As night is removed by the rising sun, so is this the birthplace of the dawn.

We behold her, daughter of the sky, youthful, robed in white, driving forth the darkness. Princess of limitless treasure, shine down upon us throughout the day.

In Rig Veda 6.64.1-2, Ushas is invoked as follows.

The radiant Dawns have risen up for glory, in their white splendour like the waves of waters. She maketh paths all easy, fair to travel, and, rich, hath shown herself benign and friendly.

We see that thou art good: far shines thy lustre; thy beams, thy splendours have flown up to heaven. Decking thyself, thou makest bare thy bosom, shining in majesty, thou Goddess Morning.



The Three Objects of the Theosophical Society

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| <p>1.</p> <p>To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.</p> | <p>2.</p> <p>To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.</p> | <p>3.</p> <p>To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in the human being.</p> |
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Bookshop and Library**Monday**

Closed

Tuesday

1 pm to 7:25 pm

Wednesday – Friday

12 pm to 4:30 pm

Saturday

10 am to 2 pm

Sunday & Public**Holidays**

Closed

Freedom of Thought – Official statement

As the Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the world, and as members of all religions have become members of it without surrendering the special dogmas, teachings and beliefs of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasise the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of the Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its Three Objects is the sole condition of membership.

No teacher, no writer, from H.P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his or her teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to be attached to any school of thought which they may choose, but have no right to force that choice on any other.

Neither a candidate for any office nor any voter can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion held or because of membership in any school of thought to which they may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties.

The Members of the General Council earnestly request every member of the Theosophical Society to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of the Society, and also fearlessly exercise their own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration of others.

Disclaimer

The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Theosophical Society unless specifically marked as official.

All stock images are used in accordance with Stock Xchange's terms of use.

Open policy

The Minutes of all Executive Committee (EC) meetings are always available to members on request at the office. Rule Books are also available at the office for members.

Submissions

The closing date for all items for inclusion in the next edition of the Theosophical Link is: **1 February 2013**.

Email your submissions to tsperth@inet.net.au, or leave your typed articles in the Editor's drawer in the office. **Emailed submissions preferred.**

Visit us on the web

www.tsperth.iinet.net.au

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Mount Helena Retreat Centre

1540 Bunning Road
MOUNT HELENA WA 6082



Mount Helena Retreat Centre has
been temporarily closed.

Telephone and email enquiries should be
addressed to Perth office.

Privacy policy

The Perth Branch of the Theosophical Society respects the privacy of its members. Accordingly, no photos, videos or audio recordings are to be recorded in hard copy or on the internet at any Branch event without the prior permission of each easily identifiable person.

President's Report

This is my first report as President of the Perth Branch. I am, in the first instance grateful for the supportive team; Jean Dawson as Vice President, Deborah Weymouth as Secretary; and Keith Fisher as Treasurer. Without their experience and hard work I am sure I would be quite lost. Talking about hard work; Past President Harry Bayens, who held the Presidency for three years, must be thanked for all of his effort, diplomacy and good humour. You may be happy to know that he has not retired yet, he is now on the Executive Committee. On the supportive team also we have Skip Pry, who always makes sure that our Tuesday Night Program is varied and informative, and newcomers Shelley Orchard and Anne Bower. It is a warm welcome to Shelley and Anne. The E.C. meets once a month, where after some initial debate and discussion essential decisions are made.

We have lost Adam Phoenix on the Executive Committee, but he has promised to keep in touch and to keep working on our Facebook and Web Page! Check out this modern phenomenon if you can. Yes, Theosophy has moved into the 21st Century!

At the Annual General Meeting this year quite a few motions were put forward to be voted on; the future of Mt. Helena being one of them. We do need volunteers to keep this valuable property operating; there will be a meeting on Saturday 16th Nov, at 2 pm. to discuss the necessary maintenance and program possibilities. This meeting will be led by Shelley Orchard.

Our friendly library assistants do a marvellous job; they are the front face of our society. As the library is open to the public, they sometimes have to answer a curly question or two; but with such a wealth of information at hand, how can they miss!

In that way also, it is great to see an appreciative audience every Tuesday Night. If you do have a friend or an acquaintance that may be interested in a particular subject or in coming to a general meeting, please bring them as guests! The extra interest encourages our speakers, who will often put a lot of time and effort into a presentation.

If you have a concern, or a question, feel free to ask. If you wish to volunteer for something old or something new, we will be happy to consider it. Remember; we as members are the expression of a living Theosophy, in all of its vibrancy and diversity! To finish, a quote from Emily Dickinson; "To live is so startling it leaves little time for anything else!" Look around, you will be amazed!

Warm wishes from Tina.

P.S. Headquarters has sent 19 notices of motion to vote on at the Branch Convention meeting. Please make an effort to be at the meeting as we do need a quorum. If you are unable to attend please send a proxy to the Secretary, as it is important for all members to vote.



News and updates

Social networking

Facebook is proving to be a great way to attract new people to Theosophy. Regular broadcasts on Facebook include the program of lectures, activities and events, and other useful or interesting information about the Perth Branch. Take a look for yourself!



The Theosophical Link contributions

Members of TS Perth Branch are heartily invited to contribute articles, poems, book reviews and any news affiliated with the Branch to the Editor for future inclusions in the Link. Typed submissions will be gratefully accepted. Leave your articles etc. with the library or office staff or place your material in the Editor's drawer by **1st February 2014**.

Volunteers needed for Mount Helena

Work includes;

- cleaning gutters
- picking up and moving fallen branches
- pruning trees and shrubs
- clearing pathways
- removing cobwebs
- clearing drains.
- minor repairs



Please try and come to the meeting held at 2 pm on Saturday 16 November – See Page 5 for more details.

If you would like to be a volunteer at Mt Helena, please send your registration of interest to the Branch Secretary by post or email.


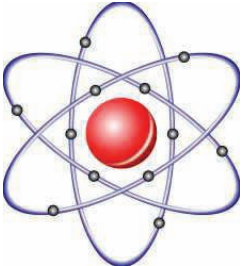


Farewell Adam Phoenix

Former Publicity Officer Adam Phoenix has recently departed to the Eastern shores of Australia. Over the last two years he has regularly assisted at the Branch and will be greatly missed by many Members. Adam will continue to assist Perth Branch by remaining as the Webmaster of the Branch's website.

Many thanks for another great year at Perth Branch!

Our thanks and appreciation goes to the many volunteers who assist at the Branch – to all of you who work in the library, who deliver talks and presentations, who help tidy up after events, who pick up and drive others home, who run classes, who work on committees, who help at busy bees, who carry out a myriad of tasks or roles to help others – your ongoing commitment and support helps us to keep the Branch and its activities running smoothly day to day.

Activities and Events

	Activity or Event	Date and Time
	<p style="text-align: center;">Hatha Yoga classes</p> <p>Hatha Yoga classes for the not so young and not so flexible. In this class we work on increasing body awareness, discovering and lengthening tight muscles, learning breathing techniques, relaxation and some of the simpler yoga postures. The last half-hour is for practicing meditation for those who wish to participate. No experience necessary and all are welcome.</p>	<p>10 am to 12 pm each Friday</p> <p>Facilitated by Virginia Milner</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">Theosophy Science Discussion Group (Perth)</p> <p>The Theosophy-Science Discussion Group meets to discuss topics of current scientific interest, in the light of Theosophy. Members of the Group are not required to have a scientific background, merely an interest in how science is shaping our lives. Upcoming topics include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <u>November</u> – The White Hole in Time. A presentation on Peter Russell's book/dvd, which looks at the idea that we stand on the threshold of a major leap in evolution, as significant as the emergence of life itself, and the essence of this leap is inner spiritual development. • <u>December</u> – 13 Things That Don't Make Sense – The most baffling scientific mysteries of our time. Based on the book written by Michael Brooks. Topics include the placebo effect, the origin of an unexplained signal from outer space, and the anomalous behaviour of some NASA satellites which seem to contradict the laws of physics. 	<p>Meets at 2 pm on the first Saturday of each month</p> <p>November 2nd December 7th</p> <p>Facilitated by Hana O'Rourke</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">Mount Helena Meeting – The way forward</p> <p>An informal meeting of members will be held to enable discussion and questions regarding Mt Helena.</p> <p>We need support from members willing to contribute to the organising and running of Theosophical events at Mt Helena, as well as commitment in the undertaking of regular maintenance.</p> <p>The meeting will be held at the Theosophical Society in Perth (Glendower St).</p>	<p>2 pm Saturday 16 November</p> <p>Facilitated by Shelley Orchard</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">Christmas Party at Perth Branch</p> <p>All TS Members, their family and their friends are warmly invited to celebrate the end of year festivities at the TS Branch. Please bring along a plate of sweet or savoury food to share.</p>	<p>7:30 pm Tuesday 10 December</p>



A Remarkable Christmas Eve

A true story originally published in the 1887 December edition of *Lucifer*

It was a dark and solitary path, a narrow, hardly perceptible, footway in a dense forest, hemmed in by two walls of impenetrable thorns and wild creepers, covering, as with a network, the trunks of the tall, bare, moss-covered trees.

The path led through the woods down to a deep valley in which a few country houses were nestled. Night was fast approaching, and the hurricane, that blew across the country, boded evil to many a traveller, by land and sea. The wind, which had hitherto been only moaning through the trees, in low sad tones reminding one of a funeral dirge, was now beginning to roar with fury, filling the forest as with the howling of a hundred hungry wolves. Very soon a drizzling, ice-cold rain veiled the whole forest in a damp shroud of fog.

One solitary traveller was wearily wending his way along this deserted path. The hour was late, and the darkening shadows were creeping on steadily,

making the gloom in the thicket still more depressing. The young man looked worn and tired, as he again and again brushed aside the entangled briars which impeded his progress forward. He was well-dressed, and wore a marine officer's cap. But his coat was now in rags, torn by the hard, frozen, cruel thorns, and his hands were bleeding in the struggle he had had with the briars for a whole long night and a day since he had lost his way in the huge forest.

Panting, he stopped at last; and, as he heaved a deep sigh, he fell down half-insensible at the foot of an old shaggy oak. Then, half-opening his weary eyes, he murmured in despair, as he placed his hand on his heart :-" I wonder how long *this* will yet beat... I feel as if it were gradually stopping."

He closed his eyes once more, and very soon the feeble palpitations he was watching within himself, turned his half-paralysed thought into a new groove of ideas. Now the hardly

audible beatings of his heart seemed to transform themselves into the ticking of an old clock quite near to him. He imagined the old Nuremberg timepiece in his mother's room.

He was dripping wet, chilled to the marrow of his bones, and was fast losing consciousness.

"No, no; I must not allow this, my fire, to go out. No, not before I see once more my loved ones - my mother and Alice..."

Arising with great effort he pursued his way with tottering steps, feeling his way in the darkness. But instantly a wild gust of wind, tearing along the narrow pathway, caused the great trees to sway and rock as if in very agony. Catching in its icy clasp the weakened form of the young man, the hurricane nearly upset him. Being already wet through and through with rain and cold, he shivered and groaned aloud, as he felt a sharp pain penetrating his limbs from the brain downwards. One more

short struggle and he heavily fell on the cold hard ground.

Clasping his hands over his brow, he could only whisper again: "Mother, I can do no more. Farewell, mother, for ever! Alice-fare thee well!"

His strength was gone. For over thirty hours he had tasted no food. He had travelled night and day in the hope of being with his family on Christmas Eve, that blessed day of joy and peace. Never yet had he spent a Christmas Eve away from home; but that year had been an unusually unfortunate one for him. His vessel had been wrecked and he had lost all. It was only by the greatest of chances that he had been enabled to find his way back to his country, in time to take the train that brought him from a large seaport to the small town some twenty miles' distance from his home. Once there, he had to travel that distance by coach. But just as he was preparing to start on his last journey, he met a poor sailor, a companion of his shipwreck.

With tears in his eyes the man told him that having lost all, he had no more money left to take him to his wife and children, who were yet two days' journey by rail from where he was; and that thus, he could not be with them to make merry Christmas together.

So the good-hearted young officer, thinking he could easily walk the short distance that separated him from home, had emptied his purse into the

sailor's hands and started on his way on foot, hoping to arrive on that same evening.

He set out early in the morning and bethought himself of a short cut through the vast forests of his native place. But on that afternoon he hurt his foot badly, and being able to move only at a very slow pace, the night had overtaken him in the forest in which he had finally lost his way during that terrible night. He had wandered since the morning during the whole long day, until pain, exhaustion, and the hurricane had overpowered him. And now, he was lying helpless on the bare frozen ground, and would surely die before the dawn.

How long he lay there he never remembered; but, when he



came back to himself. he thought he could move, and resolved to make a last supreme effort after the short rest. The wind had suddenly fallen. He felt warmer and calmer now, as he sat leaning against a tree.

"Never, mother dear, never," he addressed her in thought, "never have I spent a Christmas away from your dear selves. Never, since my boyhood, when father

died twelve years ago! I made a vow then that, come what would, I should spend each Christmas Eve at home; and now, though life seems slowly ebbing out of my body, I want to keep my promise. They must be waiting for me even now, they, and Alice, my sweet fair wife, who tells me she never loved but me! Reginald and Lionel, my brothers, who are earnestly waiting for me; my shy pretty May, and little Wendy... They are all longing to see me, my dear ones, all expecting their old brother Hugo to return and decorate their Christmas-tree. Oh, mother, mother, see you I must! I will be with you on this Christmas Eve, come what may!"

This passionate longing appeal seemed to give him a ten-fold strength. He made a desperate effort to rise from his place, and found he could do so quite easily. Then, overcome with joy, he flew rather than walked through the dense black forest. He must have surely mistaken the distance, as a minute later he found himself in the brushwood, and saw the well-known valley so familiar to him, and even discerned in the bright moonlight the home that contained all his dear ones.

He ran still faster, more and more rapidly, and even forgot in his excitement to wonder whence he had found the power of using his lame foot so easily.

At last he reached the lawn, and approached the cosy old house, all wrapped in its snowy winter garments, and sparkling in moonlight like a palace of King

Frost. From a large bay-window poured out torrents of light, and as he drew still nearer, trying to see through it, he caught a glimpse of the loved faces, which he stopped to look at, before knocking at the door.

"Oh, my mother! I see her there," he exclaimed. "There she is, seated in her armchair, with her knitting by her side, her beautiful silvery hair as soft and glossy as ever under her snow-white cap. I see her kind eyes and placid features still unmarked by the furrows of age. She looks troubled. She listens to the fierce gusts of wind which cause the windows to shake and rattle. How that wind does try to get into the house, and, finding itself no welcome guest, hark, how it rolls away. How strange! I *hear*, but I do not *feel* the wind."

"Kneeling at my mother's feet, there's Alice. Her arms are clasped around mother's knees; her golden curls fall on her back. But, why are her large violet eyes filled with tears as she looks with up-turned face into mother's sad eyes? Hush! What is she saying? I hear it, even through that wall."

"Don't be uneasy, mother, dear, Hugo will come back. You know he told us so in his last letter. He said that after their shipwreck he was kindly cared for by those who saved the crew. He wrote also that he had borrowed money for the journey, and that he would be with us at the latest on Christmas Eve! Bad roads and the stormy night will have detained him. The coach. you

say? Well, and though the coach has long since passed by, he may have taken a carriage. He will soon be here. mother."

Ah, dear Alice. I see she looks at her finger, with its little ruby ring I placed on it. She puts it to her lips, and I hear her murmuring my name.

I rushed into the house at that appeal, and, as I now remember, without knocking at the door, as



if I had passed through the stone walls. I tried to speak, but no sound appeared to reach their ears. Nor did anyone seem to see or greet me. I drew Alice by the arm, but she never turned round, only continued to murmur sweet words of consolation into my mother's ear. Good God, what agony! Why do they not hear, or even see me? Am I really here?

I look round the room. The old home is just as I had left it nine months since. There is my

father's picture hanging over the mantel-piece, looking at me with his kind smile; the old piano open, with my favourite song on it. The cat sleeping as usual, on the hearthrug, and purring, as she stretches out her lazy paws. Albums on the table, my photograph, with its bright and happy look. How different to my present self! Here am I, standing in an agony of doubt, before my loved ones, seeing them, feeling them, touching them ... and yet unseen by them, unnoticed, as one who is not there. Not even my shadow on the wall over their own.

But who then, am I? Why have they grown so blind to my presence? Why do their hearts and senses remain so dense?

I try again and again. I call them piteously by their names, but they heed me not. My heart, my love, all is here, but my physical body seems far away.

Yes, it is far, far away, and now I see it, as it lies cold and lifeless in that forest, where I must have left it. It is surely for *me*, not for that body, that they care! And is it because I am no longer clothed with flesh that I must be as only a breath, an empty naught, to them?

Full of despair, I turned away, and passing through the folding doors, arrived in the adjoining room where my young brothers and sisters were busily occupied decorating the Christmas tree. There it stands, the old friend of my youth. I see it, and even discern its resinous perfume. Towering up towards the ceiling,



its lower branches are bending to the ground, laden with golden fruits, with toys and wax tapers.

My brothers and sisters are gathered around it, but Reginald looks grave. I see him turning to May, and hear him saying: "Are you not anxious about Hugo? I wonder what can have become of him!"

"I did not like to tell mother," May replies with a little shiver, "but I had a dreadful dream last night I saw Hugo white and cold. He looked sorrowfully at me, but when he tried to speak he could not. His look haunts me still!" she softly sobbed, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

But now little Wendy gives a scream of delight. The child has discovered among the Christmas presents a real pipe, a pipe with silver bells.

"Oh, this shall be for Hugo, and then he will have music whenever he smokes!" exclaims the little one, merrily laughing, and holding out the toy in the direction where I am standing.

For a moment I hope she sees me. I try to take the pipe, but my

hand cannot clasp it, and the toy seems to slip away from me as if it were a shadow. I try to speak again, but it is of no use. They see me not, neither do they hear me.

Grieved beyond words, I left them, and returning into the next room, went up straight to Alice, who was still at mother's side, murmuring to her loving words. I spoke again, I entreated, I besought them to look at me, and my suffering was so great that I felt that death would be preferable to this!

Then came a last and supreme effort. Concentrating all my will, I bent over Alice, and gasped out with my whole soul: "If ever you loved me, Alice, know and hear me now!" I exclaimed, as I pressed my lips to hers.

She gave a shudder, a start, and then, opening her eyes wider and wider, she shrieked in terror: "Hugo! Hugo! Mother, do you see? Hugo is here!"

She tried to clasp me in her arms, but her hands met together, and only joined as if in prayer.

"Hugo, Hugo, stay, why can I not touch you? Mother, look! look! Here is Hugo!"

She was growing wilder and more excited with every moment. My mother looked faint and frightened, as she said: "Alice, what is the matter, child? What do you see? Hugo is not here!"

The children, hearing Alice's cry, flew into the room, all eager with expectation. "Where is Hugo? Where is he?" they prattled.

I felt that I was invisible to all but Alice. She was the only one to see me. Therefore, realizing that the body had to be saved from its danger in the woods without loss of time, I drew her after myself with all my will. I slowly moved towards the door, never taking my look off her eyes. She followed me, as one in a state of somnambulism.

My mother looked stunned and bewildered. Rising with difficulty from her place, she would have made for the door also, but sank back into her arm-chair powerless and covered her face with her hands.

"Boys, follow Alice," said May. "Wait ... the carriage is there ready to go after the doctor's children. Take it. Call the gardener and John to go with you. I will stay with mother." And whispering to Reginald she added, "Tell John to take rugs and blankets ... but I am afraid poor Hugo is dead!"

She then turned to mother, who had fainted. I would see no more, but *willing* Alice to follow me, I left the house. She came slowly after me, her face all white, her large eyes full of a look of terror, but also of resolution in them. On she would have gone on foot, in the drizzling rain, her golden hair all flying about her head, had she been allowed to do so by my brothers and servants. The strange cortege was ushered into the open carriage, the coachman being ordered to follow her directions. On it went, as speedily as the horse could go.

I found myself floating now before them, and, to my own amazement, sliding backwards, with my face turned towards Alice, strongly willing that she should not lose sight of me.

Two hours afterwards, the carriage entered the brushwood, and they were obliged to alight.

The night was now very dark and stormy, and notwithstanding the lanterns, the group made way with great difficulty into the thicket. The wind had begun to blow and howl with the same fury as when I had left the wood, and seemed to have caught

them all in its chilly embrace. The boys and servants panted and shivered, but Alice heeded nothing. What cared she for that! The only thought of my beloved was I, Hugo On, on we went, her tender feet wounded with the brambles, and the wet sprays of branches brushing against her white face. On, on she ran, till, with a sudden and loud cry of joy and terror mixed, she fell down.

At the same instant I collapsed, and fell also on the ground, as it seemed to me; and then all became a blank. As I learned later, at that moment the boys drew near, and lowering their lanterns found Alice with her arms clasped around a form, and when the lanterns were placed close to it they saw before them the body of their brother Hugo, a corpse!

"Sure enough he is dead, the poor young master!" cried John, our old servant, who was close behind. "No, no!" Alice answered. No, he is not dead. His body is cold, but his heart still beats. Let us carry him home. Quick, quick! "



Lifting up the body gently and placing it in the carriage they covered it with rugs and shawls, and drove at a furious speed back to our home. It was near midnight when the carriage stopped at the gate.

"Reginald, run on quickly and give the good news to mother!" cried Alice. "Tell May to have hot bottles and blankets ready, on the sofa in the drawing-room. It is warm there near the fire. Tell them all that Hugo lives, for I know he does," she went on repeating.

More lights were brought out, and the servants carried carefully their burden into the house, where they placed it on the sofa, hot flannels and restoratives being immediately applied. Noiselessly and breathlessly went on the work of love around the apparently dead body, and was at last rewarded. A sigh was heard, a deeper breath was drawn, and then the eyes slowly opened and I looked round in vague surprise at all those loved and anxious faces crowding eagerly around me.

"Don't speak yet, Hugo," whispered Alice anxiously. Don't, till you feel stronger."

But I could not control my impatience.

"How am I here?" I asked. "Ah, I remember. I lost my way in the old forest. Ah, yes; I recollect now all. The cold biting wind, my lame foot, after I stumbled and fell, knocking my head against a stone, and all became a blank to me!"

"Hush, Hugo, hush my boy," said my mother wiping tears of joy from her still pale and suffering face. "You will tell us all that presently. Now rest."

But I could not refrain from speaking, as thoughts crowded into my head, and recollections came vividly back. "No, no, I am better," I went on. I am strong again, and I must let you know all that I dreamed. I was here, and I saw you all. Oh, the torture I suffered when you knew me not! Mother, darling, did you not see me, your son? But she, my Alice, saw and followed me, and it is she who saved me from death! Ah, yes! I remember now, you found my body, and then all was darkness again. Kiss me, mother! Kiss me all, let me feel that I am really with you in body, and am no longer an invisible shadow. Mother I kept my promise; I am here on Christmas Eve! Light the tree, my little Wendy, and give me the pipe with the bells I saw you holding, and heard you say it was for old brother Hugo."

The child ran into the other room and returned with the pipe I had seen her playing with a few hours before. This was the greatest and final proof for me, as for my family. The event was no vision then, no hallucination, but true to its merest details! As my mother often said afterwards, referring to that wonderful night, it was a weird and strange experience, but one which had happened to others before, and will go on happening from time to time.

Of late years, when I had been happily married to my Alice (who will not let me travel far away without her, any longer) I have dived a good deal into such psychic mysteries, and I think I can explain my experience. I think that by privation, cold, and mental agony, I had been thrown into such abnormal conditions, that my astral body, as it is now generally called, my "conscious self," was able to escape from the physical tenement and take itself to the home I so passionately desired to reach. All my thoughts, and longings being intensely directed towards it, I found myself there where I wished to be, in spirit. Then the agony of mind from the consciousness that I was invisible to all, added to the fear of death unless I could impress them with my presence, became finally productive of the supreme effort of will, the success of which alone could save me.

This joined to Alice's sensitiveness and her love for me, enabled her to sense my presence, and even to see my form, whereas others saw nothing.

Man is a wonderful and marvellous enigma; but it is one which has to, and will be completely unriddled some day, the scepticism of the age notwithstanding.

Such is the simple story told to the writer by an old naval officer, about "the most memorable Christmas Eve" that came within his own experience.



Freedom

By P.H.D.

KNOW, striving soul, on truth intent,
That not with words by mortal sent
Faint shimmerings of earthly Light
Shall ever-living truth be taught,
Or light to gild the path be bought,
That leads us upward from the night.
But govern mind with ordered will,
Subduing this with knowledge still,
Fanning the spark within that glows,
The essence of that power divine,
The pledge to man from mystic time,
The light from thrones above that flows.
Then may the spirit, bathed in light,
Soar upward from the realms of night,
No more a fettered earth-bound thing,
But freed from clay, and doubt, and slime,
Triumphant over death and time!
To the eternal ever cling!

Program of Lectures

Definition of meeting types and relevant guidelines

- **Public meetings** – All members and the public are welcome to attend.
- **General meetings** – For members, with interested persons of the public welcome to attend up to 4 meetings, with the objective to explore and confirm an interest in becoming a member of the TS. If after attending 4 meetings the person is not interested in becoming a member they are requested to restrict their visits to other options open to the public.
- **Members only meetings** – Generally for TS members only. However, members attending may invite a guest to whom the presentation would be of interest and benefit, is known to have a basic understanding of theosophy, and is in harmony with the membership requirements and the general principles of the TS.
- **Strictly members only** – Are strictly for current members only. Non-members will not be admitted to the meeting.

All sessions, unless otherwise stated, run from 7:30 pm - 8:30 pm

The opinions expressed in the lectures are those of the speakers and not necessarily those of the TS in Perth.

NOVEMBER

Tues 5 Nov Members Only Meeting	Philosophical Teachings in The Mahatma Letters - DVD facilitated by Viv Ward In this 6 part series Joy Mills, one of the foremost TS scholars on the “Mahatma Letters” discusses some of the essential philosophical ideals of the spiritual teachers of H.P. Blavatsky. Tonight’s 57 min. presentation looks at part 2 of this series.
Tues 12 Nov General meeting	Torn Between Two Homes - Perspective from a Pakistani Migrant - Dr. Zarrin Siddiqui. For the TOS meal please arrive at 6:30pm to partake of our delicious snacks and light supper for only \$7 and to check out the raffle basket and other items for sale for fund raising purposes. Dr. Siddiqui is currently serving as the Chair of Pakistanis in Australia and Senior Vice President of Ethnic Communities Council of Western Australia Inc. Her talk is based on the experiences of a single woman in Australia as a skilled migrant and efforts to keep a balance between two homes, as well as investigating the support systems available for migrant women in Australia.
Tues 19 Nov General Meeting	Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; The Later Years - Tina Hentisz This is a continuation of a power point presentation on the life of H. P. Blavatsky. What happened in New York; why did she travel to India? What strange things happened there? Much has been written; can we or dare we believe all of it?
Tues 26 Nov General meeting	The Life of Plants - Neville Green This powerpoint presentation will be an exploration into the value of plants, the inner world of plants and their relationship with humanity.

DECEMBER

Tues 3 Dec Members Only Meeting	Convention Business Meeting - Approx. 15 minutes with a quorum of 20 members required. Please attend so this required meeting does not have to be rescheduled. Followed by: Philosophical Teachings in The Mahatma Letters - DVD facilitated by Shirley Martin In this 6 part series Joy Mills, one of the foremost TS scholars on the “Mahatma Letters” discusses some of the essential philosophical ideals of the spiritual teachers of H.P. Blavatsky. Tonight’s 51 min. presentation looks at part 3 of this series.
Tues 10 Dec General meeting	Christmas Party at Perth Branch Please bring a plate of vegetarian sweet or savoury food to share. All members, family and friends are welcome to come along and join in the end of year festivities.