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LUCIFER sends the best compliments of the season to his friends and subscribers, and wishes them a happy New Year and many returns of the same. In the January issue of 1888, *Lucifer* said:

. . . let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its definite phases and man with it; and as a day can be coloured so can a year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now will have added strength to fulfil them consistently.

He now repeats what was said and adds: Let no one mistake the importance and potency of numbers — *as symbols*. Everything in the Universe was framed according to the eternal proportions and combinations of numbers. “God geometrizes,” and numbers and numerals are the fundamental basis of all systems of mysticism, philosophy, and religion. The respective festivals of the year and their dates were all fixed according to the Sun — the “father of all calendars” and of the Zodiac, or the Sun-god and the twelve great, but still minor gods; and they became subsequently sacred in the cycle of national and tribal religions.

A year ago, it was stated by the editors that 1888 was a dark combination of numbers: it has proved so since. Earthquakes and terrible volcanic eruptions, tidal waves and landslips, cyclones and fires, railway and maritime disasters followed each other in quick succession. Even in point of weather the whole of the past year was an insane year, an unhealthy and uncanny year, which shifted its seasons, played ducks and drakes with the calendar and laughed at the wiseacres who preside over the meteorological stations of the globe. Almost every nation was visited by some dire calamity. Prominent among other countries was Germany. It was in 1888 that the Empire reached, virtually, the 18th year of its unification. It was during the fatal combination of the four numbers 8 that it lost two of its Emperors, and planted the seeds of many dire Karmic results.

What has the year 1889 in store for nations, men and theosophy, and what for *Lucifer*? But it may be wiser to forbear looking into Futurity; still better to pray to the now ruling Hosts of *Numbers* on high, asking them to be lenient to us, poor terrene

ciphers. Which shall we choose? With the Jews and the Christian Kabbalists, the number of their deity — the God of Abraham and Jacob — is 10, the number of perfection, the ONE in space, or the Sun, astronomically, and the ten Sefhîrôth, Kabbalistically. But the Gods are many; and every December, according to the Japanese, is the month of the *arrival*, or *descent of the Gods*; therefore there must be a considerable number of deities lurking around us mortals in astral space. The 3rd of January, a day which was, before the time of Clovis, consecrated to the worship of *Isis* — the goddess-patroness of Paris who has now changed her name and become *Ste.-Geneviève*, “she who generates life” — was also set apart as the day on which the deities of Olympus visited their worshippers. The third day of every month was sacred to *Pallas Athene*, the goddess of Wisdom; and January the 4th is the day of Mercury (Hermes, Budha), who is credited with adding brains to the heads of those who are civil to him. December and January are the two months most connected with gods and numbers. Which shall we choose? — we ask again. “This is the question.”

We are in the Winter Solstice, the period at which the Sun entering the sign of Capricornus has already, since December 21st, ceased to advance in the Southern Hemisphere, and, cancer or crablike, begins to move back. It is at this particular time that, every year, he is born, and December 25th was the *day of the birth of the Sun* for those who inhabited the Northern Hemisphere. It is also on December the 25th, Christmas, the day with the Christians on which the “Saviour of the World” was born, that were born, ages before him, the Persian Mithra, the Egyptian Osiris, the Greek Bacchus, the Phoenician Adonis, the Phrygian Attis. And, while at Memphis the people were shown the image of the god *Day*, taken out of his cradle, the Romans marked December 25th in their calendar as the day *natalis solis invicti*.¹

Sad derision of human destiny. So many Saviours of the world born unto it, so much and so often propitiated, and yet the world is as miserable — nay, far more wretched now than ever before — as though none of these had ever been born!

January — the *Januarius* dedicated to Janus the God of Time, the ever revolving cycle, the double-faced God — has one face turned to the East, the other to the West; the *Past* and the *Future*! Shall we propitiate and pray to him? Why not? His statue had 12 altars at its feet, symbolising the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve great gods, the twelve months of the solar year and — the twelve Apostles of the Sun-Christ. *Dominus* was the title given to the Sun by the ancients; whence *dies domini*, *dies solis*, the “Sun-days.” *Puer nobis nascitur dominus dominorum*,² sing the Roman Catholics on Christmas day. The statue of Janus-January carried engraved on his right hand the number 300, and on his left, 65, the number of the days in the Solar year; in one hand a sceptre, in the other a key, whence his name *Janitor*, the door-

¹ [Birthday of the Unconquered Sun]

² [From *Piae Cantiones*, 1582, and earlier MS. from 14c. See full tetrastich and translation below:

Puer nobis nascitur	Unto us a boy is born
Rector angelorum;	The King of all creation
In hoc mundo pascitur	Came he to a world forlorn
Dominus dominorum.	The Lord of every nation.]

keeper of the Heavens, who opened the gates of the year at its beginning. Old Roman coins represent Janus *bifrons*¹ on one side, and *a ship* on the other.

Have we not the right to see in him the prototype of Peter, the fisherman of the celestial ship, the Janitor of Paradise, to the gates of which he alone holds the keys? Janus presided over the four seasons. Peter presides over the four Evangelists. In Occultism the potency and significance of Numbers and Numerals lie in their right application and permutation. If we have to propitiate any mysterious number at all, we have most decidedly to address Janus-Peter, in his relation to the ONE — the Sun. Now what would be the best thing for *Lucifer* and his staff to ask from the latter for 1889? Our joint wishes are many, for our course as that of true love, does not run altogether smooth.

Thus addressing the bright luminary in perpetual *abscondito* beyond the eternal fogs of the great city, we might ask him for a little more light and warmth in the coming year than he gave us in the year 1888. We might entreat him at the same time to pour a little light into the no less befogged heads of those who insist on boycotting *Lucifer* under the extraordinary notion that he and Satan are one. Shine more on us, O, Helios, Son of Hyperion! Those on whom thou beamest thy greatest radiance must be, as in the legend of Apollo, good and kind men. Alas, for us. The British Isle will never be transformed, in this our cycle, into the isle of Aea, the habitat of Helios, as of the children of that God and the Oceanide Perseis. Is this the occult reason why our hearts become, with every year, colder and more indifferent to the woes of mankind, and that the very souls of the multitudes seem turning into icicles? We ask thee to shed thy radiance on these poor shivering souls.

Such is *Lucifer's*, our Light-bearer's fervently expressed desire. What may be that of the Theosophical Society in general, and its working members in particular? We would suggest a supplication. Let us ask, Brethren, the Lord on High, the *One* and the *SOLE* (or *Sol*), that he should save us from the impudent distortion of our theosophical teachings. That he should deliver us in 1889 from his pretended priests, the "Solar Adepts" as they dub themselves, and their sun-struck followers, as he delivered us once before; for verily "man is born unto trouble," and our patience is well-nigh exhausted!

But, "wrath killeth the foolish man"; and as we know that "envy slayeth the silly one," for years no attention was paid to our ever increasing parodists. They plagiarized from our books, set up sham schools of magic waylaid seekers after truth by deceiving them with holy names, misused and desecrated the sacred science by using it to get money by various means, such as selling as "magic mirrors" for £15, articles made by common cabinet makers for £1 at most. With them, as with all charlatans, fortune-tellers, and *self-styled* "Adepts," the sacred science of *Theosophia* had become when Kabbalistically read — Dollar-Sophia. To crown all, they ended by offering, in a most generous manner, to furnish all those "awakened" who were "disappointed in Theosophical Mahatmas" with the *genuine* article in the matter of adeptship. Unfortunately the said article was traced in its turn to a poor, irresponsible medium, and something worse; and so that branch of the brood finally disap-

¹ [A demon, Earl of Hell]

peared. It vanished one fine morning into thin air leaving its disconsolate disciples thoroughly “awakened” this time, and fully alive to the sad fact, that if they had acquired less than no occult wisdom, their pockets, on the other hand, had been considerably relieved of their weight in pounds and shillings. After their Exodus came a short lull. But now the same is repeated elsewhere.

The long metaphysical articles *borrowed* from *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Theosophist* ceased suddenly to appear in certain Scotch papers. But if they disappeared from Europe, they reappeared in America. In August 1887 the New York *Path* laid its hand heavily on *The Hidden Way Across the Threshold* printed in Boston,¹ and proceeded to speedily squelch it, as “stolen goods.” As that Journal expresses itself about this pretentious volume, *copied*, not written by its authors — “whatever in it is new, is not true, and whatever is true, is not new; scattered through its six hundred pages, are wholesale thefts from the *Vedas*, *Paracelsus*, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Path*, *etc.*, *etc.*” This unceremonious appropriation of long paragraphs and entire pages “either verbatim or with unimportant changes,” — from various, mostly theosophical authors — a list of which is given in *The Path*,² might be left to its fate, but for the usual trick of our wretched imitators. In the words of the same editor of *The Path*:

. . . The claim is made that it [the book] is inspired by great adepts both living and dead, who have condescended to relent and give out these six hundred pages, with certain restrictions *which prevent their going into any detail or explanation beyond those given by the unfortunate or unprogressed [theosophical] authors from whose writings they [the adepts] have either allowed or directed their humble disciple, Mr. Street, to steal.*

Before the appearance of modern Theosophical literature it was “Spirits” and “Controls” that were ever in the mouths of these folk; now the living “adepts” are served up with every sauce. It is ever and always Adepts here, Hierophants there. And this only since the revival of Theosophy and its spread in America in 1884, note well; after the great soap-bubble conspiracy between Madras and Cambridge against the Theosophical Society had given a new impetus to the movement. Up to that year, Spiritualists, and professional mediums especially, with their “controls” and “guides,” could hardly find words of vituperation strong enough to brand the “adepts” and deride their “supposed powers.” But since the Herodic “slaughter of the Innocents,” when the S.P.R. turned from the Theosophical to the Spiritualistic phenomena, most of the “dear departed” ones took to their heels. The angels from the “Summer Land” are going out of fashion just now, for Spiritualists begin to know better and to discriminate. But because the “adept” idea, or rather their philosophy, begins to gain ground, this is no reason why pretenders of every description should travesty in their ungrammatical productions the teachings, phraseology, and Sanskrit terms out of theosophical books; or why, again, they should turn round and make people believe that these were given them by other “Hierophants,” in their opinion, far higher, nobler and grander than our teachers.

¹ [The author’s name is J.C. Street, A.B.N.; the book was published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1887. The italics in the last quote from *The Path* are H.P. Blavatsky’s. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

² *Vide* August 1887, *pp.* 159-60.

The great evil of the whole thing is, not that the truths of Theosophy are adopted by these blind teachers, for we should gladly welcome any spread, by whatever means, of ideals so powerful to wean the world from its dire materialism — but that they are so interwoven with misstatements and absurdities that the wheat cannot be winnowed from the chaff, and ridicule, if not worse, is brought to bear upon a movement which is beginning to exercise an influence, incalculable in its promise of good, upon the tendency of modern thought. How shall men discern good from evil, when they find it in its close embrace? The very words, “Arhat,” “Karma,” “Māyā,” “Nirvana,” must turn enquirers from our threshold when they have been taught to associate them with such a teeming mass of ignorance and presumption. But a few years ago, all these Sanskrit terms were unknown to them, and even now they repeat them phonetically, parrot-like, and without any understanding. And yet they will cram them into their silly books and pamphlets, and fill these with denunciations against great men, the soles of whose feet they are unworthy to gaze upon!

Though false coin is the best proof of the existence of genuine gold, yet, the false deceives the unwary. Were the “pretensions” of the T.S. in this direction founded on mere hypothesis and sentimental gush, like the identification of many a materialized spirit, the theosophical “Mahatmas” and their society would have dissolved long ago like smoke in space under the desperate attacks of the holy alliance of Missionaries and *pseudo*-Scientists, helped by the half-hearted and misinformed public. That the Society has not only survived but become thrice stronger in numbers and power, is a good proof again of its own intrinsic merit. Moreover, it has gained also in wisdom; that practical, matter-of-fact wisdom which teaches, through the mouth of the great Christian “Mahatma,” not to scatter pearls before swine, nor to attempt to put new wine into old bottles.

Therefore, let us, in our turn, recite a heartfelt conjuration (the ancient name for prayer), and invoke the help of the powers that be, to deliver us from the painful necessity of exposing those sorry “make-believes” in *Lucifer* once again. Let us ring the theosophical *Angelus* thrice for the convocation of our theosophical friends and readers. If we would draw on us the attention of *Sol* on High, we must repeat that which the ancients did and which was the origin of the R.C. *Angelus*. The first stroke of the bell announced the *coming of Day*; the appearance of *Gabriel*, the morning messenger, with the early Christians, of *Lucifer*, the morning star, with their predecessors. The second bell, at noon, saluted the glory and exalted position of the *Sun*, King of Heavens; and the third bell announced the approach of *Night*, the Mother of Day, the Virgin, Isis-Mary, or the Moon. Having accomplished the prescribed duty, we pour our complaint and say: —

Turn thy flaming eye, O SOL, thou, golden-haired God, on certain trans-Atlantic mediums, who play at being thine Hierophants! Behold, they whose brain is not fit to drink of the cup of wisdom, but who, mounting the quack’s platform, and offering for sale bottled-up wisdom, and the *homunculi* of Paracelsus, assure those of the gaping mouths that it is the true Elixir of *Amrita*, the water of immortal life! Oh, bright Lord, is not thine eye upon those barefaced robbers and iconoclasts of the systems of the land whence thou risest? Hear their proud boasting: “We teach men the science to *make man*.” (!) The lucrative trade of vendors of Japanese amulets and *Taro* cards,

with indecent double bottoms, having been cut off in its full blossom in Europe, the Eastern Wisdom of the Ages is now abandoned. According to their declarations, China, Japan, old India and even the Swedenborgian “land of the Lost Word” have suddenly become barren; they yield no more their crop of true adepts; it is America, they say, the land of the Almighty Dollar, which has suddenly opened her bowels and given birth to full-blown Hierophants, who now beckon to the “Awakened.” *Mirabile dictu* ¹ But if so, why should thy self-styled priests, O great SUN, still offer as a bait a mysterious *Dvija*, a “twice born,” who can only be the product of the land of Manu? And why should those pretended and bumptious servants of thine, oh Sūrya-Vikartana, whose rich crop of national adepts, *if* “home-made,” must rejoice as a natural rule in purely Anglo-Saxon and Celto-German names, still change their Irish patronymics for those of a country which, they say, is effete and sterile, and whose nations are “dying out”? Has another Hindu name and names been discovered in the Great Hub, as a peg and pegs whereon to hang the modest pretensions of the Solar Magi? Yea, they belie truth, O Lord, and they bend their tongues like quill pens for lies. But — “the false prophets shall become wind, for the word *is not* in them.”

TO DARE, TO WILL, TO ACHIEVE AND KEEP SILENT is the motto of the true Occultist, from the first adept of our fifth Race down to the last Rosecroix. True Occultism, *i.e.*, genuine *Raj-Yoga* powers, are not pompously boasted of, and advertised in “Dailies” and monthlies, like Beecham’s pills or Pears’ soap.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes; for the wise man feareth *and keeps silent* but the fool layeth open his folly.²

Let us close by expressing a hope that our Theosophist brothers and sisters in America will pause and think before they risk going into a “Solar” fire. Above all, let them bear in mind that true occult knowledge can never be bought. He who has anything to teach, unless like Peter to Simon he says to him who offers him money for his knowledge — “Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of (*our inner*) God may be purchased with money” — is either a black magician or an IMPOSTOR. Such is the first lesson taught by *Lucifer* to his readers in 1889.



¹ [Wonderful to tell]

² [Quoting *Isaiah* v, 21, and paraphrasing *Proverbs* xiv, 16 & xiii, 16.]

The false prophets shall become wind, for the word is not in them

With the spread of the spiritualistic cult, the Messiah craze has vastly increased, and men and women alike have been involved in its whirlpools. Liberty to love according, to the impulse of the senses, is the most profound slavery. From the beginning nature has hedged that pathway with disease and death.

To distinguish the white rays of truth from influx from the astral sphere, requires a training which ordinary sensitives, whether avowed spiritualists or not, do not possess. Ignorance emboldens, and the weak will always worship the bold. In the face of genuine spiritual growth and true illumination, the Theosophist grows in power to befriend and help his fellow-man, while he becomes the most humble, the most silent, the most guarded of men.

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There has probably never been a period within our recollection more given to the production of “great missions” and missionaries than the present. The movement began, apparently, about a hundred years ago. Before that, it would have been unsafe to make such claims as are common in the present day. But the revelators of that earlier time were few and far between compared to those who are to be found now, for they are legion. The influence of one or two was powerful; of others, whose beliefs were dangerously akin to a common form of lunacy next to nothing. All will recognize a wide difference between Anne Lee, whose followers flourish at the present time, and Joanna Southcote, whose hallucination long ago, and in her own day, excited smiles from rational people. The venerable Shaker lady, the “Woman” of *Revelation* xii, taught some truths amid confused ideas as to their practical working. At least, in a rather loose age, she held up an ideal of pure living which must always appeal to the spiritual nature and aspirations of man.

Then followed a period of moral decadence in the messianic perceptions and works. The polygamy taught and practiced by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young has been one of the strangest features of any modern revelation or so-called religion. Zeal and martyrdom were both illustrated in these leaders of the blind — the one without knowledge, and the other worse than useless. It was a prophecy of more lawless prophets, and more disastrous followings.

With the spread of the spiritualistic cult, the Messiah craze has vastly increased, and men and women alike have been involved in its whirlpools. Given, a strong desire to reform somehow the religious or social aspect of the world, a personal hatred of certain of its aspects, and a belief in visions and messages, and the result was sure; the

“Messiah” arose with a universal panacea for the ills of mankind. If he (very often she) did not make the claim, it was made for him. Carried away by the magnetic force, the eloquence, the courage, the single idea of the apostle *pro tem*,¹ numbers, for very varied reasons, accepted him or her as the revelator of the hour and of all time.

With burning indignation at the enthrallment of womanhood in marriage, Victoria Woodhull² arose to proclaim freedom. The concentrated forces within and around her withstood insult, calumny, and threats. What her exact utterances were, or what she meant herself, it is not easy now to discover. If she indeed preached free love, she only preached woman’s damnation. If she merely tore down social veils, and rifled whitened sepulchres, she did the human race a service. Man has fallen to so material a level that it is impossible to suppress sexual passion — but its exaltation is manifestly his ruin. Some saw in her teachings a way of liberty dear to their own sympathies and desires, and their weaknesses and follies have for ever dealt a deathblow to any real or imagined doctrine of free love, upheld no matter by whom. Victoria Woodhull grew silent, and the latest interpretations of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man, with which she has broken the silence, do not approach anywhere near in truth and lucidity to Laurence Oliphant’s inspirational catches at the meaning of some of those ancient allegories in the book of *Genesis*. Blind as he was to the key of human life in the philosophy of reincarnation, with its impregnable logic, he gave some vivid side-glimpses of truth in his *Scientific Religion*.

Yet Victoria Woodhull should have her due. She was a power in the land, and after her appearance, which stirred up thought in the sluggish, it became more possible to speak and write on the social question, and its vast issues. So much plain-spoken and acted folly created a hearing for a little wisdom.

After this, in the spiritualistic field, many lesser lights stood forth. Some openly advocated sexual freedom, and were surrounded by influences of the most dangerous order. The peace and happiness of many a home have been wrecked by these teachings, never more to return. They wrecked the weak and unwary, who reaped hours of agony, and whom the world falsely regarded as wicked. The crusade at last against these more open dangers of spiritualism became fierce, but although publicly denounced — an Oneida Creek never could become popular! — the disguised poison creeps about in underhand channels, and is one of the first snares the mediumistic inquirer into Spiritualism has to beware of. “Affinities” were to redeem the world, meanwhile they have become a byword. There is an unwritten history in Spiritualism which none of its clever advocates will ever record. Some of its latest Messiahs and their claims are ignored, and their names hardly mentioned, but we hear nothing of the hothouse process by which their abnormal condition was produced. Certain of these have been, verily, the victims of their belief — persons whose courage and faith in a more righteous cause would have won them lasting victory. And certain of these are mad vortices in which the inexperienced are at last engulfed. The apotheosis of passion, from the bitter fruit of which man has everlasting need to be redeemed, is

¹ [for the time being]

² [Victoria Claflin Woodhull, later Victoria Woodhull Martin (1838–1927), was an American leader of the woman’s suffrage movement.]

the surest sign of moral degradation. Liberty to love according to the impulse of the senses, is the most profound slavery. From the beginning nature has hedged that pathway with disease and death. Wretched as are countless marriages, vile as are the manmade laws which place marriage on the lowest plane, the salvation of free love is the whisper of the snake anew in the ear of the modern Eve.

No one denies that there are aspects of Spiritualism which have been useful in some ways. With this, however, we have nothing to do. We are pointing now to the way in which it has accentuated a common illusion.

The claims to final appropriation of the prophesied year 1881, the two witnesses, and the woman clothed with the sun, are so varied and diverse that there is safety in numbers. A true understanding of Kabbalistic allegory, and the symbolic galleries and chambers of the Great Pyramid, would at once disperse these ideas, and enlighten these illuminations. To distinguish the white rays of truth from influx from the astral sphere, requires a training which ordinary sensitives, whether avowed spiritualists or not, do not possess. Ignorance emboldens, and the weak will always worship the bold.

Some of these apostles denounce alike Spiritualism and Theosophy; some accept the latter, but weave it anew into a version of their own; and some have apparently arisen, independently of any other cult, through the force of their own or somebody else's conviction.

No one can doubt the poetical nature of the inspiration of Thomas Lake Harris. He had an intellectual head and a heart for poetry. Had he kept clear of great claims, he would have ranked at least as a man of literary ability, and a reformer with whom other reformers would wish to shake hands. His poem on *Womanhood* must echo in every thoughtful heart. But the assumption of personal privilege and authority over others, and "affinity" theories, have stranded him on a barren shore.

There is an avowed reincarnation of Buddha in the United States, and an avowed reincarnation of Christ. Both have followers; both have been interviewed and said their best. They and others like unto them have had signs, illuminations, knowledge not common to men, and events pointing in a marked way to this their final destiny. There has even been a whisper here and there of supernatural births. But they lacked the clear-seeing eye which could reduce these facts to their right order, and interpret them aright. Kings and potentates appear, and dreamers of dreams, but there is never a prophet or Daniel in their midst. And the result is sorry to behold, for each seems to be putting the crown upon his own head.

If Theosophy had done nothing else, it would have made a demand on human gratitude in placing the truth and falsehood of these psychic experiences, unfoldments, or delusions as the case might be, plainly before the people, and explaining their *rationale*. It showed a plane of manhood, and proved it unassailably to a number of persons, which transcends any powers or capacities of the inspirational psychic who may imagine himself or herself to be a messenger to the world at large. It placed personal purity on a level which barred out nine-tenths of these claimants from all thought of their presumed inheritance, and showed that such a condition of purity, far transcending any popular ideal of such virtue, was the absolute and all-essential

basis of spiritual insight and attainment. It swept the ground from under the feet of those poor men and women who had been listening to the so-called messages from the angels, that they were the chosen of heaven, and were to accomplish world-wide missions. The Joan of Arcs, the Christs, the Buddhas, the Michaels, were fain to see truths they had not dreamed of, and gifts they had never possessed, exercised in silence and with potent force by men whose names were unknown even to history, and recognized only by hidden disciples, or their peers. Something higher was placed before the sight of these eager reformers than fame: it was truth. Something higher than the most purified union between even one man and one woman in the most spiritual of sympathies, was shown; it was the immortal union of the soul of man with God. Wherever Theosophy spreads, there it is impossible for the deluded to mislead, or the deluded to follow. It opens a new path, a forgotten philosophy which has lived through the ages, a knowledge of the psychic nature of man, which reveals alike the true status of the Catholic saint, and the spiritualistic medium the Church condemns. It gathers reformers together, throws light on their way, and teaches them how to work towards a desirable end with most effect, but forbids any to assume a crown or sceptre, and no less delivers from a futile crown of thorns. Mesmerisms and astral influences fall back, and the sky grows clear enough for higher light. It hushes the "Lo here! and lo there!" and declares the Christ, like the kingdom of heaven, to be within. It guards and applies every aspiration and capacity to serve humanity in any man and shows him how. It overthrows the giddy pedestal, and safely cares for the human being on solid ground. Hence, in this way, and in all other ways, it is the truest deliverer and saviour of our time.

To enumerate the various "Messiahs" and their beliefs and works would fill volumes. It is needless. When claims conflict, all, on the face of it, cannot be true. Some have taught less error than others. It is almost the only distinction. And some have had fine powers imperilled and paralysed by leadings they did not understand.

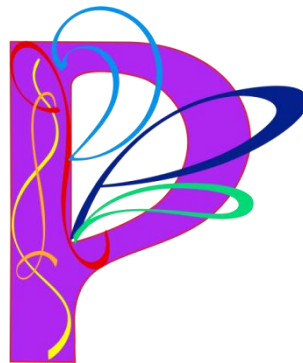
Of one thing, rationally-minded people, apart from Theosophists, may be sure. And that is, service for humanity is its all-sufficient reward; and that empty jars are the most resonant of sound. To know a very little of the philosophy of life, of man's power to redeem wrongs and to teach others, to perceive how to thread the tangled maze of existence on this globe, and to accomplish aught of lasting and *spiritual* benefit, is to annihilate all desire or thought of posing as a heaven-sent saviour of the people. For a very little self-knowledge is a leveller indeed, and more democratic than the most ultra-radical can desire. The best practical reformers of the outside abuses we have known, such as slavery, deprivation of the rights of woman, legal tyrannies, oppressions of the poor, have never dreamed of posing as Messiahs. Honour, worthless as it is, followed them unsought, for a tree is known by its fruits, and to this day "their works do follow them." To the soul spending itself for others those grand words of the poet may be addressed evermore:

[TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den; —
O miserable Chieftain! where and when

Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and] take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.¹

With the advent of Theosophy, the Messiah-craze surely has had its day, and sees its doom. For if it teaches, or has taught, one thing more plainly than another, it is that the “first shall be last, and the last first.”² And in the face of genuine spiritual growth, and true illumination, the Theosophist grows in power to most truly befriend and help his fellows, while he becomes the most humble, the most silent, the most guarded of men.

Saviours to their race, in a sense, have lived and will live. Rarely has one been known. Rare has been the occasion when thus to be known has been either expedient or possible. Therefore, fools alone will rush in “where angels fear to tread.”



¹ [Quoting William Wordsworth's sonnet *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*, published in "The Morning Post" 3rd February 1803, in honour of François-Dominique Toussaint Louverture (1743–1803), the brave and noble leader of the Haitian Revolution against slavery and Napoleon Bonaparte. The omitted lines are shown in pale grey.]

² [*Matthew* xx, 16]