

My dear Friends --

We have just been having a very interesting time in Johannesburg. The city has been holding a Festival and one of the items was a series of lectures and exhibits about Flying Saucers. And now a Johannesburg lady has written an article to say that when she was in Natal she also met a Space-man and even went for a ride in his Space-ship. I remember Bishop Leadbeater telling me that before the end of this century we should be in full communication with Mars.

Such thoughts give me joy, and in these dark and perilous days the hearts of many must shrink in despair. But never the heart of the would-be occultist. For he has implicit faith in the final triumph of good over evil, even if that day is seemingly delayed. Steadily he stands, hand in hand with brothers like himself, in that chain of souls that help to keep back the powers of evil from becoming complete masters. Though we are very undeveloped occultists as yet, yet, by our faith and steadfastness we can become a tiny brick in that "Guardian Wall" so beautifully described by The Voice of the Silence. Let me quote its lovely words: "Self-doomed to live through future Kalpas (ages), unthanked and unperceived by men; wedged as a stone with countless other stones which form the Guardian Wall, such is thy future if the seventh gate thou passest (Adeptship). Built by the hands of many Masters of compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow."

The misery and sorrow of the world is so tremendous that we can hardly picture what would be its state without that Guardian Wall. Light on the Path says something similar: "Try to lift a little of the heavy Karma of the world; give your aid to the few strong hands that hold back the powers of darkness from obtaining complete victory."

Maybe we do not realise how fierce and strong the Powers of Darkness are. And it is an invariable law that whenever the Powers of Light essay to specially help us, a re-action by the Powers of Darkness is to be looked for. With "Christ" comes "Anti-Christ." You and I may be only little privates in what the Master K. H. called the "Army of Light against Darkness", but the strength of a chain is always in its weakest link, so we are not incommensurable.

It is glorious to be one of that Army of Light. Let us remember the words of the Master K. H. again. Quoting Carlyle He writes: "Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act" on the heart of a true chela, or on the heart of any true man. There is a story told of a priest tortured and killed by the revolutionaries in Spain. They cut off his hands, but he held aloft the bleeding stumps in blessing all the same. The heart of a true spiritual soldier never despairs, gives way or surrenders. What happens to him personally in that fight is of no consequence.

You and I cannot go out and do great things. But we can remain steady and faithful. Our attitude helps. Let us continually say "no" to the powers of horror that threaten to overwhelm the world. There are so many that we cannot save, though we long to do so. But through our outer impotence our steadfast heart can deny an evil victory, looking to the future and the generations yet to come. I see signs, slight as yet, of the Light breaking through the clouds.

Let us lend our aid, our brave hearts and faithful help, to Those Who fight this battle. I remember Mrs. Besant once telling us how we could distinguish the work of the "dark brothers" in the world. It is always signalled by ruthlessness and lack of any mercy. They do not care how much any soul suffers, but the Powers of Light do.

This is how the Master K. H. wrote of this sad world: "Poor, poor humanity! It reminds me of the old fable of the war between the Body and its members: here, too, each limb of this huge Orphan - fatherless and motherless - selfishly cares but for itself. The Body uncared for suffers eternally, whether the limbs are at war or at rest. Its suffering and its agony never cease."

That we are not very "civilized" yet is quite apparent. The Master M. writes: "You are yet barbarians for all your boasted civilization."

Still, never let us lose heart. Think of the patience of God, reflected in the patience of the Great Brotherhood. They never force the pace, They tell us, either with the individual or the race, because to force the pace is to produce monsters. We may say that we have plenty of "monsters" already. That may be due to the forcing process of rapidly quickening evolution. Brother Jinarajadasa thought it might be due to the mass reincarnation of cruel races and civilizations of the past, like that of Carthage, which shocked even the thick-skinned Romans.

I have been immensely interested in what the men from other planets have been saying about us. Occultism has told us that Venus, for example, is a whole Round ahead of us in evolution. Someone asked me whether the Venusian "Master" contacted by Adamski was one of our Masters. How can I tell? But knowing that Venus is so far ahead of us I can well picture that one of their sages would appear like an Adept to us. The first Adepts to help nascent man here, and to form our governing Hierarchy, were a band of Great Ones coming from that planet. They were said to have descended in a flaming chariot and to have landed on Mount Meru which is a synonym for the "Sacred Land". I sometimes wonder these days whether They came in a Space-ship, and whether Elijah departed thence in one?

But to return to the Guardian Wall. Do not let us forget to render all our aid, in thought and attitude, and if possible, in action, to Those strong Hands which fight for us. I wonder if ever I were a soldier in past lives, for I sometimes feel the fighting spirit arising in myself. The real fighting spirit would rather die than surrender. The Lord Sri Krishna says in the Mahabharata: "O thou best of men, there are only two types who can pierce the constellation of the Sun (and reach the sphere of Brahman); the one is the Sannyasin who is steeped in Yoga and the other is the warrior who falls in the battlefield while fighting."

Your affectionate friend,

Clara M. Codd

International money-orders seem to take several weeks. It was \$25 we sent in October. There is about \$20 more to send now, but I think I'll hold it until after Christmas now, since she wrote that she would be away from Johannesburg from Dec. 18th until February. Then whatever we send will get to her well before she leaves for her year in England.

R. D.