

My dear Friends,

I am now in the glorious West, the land of great mountains, lakes and sea. The climate is wonderful. I can see why some people say that the real weight of America is shifting to the West. It makes me think of those far-off days when we shall all be working in the colony of the beginning of the great Sixth Root-race. For that colony will be situated somewhere out here.

It has been very delightful meeting again so many old friends, and also making new ones. They all say to me that I will surely come back but I am doubtful. This present tour will take another year and a half, perhaps more. By then I shall be 84. That surely will be time to stop! I would like to write one or two more books if time allows. You may say why did you not write them before? I can see why. It is only within this last ten years or so that there has been growing up in me a sort of synthesis of life, a kind of wisdom. So now I really have something to say. Fancy waiting till one is 80 before getting it, so to say.

I am happy about one thing, that I have written my last two books, "The Ageless Wisdom of Life" and "The Technique of the Spiritual Life" (just out) for I have tried to embody in them all that I really know. One more I would like to write. It will be called "The Way of the Disciple." Ever since I heard Colonel Olcott about 60 years ago in Switzerland, I have been sure that our Society is divinely ordered and has a very precious mission. If we study the Mahatma Letters we shall at once be aware of how almost anxious the Master K.H. particularly was that it should not fail. I wish many of you would get and read H.P.B.'s "Key to Theosophy" for there she tells us the future that awaits our T.S. if only we are true to its purpose and foundation. I suggest you get the Adyar simplified edition for that will be easier to read. The older edition has out-of-date science, etc. in it. I always feel grateful to Mr. Boris de Zirkoff for spending his life collecting everything H.P.B. ever wrote, for in some ways there was never anybody like her, so true, so honest, so pure, so strong. Her "strength was as the strength of ten, because her heart was pure."

In the last volume of her collected writings I came across something very interesting and pertinent to these times. The Catholic world has just elected a new Pope, and, as many papers here have stated, the choice of the Cardinals was inspired. The last Pope was a Saint and will surely be canonised. This one is a son of the people with the heart of a father of his flock. Now people have often asked me whether H.P.B. did not say that one day a Master would become the Pope? I cannot imagine an Adept limiting Himself in that way. But in this last volume of her writings I came across what must have inspired this rumour. I cannot just now remember the exact words, but someone had asked her what could redeem the great Catholic Church, and she answered that it was not outside the bounds of possibility that an emissary from the great Brotherhood could become its Pope. I may not be quite correct, so look it up in this last volume of her collected writings.

I have a letter from the last Pope that I must one day give to an ardent Catholic. It is not written in his own hand. It is a printed letter sent me by his secretary. This is how I got it. Sometime before I last visited America the late Pope said some very wise and splendid things about the poor and our duty to them. I was so pleased with what he said that a Catholic friend asked me why I did not write and tell him so. Never thinking that I would get any answer I sat down and wrote. I said that I was not a Catholic, but that I would like to thank him for saying such true and inspiring things. Just as I got on board to come to America last time, Harry Stainton brought me some letters which had just arrived, and among them was one from the Pope. He thanked me for my letter, sent me his blessing and "assured me of Divine protection." I remember too how on a voyage back from Adyar on an Italian ship I was in the company of a large number of Catholics headed by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lepicier. He was a very dear old man and as the great preponderance of people on board were Catholics he held a service every Sunday morning which all attended, Protestants as well. He preached in English for the benefit of us English, and spoke it very well. He always began with the words "my dearest

ones." The last Sunday on board, two days before we were due to reach Genoa, he told us that our Holy Father, the Pope had empowered him to give his special blessing whenever he deemed it appropriate. From the Catholics it was asked that they recite so many prayers but that did not apply to the Protestants. "At least, my dearest ones, it will do you no harm." So we all knelt down and he gave us the Pope's special blessing. I felt a distinct wave of love and power emanating from the saintly old man. Wholehearted faith and devotion can radiate a blessing no matter how it can be expressed in words or ideas.

Now I wonder why I have got on this theme? I do hope none of you now consider me a hidden emissary of Rome! Its political side, its hold over the lives of its votaries I do not appreciate, but I admire its very beautiful mystical life and the self sacrifice of its saints.

That brings me back to my new book. The reason why I wrote it is that the true happiness of each of us lies in seeking and perhaps finding the beautiful and the true within us, in finding the "warrior within" and taking his orders for the battle of life. I sometimes picture our T.S. as a band of brothers all seeking that Reality and holding each other by the hand in the darkness that is inevitable at our present stage of unfoldment. We are all little children in the real, the spiritual worlds, "divine fragments" struggling in the dark together. There is only one comfort, one stay in that dimness before in each one of us our spiritual eyes open, and that is the touch of a brother's hand, the knowledge that we are all on the way home and that one day the light will dawn. "Let us wait patiently," wrote H.P.B., "for the day of our real, our best birth." St. Catherine of Siena rated patience as the greatest of the virtues. That lovely saint prayed earnestly that God would grant her the special favour of being able in future under all circumstances to see spiritually the beauty of every human soul, and to discern the truth through all exterior appearances. She was told henceforth to banish from her heart all anxious thoughts concerning herself and her salvation so that no distraction should keep her from the service of the souls of others.

My new book has a beautiful picture of "The Three Halls" of the Voice of the Silence, painted specially for it by an Italian artist in S. Africa who is a member of the Society. You would love the original if you saw it. The reproduction is rather small so that the face of the angel is not clearly to be seen. The first brown stone arch is the Hall of Ignorance -- this earth; the second flowery one is the Hall of Learning, the Psychic world; the innermost is a hall of light, the Hall of Wisdom, and standing in the light is an angel with hands out-stretched, the "Angel of the Presence", our own Higher Self, our true Guardian Angel. Pius XII told his people to get acquainted with their Guardian Angels. You and I should surely do that. To use the words of Bishop Leadbeater, we should attract the attention of our Higher Selves. We do that by steady aspiration and purity of life. "Draw nigh unto God," said St. James, "and He will draw nigh unto you." It is the aim of evolution that that Higher One should come down into and illuminate the lower consciousness. He always wants to do that, but he cannot until the lower one has aspired and worshipped, says H.P.B. again. Once a day without fail let us try to become "in tune with the Infinite." "He is thyself," says Light on the Path, "yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal, and is sure. He is eternal Truth. When once he has entered thee, and become thy warrior, he will never utterly desert thee; and at the day of the great peace, he will become one with thee."

We must believe he is there and can be reached. This is faith -- "the soul's unlearned knowledge." And to the eye of faith all the worlds lie open.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd

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