

LETTER 6

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My dear Ones:

As I write this it is only a week before I set sail for the U. S. America. It will be delightful to see American and English friends once more. Whilst I am away Miss Etta Morris will type the Letters and send out all those which belong to the British Commonwealth. I shall send her the copy from America.

I said in my last letter that we would now discuss meditation on the Master and surrender to Him and His Work. You will easily see that these three main forms of meditation correspond to the familiar Three of the Holy Trinity. When we think of the Eternal, undying Life we are thinking of "God, the Father." When we think of the Divine Spark within everyone of us, the Inner Ruler Immortal, we are thinking of "God, the Holy Spirit," the Divine Intelligence within us. Now we will think of the Second Aspect, "God, the Son," the Divine Eternal Life revealed in a perfected and purified human personality, God as Love. All through the ages man has visualised that supremely attractive form of the Godhead - the Man-God. And it is lovely to think that one day in the long future everyone of ourselves will develop into such a One, too. We may say, "What a long way off!" But it is not too far off to visualise, for we are all on the same long road of life, and it helps so much to envisage the Goal. To so many the way is dark and long. They do not realise what the glorious Goal is, and so they stumble and wander on the road. But we have the priceless happiness of being able now to see the Goal and to know that we must very surely reach it one day, however far off it may seem. For a man is a God in the making, and the Master is, after all, the Man Who is made. St. Paul, whom H. P. B. told us was an "Initiate," clearly knew this, for he speaks of our Lord, the Christ, as "the first-born amongst many brethren." And he also says, in unforgettable words, that "though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." That could not have been in that all-perfect life when He came as a Saviour. Clearly it was in less perfect lives which lay behind. In all the world there is nothing so attractive or so beautiful as the Man made God. We all feel that if we met such a One, how we could not help trusting Him completely, loving Him and wanting to become like Him. I particularly love that story of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus after the Resurrection. The newly risen Lord walked with them by the way, and even came into the house to sup with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him, and it was only at the moment of the breaking of bread that they knew Who He was, and then He vanished out of their sight. In their hearts they really knew, for they said to one another: "Did not our heart burn within us whilst He talked with us by the way?" Would not our hearts burn within us if so dear and lovely a Lord walked with us on our way?

Now, as a matter of fact, He can walk with us by the way, if we will let Him. It is a matter of simple and sincere realisation. But how shall we attain that realisation, some may say? So often people tell me that they have no powers of visualisation, and, besides, they do not know what the Master looks like, so how will they visualise Him? If you will believe me, it simply does not matter at all how you visualise the Master. Just think of Him in the highest and loveliest form you know, for that picture you create on the mental plane, is not Him, nor need it look like Him. It is a little window through which you glimpse something of the Reality it would portray, and through which again that Reality looks back to you. All our ideas, ideals, conceptions and

visualisations are this. They are all, everyone, but little sky-lights through which we try to plumb the glorious and lovely Infinite. The point is, however, that we do try to plumb it, and that we look through our windows and not at them, and even the mistake of telling others that they should have exactly the same shape and size as our own. Look through with the eyes of intuition. Look always beyond, beyond; we are glimpsing the dim star of our being, and says Light on the Path: "Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know that you have found the beginning of the way. And, when you have found the end, its light will suddenly become the infinite light." But if we cannot "visualise?" Try to learn, and sense and dream and uplift the heart.

As we faithfully persevere and aspire it will not be long before we shall become aware of an answering response. We cannot imagine that the Master would not respond! But all sorts of things may delay or prevent that response reaching our physical consciousness. Tired nerves, a mind full of worries, a little self-indulgence, all may conspire to lessen our knowledge of that blessedness. But never lose heart. Behind the clouds, however black and dense, the sun is always shining, and one day the clouds will break and the sun give us its blessed warmth. As a flower opens to the sun's rays, so do our souls expand to the light and warmth of the Divine Love and Light. It needs only that we should trust, yes, even when such black clouds seem to overwhelm us. Then, most of all. Little St. Thérèse loved and trusted God with a most amazing selflessness and will, though only twice in her short life did the clouds of a dark night lift. She said it was so sweet to serve God for naught, and to ask nothing of Him, even consolation. We do not want to be bargainers, saying that we will not serve the Master or try to love Him unless He is continually making us happy. Mrs. Besant once said that a man could be a recognised chela, and very dear to the Master's heart, and yet Karma might build up a wall of separation here that might endure all life long.

It is wise to picture the Master always the same in the form that to us is lovely and dear, and in such surroundings as appeals to us, in His garden, in a wood, on a hill-side, or in a shrine. And wait, keep still, try to feel what the Master is in His sublime character, not only what He might look like. Give Him all your life, minute by minute as you live it. Give Him all your future. He will know best what to do with that. Try to be His messenger of love and goodwill to all men without exception. And in your dealings with them learn to know what men are like and how to be wise for their sake. You long to meet Him, to be near Him. Wait until the hour is ripe, and He will know that. Let me close with a verse by Gilbert Chesterton in a poem called "The Wild Knight."

"My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,  
 But, in my eyes  
 A Star of an unconquerable praise,  
 For in my soul one hope forever sings,  
 That at the next white corner of a road,  
 My eyes may look on Him."

Your affectionate friend,