

# The Lamp

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"Those who love each other shall become invincible."

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF SILENCE.

"We all who seek a God without priests, a revelation without prophets, a covenant written in the heart," have groped and risen through devious underworld passages into the day-dawn of this quest.

Churches and creeds, philosophies and social systems, art and song, now and then have served to guide with beams and gleams amid the gloom. Hand-clasps and hailing words cheered us among the caves. Mayhap a surge of starry sounds swept round us in the dark. Yet still we strove in shadow.

The old tales called us on. Angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, they said. Gods, demi-gods and heroes! Prophets, martyrs and saints! Brothers, Masters, Men of God!

Torn and worn and sick at heart when at last we crawled to a twilight crevice, what a burst of exultation arose in our hearts to know that now we discerned the shining of the Land of Silence. So dazzled and assured we were that all who came to point the way and set our eyes on what was fairest, shone for us with radiance of the world of glorious Vision.

Here and there a false one lured a pilgrim, blinded with the glare, downwards again, and back into the dark. The dancing self-created images seemed brighter in the blackness. Some are descending still. A few, disheartened, cower among the dens they once despised. And some, apostate, linked with

those that lured, are tempters in their turn.

That which we gained was of our own strong toil. That which we lose is by our own decree. The effort ours, and ours the negligence. To know, to will, to dare, and to be silent, all this is of ourselves. So have they sworn who tread The Path before us. He of the royal turban, and He whose look spreads sympathy, they and the rest, have taught us how to strive. Not yet too late, cave-comrades, even now, to stir the fierce impetuosity of blind devotion. Blind—?

"A blind devotion to Masters who are Truth itself; to Humanity and to yourself, to your own intuitions and ideals. This devotion to an ideal is also founded upon another thing, and that is that a man is hardly ready to be a chela unless he is able to stand *alone* and uninfluenced by other men or events, *for he must stand alone*, and he might as well know this at the beginning as at the end."

They who seek the Soul are seeking for each other. They who find it meet with God and Man. The separations of death are not for those who live in the heart. There the immortal is joined to the immortal. United to the "silent Self" the Solitary Ones shall fill the earth with glory—the glory of unconquered Love. They labour without speech, for the Word of God is a world. They enter into Life, and are of the Brotherhood of Silence.