

sphere. Perhaps there is something else we often forget also—that we only behold in others what we possess in ourselves. We love or hate in others what is developed or in the germ in ourselves; it is only when the divine eye is unclosed that we can sense the spirit in all, passing from the illusive light of the mind into the primeval darkness wherein is God.

"I am the origin of all; all things proceed from me," Krishna says to Arjuna. Any utterance contrary to this, tending to produce disruption or severance, finds no spiritual echo within me, no sanction from my heart; nor do I find that anyone charged with a spiritual message to mankind—from Krishna down to the Exile whose words came into my mind—has ever taught that alienation one from another is necessary for those who desire to become messengers of the divine in time to come. Yet we are all messengers now; whatever of truth we have seized we must transmit to others, either in thought or word or deed, for a divine chain of influence extends through all degrees of humanity, and its links are formed of souls.

The universality of this old teaching cannot be excelled; but there are those who belittle it, who say that comradeship can be too "broad." Whoever teaches this I proclaim to be a false teacher, with no understanding of either the letter or spirit of the Ancient Wisdom. No comradeship can be too broad, too high, too deep; all, from the spirits in the highest spheres to the devils in hell, are included in a vast unity, and at no one's command can anyone be exiled from the heart, nor has any true messenger of the spirit ever issued such a command. The teaching has always been to "raise the self by the Self," to transmute personal feelings into a fervent desire to know the Supreme Spirit residing in the hearts of all, for the spirit cannot be restricted, no matter who may command; it shines on the just and the unjust alike, it uses all things and beings as its dwelling place, manifesting itself in a myriad ways, and we cannot refuse to enter any house where it may abide. It may be a sigh in the heart of the criminal, a longing to scale the heights in the fallen or the outcast of the schools; or it may come as a place in the starlight, an exultation in the mountains, a gladness in the running waters, or as love and compassion in a human heart, but however it comes, "This is the Real, this the Self. THAT THOU ART."

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