

RAYS.

I know that without me, God cannot live a moment; should I cease to exist He also must give up the ghost.—Anslem von Breslau.

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All men should begin by making themselves beautiful and divine, in order that they may obtain the sight of the beautiful and of divinity.—Plotinus.

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Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth. The Lord is His name. Amos v: 8.

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This is confusion, this the right insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own, nor where its allegiance, its religion, are due.—R. W. Emerson.

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I tell you the heart, the soul, and the bowels of compassion are of more consequence than intellectuality. The latter will take us all sure to hell if we let it govern only.—W. Q. Judge.

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Thou, then, who wouldst be initiated, art thou wise as Faust? Art thou impassable as Job! No? But thou canst be so if thou wilt. Hast thou conquered the whirlwinds of wandering thoughts? Art thou free from indecision and caprices? Dost thou accept pleasure only when thou wilt it, and dost thou will it only when thou oughtest? No? It is not always the case? Well, it can be so if thou wilt it.—Eliphas Levi.

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By our intelligence we see many things of the principle which is higher than intelligence. But these things are divined much better by an absence of thought than by thought. It is the same with this idea as with that of sleep, of which we speak up to a certain point in our waking state, but the knowledge and perception of which we can gain only by sleeping. Like is known only by like, and the condition of all knowledge is that the subject should become like the object.—Porphyry.

SOLOVYOFF'S ACCOUNT OF THE MASTER.

On the way to the hotel we could talk of nothing but the wonderful portrait of the "Master," and in the darkness he seemed to stand before me. I tried to shut my eyes, but I still saw him in every detail. When I reached my room I locked the door, undressed and went to sleep.

Suddenly I woke up, or, what is more probable, I dreamt. I imagined that I was awoke by a warm breath. I found myself in the same room, and before me in the half darkness there stood a tall, human figure in white. I *felt* a voice, without knowing how or in what language, bidding me light the candle. I was not in the least alarmed and was not surprised. I lighted the candle, and it appeared to me that it was two o'clock by my watch. There was a living man before me, and this man was clearly none other than the original of the wonderful portrait, an *exact repetition* of it. He placed himself on a chair beside me, and told me in "an unknown but intelligible language" various matters of interest to myself. Among other things he told me that in order to see him in his astral body I had had to go through much preparation, and that the last lesson had been given me that morning when I saw with closed eyes the landscapes through which I was to pass on the way to Elberfeld; and that I possessed a great and growing magnetic force. I asked how was I to employ it, but he vanished in silence. I thought that I sprang after him, but the door was closed. The idea came upon me that it was an hallucination and that I was going out of my mind. But there was Mahatma M—— back again in his place, without movement, with his gaze fixed upon me, the same, exactly the same as he was imprinted on my brain. He began to shake his head, smiled, and said, still in the voiceless, imaginary language of dreams: "Be assured that I am not an hallucination and that your reason is not deserting you. Madame Blavatsky will show you tomorrow in the presence of all that my visit was real." He vanished. I looked at my watch and saw that it was about three o'clock. I put out the candle and went to sleep at once.—"*A Modern Priestess of Isis*," pp. 79-80.