

"Westminster Gazette," it may be remarked that there are still certain hard-shell Tories who believe in the martyrdom of St. Pigott, and the infallibility of the "Times"-Parnell letters. But, like the "Guardian," these individuals are not up to date.

It is time enough to take the "Guardian's" denunciations of theosophy seriously when it displays any knowledge of The Secret Doctrine, for those who study that philosophy carefully do not occupy any of the positions usually attributed to theosophists by the uninformed. As to the existence of secret forces in nature, one may contrast the opinion of the Venerable Isidore, Metropolitan of Kieff, on witnessing some of Madame Blavatsky's phenomena, with that of Dr. Dewart. "There is no force," said the Metropolitan, "that both in its essence and its manifestation does not proceed from the Creator. So long as you do not abuse the gifts given you, have no uneasiness. We are by no means forbidden to investigate the hidden forces of nature. One day they will be understood and utilized by man, though that is not yet. May the blessing of God rest on you my child! And he blessed her and made the sign of the cross.

The "Guardian" ought to know by this time that theosophists have never claimed that "their exposition of things is more worthy of acceptance than the sublime verities of the Christian religion." It does know that truth is true wherever found; that what is true in the Christian religion is true for the theosophist, and for all truth-seekers; and that none but a fool or a sectarian desires to believe that which is not true, or will attempt to establish any monopoly in facts. Who denies the principle, for example, enunciated in the Bhagavad Gita chap. v., and summed up 3000 years later in John xvii. 3?

None are more earnest than theosophists in inculcating the necessity of observing the teachings of Jesus, the Christ. Not, certainly, in their modified modern form, but strictly in the spirit in which they were given, or even as we have them recorded in the Gospels.

The almost invariable first objection to theosophy raised by misinformed church people is to the effect that theosophists do not believe in the "blood of Christ." Now, I take it this is the very foundation of theosophy and occultism.

Theosophists certainly do not believe in a physical purification by means of the application of a materially constituted fluid of red and white corpuscles and serum, but neither, I fancy, does the "Guardian." The "blood" is an image for the "life," used by the sanguinary sorcerers of old, and adopted by the early church. It is this "life," which Jesus more frequently symbolised by "water," which the churches typify to this day in the baptismal "mystical washing away of sin." In this "life," "the blood of God," theosophists do most reverently and devoutly believe, as they do in the "sublime verities of the Christian," and of all religions. They do not assume everything as a "verity," however.

The Guardian hesitates to define a Mahatma from the difficulty it experiences in idealizing that which it conceives to have "no existence, except in the imagination of some credulous dupe or cunning knave." Which class does Max Muller come under when he says in the Nineteenth Century for October, "That there are Mahatmas in India and Tibet no one would venture to deny?" He had not heard of the "Christian Guardian" or the "Westminster Gazette," evidently.

But how are all the millions and billions who are dying and have died in ignorance to know of these things? The Masters aid whom they can, but men must first desire help and help themselves, and in this money-loving and uncharitable age men blindly hinder rather than help, and know not what they do or whom they serve. Can we not agree that the highest aspiration of each aims at the same mark, and that though there be Gods many and Lords many, yet to us there is one God and one Lord? In the "process of the suns," as we return here life after life, our knowledge of the Absolute will gradually expand towards that fullness which accounts a thousand years as one day and one day as a thousand years, we will lose our narrowness, and find in the many mansions of the Universe ample justification for the diversities of our present experience.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both men and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.