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“IF I HAD A MILLION—”

It is not very long since a great man wrote that if he had a million dollars he would put it into the theosophical movement. When, a little later, he left us, the consistent remark of a newspaper was that “he died without possessions.”

He did not wait till he had accumulated a million dollars, or a million cents, before he began to contribute. He just gave what he had and himself along with it.

People rarely realize that they possess nothing of themselves, and that the wealth they hoard belongs to Nature, who will claim it when the last debt has to be paid, and for whom they can be no more than stewards with an account to render.

“This to-day hath been acquired by me, and that object of my heart shall I obtain; this wealth I have and that also shall be mine. This foe have I already slain, and others will I forthwith vanquish; I am the lord, I am powerful, and I am happy. I am rich and with precedence among men; where is there another like unto me? I shall make sacrifices, give alms, and enjoy.” Thus says the Lord Krishna, “In this manner do those speak who are deluded.”

Think you to deal with Nature as with an enemy, or a foreign foe? And shall you delimit a frontier, and appoint boundaries, and levy dues at your port of entry, so that Nature may have no advantage of you? Man—you dwell in Nature, part of her body, could you but know it, in your fleshy part, and you and your economics, do they but interfere with her great system, shall suffer

oblivion. Like Mercutio’s “round little worm.” you shall be pricked out and abolished.

Yet, as you are in Nature, so, too, you are of Nature, could you but know that, also. Men have drawn a line around themselves and seen a difference between human Nature and the physical Nature of the field, the forest, and the foam-flecked solitude. These know nothing of Nature but the garment, and her Soul is a Lost Word for which they seek a substitute.

But they who have laid themselves down upon her mighty bosom, who breathe with her breathing, and know the yoga of her smile, these do not stay to chaffer with her herdsmen, nor to gather her husbandry into barns of their own building.

Unto one has been delivered ten talents, and to another five, and to another one. And Nature’s servant, who is Nature’s child, gives back again the gift, and is the richer for the loss. Have you not a million thoughts in these waking hours of your sojourn, and may they not all leap from a heart that throbs in unison with Nature’s own? Are the million minutes of your leisure all to be scattered on the desert spaces of indolence? Are the million millions of lives that dwell in the kingdom of your body not to feel the fuller dominion of that spiritual realm on whose throne you sit?

Many ask how they shall know if they belong to the Lodge—the Ecclesia. It may be that those who need to have their labour pointed out to them are not so near as those who know their work and do it.