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“ALL THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY.”

The new is better than the old. If men could learn the lesson that dwells in the perpetual new birth and development of the future, and in the continual disappearance and absorption of the past, would not the accepted time of all experience begin to glow with fervid interest? Would there not, in the heart of each of us, break into blossom of fire the stifed flame of the soul? Would the Eternal Now not throb with a fullness of life inconceivable to those who spend their opportunities peering into the mists of an impenetrable Past? What is Time but a temple, and the Present its sanctuary? Rend away the veil, and Truth, in the beauty of holiness, bends from the everlasting Throne!

How many sit and long for the glories of lost Atlantis; how many brood over the royal magnificence of Aryavart; how many a heart throbs at thought of Egypt's solemn grandeurs, at the arts of Greece, and all the chivalries that have faded! How many heedless ones still murmur at the fate that brings them to birth in these later days, when past achievement, as they fancy, mocks at effort! Yet all this is but the cry of the brain, the creaking of the machine, the keening of Death in the face of Life, the dirges of doubt in the daunted heart that feels not the splendour of its own possibilities.

And this mood, entertained, will grow with age, chilling into a settled cynicism that may not be ungirthed till winter changes to another spring. They who seek for darkness find it and succeed in sorrow. Yet afterwards they

reach the light, for “these two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways.” But for those who rise above the world, who mount to heights of consciousness divine, and, greatly daring, speed their course upon the Sun's own path, for them night draws not near, no sunset falls.

And these make history. We who wandered in El Dorados of youthful dreams, and desired to drink of the golden fountains, who bore the taunts men place upon the peacemakers, who bear them still, yet bear them not, so harmlessly they come, we have learned that life is a song and not a cry, and the epics of life grow into being from the realized dreams of our hearts, and we know that we are great with the greatness of great thoughts, and great deeds grow through us by the love we have borne, and the law we have kept in all the lives that have gone before.

The past was ours—was yours and mine. We made the past. We carved the statues. We compassed victories. We crowned kings. We consecrated temples. We lived and we shall not pass. Has not the Master said, “Not one of all Thy gifts has fallen from my hand?” And now, as of old, we go forth again, conquering and to conquer, to greater, bloodless victories, to save the Race of Man.

The past that is to be is also ours. What we will, we do. We hail you, comrades, as we go! The acceptable year of the Lord is at hand! No chivalry recorded shines like Love's compassionate crusade!