

Church has refused to consider the vital truths lying scarcely veiled in the inspired story. Nowhere, as Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Workman have recently affirmed, does the New Testament teach the doctrine of a vicarious atonement, yet the invention of priestcraft has taken the place of the truth proclaimed by the Christ of Nazareth and echoed in the higher consciousness of every thinking man, "I, the divine Self, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Truly have we ended in a worship of the flesh. May we pass through that darkness of the ninth hour, when the light of the Sun fails, and learning the mysteries of the sanctuary whose rent veil no longer hides the Word of the Ages, attain the realm of the over-world, and commend ourselves to the life of the One Self that dwells in light unapproachable.

June 21. Luke xxiv: 36-53.

Those who understood the crucifixion to be an historical event, added to their faith the account of the physical resurrection of the dead body of Jesus. The story of His eating with the disciples and displaying His wounds thus confirms their opinion. Those who found in the crucifixion an allegory of initiation, found in this story a refutation of the belief that when an adept has achieved that state he then passed from ordinary life, or, in the very common form of the error, that the attainment of Nirvana means extinction or passing out of existence. When the Galilean Master attained to Nirvana, as in the case of the Lord Buddha, and, like all the Buddhas of Compassion, He renounced His privileges, and fulfilling His vows devoted Himself to the salvation of the race. In mystic language, verse 42, "they gave him a piece of a broiled fish (Pisces), and he took it and did eat before them." And the Master labours still with humanity. When or where the Nazarene has incarnated matters not. But He has not abandoned the sheep of His hand for the glory of any heaven in the Universe. They who are His may find Him in this life, in this world, Now. "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of

the age," was His promise, and it has been kept. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." In this knowledge, and in this only, death has no sting, the grave no victory.

The true Theosophists are not a legion; the ranks are by no means crowded. These are not measured by their occult lore, or by their mysterious power, nor yet by any worldly standard, but solely by their own convictions. They are, one and all, *dead in earnest*, dead to all things else. They may not outwardly yet renounce, but they have inwardly relinquished, and will rejoice at the coming of the time when incidentals shall vanish and only essentials remain. These have lived in all ages, giving meaning and dignity to life, invincible and immortal.—*The Path*, January, 1889.

NATURE.

Do you hear the grasses murmur? Do you hear the rustling leaves?
Do you catch the whispered story Nature for her children weaves?

Don't you feel the warm sap throbbing? Don't you see the blossoms swell?
Don't you know that life around you always some sweet tale can tell?

Look around you, stop and listen; hear the rippling brooklet's song,
As unto the great dark ocean it runs cheerily along.

Don't you see how like your life 'tis, as it ripples to its goal?
How the tiny little streamlet fin'ly mingles with the whole?

Mother Nature has her secrets, but of course she will not tell;
And if you would gain her favour you must learn life's lesson well.

Every little drop that glistens, every blade of grass that grows;
Every tiny grain of gravel Mother Nature loves and knows.

All the world needs Mother Nature, all the world to her doth bend;
Seek and mind her, she'll befriend you to the great and certain end.

Call upon her, she will listen, to none does she answer nay;
With her light she'll change the pathway from the night to brightest day.

ETHEL C. KNAPP. (Aet 15.)