

THE BEACON

A LITTLE PERIODICAL INTENDED FOR THEOSOPHISTS

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TO ALL WHO SERVE

More is realized by Those of Us Who watch and guide than perhaps you who bear the burdens and heat of the physical plane existence wot of. We know your physical disabilities, but such is the astral miasma, it is well nigh impossible for you, our struggling brothers, to have good health. The astral corruption, and the foul cesspools of the lower levels of the mental plane infect all and lucky is he who escapeth. We watch with tenderness you all who,—with weak and sensitive bodies,—struggle, work, fight, fail, continue and serve. Not one hour's service, given in pain and tension, not one day's labour, with nerves racked and head tired and heart sick, is allowed to pass unnoticed. We know and care. If you could but know, the time is short, and rest, joy and peace are on their way.

The half-victory, the days lived through with a certain measure of success yet with an unachieved ideal, the minutes of exhaustion of soul and body, when the emptiness of all (even of service) seems the only noticeable thing, the weeks and months of endeavour against apparently insufferable odds, against the roaring tide of the world's ignorance,—all is known. Take comfort in the knowledge that the servant but followeth in his Lord's steps; take cheer in the assurance that Love ruleth all; take courage from the realization that the HIERARCHY STANDETH.

In patience stupendous, in calmness unfathomable, in a wise placidity that passeth reckoning, standeth immovable, Those Who know; standeth the Lord of the World, with the other Flaming Three; standeth the Great Lord with His Brother, the Manu, watching the working out of Their plans for the race,—here a little, there a little, infinitely slow, yet infinitely sure; standeth the Masters, in wise attainment, knowing that as They reached the goal so will all Their younger brothers, that not one prodigal son will be lost but each one find his way home, rejoicing.

Some day, brother, you too will stand, and others from your

achievement will be inspired to fight. Take courage therefore. It needeth a strong serenity and an assured heart to stand unmoved in the thronging whirl of catastrophe, of disaster, of evil, of madness, of war, of crime, of ignorance, and in standing, to keep the eyes fixed on the vision of the future, the heart welling up with love for humanity, and the hands stretched out to lift a brother from the mire. I know, for I have been where you are; I have been tired and strained; I have carried loads too heavy for flesh to bear; I have sensed the vision and been sick at heart at the clouding of the vision in the working out; I have wept over the blindness of the masses; I too have realised the world's sorrow, and staggered in attempting to lift the burden; and I tell you, that with greater vision, and with greater insight, and with wider knowledge cometh serenity. I Who know tell you in loving emphasis, that TIME is the great deluder, and that the misery of the present is being swallowed up in the glory of that which cometh.

Reprinted from *The Messenger*, December, 1919.

H. P. B. and the T. S.

Reprinted from *The Theosophist*

Vol. XXIX, pp. 167-171

Spheres of influence can be found everywhere. The first object of the T.S. is philanthropy. The true Theosophist is a philanthropist,—not for himself but for the world he lives. This, and philosophy, the right comprehension of life and its mysteries, will give the necessary basis and show the right path to pursue. Yet the best sphere of influence for the applicant is now in his own land.”

“My reference to ‘philanthropy’ was meant in its broadest sense, and to draw attention to the absolute need of the doctrine of the heart as opposed to that which is merely of the eye. And before I have written that our Society is not a mere intellectual school for occultism, and those greater than we have said that he who thinks the task of working for others too hard had better not undertake it. The moral and spiritual sufferings of the world are more important and need help and cure more than science needs aid from us in any field of discovery. ‘He that hath ears to hear let him hear.’”

The Master M. wrote:

“You have still to learn that so long as there are three men worthy of our Lord’s blessing in the T.S., it can never be destroyed.” Without the Masters, there is no success for the T.S.

These things were done because I alone was responsible for the issues, I alone had to bear karma in case of failure, and no reward in case of success. I saw the T.S. would be smashed, or that I had to offer myself as the scapegoat for atonement. It is the latter I did. The T.S. lives—I am KILLED, killed in my honour, fame, name, in

everything H.P.B. held near and dear, for the body is MINE, and I feel acutely through it * * * False? No one of us was false * * * I may err in my powers as H.P.B. I have not worked and toiled for forty years, playing parts, risking my future rewards, and taking karma upon this unfortunate appearance, to serve them, without being permitted to have some voice in the matter. H.P.B. is not infallible. H.P.B. is an old rotten, sick, worn-out body, but it is the best I can have in this cycle. Hence follow the path I show—the Masters that are behind—and do not follow me or my path. When I am dead and gone in this body then will you know the whole truth. Then will you know that I have never, never been false to any one, nor have I deceived any one; but had many a time to allow them to deceive themselves, for I had no right to interfere with their Karma. What else do you want to know? I have no secrets from you, except those that you seem to be unable to understand though I do not conceal them from you. Oh, ye fools and blind moles, all of you. Who of you is able to offer himself in sacrifice as I did!" Again: "Do, do remain true to the Masters, and Their Theosophy." "There are traitors, conscious and unconscious. There is falsity and there is injudiciousness. Pray do not imagine that because I hold my tongue, as bound by my oath and duty, I do not know who is who * * * But as the ranks thin around us, and, one after the other, our best intellectual forces depart, to turn into bitter enemies, I say: Blessed are the pure-hearted, who have only intuition, for intuition is better than intellect."

Under date February 23rd, 1887, H.P.B. writes: "Allow me to quote a verse from a very esoterically wise and exoterically silly book, the work and production of some old and ancient friends and foes: "There is more joy in the kingdom of heaven for one repentant sinner than for ninety-nine saints." So much for my writing to * * * and asking you to try and be friends with him. He may breathe lies—so much the worse for himself. What business is it of ours? He has tried to do good to the T.S. to the best of his perverted judgment; I have tried to stop him, you have: we failed. The fact remains that he has infused LIFE into what was a corpse before he stepped in. The few remnants even that still exist in the T.S. are due to him. Let us be just and give to Caesar what is Caesar's, however, imperfect, even vicious, Caesar may be. "Blessed be the peace-makers," said another old Adept of 1074 B. C., and the saying is alive and kicks to the present day among the MASTERS." * * * There is falsity and there's such a thing as "judiciousness." The latter was in view when you were asked to "mind with Mrs. * * * ." Why and in what way is it "against all rules of Masters?" On the other hand what you (and all of you) do, namely to live like cats and dogs in the T.S. is positively against all rules and wishes of the Masters, is against our "Brotherhood" so-called, and T.S. and all its rules. They are disgusted. They look on, and in that look (oh, Lord, if you could only see it, as I have!) there's an ocean deep of sad disgust, contempt, and sorrow * * * .

My dear fellow—what you say of my desire "to push on the cause

and concentrate all my karma" is right and yet is wrong. Add to this that I wanted and still want to concentrate all it's as well as my own karma, and you will be right. I alone can do it and only so long as I live. I am the mother and the creator of the Society, it has my magnetic fluid, and the child has inherited of all its parent's physical and spiritual attributes—faults and virtues—if any. Therefore, I alone, and to a degree, Olcott, can serve as a lightning conductor of karma for it. Had I not done it—the Society would have gone to smash three years ago. But I was asked whether I was willing, when on the point of dying, and I said yes, for it was the only means to save it. Therefore I consented to live—which in my own case means to suffer physically during the twelve hours of the day—mentally during the twelve hours of night when I get rid of the physical shell. You are the first one to whom I tell it, because you force me into the confession. What is the use saying it to any one else? No one will believe it, and it will only help to make an additional lump of mud to be thrown at me. Now you know. Whether you will understand the thing correctly, is another thing. And it is true about this Kali Yuga. Once that I have offered myself as the goat of atonement—the Kali Yuga recognizes its own, whereas any other would shrink from such a thing as I am—doomed and overburdened in this life worse than a poor weak donkey, full of sores, made to drag uphill a cartload of heavy rocks. That's all. Now what can I say more?

How to succeed? Through Will-Power. You have that, but you have also diffidence. You doubt yourself more than you doubt any other man or woman. This is not the way. Go to bed alone and if possible in a place, if even a clothes closet and no bigger, but one in which there is no magnetism except your own, and will to see. And believe me, my son, "my spirit will be upon you and your vision," metaphorically, of course, not that of old H.P.B.—though you may see the old thing occasionally, also, as the vehicle of the spirit. It is a question of limited time only. Once you have forced your spirit to talk with the spirit of A., B. or C., you will need no solitary nook. At the beginning it is imperatively necessary. I have said.

"Get no direction!" Have a large Society, the more the better. All that is chaff and husk is bound to fall away in time; all that is grain will remain. But the seed is in the bad and the evil men as much as in the good ones—only it is more difficult to call into life and cause it to germinate. The good husbandman does not stop to pick out the seeds from the handful. He gives them all their chance. And even some of the half-rotten seeds come to life when thrown into good soil. Be that soil. Do not be squeamish about things. Look at me—the universal Theosophical manure—the rope for whose hanging and lashing is made out of the flax I have sown, and each strand it is twisted of, represents a mistake of mine. Hence, if you fail only "9 times out of 10 in your selections"—you are successful 1 time out of 10—and that's more than many other Theosophists can say.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

*By H. S. Olcott*Reprinted from *The Theosophist*

Vol. IX, pp. 641-645

Crises breed heroes; and as heroism is a thing of quality, not of measurement, it follows that every day and every cause in which humanity is concerned, begets its hero. But heroism must find its opportunity, without which its potentiality is unsuspected. The one other thing indispensable is that the hour shall find the man; that Shakespear's 'tide in the affairs of men' shall be seized by the great soul at the moment for launching his bark on the rising flood. In public affairs—Carlyle tells us—"it is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun * * * upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of **nameless** heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the **one** hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy." Heroism being, as observed, a thing of quality, its purity and nobleness will be commensurate with the altruism of the aim; and no true moralist would fail to set highest on the heroic scale that sublime self-sacrifice which devotes itself to the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind. All writers agree in this, and I am not repeating the truism as a fresh discovery, but only to apply the principle to the case of that business in which all members of the Theosophical Society are alike interested. The Society has had its days and its nights, its times of brightness and of gloom, of fair weather and of foul. For thirteen years the ship has struggled on its course, making for its chosen port; its officers at times encompassed by enthusiastic friends—fair weather sailors—and, again, deserted by them, betrayed, reviled, and backed only by the steadfast men of conviction, who saw their opportunity for heroism and rose to the occasion. Thus, with varying fortune but ever keeping on its fixed course, the Society has gone through crisis, after crisis and ever emerged stronger than before.

The history of the Society may be divided into two periods; the first, that of phenomenalism, the second that of sober activity on conservative lines. The thing which gave it instantaneous celebrity was the claim that it was one of several agencies set afoot for the spiritual refreshment of mankind by the living custodians of the Ancient Wisdom, the Himalayan adepts: and the backing of this claim by phenomenal displays of psychic power by one of the founders, and the personal appearance of certain of these very Himalayan recluses to several favoured individuals. So long as this claim continued unchallenged all was bright sunshine within our gates; hundreds and thousands of friends flocked in, scores of aspiring youths offered themselves as chelas, and sundry took their pledges of discipleship and publicly

declared themselves personally satisfied by irrefutable proofs of the existence of those Sages. It was a pleasant time; one of hours full of confidence and hope; of the sunshine of happiness; of fervent friendships, and perfect trust as to the future. But it was but life in a fool's paradise: the hopes and expectations of the enthusiasts were built upon ignorance; the friendships upon selfishness. Though the directors of this movement have reiterated without ceasing, from the first day of their agency to the present hour, that man must win his own salvation and make and abide by his own Karma; that there is no royal road to Geometry; that the old rules of life and conduct prescribed and described by the Aryan sages were the only ones by which man could possibly gain wisdom, attain adeptship, break through the vicious circle of rebirth, and attain final emancipation—though they did this and are still doing it, yet ears were deaf that should have listened and eyes shut that should have seen, and the first vicious attack upon the Society cooled the ardour and unnerved the hearts of many. Some few fell away, but more stayed—in a state of apathy that showed the real nature of their previous zeal; there was no heroism there! Amid the horrid din of that crisis, one truth shone out like a guiding star through a cloud; our Western method of publicity and sensationalism in regard to the divine secrets was not merely a silly mistake but a wickedness, while the opposite policy of confidential secrecy, ever followed by the KNOWERS and students of the Myseries, was the true and only one to follow. Another good effect of the crisis was to show the perniciousness of the habit of relying upon the merits and supposed favoritism of the Mahatmas, instead of upon one's own efforts. If things had gone on as they were tending there might, in time, have been spawned a theosophical sect, with its saints and popelings; and some years later, after the pioneers were dead and gone, its Book of Miracles, with glimpses of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott moving mysteriously—as Marion Crawford describes us in his "Mr. Isaacs"—among the rhododendron trees of Simla in the performance of our wonders, or rousing to a pitch of mad excitement the multitude swarming in an Indian temple by "supernaturally" restoring speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind. The love of the marvellous is so great in man that the clearest declarations from us that our phenomena were only exhibitions of developed psychical power, would have gone for nought. But that crisis is happily past, and the present chances are not so much a theosophical sect will be born as that the Society's founders—or at least one of them—may be driven into retirement through unwillingness to bear the executive burden any longer, when it ought to be divided upon many shoulders. Some love power for its exercise, and fame for its sweet notoriety; others do not; and among the latter count me. If I could be satisfied that the Society had delivered its blow, and that the ideas it represents were fairly launched, I should insist upon retiring after putting our Library and several other matters upon a sound basis. I have a horror of lagging superfluous on the stage. Our Society was born as an epoch-maker, a thought-breeder, a pioneer, a resuscitator of ancient

learning: it has been fulfilling its mission from Karma. Born at the auspicious hour, let it dissolve at the proper moment: but let not that time be anticipated by one second. We shall not take counsel of the timid or the short-sighted. And in this time of vigour and expansion let us not speak of dissolution; even as the young discuss not death, but the old only. In the vestibule wait the bearers to carry us out and the heralds to usher in our successors. I am no believer in the indispensableness of any individual's life to humanity: he may help or hinder it, but that is all. As good fish are in the sea as were ever caught, and as good men in the womb of the race as were ever born. Nature always finds the man for the crisis: and, to apply the rule to our immediate concerns, I am fully satisfied that if we should be suddenly cut off by any mischance, another Blavatsky and another Olcott would step to the front and fill the gaps we left. As regards the survival of the Society, I would wish to say to every member what Carlyle puts into such masterful English: "Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is sure of victory. The falsehood of it alone will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operator with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered." Pity it is that our colleagues are not more deft at disentangling the truth from the falsehood of our cause; that they have not all learnt as yet to see how different a thing is their reverence for an adept or their affection for or confidence in any humbler individual, and reverence for truth, love of humanity, and confidence in the action of Karma.

(To Be Continued)

In the ordered regulation of the life comes eventual synthesis and the right control of time with all that eventuates therefrom.

In the right elimination of that which is secondary and in a sense of rightly adjusted proportion comes that accuracy and one-pointedness which is the hall mark of the occultist.

In the right aspiration at the appointed time comes the necessary contact and the inspiration for the work that has to be done.

In the steady adherence to *self-appointed* rules comes the gradual refining of the instrument and the perfecting of a vehicle that will be—to the Master—the medium of help among many little ones.

I commend the above thought to you knowing that you will apprehend the implication and will seriously consider the purport of my remarks.

EIGHTEEN OUTLINE LESSONS ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA

Prepared by Alice A. Bailey

LESSON V

Teachings on the Knower and the Known.

The thirteenth Discourse:—

Arjuna's thought: "Matter and Spirit, even the Field and the Knower of the Field, wisdom and that which ought to be known, these I fain would learn.".....XIII.1

1. The Field to be known.....XIII.2.1.5.6.19
2. The Knower of the Field.....XIII.2.3.13.17.21.22

3. How the Knower discovers the Field:—

- a. By the senses.....XIII.5.14
b. By the cultivation of discrimination.....XIII.6-11
c. By Meditation.....XIII.24

4. The result of this knowledge by the Knower:—

- a. He develops wisdom.....XIII.2.17
b. He enters into Being.....XIII.18.34
c. He gains freedom from birth.....XIII.23.34
d. He acquires sight.....XIII.27-30

Topic for Meditation: —

The Blessed Lord said: "They who by the eyes of Wisdom perceive this difference between the Field and the Knower of the Field, and the liberation of beings from Matter, they go to the Supreme."—XIII.34.

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