

# **THE BOOK OF ECHOES**



# **THE BOOK OF ECHOES**

**THEOSOPHICAL QUOTES  
FROM ODD SOURCES  
IN EARLY THEOSOPHICAL  
MAGAZINES**

**COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
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## PREFACE

This is a collection of Theosophical Quotes from Odd Sources in Early Theosophical Magazines, which were published during the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century. The quotes are not attributed to specific persons or definitive source texts. (Except the ones on the initial and ending pages.)

They were usually fillers noted as by Anonymous, or noted as Aphorisms, Books, Proverbs, Precepts, Verse, etc. They appear interspersed between articles, and the origin of these *Books* or their sources are not readily known. Could some of them be made up? Could they be generalizations? Could they be personal journal collections of quotes?

The titles of each section are the source from which the magazine attributes it. Curious, though, some may be recognized or also be traced to other, more reliable sources. Those references are not given (either by the original editors or by myself), but some students may wish to explore where they came from. Tracing them to their origin does not give credence to their veracity, but may assuage some students' minds of their worth.

Glean from them what you will; some may derive more light than others, as is true with any teaching. Ours is a very personal journey, our *Path*, our *Life*, and each may only inculcate what they truly resonate with. May your inner yearning resonate with at least some of them.

May yours be a joyous Path.

Scott J. Osterhage  
Summer 2025  
Tucson, Arizona

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Unveil, O thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light! so that we may see the truth, and know our whole duty.

In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of spirit.

*Yajur Veda*  
*The Path*, Vol. I, April 1886, p. 1.

## 7 PAGODAS

And Death advanced upon me clothed by my mind in black. He entered into me aa a light, and I saw that he was but transformation.

*The Path*, Vol. V, January 1891, p. 328.

## AN INVOCATION FROM THE JAPANESE

O Thou, whose eyes are clear, whose eyes are kind, whose eyes are full of pity and of sweetness, — O Thou, lovely One, with Thy face so beautiful, — O Thou, pure One, whose knowledge is without shadow, spotlessly lighted from within, — O Thou, forever shining like the Sun, Thou, Sun-like in the ways of Thy mercy, pour Light upon the world!

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XI, January 1914, p. 223.

## CHINESE APHORISMS

The sage does not say what he does; but he does nothing that cannot be said.

Pagodas are measured by their shadows and great men by their enviers.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, January 1889, p. 398.

The man who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is still a novice in both.

The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, February 1889, p. 455.

## ORIENTAL GLEANINGS

The candle pales before the lightning. So do our valleys fade, and our plains become unbeautiful, when the clouds part, and we behold, once in an age, the light-crowned summits of the everlasting hills.

The clouds close; and we find our low, unlovely plains, with their dried and withered life, once more around us.

We fall again to our daily drudgery, our useless toil; but some memory of the vision remains for us, after the heavens have been once opened, as

“a presence that is not to be put by,”

working a subtle change, so that we no longer find our narrow world-grave wide enough.

We are the true *trogloodytes*, cave-dwellers, though we call our cavern the world.

We are gnomes, condemned to forced toils, in the kingdom of darkness.

Living for ages in the night-realm, we dream that our darkness is full day.

Once and again, in the midst of the blackness, wonderful, bright vistas flash for a moment before us, awaking thousand light-echoes in the walls of our Erebus: fading again into a deeper night.

Once and again, in the silence, sweet faint fairy songs ring out on the stillness of our night: dying away into a heavier silence and gloom.

Once and again, fair glowing colors gleam around us, the opal's crimson fire, the rainbow flame-drops; only to gleam for a moment and then disappear in the darkness.

All life is but a perpetual promise; an engagement renewed but never fulfilled.

Man is a king, dethroned, and cast out from his kingdom;  
in chains and in a dungeon.

Yet he is perpetually reminded of his royal estate,  
perpetually reminded that he has power to be free.

But the king is dull, his heart is clogged with heaviness,  
and he will not listen.

The imprisoned monarch dreams his dungeon a palace,  
his fetters seem chains of gold.

Man is the imprisoned monarch, who is bound with  
fetters; he himself holds the key of the prison, he alone can  
unloose the fetters.

But the king dreams on.

The heart of a beggar will not be content with half the  
universe, says a sage, he is not born to a part, but to the whole.

So it is that in the world's garden blest with the choicest  
fruit, the most scented flowers; thrilled with the sweetest  
melodies, fanned by perfume-laden airs; we are silently ap-  
prised that there is that which is sweeter than melody, and  
more joyful than joy.

Our life is the anteroom of the palace where our true  
treasure lies.

The door may be opened in life; it may be opened by  
death: but there is a death which will not open the door.

What is the treasure that lies within?

Is it power? or wisdom? or happiness, or love?

It is none of these things, and yet it is them all; for it is  
the life of them: a rare and precious quality, pure essence,  
whose presence alone gives these things their worth. It is  
*amrita*, the joy of the Celestials.

Useless to seek to seize the ocean-echo, by clasping the  
shell in which it lies hid: as useless to try to seize this essence  
by grasping the form in which for a moment it shone.

“As a bird alights on a branch, and then hops to another branch, so it is with THAT: it appears for a moment under one form; then under another.”

He who would drink this essence must dare to possess it pure; must willingly throw aside the dust-covered treasures of earth that harbored its flavor before.

The secret unconscious conviction that this divine essence exists; this Better than Best is no dream; this is the power that renders endurable life's long burden of pain, or deadlier still, of monotony.

When the gleam of this essence shines forth, amidst the darkness of life, we believe the sorrow of eons a price too small for so splendid a recompense. The first strong day of power repays in full the weakness of ages.

But that recompense escapes us; the day of strength does not dawn.

The leaden clouds clash together; the fair glimpse of heaven is shut out.

Man cries aloud in desolation, a poor captive beating his life out against the bars.

Then quietness falls on the struggler's soul; he learns that the prize may be his, as soon as the price is paid; and he learns that the price is himself.

Two oracles there are, graved in the shrine of the heart.

The First: Thou, Man, art the heir to fulness of life.

The Second: No life that is bounded can ever satisfy thy soul.

In every meeting of mortals, though their brains are stuffed full of all the follies and madresses of the world; though their hearts and minds are drugged with the dull intoxication of self and sense, there is quite unknown, or hardly suspected by these former, another far different company; august, powerful, beneficent; living with the

everlasting laws; breathing the pure air of divinity; watching in silence their mortal companions, and making their presence felt by quiet, scarce-heard monitions in the recess of the heart; gently and steadily leading the weak and uncertain steps of the mortals up the steep path of divinity.

These august immortals are no other than the mortals themselves; as they are now in promise, and as they will one day be in consciousness and life: when man shall have left behind that garment of follies which he, though a divinity, yet consents to wear.

Divine apotheosis, long toiled for redemption, when to folly, dullness, and strife shall succeed mutual knowledge and mutual trust; when instead of the sullied desires and thoughts that now disfigure and debase him, man shall have claimed his high hopes and royal duties; when to the impotence and futility of man the mortal shall succeed the power and endurance of man the divinity; when death shall have fled before life, and the grave shall melt away into immortality.

On that day the august company of watchers, the strangers unseen in the earthly company, shall have taken the place of the poor actors who now usurp the stage.

These divinities that we shall become, will recognize nothing lower than universal aims; with their motives and actions, the mighty sweep of the celestial laws and the galaxies shall be in harmony; their work shall be for truth, and for universal love.

When the silence falls upon us we can hear their voices, pointing out in the quiet light of divine law the true path for us to follow.

By these and other pictures, symbols, and metaphors, we seek to express the conviction that this all-too solid looking world, this matter-of-fact earth of ours, with its fields and houses, streets and cities, is not the sum and crown of the

universe: but that under this material seeming, lies hid the world of spiritual life, of divine law.

That we poor mortals, who can but raise our heads some six feet from the earth, towards the firmament of stars, can nevertheless, raise ourselves into the celestial inner world on which the material universe floats, like foam on a river of pure water; that in the inner world we can hear the music of the eternities, can learn the full richness of the celestial powers that surround us; and perceive the complementary parts of all that seems broken and futile and fragmentary on earth.

By these and the like metaphors, we would express the belief, that even in the midst of the follies and madness which surround him on earth, man is yet an immortal god.

That all calculations and human actions and foresights which count him to be less than this, must, either soon or late, be doomed to futility.

That all men who see in their fellows less than gods and immortals in the making and who act towards them on this lower assumption, must sooner or later revise their opinions if they would not war with the unconquerable.

All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

This spirit it is, that, under the myriad illusions of life, works steadily towards its goal; silently, imperceptibly, irresistibly, moving on to divinity.

Let us catch the echo from that great ocean which is borne in upon us, let us divine the working of the true life-spirit; and we can, without fear or apprehension, leave to the guidance of this power the doubtful destiny of our life.

Under all the futilities and insanities that fill up our earth life this power is silently at work.

These terribly engrossing futilities and trifles are but the veil cast by the great magician over his work.

By this glamour of Time are concealed from the weak souls of men, the dark abysses around them; the terrible and mighty laws which incessantly direct their life.

These laws penetrate in all their power and mystery to the profoundest immensities of space; they work in their wonder and might through the longest ages of time.

Around us, above us, within us, the forces of spirit are here.

As the ice-floes melt before the summer, and the deep oceans beneath come once more to the light of the sun, so shall the seeming realities and stubborn materials of the world melt and dissolve before the silent, unperceived, irresistible advance of the celestial laws, and the world shall once more wear the crown of divinity.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, July 1889, p. 379.

## **EASTERN PROVERBS**

Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door.

Let us open our eyes, or they will be opened for us.

A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.

A thousand sorrows do not pay a debt.

Fallen flowers do not return to their branches.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, June 1889, p. 279.

## **COMMON SENSE APHORISMS**

The flat denial of yesterday has become the scientific axiom of today.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, June 1890, p. 265.



## BOOK OF THE ANCIENT DAYS

He who hath vanquished in thy name, O Lord, hath vanquished indeed. Yea, there is a light about him; yea, there is a strength about him; for he lives not by his own life, but by the uncreate life from Above. And as a bright star emerges in the evening sky, even so he shall shine forth from the Sacred Land upon the shadows of the unregenerate.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXIV, January 1937, p. 23.

## THE BOOK OF THE LAST DAYS

A man wronged me. I prayed that I might act rightly towards him. God said: Why not pray also that he may act rightly towards thee?

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, July 1909, p. 14.

## ELU HOLY BOOK

Look with the same eye upon your own work and that of another, and extend your love to all living beings; this is the only path to Nirvana.

*The Path*, Vol. V, September 1890, p. 189.

## ZUÑI PRAYER

This day we have a Father, who from his ancient place rises hard holding his course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trails of our lives. If it be well we shall meet and the light of thy face make mine glad. Thus much I make prayer. Go (thou on thy way).

*Lucifer*, Vol. X, August 1892, p. 498.

## THE BOOK OF BIRDS

Through the Arches of Time fly the Swallows of Time, —  
in threes, in fours, then in threes again, making the seven and  
the sacred ten.

Thus nations pass, and races; continents rise and fall; the  
Days dawn and fade, the Nights return.

Time, the mighty Illusion, raised these Arches; and, while  
Time exists, through them fly the Swallows of Time, in threes,  
in fours, then in threes again.

Eternity holds them; verily, Eternity holds them all.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXII, April 1935, p. 346.

Over the Mountains of Time hover the Eagles of Time, —  
the Vultures also.

The Eagles soar, gazing at the Sun: the Vultures look  
down, seeking carrion.

Time, the mighty Illusion, raised those Mountains; and,  
while Time exists, over them hover the Eagles of Time, — the  
Vultures also.

Eternity holds them; verily, Eternity holds them all.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXII, January 1935, p. 38.

On the Housetops of Time twitter the Sparrows of Time;  
they quarrel, they do not sing: they make litter and confusion.

The peace-loving drive them away; the earth-bound  
leave them alone, unheeding.

Time, the mighty Illusion, built those Housetops for man,  
while yet unborn, to dwell in; and, while Time exists, on them  
twitter the Sparrows of Time who quarrel and do not sing.

Eternity holds them; verily, Eternity holds them all.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXII, January 1935, p. 38.

## THE BOOK OF ECHOES

Thou seekest me? I am that which seeks.

Thou lovest me? I am that love.

To aspire is — to be.

So near I am that still thou seest not. But turn utterly thy heart, and all the rest is done.

Long for that which thou seekest. Do not be afraid to long.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, January 1935, p. 256.

The fact that He wills it, is what gives importance to any act. And we should do nothing which He does not will.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, January 1911, p. 202.

Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, and patient, when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and remained silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all. It was quite simple and always will be.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, July 1912, p. 21.

When Time was not, but lay asleep in the infinite bosom of Duration, the face of the Eternal was still, and the face of the Waters was still, and the Light and Image of the Eternal, reflected from the Waters, returned again to It; and the Eternal and the Waters and the Image of the Eternal in the Waters were One.

The Eternal smiled, and Time awoke to behold it. The smile rippled on the face of the Waters, and from each ripple the Light of the Eternal radiated its Image, creating Space and Form and Number, and Beings from its One Being, and filling all with the Light and Image of the Eternal. Beloved, thy Being is from the Smile of the Eternal.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, July 1923, p. 20.

## BOOK OF ITEMS

The non-offending man is surrounded by a sphere that repels the evil others would do to him — even after many births.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, June 1892, p. 100.

The gods, oh man, are not without; they reside within you; and their earthly dominion is among the fleeting atoms of your body.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, August 1892, p. 172.

If the soil of the mind be impure, a small flying impression may germinate evil plants of thought.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, October 1892, p. 236.

The light of the eye fadeth, the hearing leaveth the ear, but the power to see and to hear never deserteth the immortal being, which liveth forever untouched and undiminished.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, November 1892, p. 268.

Retire to your sleep, O man, with a thought of the True Self, so that with the same thought you may rise.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, December 1892, p. 300.

Stand not with your back to the sun; let not your shadow fall on the work; in the night's darkness no work is well begun or ended.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, January 1893, p. 332.

Since we see that the harsh word affecteth the brute which knows not language, we are assured that harshness of itself doth pierce.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, February 1893, p. 364.

Rapidity and clearness of the intuition are obtained by attending also to its errors.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, March 1893, p. 396.

The disappearance of virtue and philosophy is only for a time: the souls possessing these will return again, bringing both with them.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, April 1893, p. 32.

Disappearing through the eye, objects cease to exist as such and become ideas alone.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, May 1893, p. 64.

The man who finds matters for suspicion in others is one who is not true himself.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, June 1893, p. 93.

Harmony among diverse elements is due to equilibrium and not to removal of diversity.

*The Path*, Vol. X, December 1895, p. 296.

Right equilibrium does not arise from a dead level of equality; there is always someone who is greatest.

*The Path*, Vol. X, January 1896, p. 328.

Beware of the pleasant taste which praise of yourself leaves behind.

*The Path*, Vol. X, March 1896, p. 392.

A strong light surrounded by darkness, though reaching far and making clear the night, will attract the things that dwell in darkness. A pure soul brought to the notice of men will illuminate the hearts of thousands, but will also call forth from the corners of the earth the hostility of those who love evil.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, June 1896, p. 96.

If you inwardly and truly aspire to know truth at whatever cost, it is certain the truth will cost you something. That is inevitable.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, August 1896, p. 160.

Time is the judge of men, things and movements. Time is very sure. Therefore work on in peace, knowing that he who draws his only strength from opposition is doomed to perish, while he whose inspiration wells up within himself can never be destroyed.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, September 1896, p. 192.

If that light be shining in thy midst, what power of earth or sky can stand against thee?

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, October 1896, p. 224.

Work, but in working never forget the end for which you strive.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, November 1896, p. 256.

He who loves lives. He who loves himself lives in hell. Who loves another lives on earth. He who loves others lives in heaven. He who silently adores the Self of all creatures lives in that Self; and It is eternal peace.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, December 1896, p. 288.

The wise man rises superior to Destiny. He greets it as a friend.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, January 1897, p. 289.

No one who works impersonally suffers from reaction. It is wrong motive which gives rise to action in the personal and lower nature, which brings suffering, doubt or fear.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, February 1897, p. 352.

There are three gateways to Hell reserved for fools: these are called Hearsay, Supposition and Inference.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, April 1897, p. 32.

To be silent with the mouth is much; to be silent with the ears is more; to be silent with the mind is most, for it gives both power and peace.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, May 1897, p. 87.

To repeat an evil thing said of another, even without unkind intention, may injure that other as much as a deliberate and cruel slander.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, June 1897, p. 128.

Be compassionate, and sit still in the midst of all that may be said, inclining only to your duty.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, July 1897, p. 192.

Keep your Theosophy human.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, August 1897, p. 256.

No man can find the divine within himself until he has learned to recognize the divine in others.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, September 1897, p. 320.

I had — as it were — a sudden and swift vision of an angel, bringing a sheaf of the flowers of Heaven: each flower was an attribute of the soul. He said to me: "Which flower wilt thou choose?"

There was Courage — a blood-red lily, with a rosy light at its heart: Purity — a white star: Hope — shining like an emerald in moonlight — and many others. I said to him:

"Of them all, give me Love." He held the sheaf towards me, saying (and oh! his smile): "Thou hast chosen them all. Love is all."

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, January 1908, p. 272.

Man is a spiritual being, placed in the midst of a material world. He must subdue this matter, bending it to his needs and uses — which are those of service. But he shall not forget the region whence he sprang — that he stands rooted in Eternity.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, April 1908, p. 377.

All have to go through the Vow of Poverty, in all parts of the nature, and when we have passed it, we have passed one of the greatest initiations. It is the fear of Poverty we have to conquer, the dependence upon wealth of all kinds. So, since the call has come, let us accomplish that task which is harder than passing through the eye of a needle — let us not refuse to answer the call of the Master.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, July 1908, p. 21.

In the lower worlds we rejoice because of *SOMETHING* — some possession or event. But in the spiritual world we rejoice in the fullness and splendor of *BEING*—because of what *IS*—and as we increase our share in that Consciousness, deep and deeper grows our Joy. We enter into the Song of Life; we become that Song.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, July 1908, p. 66.

You have three great foes. Hurry, Flurry, Worry. Hurry breeds slackness; it destroys interior rest. Flurry breeds uncertainty; it destroys recollection. Worry breeds doubt, fear and the dark broods which are destructive of detachment. These three foes must be put aside before any real or deep degree of Silence can be felt. That Silence is the mother of all spiritual accomplishment. These three foes stand between you and the Will of the Master. What shall you do?"

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, October 1908, p. 134.

At the foot of some colossal masonry a man was singing. He sat where the temple wall abutted upon the narrow, crowded roadway. A buttress pillowed his head. The stones of the roadway were his seat. The crowd jostled and pressed him. Yet he sang as the lark sings when it enters the sunlit cloud. The day fell. Night and the stars came out. Still the singer sang. One asked him: "Art thou not for home?"

"I have no home."



“Hast thou no wherewithal to house and clothe and feed thee?”

“I have,” said he, “the Spirit of my song.”

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, October 1908, p. 181.

Thou hast but one thing of thine own, from which no power of all the worlds can rend thee. That is — *thy Will*.

Thou canst make it Will of the underworld (bitter and dark), or Will of the over-spaces; ally it to Anarchy or Law. The choice is thine; thy Will it is, inhering in no other. A free Will, freely given thee; a heaven-born thing — *thine own*.

Though thou canst transmute this Will unto base uses, forcing it to dwell and work among the beasts, thou canst not forever chain it there. Heaven-born, it seeks reunion with the Will of the Father, that Source Divine from which it sprang at the creative Voice, to which — when the cycle of Manifestation ends and that Voice falls silent — it must return. Shall it return naked as it set forth? Or — *bearing thee with it?*

Behold thy scintilla. It seeks the Flame. Thou canst detain; it is thine own while thou hast being. But — choose the underworlds, and like them thou must die, thy Will, a shooting star, returning to the Day-Spring of its birth. Art thou for union, or for separation? *Choose. Choose NOW.*

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, January 1909, p. 213.

The Master does not appoint a work to his workmen, without giving them the wherewithal to perform it. I have given you no task that you were unable to perform, and always I have seen to it that you had the best means for its accomplishment.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, January 1909, p. 261.

Why hasten so eagerly from one activity to another, when we serve Him as well by keeping still?

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, January 1909, p. 278.

I think we have got used to drugging our Consciousness in various ways (not with drugs, but with actions), *for rest*. And it is a wrong rest. So we have to learn the true mode, which is by sinking back into the Silence. When one does so sink back one feels it at once, and if one can only find one minute in which to do it, there is an extraordinary steadying power in it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, April 1909, p. 354.

The disciple is able to endure all that he is called upon to endure. Wherefore do not evade, avoid, frustrate or force. But — endure!

You sigh for the Angel of Deliverance. Be yourself your own deliverer.

The star shines above the darkness. Fix your gaze on the star, and not on the dark.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, April 1909, p. 390.

In Silence, by Silence, through Silence were all things made. Copy the divine model.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, July 1909, p. 58.

It is possible to “understand” a thing, as men say, and yet to completely miss its true meaning. That which is indefinite to the sense is often real to the spirit. You must look to the “Kingdom of Heaven” for the meaning of things, as for all else. A hard saying, but a helpful one, if you apply yourself to it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, July 1909, p. 71.

Man is a spiritual being, placed in the midst of a material world. He must subdue this Matter, bending it to his needs and uses, which are those of service. But he shall not forget the region whence he sprang — that he stands rooted in Eternity.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, July 1909, p. 71.

The spiritual force which surrounds the master repels evil and impurity, just as the light of the sun repels the finely divided matter in the tail of the comet. The approach of the disciple, therefore, does not depend upon the volition of the master, but is governed by a spiritual law as fixed as any law of physics.

Until the disciple has purged himself of at least the greater part of the evil and impurity that is in him, neither his desire, nor the master's love can overcome this natural repulsion.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, October 1909, p. 112.

If we identify ourselves with the One Life, like IT we sing for Joy.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, October 1909, p. 119.

What you do is to visit Heaven. You must learn to live in Heaven and to visit earth.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, April 1910, p. 362.

The Will art invincible if of the Master is invincible: and is it not thy will? Thou art invincible if so wilt it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, July 1910, p. 10.

Every moment brings the power to live it:

Every duty brings the power to do it:

Every ideal brings the power to manifest it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, July 1910, p. 22.

Those who serve Him are radiant. Their faces reflect the sun of His Consciousness.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, January 1911, p. 241.

Once bodies were offered to flames for man's uplifting. Now souls are bared that men may see the way to grow.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IX, January 1912, p. 206.

I said, "One gets so hungry on the way." He answered:  
"But for the hunger, you would never complete the journey."

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, October 1912, p. 186.

The watchword of the present time is, Trust. Not a dogged holding on, but a happy knowledge that his plan shall triumph; that his Will shall prevail in you as in all.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, January 1913, p. 254.

He who would find happiness for a day  
    May do so by working for himself;  
He who would find happiness for a year  
    May do so by working for his friends;  
He who would find happiness for a life-time  
    May do so by working for humanity;  
He who would find happiness for Eternity  
    Can only do so by working for God.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XII, October 1914, p. 138.

"He who is not with me is against me," is God's criterion of friendship. God can have no part with Belial; truth none with falsehood. To forego one's own rights, may on occasion be commendable; but to yield before error is to abandon God's rights, and that is disloyalty.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXV, July 1927, p. 20.

## BOOK OF MEMORIES

He who asks a question is good; he who asks seven is better, fourteen, better still. So be that they are questions springing from the heart, not idle ripples on the surface of a restless mind.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, October 1912, p. 119.

You say you do not wish to be a "Saint"; that virtuous living and simple manliness suffice. So be it, and yet I wonder. For God's design for every human Soul is Saintliness; in Spiritual things, perfection. And I ask: how may a man escape his destiny; cross God's will with his own; defeat God's plan? Sooner or later it must come, that absolute surrender. Why postpone the day and its great peace?

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, April 1913, p. 306.

Really to serve and please him we must perform, not merely the minimum that is required, but the maximum that loving zeal can discover.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XI, July 1913, p. 31.

"I cannot find its works," said the child, as he tore a butterfly into smaller and smaller pieces.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, July 1933, p. 89.

I said: Lord, will you not fill him with desire for thee?

And he said: I have and he has turned it into a burning desire for everything except for me.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, January 1934, p. 253.

Egoism is the identification of the seer with the instrument of seeing.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, April 1934, p. 321.

## THE BOOK OF OLD MEMORIES

In the great monuments of antiquity, the Guardians of the race recorded the Way of man's ascent; and because man is the mirror of the universe, that which records the Cosmic process, and the rise and fall of nations, also depicts the secret passages through which man must pass to extricate himself. Motionless blocks of stone and marble are symbols of motion more swift than the wind, as of progress more slow than the passage of infinite years. Always a symbol that is god-given, tells, not only of things that are past and of things to come, but of that past and future as enacted in the present — within your own soul, O man!

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, October 1933, p. 155.

## BOOK OF PITRIS

The departure of the soul atom from the bosom of Divinity, is a radiation from the life of the great All, who expends his strength In order that he may grow again and live by its return. God thereby acquires a new vital force provided by all the transformations that the soul atom has undergone. Its return is the final reward. Such the secret of the evolution of the great Being and of the Supreme Soul.

*The Path*, Vol. I, May 1886, p. 33.

The great All, which is constantly in motion, and is constantly undergoing change in the visible and invisible universe, is like the tree which perpetuates itself by the seed and is incessantly creating the same identical types.

*The Path*, Vol. I, June 1886, p. 65.

## THE BOOK OF THE SEVEN CHILDREN

. . . And the seventh child went into his closet, and kneeled upon the floor, and covered his face with his hands. And he cried aloud saying: Oh Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph! And the cloud of the Lord enveloped him, and he heard a stern voice from the cloud saying unto him: When the weakling disdains his weakness, and the coward arises from his cowardice; when he is no longer in terror for the loss of his possessions, but is in terror for the loss of his soul; when the cause of the weak and downtrodden constraineth him, and not the shouting of the oppressor; when he loves righteousness and justice for their own sakes, and not as a cloak for his self-seeking; then the Lord shall be with him, to defend and uphold him, and to save him from all his enemies. For no man ever trusted in the Lord from his heart, and was deceived. Behold, the day of trial is always the day of the Lord. Turn, therefore, ye people, turn to the Lord, and follow his ways.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXV, October 1938, p. 325.

## HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY

Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no Divine Revelation, but the spirit heareth within. Do not think I tell you that which you know not; for except you know it, it cannot be given you. To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

*The Path*, Vol. I, February 1887, p. 321.

As is the outer, so is the inner; as is the small, so is the great; there is but one law; and He that worketh is One. Nothing is small, nothing is great, in the Divine Economy.

*The Path*, Vol. II, November 1887, p. 225.

## DAILY ITEMS

In sleep the soul is affected from below by the world, from above by the light of the spirit; on one side there is recollection; on the other, knowledge.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, December 1893, p. 296.

Live in the pure light of the Higher Self, which alone can save thee from the enemy.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, January 1894, p. 328.

As all objects enter the mind as thoughts and are seen by it as thoughts alone, so in the thought of the mind is the bond to many lives.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, February 1894, p. 368.

Selflessness is the moral counterpart of the great current of Nature; to swim against that current is selfishness.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, March 1894, p. 400.

Speed not the force of hate with hate, but rather counteract it with the opposition of love.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, August 1894, p. 168.

To answer every question is impossible; many questions lead to various answers.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, September 1894, p. 200.

Virtue is not only good morality and truth, but also strength of soul which fears not Nature.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, October 1894, p. 232.



## FAREWELL BOOK

Thou, O disciple, in thy work for thy brothers hast many allies — in the winds, in the air, in all the voices of the silent shore.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, January 1895, p. 328.

And I shall rend thee my counsel and my encouragement in letters of light.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, February 1895, p. 410.

The Master's love is bountiful; its light shines upon thy face and shall make all the crooked ways straight for thee.

*The Path*, Vol. X, April 1895, p. 32.

Let Karma judge thee and also plead thy case against the unrighteous.

*The Path*, Vol. X, May 1895, p. 68.

By patience and virtue add hourly and daily to the strength of your character, which is all that you will carry into your next life.

*The Path*, Vol. X, June 1895, p. 104.

Their abuse is but of the visible personality; they cannot touch thee, invisible, unconquerable.

*The Path*, Vol. X, July 1895, p. 136.

If you shall stand unmoved while reviled for truth's sake, your strength will increase.

*The Path*, Vol. X, August 1895, p. 168.

Karmic consequences seem sometimes slow, but they are sure.

*The Path*, Vol. X, September 1895, p. 200.

Allay irritation with compassion, and anxiety with patience.

*The Path*, Vol. X, October 1895, p. 232.

Do not argue with a boaster or try to convince the positive.

*The Path*, Vol. X, November 1895, p. 264.

Arise, and show thy love by deeds. Awake, and make the present a glorious memorial of his great past.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, May 1896, p. 64.

Carry the message of Light, Truth, Liberation, to discouraged humanity. Fear no danger, for this thing is stamped upon the walls of time by a master's single, simple will.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, July 1896, p. 128.

Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you. But seek without fear and knock boldly. The light is more anxious to reach you than you are anxious to reach the light.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XI, January 1897, p. 320.

Far and wide in this work for Brotherhood. Go thou on thy way and trust to the everlasting light to guide thy feet on the path of duty towards the gateway of peace. . . . Let Loyalty, Devotion and Discretion be the watchwords of the hour.

*Theosophy*, Vol. XII, October 1897, p. 384.

## PEARLS FROM SAGES

The dwelling of Kabir is on a mountain top, and a narrow path leads up to it; an ant cannot put his foot on it, but a pious man can drive up an ox.

That a drop falls in the ocean all can perceive, but that the drop and the ocean are one few can comprehend.

The city of Hari is to the east, that of Ali to the west, but explore your own heart, for there are both Râma and Karim.

The master is helpless when the scholar is inapt. It is blowing through a bamboo to teach wisdom to the dull.

Even as you see your countenance in a mirror, or your shadow in still water; so behold Râma in your minds, because He is with all.

These two men are over Paradise, a master endowed with patience, a poor man who can find the means to give.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Truth is the ladder mounting to heaven, as necessary as is a vessel for traversing the sea.

There is no higher duty than to work for the good of the whole world.

Though the vessels differ, the water is the same: though the flames be of various lamps, the illumination is one.

Mind is to me what the rudder is to the ship. By the use of it I sail my frail barque over the stormy seas of this life.

Thought, reason, analysis are the stomach of the mind. Here the fire is extracted from facts, as life from food in the physical stomach. Doubt is indigestion. He who digests the facts and phenomena of life, and still doubts the immortality of man, has mental dyspepsia.

Our acts make and unmake us.

Faith is to soul what knowledge is to mind.

That which is born is the death of something else.

Man! proud and haughty that thou art, Nature thinks as much of a mosquito as she does of thee!

None can be truly great, unless he has suffered.

There is a God! nay, many, but if they are superior to you it is your own fault. You may have been a God yourself at some time, and you may be again with proper effort.

We have moved like a wagon so long in one rut that it is almost impossible to get out of it.

The gigantic evils of this life come from the desire to rule others, or to make others do as you wish them to do.

The greater the grossness, the greater the power when the victory is won. Paul understood this. He says in substance — 'Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound'.

Power dwells in silence and secrecy, more in thought than in word — more in a look than in a blow, if you know how to look.

Man creates himself, and all the essentials of his being, his health, happiness, heavens and hells.

Water is prolific; all things gestate in water. The waters of the human soul are wrung out of the heart by real or imaginary wrongs. There is no growth without moisture. The dews that give life to vegetation are Nature's tears. The great soul has a soft weeping heart. The small soul has no tears in it to shed . . . . Jesus wept, but we have no knowledge of his ever laughing. Gautama never smiled after he forsook his crown and his family for the forest and the yellow robes of asceticism. Apollonius, Socrates, and Plato were not laughing men.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Heine finely says of Herder, that 'instead of inquisitorially judging nations according to the degrees of their faith, he regarded Humanity as a harp in the hands of a Great Master, and each people a special string, helping to the harmony of the whole'.

Remember Him who has seen numberless Mahomets, Vishnus, Shivas, come and go, and who is not found by one who forgets or turns away from the poor.

Before earth was for us, we were one; before time was for us, we were one — even as we shall be one when there is no time for us anymore.

Man is to man, as one portion of eternity to another, and as eternity would be imperfect if one moment should be removed, so also the earth would be imperfect if one man should be taken from it before his appointed time.

There is no great merit in any outward act, salvation depends upon the inward motive that provokes the deed.

Heaven is sure to bring to pass the thing of which heaven has originated the purpose.

The riding-hook disturbs the elephant, a thorn injures the foot, a hair blinds the eye, but desire, its mere conception, overthrows the spirit.

It is not wine that makes the drunkard, but vice.

There is no painful wound so bad as sorrow, no piercing arrow so sharp as folly.

As the bees make honey, gathering into one mass, into unity, the sweet juices of various plants, as these juices cannot distinguish themselves the one from the other and the juices of this plant and that, so all these creatures, though they are one in the real, know not that they are one in the real.

He who overcomes contemptible Thirst (difficult to be conquered in this world), sufferings fall off from him, like water drops from the lotus-leaf.

Liberality, courtesy, kindness, and unselfishness, these are to the world what the lynch-pin is to the chariot.

And as where is heat, there is also cold, so where the threefold fire of just, hatred and ignorance is, there Nirvâna must be sought.

The sun which shines today once set, so much less of life remains!

Ah, what joy can there be in this condition, resembling the fish in ever-shallowing waters!

Wisdom is as sandals on the feet to him who walks.

There is no misery greater than body, there is no joy like its dereliction.

As birds repair to a tree to dwell therein, so all this universe repairs to the supreme One.

God felt in the atom makes the whole world divine.

Truth is the best of relatives.

To love nothing, to hate nothing, to have no likes or dislikes, to have no prejudices, no tastes, no preferences — this is to be free.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IX, December 1891, p. 283.

## **SAGE OF RAJAGRIHA**

I, the Self, am woven through and through everything, and am not subject to decay.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, November 1891, p. 264.

There is a knowledge of material visible things among men, and among the gods there is a knowledge of the immaterial; both are true.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, February 1892, p. 368.

## HINDU SAGE

The Universe is a combination of a thousand elements; a chaos to the sense, a cosmos to the reason.

*The Path*, Vol. III, August 1888, p. 137.

## FROM A PRIVATE LETTER

I think that I see why pain is our only solvent. Work may be hard, but also it sustains and energizes. Happiness, even the purest, clings round the fibers of our nature like a vine, stifling and arresting when it grows strong. But in pain the reliance upon the personal nature is broken up, we find ourselves at last in a place where there is no hope; there is no issue thence. And then at last the personal and psychic natures are dissolved beneath the salt wave of sorrow, the self-reliance shaken, the vistas all closed, then we see the only light, the only hope, in Him. So it seems to me quite clear why pain is the only teacher.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, October 1910, p. 146.

## UNIVERSAL PROVERBS

The wolf changes his coat but not his nature.

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

He who is far from the eye is far from the heart.

The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, March 1889, p. 77.



## OCCULT APHORISMS

Never complain to anyone of anything or anybody.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IV, January 1907, p. 246.

Be master of the emotions and moods of thy mind.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IV, January 1907, p. 269.

The only things worth doing are the hard things!

The easy things concern our relations to others!

The hard things concern our relation to our own growth!

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IV, April 1907, p. 346.

We should look upon the world as a monastery in which we live, and upon our daily tasks and occupations as does the monk upon his religious observations. Only so can we carry the spirit of the disciple into the details of our lives.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, October 1907, p. 135.

Put the same spirit into every homely duty that you put into your meditations.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, October 1907, p. 161.

You are your own worst enemy. When you learn that you live day by day and hour by hour with the worst enemy you will ever have to face, you will no longer fear.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, October 1907, p. 161.

On this plane the soul experiences nightmare. It dreams in our daily life. Awaken it: disentangle it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, October 1907, p. 192.

The hours are the jewels of the day, offered thee by the Master. Each by itself is faintly illuminative; but string them upon the thread of meditation and they will shine.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, January 1908, p. 258.

The essence of Faith (most mysterious of spiritual powers) is a genuine belief in the goodness of God.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, April 1908, p. 351.

If ye *love* aught, ye have it: the loving is the having.

If ye aspire, ye attain; aspiration *is* the Way.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, April 1908, p. 358.

To love is to *give*. But often the greatest act of love is shown in *abstention*. To abstain *wisely*, *is to give*: the gift is to the *soul* of the other — its freedom of choice.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. V, April 1908, p. 404.

. . . . The knowledge of the past, present, and future, is embodied in Kshetrajña (the 'Self').

*Lucifer*, Vol. VII, November 1890, p. 177.

## A PERSIAN PROVERB

Let the foolish jackass bray,

The wind will carry the sound away.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, August 1889, p. 441.

## PERSIAN APHORISM

If knowledge without religion were highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the Devil.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, January 1913, p. 228.

## **TIBETAN PALM-LEAF**

The peacock of the personal self hath a thousand beautiful eyes in its tail, wherewith it contemplates its separate distinction from all other birds. Pluck out those eyes.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, December 1891, p. 296.

## **PALM-LEAF**

The three great gates of death — anger, vanity, and lust — stand triangulated about a man: the Self only has power to break them down.

*The Path*, Vol. V, October 1890, p. 232.

Reflect upon the Sun and remember that the self is the sun in man.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, August 1891, p. 168.

Though outwardly no man ever saw you transgress, yet if your thoughts are evil your acts benefit others only and not yourself.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, April 1892, p. 32.

Think of and seek out the tiny, brilliant ray that emanates from the soul connecting it with the body and the mind; it is power and glory.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, October 1893, p. 232.

## **PALM LEAVES**

Think of and seek out the tiny, brilliant ray that emanates from the soul connecting it with the body and the mind; it is power and glory.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, October 1893, p. 232.

## **LEAF V.**

Though from gods, demons, and men your deeds are concealed, they remain as causes in your own nature.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, July 1893, p. 128.

## ANCIENT ROCK INSCRIPTION

In the beginning of time great sages from other spheres impressed the plastic nature of man with imperishable axioms both of morals and mathematics. These endure through all changes of governments, society, and civilizations: they will never fade, even unto the last great seventh knell which will close the Manvantara.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, November 1892, p. 237.

## ROCK CUTTING

Consciousness and recollection are not in the head alone, but are found in every atom, each in its own degree.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, May 1892, p. 68.

Having found the Self and the source of illimitable power, let us become one of those who wish to guard the world.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, September 1892, p. 204.

## TEXT IN ROCK TEMPLE

Shining Venus trembles afar, the Earth's Higher Self, and but with one finger touches us.

*The Path*, Vol. V, June 1890, p. 104.

## INSCRIPTION IN TEMPLE OF NAKHON WAT

May my thoughts, now small and narrow, expand In the next existence, that I may understand the precepts thoroughly and never break them or be guilty of trespass.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, April 1892, p. 1.

May I be thoroughly imbued with benevolence, and show always a charitable disposition, till such time as this heart shall cease to beat.

*The Path*, Vol. X, August 1895, p. 137.

## OLD HINDU BOOK

Universal Brotherhood is the union of diverse elements in one complete whole. Martanda, the mighty light of men, withholds no rays from the good or the evil, and why should man, who fades from view before Burya has revolved one cycle, keep back his love and help from any creature whatsoever?

*The Path*, Vol. IV, August 1889, p. 129.

## SANSKRIT VERSE

Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of Knowledge.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, May 1891, p. 64.

To bear adversity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.

*The Path*, Vol. XXII, January 1826, p. 226.

## SANSKRIT PROVERBS

Youth is like a mountain-torrent; wealth is like the dust on one's feet; manhood is fugitive as a waterdrop; life is like foam: who fulfils not duty with steadfast mind, duty which opens the portals of heaven, surprised by old age and remorse, he is burned by the fire of grief.

## FROM THE SANSKRIT

Even in a forest hermitage, sin prevails over the unholy; the restraint of the senses in one's own home, this is asceticism.

Who performs a right action, free from impurity, the house of that man is a forest hermitage.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, September 1888, p. 60.

## INDIAN PROVERBS TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT

Noting the wasting of collyrium, and the increase of an ant-hill, let one make the day fruitful by generosity, study, and noble acts.

By the fall of water-drops, the pitcher is gradually filled; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth.

The heat-oppressed not so does a plunge in ice-cold water delight, nor a pearl necklace, nor anointing with sandal, as the words of the good delight the good.

The good are like cocoa-nuts; others are like the jujube, externally pleasing.

Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked — the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

Be not a friend to the wicked — charcoal when hot, burns; when cold, it blackens the fingers.

Shun him who secretly slanders, and praises openly; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface.

A chariot cannot go on one wheel alone; so destiny fails unless man's acts co-operate.

The noble delight in the noble; the base do not; the bee goes to the lotus from the wood; not so the frog, though living in the same lake.

*Lucifer*, Vol. II, June 1888, p. 409.

Like moonbeams trembling on water, truly such is the life of mortals. Knowing this, let duty be performed.

The soul is a river whose holy source is self-control, whose water is truth, whose bank is righteousness, whose waves are compassion; bathe there, oh, son of Pandu, for not with water is the soul washed pure.

The mind of a king being severed, like a bracelet of crystal, who is the master to unite it?

Of a gift to be received or given, of an act to be done, time drinks up the flavor, unless it be quickly performed.

When the weak-minded is deprived of wealth, his actions are destroyed, like rivulets dried up in the hot season.

*Lucifer*, Vol. II, August 1888, p. 433.

Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked — the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, September 1888, p. 20.

## INDIAN PROVERBS

As transitoriness, like a nurse, takes first to its breast the new-born child, and afterwards the mother, what way is there then for grief?

Where are now the great lords of the earth, with their armies and chariots of war?

To-day the earth herself testifies that they have departed.

Whatever mighty deeds King Sagara and the great kings performed, even these deeds, yea, and the kings themselves, have sunk into night.

As the streams of a river flow on, and return not, so pass away the days and nights, taking away the lives of men.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, September 1888, p. 78.

## **WORDS FROM THE BOOK OF FRIENDLY INSTRUCTION FROM THE SANSKRIT**

Let the wise think on wisdom as unfading and immortal;  
let him fulfil his duty as though Death grasped him by the hair.

The shadow of a cloud, the favor of the base, new com, a  
bouquet, these last only a little time; so it is with youth and  
riches.

In this world, fugitive as tempest-driven waves, death for  
another is a rich prize earned by virtue in a former birth.

Unenduring are youth, beauty, life, wealth, lordship, the  
society of the beloved; let not the wise be deluded by these.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, September 1888, p. 88.

## **WISDOM IN MINIATURE**

A wise man endeavors to shine in himself: a fool to  
outshine others.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, November 1893, p. 243.

Riches beget pride, pride impatience, impatience  
revenge, revenge war, war poverty, poverty humility, humility  
patience, patience peace, and peace riches.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, November 1893, p. 249.

## **THE SADHU'S BOOK**

Reflect, O disciple, that thou hast only a moment in which  
to mould for good or evil the fleeting atoms that thou castest  
off each instant.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, January 1892, p. 328.



## TURKISH PROVERBS

Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him.

He who wants a faultless friend, remains friendless.

He who wants the rose, must want the thorns also.

A sweet tongue draws the snake forth from the earth.

Without trouble one eats no honey.

Sacrifice your beard to save your head.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, March 1889, p. 31.

A proof is better than an argument.

The truth floats on the surface of lies.

He who does not recognize bread and salt is worse than a dog.

*Lucifer*, Vol. V, September 1889, p. 53.

Every tree has its shadow, and every cry has its laugh.

A thousand sorrows do not pay a debt.

First tie your horse fast to a post, and then put your trust in God.

A sweet tongue draws the snake from the earth.

Stretch your legs according to the length of your quilt.

*Lucifer*, Vol. V, October 1889, p. 170.

## **A SHAMAN'S BOOK**

The personal Self lurks last of all the host; greatest foe,  
most powerful, most obscure.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, May 1894, p. 69.

## **THE SHAMAN'S BOOK**

Matter having passed through millions of forms has  
acquired an irresistible tendency to seek for an ideal form  
constructed by intelligent thought.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, August 1893, p. 160.

## **SHAMAN'S DAILY MANUAL**

On first awakening from my sleep, I should pray that  
every breathing thing may wake to saving wisdom, vast as the  
wide and boundless universe.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, February 1893, p. 333.

## **SHAMAN'S DEVOTIONS**

As the depths of the mighty Ocean are calm though  
storms rage on its surface, so be thou calm by retiring to the  
depths of thy nature.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, November 1893, p. 264.

## **SHAMAN'S REMEMBRANCE**

Act not rashly, like a candle sheltered from air, not  
flickering, let thy judgment be calm.

*The Path*, Vol. VIII, September 1893, p. 192.

## TIBETAN BOOK OF PRECEPTS

Within the Sun, or the solar system, or the man, the head, the eye, or the grain of sand, may be found all the experiences of a lifetime or of eternity.

*The Path*, Vol. IV, August 1889, p. 168.

The body, ungoverned by the Self, is like a cart without a driver, unintelligent and mad.

*The Path*, Vol. IV, November 1889, p. 264.

The golden vase which hides the secret sun is periodically drawn away for him who watches.

*The Path*, Vol. V, May 1890, p. 72.

The glorious sun shines on the evil and the mean man as well as on the good; the earth withholds not her grain and fruits from either high or low, or well-disposed or those whose hearts are black with sin. How shall we, the image of God, hold back our help or sympathy from those who are in need?

*The Path*, Vol. V, September 1890, p. 169.

## OLD TIBETAN VERSE

Some in this world through whom offenses arise are agents for the good of man although themselves foredoomed to hell.

*The Path*, Vol. V, August 1890, p. 168.

## TIBETAN VERSE

The silver thread that runs through all men's lives is the mysterious power of meditation.

*The Path*, Vol. IV, February 1889, p. 360.

Just as there are seasons and tides upon the earth and in the ocean, so seasons and tides prevail in the Inner World.

*The Path*, Vol. V, July 1890, p. 136.

Thousands of immortal lives are in each atom; ten thousand times divided in each way, stretch the universes small and great.

*The Path*, Vol. V, March 1891, p. 400.

Plans for the future need not be made, for if every present duty is performed all plans will be made by nature.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, April 1891, p. 32.

Periodically the sun is eclipsed for us, but not for himself; and so our companions leave their bodies but never cease to be.

*The Path*, Vol. VI, July 1891, p. 136.

## TIBETANESQUE

Thou hast had in all the ages many fathers, mothers, and blood relations; why should any man grieve for the bodies of the dead?

*The Path*, Vol. V, December 1890, p. 296.

## ANONYMOUS

The Truth which is under all shines forth when the obstructions are removed.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, April 1894, p. 32.

The body, like any other house, will limit and annoy the user if it be kept in bad order.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, June 1894, p. 104.

The evolution of conscious life out of inert material is the aim of Nature.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, November 1894, p. 264.

When I went away it was toward the sunset I sped, and from there I shall come again.

*The Path*, Vol. IX, December 1894, p. 296.

Alas we reap what seed we sow; the hands that smite us are our own.

*The Path*, Vol. I, November 1886, p. 256.

As a person having seen one in a dream, recognizes him afterwards; so does one who has achieved proper concentration of mind perceive the Self.

*The Path*, Vol. II, October 1887, p. 224.

The Leader of the world, whose store of merit has been praised, has no equal in the triple world. O supreme of men, let us soon become like thee!

*The Path*, Vol. II, November 1887, p. 256.

That word which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is OM.

*The Path*, Vol. II, December 1887, p. 288.

He who in any way reviles, impugns, or abuses the person or fountain from which comes his knowledge, or the impulse that leads him to the acquirement of truth, is unworthy of the name of disciple.

It is one thing to have that knowledge which disciples have, but it is quite another thing to be a disciple. The possession of the first does not infer the second.

*The Path*, Vol. III, May 1888, p. 36.

The astral world is full of illusions of a more wonderful variety than any in the material: who seeks the astral increases delusion, and, while he widens his vision, it rests only upon mirages.

*The Path*, Vol. III, August 1888, p. 142.

The tense string-breaks; the loosened one emits indifferent sound; the well-tuned string alone gives pleasing harmonious tone.

*The Path*, Vol. III, August 1888, p. 164.

The wheel of sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes.

*The Path*, Vol. III, August 1888, p. 172.

If the severity of my virtue incites another to sin, I am most to blame. He is carried away by the law of polarity; I set it in motion. A rigid virtue destroys; a loose virtue wastes: seek the mean. In equilibrium all things find perfection.

*The Path*, Vol. III, February 1889, p. 347.

Years roll into centuries, centuries into cycles, and cycles become ages; but Time reigns over them all, for they are only His divisions.

*The Path*, Vol. IV, April 1889, p. 32.

The future exists in and grows out of the present. He who knows this will do his whole duty.

*The Path*, Vol. IV, June 1889, p. 96.

Miracles are the natural effects of the intervention of a cause superior to those which produce ordinary effects.

*The Path*, Vol. V, April 1890, p. 21.

God is the Incomprehensible, without which nothing is comprehended.

*The Path*, Vol. V, April 1890, p. 21.

The world of devotion is full of circles which are made up of smaller circles, and these again are included in larger ones; all of them together make up the great circle of devotees who work for the good of the Human Family. There is no part of the round world which is not covered by some part of this great sphere of the heart's effort.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, November 1892, p. 254.

The ancients considered things divine as the only realities, and that all others were only the images and shadows of the truth.

*The Path*, Vol. VII, November 1892, p. 261.

Every day we wage our warfare with the world. Every night, when the throb of desire and the whirl of the senses grow still, we sink, as we call it, to sleep. We might more truly say we arise to our awakening. The shadows of our desires hover awhile around us, haunting us as we linger in the borderland of dreams. As our desires were, so are our dreams; things fair or hideous, grim or radiant with lovely light. But dreams soon fade and desires cease, and we enter into our rest. We pass from the world of the senses to the realm of immortal will. We enter in through the golden portal, far better than the fabled gates of ivory or horn, and for awhile

we are immortal in power, immortal in peace. For without power there is no peace.

Beyond the land of dreams and the shadows of desire stands the gate of peace. All men enter there and all creatures. Were it not so, all men must go mad. And within that portal, all are equal. All alike awake to their immortal selves. Sinner and saint have left their difference at the threshold. They enter in together as pure living souls. Weak and strong are one there, high and lowly are one. The immortal sunshine, the living water, are for all. For great Life has wrapped us around with beneficence, so that even now we are in the midst of the everlasting.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. I, January 1904, p. 78.

We who have enthroned law in the physical world put ourselves strangely outside its realm. We cannot realize that our lives have their appointed course, that we have no need for this anxious fevered self-seeking, that the path of our fate is marked for us by our daily duties, and that we can trust our fate. We need faith in the completeness of law. We need still more to feel and have faith in the love behind law, and we need the courage to trust ourselves to this completely — desiring only what is ours.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IV, January 1907, p. 286.

It is rare when injustice, or slights patiently borne, do not leave the heart at the close of the day, filled with marvelous joy and peace.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. IX, January 1912, p. 233.

She is right in saying that desire must precede will and that the spiritual problem of many sincere travelers along the Path of Life and Immortality is how to arouse desire. Desire may be cultivated like any other quality, but it is of slow growth and we do not want to grow slowly. So we inquire of Nature for the secret, "How can its growth be forced?"



The answer is by love. Love is the only power in the Universe which is great enough to overcome human inertia. All other forces fail, but if we love enough we can do anything. We must pray then for more love, and as love must have an object, we must pray the Master for the power to love him, and to love him more and more.

If we could only see things as they really are; if we could once feel the yearning tenderness and passionate love which he has for us, it would be easy to love him in return; but we are blind and deaf and dumb. If we could realize his loneliness, it would help, for he is very lonely. He has, of course, plenty of inner companionship — Heaven is full of saints — but he suffers bitterly from the lack of human companionship and his heart goes out in a boundless stream of love towards any soul who shows signs of waking up. That love, if we will let it reach us, will light an answering flame in our own hearts and with that new love will come desire.

To love the Master more and more is the only short cut in spiritual attainment. “Faith and Works”: for we must obey if we would love more; we must do the deed if we would have the power.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, January 1913, p. 249.

As between Master and disciple, the Master “is the divine artificer of our sanctification”; it is he who, for the glory of his Father, labors in us tirelessly; and, in the words of St. Fulgence, “kneads us with his own divine hands, forms us interiorly in his likeness and image, that each one of us may become another son of God, by adoption, a new Christ, all glorious with holiness.”

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, April 1913, p. 354.

We are not what we think we are,  
But, what we THINK, we ARE.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. X, April 1913, p. 373.

No one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine reverence for ineffable in it until he has done it often and, with cost, any peace it until he does it always and with alacrity.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XI, July 1913, p. 20.

Look for the disciple, not among those who have the fewest imperfections, but among those who have the greatest courage.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XI, January 1914, p. 237.

God asks not, "To which sect did he belong?"  
But "Did he love the right and hate the wrong?"

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XVII, July 1920, p. 21.

Heedless, allured, one moment I forgot my goal,  
A thousand years it stretched the journey of my soul.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XIX, October 1921, p. 141.

Dost thou pray? Nay! God prays to thee . . . Listen to His prayer.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XIX, April 1921, p. 304.

Said the ant to the ant: — Humans are strange. Twenty-five million years learning to say 'No'; five million years congratulating himself on the achievement; fifty million years discovering that nothing need ever have been said but 'Yes.'

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XX, October 1922, p. 139.

Said St. Michael: "Would you know me? Long that His will be done."

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, July 1923, p. 9.

We are to plan our work as if we were to live forever, as indeed we are; we are to do it as if we were to die tomorrow, as indeed we may.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, January 1924, p. 210.

Happiness is a habit — cultivate it.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, January 1924, p. 225.

Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not:

Ye call Me Light, and see Me not:

Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not:

Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not:

Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not:

Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not:

Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not:

Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not:

Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not:

Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not:

Ye call Me Mighty, and honor Me not:

Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not:

If I condemn you, blame Me not.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXIV, October 1926, p. 125.

Stewardship not only embraces money, but time, talents, influences and life. Money is the easiest thing to give. The question about money is not how much of my money shall I give to the Lord, but how much of the Lord's money, temporarily in my possession, should I keep for myself? I am the custodian, not the owner. Likewise as a steward of time or talents or life, how much should I use in pleasure or recreation, or business, or self-seeking? It is all His.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXV, April 1928, p. 297.

The sense of an immemorial and great past, enables us to see the present for what it is.

A nation which has separated itself from its past, lacks perspective, since it has but a background of yesterday, and so thinks of the present as finality, — making the present a cage.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXIX, April 1932, p. 339.

Many people hear only what they want to hear; some hear only what they do not want to hear; others hear a little of both. Hardly any hear what is said.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, January 1934, p. 258.

Death to ourselves is the teaching wrapped in the mystery of the Nativity. Could we but understand this as the Saints have understood it, with what ardor we should plunge ourselves into that death to nature, which brings forth the Soul into divine life!

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXXV, January 1938, p. 61.

Occultism is not magic, though magic is one of its tools.

Occultism is not the acquirement of powers, whether psychic or intellectual, though both are its servants. Neither is occultism the pursuit of happiness, as men understand the word; for the first step is sacrifice, the second, renunciation.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 7.

Life is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole; when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 7.

Occultism is the science of life, the art of living.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 7.

Harmony is the law of life, discord its shadow, whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 14.

Through joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, the soul comes to a knowledge of itself; then begins the task of learning, the laws of life, that the discords may be resolved, and the harmony be restored.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 14.

The eyes of wisdom are like the ocean depths; there is neither joy nor sorrow in them; therefore the soul of the occultist must become stronger than joy, and greater than sorrow.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 14.

When the unit thinks only of itself, the whole, which is built of units perishes, and the unit itself is destroyed.

So it is throughout nature on every plane of life. This, therefore, is the first lesson to be learnt.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 48.

What the *true* occultist seeks, is not knowledge, or growth, or happiness, or power, for himself; but having become *conscious* that the harmony of which he forms part is broken on the outer plane, he seeks the means to resolve that discord into a higher harmony.

This harmony is Theosophy — Divine or Universal Wisdom—the root whence have sprung all “religions,” that is all; “bonds which unite men together,” which is the true meaning of the word religion.

Therefore, Theosophy is not *a* “religion,” but religion itself, the very “binding of men together” in one Universal Brotherhood.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, September 1887, p. 48.

### SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

The first necessity for obtaining self-knowledge is to become profoundly conscious of ignorance; to feel with every fiber of the heart that one is ceaselessly self-deceived.

The second requisite is the still deeper conviction that such knowledge — such intuitive and certain knowledge — can be obtained by effort.

The third and most important is an indomitable determination to obtain and face that knowledge.

Self-knowledge of this kind is unattainable by what men usually call "self-analysis." It is not reached by reasoning or any brain process; for it is the awakening to consciousness of the Divine nature of man.

To obtain this knowledge is a greater achievement than to command the elements or to know the future.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 89.

### WILL AND DESIRE.

WILL is the exclusive possession of man on this our plane of consciousness. It divides him from the brute in whom instinctive desire only is active.

DESIRE, in its widest application, is the one creative force in the Universe. In this sense it is indistinguishable from Will; but we men never know desire under this form while we remain only men. Therefore Will and Desire are here considered as opposed.

Thus Will is the offspring of the Divine, the God in man; Desire the motive power of the animal life.

Most men live in and by desire, mistaking it for will. But he who would achieve must separate will from desire, and make his will the ruler; for desire is unstable and ever changing, while will is steady and constant.

Both will and desire are absolute *creators*, forming the man himself and his surroundings. But will creates intelligently — desire blindly and unconsciously. The man, therefore, makes himself in the image of his desires, unless he creates himself in the likeness of the Divine, through his will, the child of the light.

His task is twofold: to awaken the will, to strengthen it by use and conquest, to make it absolute ruler within his body; and, parallel with this, to purify desire.

Knowledge and will are the tools for the accomplishment of this purification.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 96.

## DESIRE MADE PURE.

When desire is for the purely abstract— when it has lost all trace or tinge of “self” — then it has become pure.

The first step towards this purity is to kill out the desire for the things of matter, since these *can* only be enjoyed by the separated personality.

The second is to cease from desiring for oneself even such abstractions as power, knowledge, love, happiness, or fame; for they are but selfishness after all.

Life itself teaches these lessons; for all such objects of desire are found Dead Sea fruit in the moment of attainment. This much we learn from experience. Intuitive perception seizes on the *positive* truth that satisfaction is attainable only in the infinite; the will makes that conviction an actual fact of consciousness, till at last all desire is centered on the Eternal.

*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 133.

Condemn no man in his absence; and when forced to reprove, do so to his face, but gently, and in words full of charity and compassion. For the human heart is like the Kusûli plant: it opens its cup to the sweet morning dew, and closes it before a heavy shower of rain. — Buddhist Precept.

*Lucifer*, Vol. III, December 1888, p. 265.

Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door.  
A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.  
The rose grows from the thorn, not the thorn from the rose.

*Lucifer*, Vol. IV, August 1889, p. 468.

“There was a morning when I longed for fame,  
There was a noontide when I passed it by,  
There is an evening when I think no shame  
Its substance and its being to deny.”

*Lucifer*, Vol. V, January 1890, p. 376.

Restrain, O ignorant man, thy desire of wealth, and become a hater of it in body, understanding, and mind; let the riches thou possessest be acquired by thy own good actions, with those gratify thy soul.

The boy so long delights in his play, the youth so long pursues his beloved, the old so long brood over melancholy thoughts, that no man meditates on the supreme being.

Who is thy wife, and who is thy son? How great and wonderful is this world: whose thou art, and whence thou comest? Meditate on this, my brother, and again on this.

Be not proud of wealth, and attendants, and youth, since time destroys all of them in the twinkling of an eye; check thy attachment to all these illusions, like *Maya*; fix thy heart on the foot of *Brahma*, and thou wilt soon know him.

As a drop of water moves in the leaf of the Lotus: thus or more slippery, is human life. The company of the virtuous endures here but for a moment: that is the vehicle to bear thee over land and ocean.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, May 1890, p. 188.

Set not thy affections on foe or friend; on a son, or a relation; on war or on peace; bear an equal mind towards all: if thou desirest it, thou wilt soon be like Vishnu.

Day and night, evening and mom, winter and spring, depart and return! Time sports, age passes on, desire and the wind continue unrestrained.

When the body is tottering, the head grey, and the mouth toothless; when the smooth stick trembles in the hand which it supports, yet the vessel of covetousness remains unemptied.



So soon born, so soon dead! so long lying in thy mother's womb! so great crimes are committed in the world! How then, O man, canst thou live here below with complacency?

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, May 1890, p. 205.

As the bee, injuring not the flower, its color, or scent, flies away taking the nectar; so let the wise man dwell upon the earth.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, the fine words of him who does not act accordingly are fruitless.

One may conquer a thousand thousand men in battle, but him who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor.

Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred; hatred ceases only by love. This is an old rule.

Not by birth does one become low caste, not by birth does one become a Brahman; by his actions alone a man becomes low caste, by his actions alone a man becomes a Brahman.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, May 1890, p. 205.

#### HABIT.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,  
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway  
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;  
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;  
A tiny sapling ere its roots are spread;  
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;  
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;  
A little smiling child obedient led.  
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;  
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;

That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;  
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;  
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;  
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, May 1890, p. 224.

There are eight original mountains, and seven seas —  
*Brahma, Indra, the Sun, and Kisdra*. These are permanent, not  
thou, not I, not this or that people. What, therefore, should  
occasion our sorrow?

In thee, in me, in every other, *Vishnu* resides; in vain art  
thou angry with me, not bearing my approach; this is perfectly  
true, all must be esteemed equal; be not, therefore, proud of  
a magnificent palace.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of  
life, and every setting sun be to you as its close: then let every  
one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly  
thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge  
gained for yourselves.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VI, May 1890, p. 239.

The theorems of philosophy are to be enjoyed as much  
as possible as if they were ambrosia and nectar. For the  
pleasure arising from them is genuine, incorruptible and  
divine. They are also capable of producing magnanimity; and  
though they cannot make us eternal beings yet they enable us  
to obtain a scientific knowledge of eternal natures.

If vigor of sensation is considered by us to be an eligible  
thing, we should much more strenuously endeavor to obtain  
prudence; for it is as it were the sensitive vigor of the practical  
intellect which we contain. And as through the former we are  
not deceived in sensible perceptions so through the latter we  
avoid false reasoning in practical affairs.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VII, December 1890, p. 348.

“Man’s highest virtue always is as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. . . . All things without us — nay, I may add all things within us — are mere elements; but deep in the inmost shrine of our nature lies the creative force, which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest, till in one way or another without us or within us, this product has taken shape.”

*Lucifer*, Vol. VII, January 1891, p. 367.

“Hatred and ill-will confine the spectator to the mere surface of what he sees, let him be ever so acute; but when great perspicacity is associated with kindliness and love, the observer may pierce beyond the mere shell of men and of the world, and under happy influences may hope to solve the highest problems.”

“He in whom there is much to develop will be later in acquiring true perceptions of himself and of the world. There are few who possess at once thought and the capacity of action. Thought expands but slackens: action animates but confines.”

*Lucifer*, Vol. VII, January 1891, p. 386.

As the Axis to the Sphere,  
God in matter doth in here;  
Flesh of man the garment is,  
That enfolds thy soul and His.  
Stone and metal, flower and tree,  
Shroud the hidden Deity;  
Each and all, in man we find,  
Mirror of the eternal Mind.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VII, January 1891, p. 408.

If we are created in the image of God, we must also be creators.

With real humility one could not be jealous. Any diminution in affection would be attributed to one's own fault.

There is but one happiness:

Duty.

There is but one consolation:

Worth.

There is but one delight:

The beautiful.

*Lucifer*, Vol. VIII, August 1891, p. 458.

The Self of Matter and the *Self* of Spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both.

*Lucifer*, Vol. XI, October 1892, p. 163.

## WHY BU(D)DHISM?\*

Because it does not try to define the indefinable.

Because it does not make itself ridiculous by projecting its own image and calling this the Creator.

Because it does not deny the brotherhood of man by making a distinction between rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak, learned and unlearned.

Because it does not lower woman by teaching her submission to man and his motherless, wifeless deity.

Because it does not propagate itself by cheat, torture, sword and fire.

Because it does not insult the mind by demanding its submission to "god-made " dogmas.

Because it does not incite to tyranny, greed and sensuality, by the promise of power, riches and glory.

Because it does not paralyze the mind by picturing before it an endless hell.

Because it does not brutalize the mind by holding forth an endless, corporeal heaven founded on an endless, corporeal hell.

Because it does not deny justice to any living creature by slaying it.

Because it does not insult the human soul by placing mediators and priests between it and the divine Spirit.

Because it does not take away Reason by the prescription of stupefactive drugs and intoxicating liquors for sacred purposes.

Because it does not affront Reason by teaching that the mystery of life can be solved by one incarnation.

Because it does not abet corporealisms by denying the involutions and evolutions of the Soul and its final absorption in the divine Spirit.

\* From the first number of the Buddhist Ray.

*Lucifer*, Vol. V, September 1889, p. 12.

## A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempest of the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

Lift mine eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And, though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

MAX EH RMANN.

*Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. VI, April 1909, p. 304.

## FOR A FEW OF YOUR FAVORITES













## A FEW MORE

The great watch-word of the True is this:— in last analysis all things are divine.

(Jasper Niemand, *The Path*).  
*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 101.

Man will regain his lost Eden on that day when he can look at every desire in the broad, quiet light of this question:— How can I give desire such vent as shall conduce to the benefit of other men?

(Jasper Niemand, *The Path*).  
*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 119.

“Spirituality is not what we understand by the words ‘virtue’ or ‘goodness.’ It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences.”

(Jasper Niemand, *The Path*).  
*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 133.

“The discovery and right use of the true essence of Being — this is the whole secret of life.”

(Jasper Niemand in *The Path*).  
*Lucifer*, Vol. I, October 1887, p. 133.

By anxiety we exert the constrictive power of egoism, which densities and perturbs our magnetic sphere, rendering us less permeable to the efflux from above.

(Jasper Niemand.)  
*Lucifer*, Vol. XI, October 1892, p. 142.