

MYSTIC LIGHT

The Tie with the Teacher

YOU ASK ME how I happened to join the esoteric organization of which I speak?* First, let me tell you that nothing happens in this world by chance. All is governed by law. And “no one cometh unto Me except my Father calleth him.” But being the hard-headed Scotchman I am, it took me longer to answer the call than it would have taken a less skeptical person.

Therefore, I just drifted from one church to another seeking I knew not what, until I was drawn into meetings where advanced thought was taught. In one of these I mysteriously heard of the Society of which I am now a member.

But even when a student in this Society I could not accept the belief in invisible teachers and “liberated ones” who, it was claimed, can guide us in our evolution. But I patiently followed the advice of my instructor not to question the teaching, but to wait for light on such matters.

I had barely reached the second step in my studies when such overwhelming proof of a hidden power now working for and with me was presented to me, and the doubts I was holding on to began to fade.

The first proof I had came to me the morning following the day upon which I obligated myself for my second step upon the path. I awoke before daylight and lay in the intermediate state between sleeping and waking when an astonishing vision aroused me to full consciousness.

In that vision I saw a heavy, block-shaped, gray door in a wall partially open, and a white rose, more exquisite than any earthly one I had ever seen, appeared in the doorway.

I was not then in the slightest degree clairvoyant nor clairaudient, but the strangest of impressions

came to me that this was to notify me that I had been accepted by those above us in the scale of evolution, and would therefore receive help in my advancement. And from that day astonishing help from some undisclosed source began to gravitate to me.

I cannot claim that life thereafter became a bed of roses. Far from it! For hell itself seemed to open and force upon me debts of karma that it did not seem possible I had ever been wretch enough to contract. Though, when I began to think I could not possibly stand any more, some strange force enveloped me and enabled me to swim through the roughest of the waters, and caused some lifting rays of light to shine upon me in the darkest days.

Greatest of all, I so advanced mentally that I was often amazed at the way I could handle with ease many problems which I had never dared tackle before. Thus all my work went forward by leaps and bounds.

My greatest joy was in the inspirations given me for the carrying on of a branch of literary work during my leisure hours which I had always intensely longed to do, but for which I had been wholly unable to develop any talent.

I was well along on my second step, and had begun to long with all my heart to take the third step and to qualify for greater esoteric work, when I mysteriously came into possession of a paper on which was written instructions that were guaranteed to prepare me for that step. Coming from the source it did, I thought it must be the very information I needed to help me on my way.

In order to quiet any doubts in my mind—for those in our Society are taught that our designated Teacher cannot help us if we interest ourselves in and work for other teachers—I followed the suggestion of a friend and wrote a letter to my invisible Teacher, asking if I should follow the instructions

**This account was related to the author (S.B.M.) by an advanced member of a Western esoteric movement.*

given me. And I placed this letter under my pillow before I went to sleep.

That night I had a most glorious vision, but could not interpret it correctly. I finally decided to interpret it as supporting an intention to follow the instructions. And it took eighteen long, unprofitable, unhappy, chaotic months to convince me of the mistake I was making.

Instead of the smoothly-running days I for years had known, in spite of the karma I had cancelled, nothing went smoothly any day. I seemed to run in circles and accomplished nothing in spite of the hardest work.

Worst of all, inspiration for my literary work, which had formerly poured in upon me faster than I could use it, now came to me no more. My mind was wholly blank as far as that was concerned.

After months of striving to learn the cause of this sudden change, from most gratifying mental alertness to unremitting difficulty and sterility, I had another vision.

I appeared to be seated in a schoolroom, striving to read some symbols chalked upon a blackboard. I turned my eyes from the board for a moment, and when I looked again a man's coat was hanging from a nail driven into the top of the board, thus concealing the symbols. Immediately the words, "The Teacher is gone," seemed impressed upon my consciousness.

Yet even now I did not interpret this vision as applying to myself and providing an explanation for why all creative power had left me. Rather I concluded that it applied to a wholly different matter. And yet further, more material help was to be given me, for no sincere student is ever entirely forsaken.

Shortly after this vision, a magazine called *The Inner Light*, published by a famous English occultist, fell into my hands. Imagine my amazement when the publication's editor related that through ignorance she had been led into drifting away from her teacher, and that her tie with him had therefore been broken. In her words: "Life was purposeless; my capacities were all reduced to a fraction of their former quantity and quality."

Her whole experience had been so similar to the one through which I was passing that I immediately began a retrospection of the past eighteen months of my own life in search of the hidden cause of my own trouble. And it was not long before I felt

assured that my following the instructions for advancement not given me in my own Group was responsible for my difficulties. Following this assurance, I recalled the visions I had had, and now their hidden meanings were made plain to me.

In the first vision I had seen a glorified emblem used in the work of my own esoteric Society—a cross of dazzling light against a pentagram of gold raying from its center. But a gray cloud through which the cross could not shine had begun to obscure the lower part of it.

Now I knew that this had warned me against letting any teaching, other than that which I had obligated myself to uphold, obscure the instructions given me by my Teacher.

The second warning or message—the image of the teacher's coat hanging from a nail over the board, concealing the teachings I so wished to learn, together with the words, "The Teacher is gone"—caused me more suffering than I had known in my life.

I immediately discarded the foreign teachings and set about trying to atone for my error. But for many days no consoling thoughts came to encourage me to believe that my striving to atone was being recognized.

I reached a point of chastened resignation. I said to myself: "This life cannot be much longer for me anyway, so I may as well make the best of it. What I have been through on account of that error should surely teach me never to run after strange Gods again, no matter how right and attractive they may appear to me." Then I clairaudiently heard a voice call my name and make this statement: "Sins committed through ignorance are not unpardonable."

Immediately such a wave of joy swept over me that I could hardly contain myself, and the scripture test, "He that was lost is found," rushed through my mind.

Shortly after, life began to swing back into its former progressive stride for me. To this moment daily work runs smoothly and inspiration for my loved avocation again pours in upon me. Greatest of all, other more important work is coming to me.

But daily I take time off in which to be thankful that my tie with the Teacher has been resumed. And I earnestly pray with all my soul that it may never again be broken through my delinquency. □

—S.B.M.