

## THE PERFECTED ONES

By Clara Codd

Perhaps the most beautiful and inspiring truth which Theosophy has brought back to the modern world is that of the existence of those Elder Brethern of ours who, purified in the fire of suffering and strengthened by the experience and wisdom gained through many lives, still remain with us, guiding unseen—as far as they may guide them under the Law—the course of human events; and watching (almost as a mother watches her growing child) the gradual growth of every human soul towards happiness and fulfillment. The thought fills in at once the apparent vacuum between man and God. Sometimes the Master seems something like one of the "Heroes" of ancient Greece, the mediators between man and God. The Heroes were said to carry the prayers and desires of men to the gods, and to take back to men the decrees of the gods. He, the Perfect One, who once suffered under the discouragements and illusions of the way towards bliss which we are all treading, is truly a Mediator, for He reveals to us the humanity of God, and also reminds us of the divinity of man.

What are they like, these blessed Ones? Many of them still retain a physical body, living here on this sorrowful star that they may help us here too. But HPB told us not to think of them as far away stars, for they are men—great beyond our understanding—yet still men. In the early days of his apprenticeship Colonel Olcott thought of them as of some kind of spirit-guides. But his future Master wrote to him in a letter:

I am not a disembodied spirit, brother; I am a living man; gifted with such powers by our Lodge as are in store for yourself some day. I cannot be with you otherwise than in spirit, for thousands of miles separate us at present. Be patient and of good cheer, untiring laborer of the Sacred Brotherhood. Work on, and toil too for yourself, for self-reliance is the most powerful factor of success. Help your needy brother and you shall be helped yourself in virtue of the never-failing and active law of compensation! (*Old Diary Leaves*, Volume I, p. 237)

Besides Colonel Olcott, I have met only one man who has seen more than one of the great Adepts in their physical bodies, the late Bishop Leadbeater. Often have I heard him describe them, both at the famous roof meetings at Adyar, and also in the still more intimate circle that he gathered round himself in the Manor in Australia. He knew them so well, he held them in such wonderful reverence and love, that his very voice altered when he spoke of them, and he made his audience enter an unimaginable world of glory and power.

Once at a Monday night meeting at the Manor, when all his boys and girls were seated at his feet, and we older people were seated round on chairs, he spoke so radiantly of

the “Brothers,” as they always called themselves, that we could not speak afterwards, but silently went to bed with shining hearts. I remember much of what he said then.

He asked us to picture what we might see should a Master of the Wisdom enter that room, which, he said, was “just possible but not at all likely.” We would see no definite, external peculiarity, for the Master was a man like ourselves, but we would see a very splendid, beautiful, dignified person. Since the Master has long ago transcended any personal karma which might bring deformity or disease, he would possess a perfectly healthy and striking-looking form. The chief difference between ourselves and him would lie in the expression of his eyes, those “windows of the soul.”

There were three things which we would always see in the eyes of a Master. First, an expression of very high purpose. The thoughts of the Master are always fixed upon very high and impersonal aims, and this would lend his eyes a far-away, starry expression, inexpressibly noble and grand.

Secondly, they would shine with a great benevolence, for he was always kind. We must not think that he could not smile and be quite humorous on occasion. The Master would never make fun of anyone or laugh unkindly, but he would sometimes poke mild fun at one of his disciples who was taking himself too seriously, or be merry, for example, with children.

The third thing we would observe was an expression of great certainty and peace. However hard the road was, however dark the way, the Master could help us with utter certainty and peace, for he really knew the ends of life, and that however long that way might be, one day it would surely bring all mankind to fulfillment and bliss. That splendid power to help he had won by tremendous experience and heroic efforts in past lives.

So there they always are, watching, trying to guide the affairs of nations if only they are permitted by human free-will to do so; fostering every good, inspiring the elect amongst humanity to lead the others to better things; through the crucible of their own being mitigating somewhat the evil forces generated by ignorant humanity. They are indeed the “Guardian Wall,” protecting mankind, since man is man, from further and far greater misery and sorrow. And there is not a person who in the light of their awakening spiritual intuition sees somewhat of that great purpose and allies himself therewith, who does not invoke their power, and make themselves in some way a channel for their blessing and inspiration to the rest of humanity. In this high way a person may become the agent of the gods and bring their inspiration a little nearer to humanity.

This article has been edited by the Department of Education.