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Theosophy for Very Little Children

BY

CLARA M. CODD

NOT TO BE OUT OVER
TWO WEEKS

THEOSOPHY
FOR
VERY LITTLE CHILDREN

THE SINGAPORE LODGE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
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Theosophy
For
Very Little Children

CLARA M. CODD

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Said the Heart of the World: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

NOT TO BE OUT OVER
TWO WEEKS

MOTHER-HEART
FROM A LOVING CHILD

PROLOGUE

WHILST working for Theosophy I have often been asked by mothers and fathers if I have any ideas as to how we shall teach the children the great truths of Theosophy.

The following little book is partly the outcome of a personal experience in this direction during a fortnight's stay with the children of a Theosophical friend whilst their mother was ill in hospital. Therefore to Molly and Jinky Scott I owe the beginnings of thoughts which in the weaving have been pure delight, and very sweetly do I salute them for a debt which can never be paid.

The chapters are not so much intended to be read to children, but are more in the nature of suggestion to other grown-ups, if I may boldly hope that aught of value lies in them. For no

reading of another's words can *ever* take the place of thoughts that flow from the fullness of mother-hearts everywhere. Perhaps if there is one word that sums up the great principles of teaching little children more than any other, it is the word "atmosphere". Not by moral precept, and direct ethical teaching is the heart of a child reached, but by the glowing pathway of utter love and trust, in Him who is the Beautiful, from the heart of the bigger children, ourselves. If we tell children of that which *we* love, we become a child with them, and the sensitive inner self of a little child will respond in glorious and wonderful fashion.

It is better to dwell on the positive and not the negative side of evolution, the "do's," not the "do not's," the beautiful which is eternal, and not the un-beautiful which is transitory in the scheme of things. Thereby will they learn to look ever forward towards the Ideal, the gradual coming of which into the Real is the whole purpose of evolution.

Teach them most of all of the Love which surrounds the world, of the Brotherhood of

Life which shall make of this world, when realised, a garden where God's children, men and beasts and plants, shall grow as grow the flowers. If, during the first early years of life the children live in the atmosphere of our own love and trust in Life, all the wickedness and cruelty that may touch them afterwards will never entirely shake the hearts of them. And with that sense of trust is ever woven the sense of the great worlds invisible, the soul of things. Hence the importance of fairy-tale, myth and legend in childish lives. That comradeship with the invisible, so natural to most children, is to be kept and held, that hereafter they may not lack the gifts of insight and imagination. Many a good man and true amongst us has failed of the highest good he might have achieved for men, for lack of this same touch with the hidden life of the world.

Theosophy for Very Little Children



CHAPTER I

THE WORLD'S FATHER

You know, children, you live in one house, all in one family, and have a father and a mother to take care of you, and to love you, and to teach you. They are much bigger than you and they know how to do things that you are too little to do yet. Sometimes they try to show you how, and then, though you cannot yet do them so well as Father or Mother, you try to do them as much like they do as you can. Father takes care of all of you, and keeps a nice home for you all to live in; and

Mother takes care of you in the house, and teaches you many things, and helps you, and loves you, and if you are ill or sad she knows better than anyone else how to make you feel well and glad again.

Well, now, all the families in the world have each a father and a mother. But have you ever wondered if there were not somebody who looked after all the families together, the fathers and mothers in them as well as the children? Just let us think how many, many families there are in the world, and Oh! so many people. Isn't there some one who looks after them, and helps them all the time, and loves them? Yes, there *is* somebody. There is somebody who is the great big Father of every one of us, everybody in the world, you and me, and father, and not only of all the people, but of all the animals too, and of all the flowers and the trees, and even the pebbles. They all live in His house, and He looks after all of them. His house is the world, and all the things in it, the people, the animals, the

flowers are His children. There is no one who does not belong to Him; they are all His children, that is why they live in His house. It is a beautiful house, isn't it? And what a number of brothers and sisters we have in it. Some of our brothers and sisters in our big Father's house are very tiny little ones, such little tiny baby ones, like the kitty, or the daisies out amongst the grass.

Many people have called our big Father different names to know Him by. We call Him God. A long way away in other countries, where they do not talk the same language as we do, they call Him by another name. Perhaps the animals and the flowers do not call Him by any name. They only just know He is there, looking after them. Where does He live, did you say? He lives everywhere in His big house at once. We can't see Him, as yet. Perhaps some day, ever such a long time away in the future, we shall; but we can feel Him and know about Him now. You know sometimes Mother takes you right up in her arms, and how

nice it feels to have Mother's arms all around you. Just in the same way God's arms are all round His children in His world, only sometimes they cannot see that it is so. Sometimes they are sad, and because they are sad they forget all about their big Father, and do things they wouldn't do, perhaps, if they remembered, but that does not make God stop loving them. He loves them all the more because they have forgotten all about Him, and so they are sad. He says: "I must make them remember again, then they will be happy." God teaches all the people in the world how to do everything beautiful. He taught mother how to love you, and He taught father how to be clever and work hard to help all of you. Sometimes He tells you too. You can always hear God talking to you if you want to. He puts kind thoughts into your heart. When you love somebody very much, or when you run to help anybody, that is because God whispered it into your heart. He said: "Cissy, baby is cross because it

is raining and he cannot go out, will you play with him and make him laugh?" Then your heart said: "Yes, dear God, of course I will," so that is why you did it. Whenever you are cross, or unkind, that is because you have forgotten for a minute all about Him, and so you did not hear Him talking.

CHAPTER II

GOD'S PLAN

Now what does God want to do with all the people in the world, and why has He put them all in this nice house of His? He wants them all to grow into something quite beautiful and splendid, something so beautiful and splendid that we cannot imagine it even if we try ever so hard. All the people in the world are growing into the beautiful person God means them to be one day. But it is so beautiful that it takes a long, long time; many, many lives. So they keep going away to the other world, and coming back here again many times, before they have grown to be just as God wants them to be. Some of the people in the world are much more like what God wants them to be

than others. That is because they have come back here again oftener, and so they have had longer to learn. But one day, *everybody* in the whole world will have learnt to be just as God wants them to be, and then it will be a very beautiful world indeed, and everybody will be so happy.

How shall we find out what God wants us to be like? We cannot find out all at once—it is too beautiful for God to tell us *all* at once. So we have to try and find out more and more every time we live on the earth, and it is so beautiful that when we begin *really* to find out, we want to become like it as fast as ever we can, and we can't help doing our best to grow in that way.

Now, let us think a minute, and try to see just a little, little bit what it is God wants us to be like. Let us think about all the people who are something like what He wants them to be. Those are the brave people and the kind people and the loving people. God is very brave, so brave

that He can bear all the sad things in His beautiful world, because He knows that it is all going to grow right one day; and He is very wise because He made up all that wonderful plan Himself, and knows how to help people to grow like it. And He is very loving too; He loves all the people in His world better than even Mother loves you. Even when they suffer and have a hard time, He is loving them harder than ever, because He knows how beautiful they will one day be and that all the trouble in the world cannot *really* hurt them—their hearts which belong to Him—if they don't let it. So God says: "I want you all to grow brave and wise and loving," and all the people in the world are learning to be that. Father and Mother are learning too, just as all of you are. Sometimes they do not always know *just* what God wants them to do. But they try to find out, and if it is too difficult God says to them: "Never mind, try again next time you *will* be able to find out."

We want to try and find out, don't we? Let us think. God wants us to be brave. How shall we try to be like Him in that way? Well, we can do our best not to cry when we fall down and hurt ourselves, and we can try to be always brave enough to say just what is true and not to hide anything because we may be afraid of what may happen, and we can try to do things that are a little difficult to do, and go on trying and trying until we succeed, because then we shall be learning to be brave like God. And when Nurse asks us to help her, and we just don't want to because we want to do something else, we can give up what *we* want to do, and try to help her. That will be being brave. Then we must try too not to be afraid of anything. If we see a strange person coming, we will not want to run away. You see, he is one of God's people just as you are, because he lives in God's house, and you should not be afraid of him.

And how shall we learn to grow wise as God is, too? We cannot be wise unless we are loving, and so we must always be kind and try to help all the other people in the world as much as we can if we want to be wise. And do you know the very best way to help all the other people in the world? Loving them; there isn't any other way. It does not matter a bit whether they know you love them, or are glad because you love them, and love you back again. *Try* not to be angry when some one teases you or is unkind to you. Perhaps somebody was unkind to them and that made them cross, and so because they are cross they say sharp things to you. But you must try hard to remember that they did not really mean it, it was only because they were tired or cross. Think what a number of people there are who are very tired because they have such hard work to do every day, and sometimes very sad too because they have so many troubles. Whenever we see some one who has not

as beautiful a home as we have, or who cannot learn so many things, or who perhaps has not a mother or a father or brothers and sisters, or who is ill or unhappy, we will try to love them more than ever. Even if we cannot do very much to make things brighter for them, we can think about them sometimes and love them with our hearts. That helps them too, you know, because when you do that, the love you felt in your heart flies away to God like a beautiful little bird, and God sends it back to them, and it makes the world feel a little happier to them.

And then there are all the happy and pretty things in the world. Oh! how easy it is to love them! Let us think of them. There is Mother, and Father, and Cissy and Pat and Baby, and Bruno, and kitty, soft pretty little kitty, and the little birds flying about outside, and the rabbits, and the flowers, and the little trees in the garden, and the daisies in the grass, such

a number of them. I don't think we should ever come to the end if we went on counting them, do you?

And then you must never laugh at anything that looks strange to you, especially a person who looks queer, and whom you have never seen anybody like before. Perhaps you look just as funny to him. And then, you know, he is God's person like you, and he looks funny to you because God has taught him about different things from those He has taught you about. And you must especially remember that the people who go to another sort of church on Sundays from the one you go to, know about God just as you do. Even the people in far-off countries, who are so *very* different from us, do, too. All real prayers go to God, but in some places they call Him by another name, and they sing to Him and they pray to Him in quite another way from the way we do here. But that does not make any difference to God. He likes to hear *all* of them sing to Him.

“All the ways they do it are My ways,” He said. And He likes them all to be happy, if they can. That is what God likes you to be better than anything else in the world. If you remember that all your life—remember that God loves all the people in the world, and all their ways of doing things, just the same, and wants nothing so much as that all His children, the big ones and the little ones, should be happy, then you will begin to be wise, just a little bit, as He is.

CHAPTER III

WHERE WE GO TO WHEN WE DIE

YESTERDAY little Bobby Stephens died. He went away where we cannot see him, and where you cannot play with him just now. Do you know where little Bobby went, and where Grannie went a little while ago, and where one day everybody will go, Father and Mother, and baby and you, and all the people in the world?

Everybody comes to the earth in a little tiny baby body because God wants them to learn how to be brave, and wise, and loving. We go on learning and learning all our life long, and then when God thinks we have learnt long enough, and are getting rather tired, He calls us back home again for a while, back to the beautiful house He lives

in, that we can't see now. We can't see *that* house of God's just now, because it is so beautiful that we have to have other eyes to see it with. These eyes won't do, they aren't quite clever enough to see such a beautiful house as the one we all live in when we die. But if you could shut your eyes and the other ones opened—your more beautiful eyes—then you would see it, and see how bright and glorious the house is.

We have to leave our bodies behind when we go away to that house. You see our bodies are quite nice for us to live in here—because although this house of God's is very beautiful, it is not so beautiful as that other house. So when we go away there, we leave our body behind us, and then we live in a much more beautiful one, more suitable to God's other house.

It is such a beautiful body to live in, that other one. It never gets tired or hungry or cold. It does not want fires to warm it, because it never feels cold, and it

never feels any pain, it is always as light and joyous to live in as a little bird's body. Think how lovely it will be for Johnny Hichens, the little cripple boy down at Nurse's home, when he goes away there. He won't have to try to drag himself along with a crutch any more. He will have a beautiful new body that will be full of joy and life, and he will be able to jump and run and even fly up in the air and down again like the sea-gulls at the seaside. All the children there can fly like the birds, and they play such jolly games together. Such pretty things come to play with them there; beautiful angels, and dear little fairies, and sometimes they come to find the earth-children to see if they won't come and play too.

For, you know, you go to the beautiful land every night when you go to sleep, just the very same beautiful land that you go right away to for good when you die. When you fall asleep at night, you slip right away from your body down here, and

you have on your beautiful body, the same one you live in when you die, and then you can talk to the children who have gone to live there for good, and to the beautiful angels and the fairies, and fly along with them. Then in the morning they send you back again here, and you open your eyes, and there you are! down here again. So in the night-time and when we die, God lets us live in His other beautiful world, which is even more splendid than this one, and if we do our very best to do things as He wants us to do them whilst we are awake down here, then when we shut our eyes and slip away, the other world will look *so* beautiful, and make us so happy. Sometimes when people *haven't* tried their best to do things as God wants them to, then the other world does not look, at first, quite so beautiful. Unloving thoughts, and selfish deeds close our beautiful eyes, and then we cannot see well in the other world, and the only thing to be done then is to be quick and love somebody and help.

them, so that our eyes may get to see better.

I could go on such a long time telling you about the lovely things that live in the beautiful world. There are very beautiful angels who play the most glorious music. When they talk to each other, it is just as if they were singing a glorious song. And then there are some angels who can make the most wonderful colours come. When they talk to each other, all the sky is full of glorious colour pictures like a wonderful sunset. And then there are hosts and hosts of lovely little fairies. The little tiny fairies who dance and fly are full of fun and mischief, and love to dance about like little sunbeams in and out of flowers and ferns.

There are five great things God likes people to do in the beautiful world. The first is to love the people round us; the second is to love the people who have grown to be most like Him, to learn about all the brave and true things they did and try to

be like them; the third is to love all the unhappy people and the ones who have not yet found out how to do what God wants them to do; the fourth is to love the world we live in, the birds, the animals, the flowers, and all the beautiful things in it, and to be always finding out them; and the last is to love to try and see if we can't see the beautiful bit of Himself that God has hidden in everything in the world, and then try to imagine what a wonderful and glorious thing it will be when that bit of God's Heart that He put there shows quite plain for all the world to see too.

You are not afraid of the dark any more, are you, Pat? If you are, then Mother will come and hold your hand till you slip away to the beautiful world, and then you must tell her all about it when you come back in the morning—that is if you remember. Most often we do not remember. Do I remember? Sometimes. And what Mother has told you about the beautiful world, a very great and good man, who knows the

beautiful world so well because his beautiful eyes are always open, even in the day-time, told Mother.



CHAPTER IV

THE FAIRIES

HAVE you ever wondered who makes the flowers grow, and how they come to be such pretty shapes and such pretty colours? You remember I told you about the fairies you see in the beautiful world at night. Well, that is just their work. *They* make the flowers grow and they spend a great deal of time trying to make them grow in as pretty a shape, and of as beautiful a colour, as possible. It is very clever of them, isn't it? You and I couldn't do it a bit. We shouldn't know how. But then God does not want *us* to do that. He wants us to do other sorts of work in the world.

The fairies are very proud of their work, and they like it to be noticed and appreciated. When we admire a beautiful flower, and feel glad because it is so pretty, the little fairy who made it is so pleased. But if you pick it roughly, and then are careless about it, and perhaps throw it away on a hot dusty road, the little fairy's heart is hurt. She loved the flower, and made it as well as ever she could, and she does not like to see all her work spoilt. Besides, the poor flower, although it cannot think like you and me, and can only feel a very, very little, can yet feel enough to be a tiny little bit sad when it is not treated kindly. You see, the flower, and the fairy who made it, are some of the *very* little ones in God's world. We want to be very gentle with the wee, wee ones, don't we?

Some of the fairies help the insects to make their wonderful coats. They paint them all those glowing colours on their wings and backs, and I expect the butterfly

is very pleased to have such a nice dress made for him by a dear little fairy, don't you? Then there are other sorts of fairies who live in the trees and wear green dresses, just the same colour as the trees. What do they look like? Well, something like us, only smaller, and brighter, and more beautifully dressed. Some of them are as small as a bird, the ones who make flowers; but the ones who live in the trees are larger, sometimes as big as Cissy is (3 feet). They wear the most beautiful dresses, of all the most wonderful colours, and so radiant; and they are very lively and light, and love to dance all together in the sunbeams. They are very shy, and generally run away when they see people coming, and they do not like to live too near a great number of houses because so much noise frightens them. Sometimes, out in the woods, if you are very quiet and feel very happy, a little fairy will come near and have a good look at the funny human being. They can see us, although

we do not often see them. You would like to see them? Perhaps you will one day.

There are fairies who live in the streams and in the sea, and who play up and down the water and make it sparkle and run. The river-fairies wear green dresses like the tree-fairies, but the most wonderful of all are the sea-fairies. Their great sport is to ride on the top of the big waves, and to splash up the white foam when the wave breaks. Then some live always up in the air among the clouds, and they have a great time making the sky look pretty. They weave the clouds into all sorts of funny and wonderful shapes, and they are very fond of making the clouds into the pattern we call "mackerel sky". These fairies have such long, long hair, and when they fly in the wind their long hair flies out behind them.

Then there are funny little ones who live down in the earth, down in the mines, and right down under the earth. Their work is to help to make the useful and beautiful

things we dig up out of the earth, iron and gold and silver and sparkling gems. Sometimes, deep down in a mine, when all is still, men can hear them knocking and tapping. They are called the gnomes, and if you were to see one, you would see a queer little dumpy figure with a peaked cap and a long beard. Once a friend of mine was lying down in the sun on a lonely moor in Scotland, when some of the little gnomes came creeping cautiously up to have a look at him. He had to be very quiet, for if he stirred, they ran back again and hid themselves behind the big stones and boulders on the moor. And another time when he was sitting by a stream in a wood, he looked up and saw a lovely little flower-fairy swinging on a stamen of a honeysuckle flower and watching him.

You see the fairies do a very great deal of work in the world. They make it useful and beautiful for us, so I think we ought to remember it and send them thanks in our thoughts, don't you? We

couldn't get along without them, and remember that even if you cannot catch sight of the fairies, you cannot help feeling the effects of their work all day long. It is the fairies who make the flowers grow, and the winds blow, and they make the fire burn too. The faires who make the fire burn are very gorgeous fairies. They wear golden-red dresses, and when the fire burns merrily and roars up the chimney in winter, the fire-fairies just love it, and fly up the chimney with the flames. We couldn't live in the fire, could we? It would burn us all up if we tried to. But the fire-fairies like it. They could not live anywhere else. So you see, the fire-fairies make the fire burn, and the water-fairies make the water sparkle, and the wind-fairies make the breezes blow, and the flower-fairies make the trees and flowers grow pretty. What should we do without them?

It is time to go to bed. Let us say good night to the roses as we go by, and to the little fairy who made them.

CHAPTER V

THE ANGELS

IN the beautiful world there are not only so many pretty little fairies, but there are some lovely beings who are even more beautiful than the fairies, and much wiser and graver. These are the angels who specially help the people on the earth, just as the fairies help the flowers and the rocks and the rivers. Sometimes, when they see a clever man trying to think of things with which to help all the other people in the world, they put great thoughts in his heart, and beautiful things to know in his head, and then he writes them down, or he puts them into a lovely picture, or he weaves them into glorious music, and thus tries to tell all the other

people what the angels told him. Sometimes he only just tries to think how to help, because there are so many people who are happy or unfortunate, and then the angels whisper into his heart ways to help to make the sad people happy, and as long as he tries his very best to go on doing that, they help him and give him strength to try and try always. *Sometimes*, the people brave and good like that give up trying, and then the angels are sad. You see, *they* are always wanting to help all the unhappy people in the world, and that is why they are always glad when they see some one trying to do so too, and they always help him to do it as hard as they can.

The angels never think about anything else except doing the wonderful work God wants them to do. And when they help us it is not always in just the way we might think of ourselves. An angel knows that God wants a little boy or girl to come home to His beautiful land again, so

he takes that little child away home, because God wants it there. God lent the little child to the father and mother because there was no one else in all the world who could love it and teach it so well, but the child was always more God's child than even his father's and mother's. And the father and mother are sad because they do not see their little child again in the day-time. The angel tries to tell them not to be sad, because their little child is so happy in God's other beautiful house, but they do not always hear what the angel says.

Some of the angels watch children when they are all alone and have no one to look after them. Once a little brother and sister in the Australian bush got lost. It is very easy to get lost in those parts of Australia, because there are not so many roads and fields and houses as we have here. Their poor father and mother were quite wild with grief, and they looked and looked for them more than two whole days. Then,

just when they had almost given up, the two children suddenly came back. "Oh! Mother," the little boy said, when his mother held him in her arms again, "such a beautiful lady, with a light, came and took us by the hand and led us home again." And when, not long ago, a big earthquake came in Sicily, and most of the houses in the town of Messina fell down, an angel came and brought food to a little boy who was buried in a hole under a big heap of beams until the people outside could dig him out again.

The angels help us to grow, just as the fairies help the flowers to grow. But the flower the angels see, grows in your heart, not outside, and it is the most beautiful thing in the world in everybody. When that flower in your heart is *quite* grown up, you will become like the angel too. Do you know what makes the flower grow? Loving, and doing things for all the other people in the world, and finding out all about the wonderful things which are in

our world. It is so beautiful—that flower in your heart. God put it there to grow for His garden in all the worlds. You can think a little bit what it is like. It is like all the most beautiful things you can ever think of—all the loveliest flowers, all the bravest deeds, all the people you love most. Mother has a flower to grow too. You shall help Mother and she shall help you.

And then there are splendid great angels who have a whole nation of people to look after and guide. The National Angels are very beautiful and strong and glorious. They try to lead their nation to do always the best and truest deeds, and to walk as God wants them to walk among all the other nations in the world. England has such a great angel leading her. We call Him Saint George. He is like the noblest, truest and bravest Englishman that we can possibly imagine, and He is always hoping all the time that His nation, which He loves so well, will do noble acts

that are worthy of the best Englishman, who is England's Representative before God. Other nations have their angels too, and they are called by different names. I would like Saint George to be proud of how we live and how we act, wouldn't you?

Then again too, when God's greatest and best Teacher comes, the Teacher of His children living in this House of His, the One who loves and teaches *all* of us, children and grown ups, and in all different parts of the world, when He comes—as He does from time to time as the world goes on growing up—to stay with us for a time in *this* house of God's, just as He is *always* staying with us in that other more beautiful house of God's that we live in at night and after death, then the angels come too and sing a most beautiful song, because they are so happy and delighted at our good fortune. Last time when He came, and that was nearly 2,000 years ago now, He was born as a wee little baby in quite

a poor stable in an inn, in the night-time, and the angels knew of it, and they came right down to earth round about where He was, and sang a most wonderful song. That was because they were so glad to see Him down here with us again. They went and told some shepherds who were sitting up taking care of their sheep through the night, and the shepherds went off in great joy to see Him too. For, you see, God's great Teacher doesn't only care for and teach us, He also loves and teaches all the angels too. He is called the Teacher of the angels and men, and next time I will tell you about Him, and how He loves us, and teaches us, and shows us how God wants us to grow, and what He wants us to do to help Him.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD'S TEACHER

CHILDREN, to-night I will tell you the loveliest story in the world, the best and sweetest one there is to tell.

You know how God is the Father and Mother of everything, and that we all live together in this house of His which we call the world. He made it beautiful so that we should be happy in it; and ever so wonderful so that we might want to know about it and go on finding out beautiful and interesting things for ever and ever; and all the other people and the animals and the flowers are here with us so that we might find out how joyful it is to do things with them, to find out interesting things with them; to help them

in what they like doing, and to get them to help us in what we like doing. That is what God likes us to do most of all. Sometimes people don't find that out for a long time. "Why doesn't God tell them," did you say? Because He knows that they will learn to be much wiser if they find it out for themselves. But all the time He is hoping that they will find it out soon, because then they will be so much jollier and happier. And to help us He sends some of His quite grown-up children to live with us here, to look after us all and teach us all. We do not often see them, but they see us all the time, and all the time they are trying to help us to grow just as God wants us to grow, and to help us to do just what God wants us to do. Although God's big children are now so splendid and so beautiful and so good, once, a very long time ago, they also were amongst God's littler children like us, and They grew up in God's house as we are doing now and learnt about all sorts of wonderful things

as we are learning now. *That* is why they know how to help all of us so well now, because once they were just as we are now.

One of them is more beautiful than all the others, and wiser and more wonderful. And because He was so beautiful and so wise, and loved all the people and things in God's world so very, very much, God said to Him: "You must be the chief teacher of my little children in this world." So all the time for thousands and thousands of years God's best Teacher lives here with us, and loves us and watches over us, and teaches us all the time with wonderful love and wisdom.

He is with us too in that more beautiful house of God's in which we live every night, and after we die, and there He is like sunshine which shines everywhere all the time. And sometimes—every now and then, as the people in the world go on growing up—He comes here too, and walks about in our towns and cities, and speaks to us all

Himself, instead of by His messengers as He does at other times, and tells us how to be wise and loving, and how to make everything happier and better. Then all the people feel happier and stronger, and many of them begin to want to try hard to grow beautiful and good like Him. Even the animals and birds begin to play and sing for joy because He is there. The angels know too and as I told you before, come down on our earth to sing, they are so pleased at our happiness. You see, they all love Him so very much too. That is not wonderful, is it? We cannot help loving the best and most beautiful Son of His that God has on this earth.

At other times He sends His messengers. Some of them know they are His messengers, and some do not. You are His messenger sometimes. Whenever you bring to the people and things in His world, which He loves so much, something beautiful, a lovely flower, a bright smile, a kind word, a helpful deed, He sends them a message by

you. For, remember, all the beautiful and tender things in the world are His because they are really all God's, and He is God's own Heart and Smile to us. And remember, too, that sometimes we are His messengers, not only to the people in the world, but to His very little children, the animals and the plants. He was always so gentle to the little and weak things in the world, and used His wonderful power to bless and help them. Although He was the greatest and strongest of all the people in the world, He let some of them, the last time He was here, put Him to a cruel death rather than use His great power to save just Himself. He never did anything for Himself alone. All the time He was thinking about all His children, and what He could do to help them. Even when some poor silly men hurt Him so that He died, He still thought about them and loved them. Ah, poor men! they *couldn't* have known whom they were hurting, could they? Or they would never have done it.

Mother loves the story of when He came and lived with us the last time. She will tell you all the tales of what He did and said then. Then you will see how beautiful He is. When He came that time He was called Jesus Christ. They called Him that because the name Jesus means Saviour, one who comes to help and to save, and they also called Him the Christ, because that name means the Anointed One, the One whom God had appointed to lead and teach us always. Before that time another great Son of God had come to the world and taught it, but God called Him to come away and work for Him elsewhere and He then gave us our own dear Teacher to take that One's place.

In other countries they have got another name for Him. In a sunny land far away in the East they call Him the Lord Maitreya, which means the Lord of Brotherly Love. But there is one Name that is the best of all the names that they have for Him anywhere. It is a name they

have for Him in a very old book indeed. In that they call Him the "Heart of the World". Don't you know why they call Him that beautiful name? It is because His heart is so big and wise and loving that there is never *any* time when He does not know all the thoughts and feelings of everything that lives in His world, and all that is happening to them. Sometimes sad people feel that they are all alone in the world, and that nobody knows what they are feeling and thinking. But *He* always knows, and although they cannot see Him, He puts His arms around them and says: "My little child, my dear little child!"

One day—ah! this is the best thing of all I have to tell you—everybody will be able to *see* that He is with them, for He is coming back to tell us things on earth again. He sent some of His best messengers to tell us so. It will not be very long before He comes now. Perhaps, Cissy, when you and Pat are nearly grown up. Won't that be a happy time? Darlings, what shall

we do, you and I, to help Him? For we must begin to help Him now before He comes.

Now, just before we go to bed let us think for a minute of nothing else but of the Lord Maitreya, the Heart of the World, the Lord Christ, and let us say to Him:

“Dear Lord, please bless Father and Mother, and Pat and Cissy and Baby, and Miss Brown and Nurse and Mary and Cook, and Bruno and Kitty, and all the other people in the world, and all the other animals, and the trees and the flowers, and the angels and the fairies. And help us all to grow like you, and come back to us very soon, for we all want you very much.”

Of course, He always blesses us all the time, but He likes us to talk to Him, and I *like* to, don't you? You know why He likes us to talk to Him, don't you? Because He loves us. No one else loves us so well.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT THINGS ARE LIKE

WHEN we think, where do our thoughts go to, and what are they like? We can't see thoughts, but they live all the same, and Oh! some of them are so pretty, if only we could see what they are like.

Let us imagine what they may be like. I know thoughts that are just like rose-petals that the wind blows along, and that make the air smell sweet. Those are happy-making thoughts. Hark at Pussy purring softly because her little kitties are all round her. I am sure she is making ever so many little tiny rose thoughts, just a shower of them. And when Daddy comes home and we all run to greet him,

I expect there is a great lovely cloud of rose-coloured sunlight all round him and us.

Sometimes thoughts are not so nice and would not look so pretty if we could see them. Somebody I know was a little bit cross this morning and gave somebody else a hard push. I don't like to think what sort of a thought that was. I am sure it was very ugly and spiky and horrid.

And sometimes we make thoughts that have little wings, which fly, fly, fly to the people whom we are thinking of. That is when we think of people we love who are far away. The little thought flies to them and gives them "butterfly" kisses for us, and whispers in their ear: "Somebody is loving you." And when we wish things for people, the little thought flies up to God, and if it will really help the person we are thinking of He will send it to them one day. Sometimes we know some one who is ill or very unhappy. Then when we think of them and think how splendid it would be if they were well, and

how lovely it would be if they were ever so happy, that little thought flies away to them, and says to them: "Don't be sad, soon you will be better, soon you will be happy."

And when we think of the world's Father and Mother, God, or of that beautiful Son of His, the world's Teacher, the Lord Christ, then the thoughts are beautiful indeed, just like great tall lilies with a most lovely scent. Then when the Lord Christ sees our thoughts He is very glad. They are just like lovely flowers coming to him. In Burma, where people belong to a religion called Buddhism, when they go to the church to pray and think of the world's Teacher, they take with them a flower and put it on the altar where the priest is always thinking of and speaking to Him. That is because, although they cannot see their thoughts, they know they are like flowers which they lay at His feet. That is why, too, sometimes over here people put flowers before a picture

of what they think the Lord looks like. It is such a long time ago since He was here that no one knows now what He really looks like, but they paint pictures and make statues of what they think He must be like, and when they put flowers by them, it is because in their hearts they want to give Him beautiful flowers which are thoughts.

And when we want to be like Him, it is like stars flashing up to Him, and then He thinks of us and sends us back showers of sunshine which help us to grow more like Him.

All the things in the world are like other things in the invisible worlds, and make us remember some of those other beautiful things. The roses make us remember love, and loving hearts, and most of all the Heart of the World, the world's great Teacher. The rose-colour is like His love of us, and many years ago some wise and good men who wanted to help His world all they knew how, gave us

something to remind them of Him, a rose placed in a cross—the cross on which ignorant men hung his body when they killed Him the last time He was here. And they called themselves the Brothers of the Rosy Cross, for they had all promised faithfully to serve Him and so help His world.

And the blue sky is like the arms of His Mother, stretching right round and round the world, and so is the big blue sea. I expect other people have thought that too, and so the old painters often painted His Mother wearing a lovely blue cloak just the colour of the sky and the sea. He had a very beautiful mother, and she loved Him best of all in the world. All the mothers are glad when their little children come to them, but none of them could be so glad as His Mother, because she knew that her little son was the world's Teacher, and that no one would be able to help everybody so well as He. And the stars, I think the stars are like thoughts, God's thoughts, such millions and

millions of them, like the thoughts God is always thinking about His world. Just watch how they twinkle, just as if they were smiling at us and trying to talk.

And that beautiful big daisy which has now gone to sleep, he reminds me of baby upstairs with his eyes just shut, gone to sleep too. In the morning the daisy will open his petals out again, as soon as the sun gets up to call him and baby will open his eyes too, and be very lively I know, and want you to play with him at once. Perhaps, when *our* eyes are just shut too, the little fairies who live with the flowers will join hands and dance and dance. The moonlight always makes them want to dance. Let us go to sleep, and then we shall slip away from our bodies and we can run out and join hands with them, and dance and dance too. And we can catch all the lovely thoughts which are like flowers in God's other house, and take them to the people who would like to have them.

So now, then, just before we go, let us wish the best wish we can think of for all the people whom we know. Let us wish a wish for Johnny Hichens. Pat shall do that, just because Johnny and Pat are great friends. Tell us what you would like for Johnny, Pat, and then, Cissy, you shall tell us what you would wish for him too.

EPILOGUE

PAT dear, what are the two things that matter most of all for ever and ever in the world?

Love and Courage.

Let us be brave, that is how all the best men in the world have wrought the path towards Heaven for us. Let us take care of all the things in the world. That is what all the real mothers in the world are doing for ever and ever. And that is what Cissy knows, for Mother and her little mother-daughter are somewhere like the beautiful lady who once was the Mother of God, and knew, as His prophet Muhammad said, that "Heaven lieth at the feet of mothers".

And Pat is somewhere like Him, the very gentle and perfect knight, whose eternal motto for all those who follow Him is *noblesse oblige*.

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