



Krittika: ☉ 0 D

## SPIRITUAL APPRENTICESHIP

The world of the seen is the shadow of the invisible and in it we serve a spiritual apprenticeship for, until the eyes of the soul are strong enough to endure the light, we move darkly through the shadow of things seeking and learning and so gathering experience — as children gather faggots in the forest — which serves as fuel to that spark of realization which sets free the unsuspected fire and thereby illuminates the spiritual perspectives of our soul's habitation. And thus it is that the great empire of experience contains its visible and invisible kingdoms and realization in one kingdom is related to realization in another in the same manner as that in which beacons kindled upon hilltops are related in one rhythmic sequence of illumination.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON



## PERSEVERANCE

Have patience, Candidate, as one who fears no failure, courts no success. Fix thy Soul's gaze upon the star whose ray thou art, the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being, the boundless fields of the Unknown.

Have perseverance as one who doth for ever more endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live for ever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.

*The Voice of the Silence*

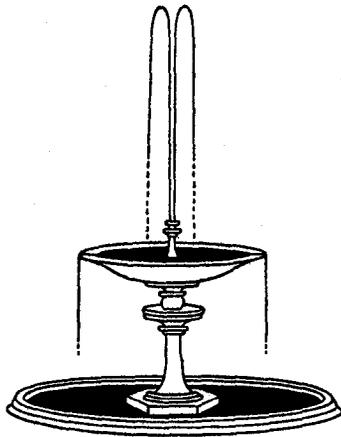


## WE ARE VESSELS

He praises me and I praise Him,  
He serves me and I serve Him.  
By my existence I affirm Him.  
As unmanifest essence I deny Him.  
He knows me, whilst I know Him naught,  
But I discover Him in contemplation.  
Where then is His Self-sufficiency,  
Since I help Him and grant Him glory?  
The Real has manifested me,  
I lend Him knowledge and manifest Him,  
Thus did the Divine Message come,  
And its meaning is fulfilled in me. . . .

We are His as has been shown.  
And We are our own as well.  
He has no other becoming save mine,  
We are His as we are through ourselves.  
I have two aspects, He and me,  
But He is not I in my I.  
In me is His theatre of manifestation,  
And we are for Him as vessels.

IBN AL-'ARABI





## GNOSIS

The Alexandrian Theosophists were divided into neophytes, initiates, and masters, or hierophants; and their rules were copied from the ancient Mysteries of Orpheus, who, according to Herodotus, brought them from India. Ammonius obligated his disciples by oath not to divulge his *higher* doctrines, except to those who were proved thoroughly worthy and initiated, and who had learned to regard the gods, the angels, and the demons of other peoples, according to the esoteric *hyponia*, or under-meaning. "The gods exist, but they are not what the *hoi polloi*, the uneducated multitude, suppose them to be," says Epicurus. "He is not an atheist who denies the existence of the gods whom the multitude worship, but he is such who fastens on these gods the opinions of the multitude." In his turn, Aristotle declares that of the "Divine Essence pervading the whole world of nature, what are styled the *gods* are simply the first principles."

Plotinus, the pupil of the "God-taught" Ammonius, tells us that the secret *gnosis* or the knowledge of Theosophy, has three degrees — opinion, science, and *illumination*. "The means or instrument of the first is sense, or perception; of the second, dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last, reason is subordinate; it is *absolute knowledge*, founded on the identification of the mind with the object known." Theosophy is the exact science of psychology, so to say; it stands in relation to natural, uncultivated mediumship, as the knowledge of a Tyndall stands to that of a school-boy in physics. It develops in man a direct beholding; that which Schelling denominates "a realization of the identity of subject and object in the individual"; so that under the influence and knowledge of *hyponia* man thinks divine thoughts, views all things as they really are, and, finally, "becomes recipient of the Soul of the World," to use one of the finest expressions of Emerson. "I, the imperfect, adore my own perfect" — he says in his superb Essay on the *Oversoul*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY





Robini: ) V B

## THE CITY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

Nagasena addressed King Milinda: "O King, the Blessed One's well planned City of Righteousness is well built and appointed, well established and provisioned, well guarded and protected, and is thus impregnable to enemies and foes. If you, O King, grasp the logic and exposition of this City, you may infer the existence of the Blessed One."

When men behold a pleasing city, well planned,  
They know by inference the greatness of its founder;  
When men see the Buddha's City of Righteousness,  
They know by inference the existence of the Blessed One.

When men look upon the waves, they infer  
The vastitude and power of the world-embracing sea;  
So men may estimate the Buddha by the waves  
He set rolling through the world of gods and men.  
Ever triumphant, he assuages every grief;  
He plucked craving's dread power out of his own heart;  
He freed his devotees from the whirlpool of rebirths.  
As far as the waves of the Good Law reach and roll,  
So majestic and mighty must the Lord Buddha be.

Men, seeing massive peaks presiding aloft,  
Can estimate by inference Himalaya's wondrous height;  
When they look upon the Buddha's Mount of Righteousness,  
Steadfast, unmoved by fierce passions' raging blasts,  
Towering in grand heights of calm and peace,  
Where lust, evil and *karma* neither breathe nor live,  
Men draw the inference: "As great as is this mountain high,  
So is the mighty Hero's power upon whose word it stands."

Men discover the footprint of a king among elephants  
And judge by inference his great size.  
When they see the footprint of Lord Buddha, the elephant among men,  
Upon the path all men tread, the wise  
Trace the glory of the Buddha.

When men see all living creatures crouching in fear,  
They know the roar of the king of beasts frightens them.  
Men, seeing other teachers withdraw in trembling,  
Know a king of truth has uttered sublime words.

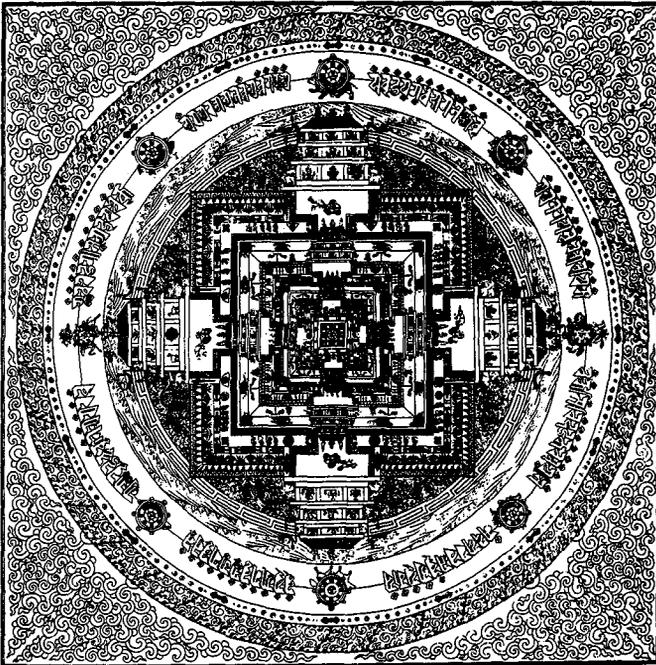
Seeing smiling earth, watered well, green with grass,

Men say, "A generous pleasing rain has fallen here";  
And when they see the multitude rejoicing in peace and blessedness,  
Men infer: "Sweet is the rain that quietened their hearts."

Men see the capacious earth, soaked, marshy with mud,  
And say, "A mighty water here broke forth."  
When they see a mighty host, once dazed,  
With the mud of wrongs, swept away in *Dharma's* flood,  
Plunged in the Good Law's wide sea, some here, some there,  
Gods and men alike, immersed in ambrosial waves,  
They may infer the greatness of the *Dharma*.

When men on a journey sense a glorious sweet perfume  
Suffusing the countryside, transporting them, they infer  
That mighty forest trees are in flower.  
Conscious of the sweet perfume of righteousness,  
Pervading the earth and the heavens,  
They may mark the presence of a Buddha of infinite greatness.

*Milindapanha*





## THE PARENT OF THE PRACTICAL

The Spiritual, it is still often said, but is not now sufficiently considered, is the parent and first cause of the Practical. The Spiritual everywhere originates the Practical, models it, makes it: so that the saddest external condition of affairs, among men, is but evidence of a still sadder internal one. For as thought is the life-fountain and motive-soul of action, so, in all regions of this human world, whatever outward thing offers itself to the eye, is merely the garment or body of a thing which already existed invisibly within; which, striving to give itself expression, has found in the given circumstances that it could and would express itself — so. This is everywhere true; and in these times, when men's attention is directed outward rather, this deserves far more attention than it will receive.

THOMAS CARLYLE



*The Emerald Table  
of Hermes Trismegistus*



## WHEN DAYLIGHT COMES

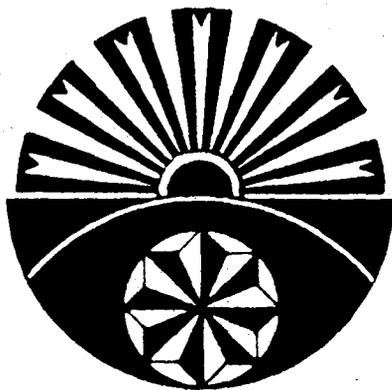
Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain.  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH





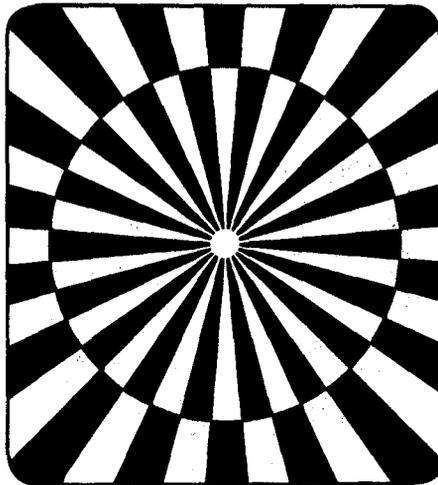
## RADICAL HEALING

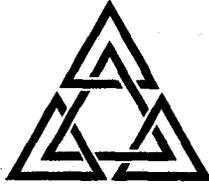
Through continuity of consciousness there is a radical healing that takes place within one's whole nature, and an authentic gain in self-respect. Like a person who late in life learns a new language and is thrilled that he can learn the alphabet and write his first sentence, so too any human being at any age can so strengthen the antaskaranic connection with the Higher Self that life takes on a new depth of meaning and expression.

It is a difficult discipline initially, but if one faithfully keeps at it in a non-strenuous way, doing it only out of love for one's fellow men and out of gratitude to one's Teachers, there will be infallible help from the Eye of Shiva and the Flute of Krishna. If the motive is to make a potent contribution to the grandchildren of one's grandchildren, and if one lets go of the mayavic tension of the personal self, then the sense of the sacred deepens until one is able to make holy resolves and charge them with a silent power for good.

That power is the light in the Divine Eye of the Logos in the Cosmos and the god in man, and it is eternally available to every humble but mature pilgrim-soul seeking the privilege of entry into the emerging family of mankind.

RAGHAVAN IYER





**SANMATI**

**CONCORD**

**THE SPIRIT OF WISDOM**

And our singing shall build  
In the void's loose field  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man,  
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

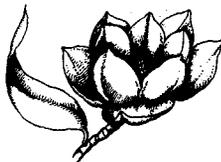
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



**CIVILIZATION OF THE FUTURE**

East and West are no more than names. Human beings are the same everywhere. He who wants to will conduct himself with decency. . . . If we look into the future, is it not a heritage that we have to leave to posterity, that all the different races commingle and produce a civilization that perhaps the world has not yet seen?

M. K. GANDHI





*Mrigashirsha: ♂ R C*

## MANASAPUJA

O Lord, my Self Thou art. My mind I liken to Thy divine consort, my vital airs to Thy followers, and my body to Thy temple. My enjoyments I regard as oblations consecrated to Thee. My sleep is a form of absorption in Thee. My wanderings are like circumambulations while my words are prayers directed to Thee. O Lord beneficent, whatsoever I do, may it all be as worship offered unto Thee.

*Shivamanasapuja*



## THE LIFE TO COME

*In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful*

By the light of day, and by the fall of night, your Lord has not forsaken you, Muhammad, nor does He abhor you.

The life to come holds a richer prize for you than this present life. You shall be gratified with what your Lord will give you.

Did He not find you an orphan and give you shelter?

Did He not find you in error and guide you?

Did He not find you poor and enrich you?

Therefore do not wrong the orphan, nor chide away the beggar. But proclaim the goodness of your Lord.

*The Qu'ran*





## THANKSGIVING

In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request.  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



## UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI





*Ardra: Ω W O*

## BEAUTY EXALTED

What we have loved,  
Others will love, and we will teach them how;  
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
On which he dwells, above this frame of things  
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)  
In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
Of quality and fabric more divine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH





## THE ROAD I MADE

I hold that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth;  
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the road again.

Such is my own belief and trust;  
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,  
Has many a hundred times been dust  
And turned, as dust, to dust again;  
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone  
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon. . . .

And I shall know, in angry words,  
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear,  
A carrion flock of homing-birds,  
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.  
The brave word that I failed to speak  
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads  
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;  
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads  
To urge to heights before unguessed.  
My road shall be the road I made;  
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,  
In this long war beneath the stars;  
So shall a glory wreath my head,  
So shall I faint and show the scars.  
Until this case, this clogging mould,  
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

JOHN MASEFIELD



## A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream! —  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, — act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



## THE OPAL AND THE DIAMOND

So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of colour as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





*Punarvasu: 4 B G*

## **AQUARIAN AXIOMS**

1. 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.

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

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

4. Self-knowledge is unattainable by what men usually call 'self-analysis'. It is not reached by reasoning or any brain-powers.

5. Real Self-knowledge is the awakening to consciousness of the divine nature of man.

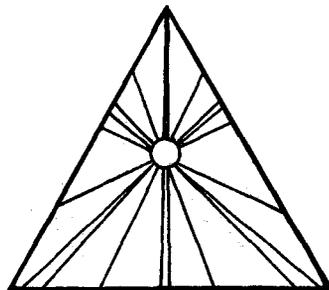
6. Will creates intelligently; Desire blindly and unconsciously.

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

8. Spirituality is not what we understand by the words 'virtue' and 'goodness'. It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences.

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

10. You cannot build a Temple of Truth by hammering dead stones. Its foundations must precipitate themselves like crystals from the solution of Life.





## THE LAW OF FELLOWSHIP

A branch cut off from its neighbour branch cannot but be cut off from the whole plant. In the very same way a man severed from one man has fallen away from the fellowship of all men. Now a branch is cut off by others, but a man separates himself from his neighbour by his own agency in hating him or turning his back upon him; and is unaware that he has thereby sundered himself from the whole civic community. But mark the gift of Zeus who established the law of fellowship. For it is in our power to grow again to the neighbour branch, and again become perfective of the whole. But such a schism constantly repeated makes it difficult for the seceding part to unite again and resume its former condition. And in general the branch that from the first has shared in the growth of the tree and lived with its life is not like that which has been cut off and afterwards grafted on to it, as the gardeners are apt to tell you. Be of one bush, but not of one view.

As those who withstand thy progress along the path of right reason will never be able to turn thee aside from sound action, so let them not wrest thee from a kindly attitude towards them; but keep a watch over thyself in both directions alike, not only in steadfastness of judgement and action but also in gentleness towards those who endeavour to stand in thy path or be in some other way a thorn in thy side. For in fact it is a sign of weakness to be wroth with them, no less than to shrink from action and be terrified into surrender. For they that do the one or the other are alike deserters of their post, the one as a coward, the other as estranged from a natural kinsman and friend.

MARCUS AURELIUS





## ACTION WITHOUT ATTACHMENT

To perform an action without attachment to the fruit does not mean without caring whether it is done well or badly. When cleaning a brass pot, or making a speech, a yogi is not to do it carelessly; with the brass he must rub evenly and vigorously, and with the speech he must prepare it with a definite structure, and speak firmly. He must not do these things badly and then say, "I did not care about the fruit." To leave the pot dull, to deliver a confused speech hesitatingly, is not doing the action at all. A pot half dirty has not been cleaned; a confused and uncertain farrago is not a speech at all. What is technically called the 'fruit' of these actions would be praise from a neighbour at the shining brass, or even a sense of self-congratulation at how well it had been done, or the applause of the audience for the speech. The test of detachment would be that when the action fails — someone upsets coffee over the pot, or the audience is hostile because they do not like what has been said — then he is not disturbed; similarly if there is success, he is not elated.

TREVOR LEGGETT



## DHARMADHATU

By the strength of my pure motivation,  
Coupled with the power of the Realized Ones,  
And the mystic force of the Dharmadhatu,  
May all the aims that we have in mind,  
That accord with the laws of Truth  
Occur without obstruction.

NAGARJUNA





*Pushya: h G F*

## DISCRETION

Dogen taught:

“Disciples should know that every person has some shortcoming. Of the weaknesses people have, arrogance is the worst. Buddhist and even secular writings warn against it. One non-Buddhist work teaches: ‘There are some individuals who are poor and yet do not curry favour, but there are few who are rich and not arrogant.’ While cautioning the wealthy against pride in oneself, it makes an important point all should carefully consider.

“For people of humble position, the thought of equalling the upper classes, much less of excelling them, is the very height of arrogance. But it is easy to warn against this obvious fault. One in the secular realm who is abundantly endowed with wealth and property and who enjoys good fortune is acknowledged by relatives and associates. Owing to the pride that accompanies such a condition, those in lower positions who see this become resentful. How can a wealthy individual be discreet, to avoid inflicting this kind of pain upon others? It is difficult to counsel a wealthy person, though he will seldom practise self-restraint. Such a person may have no intention of displaying arrogance, and yet even as he innocently discharges his own business, he arouses envy and pain amongst less fortunate people around him. To practise self-restraint here is to be discreet in respect to one’s pride. Those who think that their wealth is a well-earned reward and who are insensitive to the envy of the poor are called arrogant.

“In one non-Buddhist scripture it is written: ‘Do not pass before the door of a poor man while riding in a carriage.’ This means that even though one can afford to ride in a fine coach, one should use discretion in front of those less affluent than oneself. Buddhist Teachings support this point.

“In these times disciples and monks may think that they excel others because of their knowledge of the Teachings. Never take pride in such a thing. To call attention to the errors of those beneath you or to be critical of your seniors and peers for their misconceptions is the height of arrogance. A venerable Master has said: ‘It is all right to be defeated in front of the wise, but never seek victory in front of the foolish.’

“Even when someone misunderstands what you know to be true, you yourself fall into error if you point out the mistake. In discussing the teachings of *Bodhi Dharma*, never berate your predecessors and seniors. And take special care on those occasions when you might arouse the envy and jealousy of the unlearned and ignorant.

“When I lived at Kenninji, many people asked me about the Teachings of the Buddha. Their questions revealed their own shortcomings and misunderstanding, and yet, fully aware of the need for discretion, I discussed only the merits of the Teachings themselves. Since I did not make a point of indicating the specific mistakes of others, nothing untoward occurred. The foolish, with their deeply rooted preconceptions, would otherwise have

become angry, saying, 'You are criticizing my instructor for his shortcomings.' Because the wise individual endowed with inner understanding comprehends the meaning of *Bodhi Dharma*, he discovers his own errors and those of his Instructors without being told and he employs the necessary correctives. These things must be thoroughly understood.

"Many people in the world say: 'I heard the words of the Teacher, but they do not agree with what I think.' This perspective is mistaken. I do not know what is in their minds. Can they be thinking that the principles of the sacred Teachings are wrong if they do not agree with what they themselves believe? This is idiocy. Are the words uttered by the Teacher unsuited to their minds? If so, then why do they ask the Teacher in the first place? Do they say this on the basis of their unexamined, emotion-ridden ideas? If so, this is the product of the deluded mind that has come down from the beginningless beginning to the present.

"The key to understanding the Way is the renunciation of all conceptions of the Self that you have entertained in the past and the complete regeneration of yourself by following the sacred Teachings, even when they stand in violation of your own beliefs. This is ever the one essential to understanding the Way."

DOGEN



## THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW

Rejoice not when thine enemy faileth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth. Who can deservedly be called a conqueror? He who conquers his rancorous passions and endeavours to turn his enemy into a friend. Thou shalt not say "I will love the wise, but the unwise I will hate"; but thou shalt love all mankind. Thou shalt love thy neighbour: even if he be a criminal, and has forfeited his life, practise charity towards him in the last moments. What thou wouldst not like to be done to you, do not to others: this is *the fundamental law*.

*The Talmud*





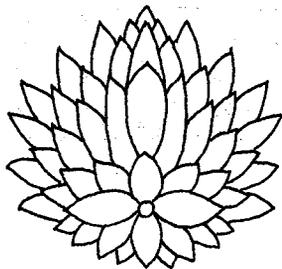
## RESIST NOT EVIL

“Resist not evil,” saith one of the Wise. He who said this knew full well his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not mean men to sit idly by while ignorance let slip the dogs of pain, anguish, suffering, want and murder, is surely true. That he did not mean men to kneel in puerile simulation of holiness by the roadside, while their fellow men suffer torture, wrong or abuse, is still more true. That he did not intend a man to sit silently a looker-on while that which is called evil worked its will upon others when by the lifting of a finger, perhaps, its intentions might be thwarted and annulled — is truth itself. These all would be neglect of a portion of the whole duty of man. He who taught that men should “resist not evil” desired them only to forget themselves. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to them, are evil. By resistance he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable or sorrowful things of life, that come to self, and he *did not* mean man to go forth in the guise of a martyr, hugging these same penalties to his bosom while he proclaims himself thereby the possessor of the magic *pass word* (which he will never own and which is never uttered in that way): *I have Suffered*.

If men revile, persecute or wrong one, why resist? Perhaps it is evil, but so long as it affects one’s-self only, it is no great matter. If want, sorrow or pain come to one why resist or cry out? In the resistance or war against them we create greater evils. Coming to one’s-self, they should have little weight, while at the same time they carry invaluable lessons in their hands. Rightly studied they cause one to forget himself in the desire to assist others when similarly placed, and the Lotus of duty — or love for man — to bloom out of the Nile mire of life. Resist not evil, for it is inseparable from life. It is our duty to live, and accept uncomplainingly, all of life. Resist not evil, but rather learn of it all the good which in reality it only veils.

Seek in it, as well as in the gleaming good, for *the Mystery*, and there will come forth from both the selfsame form upon whose forehead is written “Duty,” which being interpreted, meaneth efforts for the good of all *other* men, and over whose heart is written: “I am my brother’s keeper.”

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE





## THY BRETHREN

This and this alone  
Is true religion —  
To serve thy brethren:

This is sin above all other sin,  
To harm thy brethren:

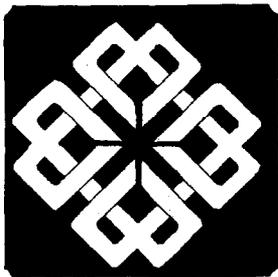
In such a faith is happiness,  
In lack of it is misery and pain:

Blessed is he who swerveth not aside  
From this strait path:  
Blessed is he whose life is lived  
Thus ceaselessly in serving God:

By bearing others' burdens,  
And so alone,  
Is life, true life, to be attained:

Nothing is hard to him who, casting self aside,  
Thinks only this —  
How may I serve my fellow-men?

TULSIDAS





*Asblesba: ష యి*

## GENTLE SPEECH

Gentle speech flows from love, is free from deceit, and is as music in the mouth of the virtuous. Gentle speech, with a cheerful countenance, surpasses the gift of the wealthy.

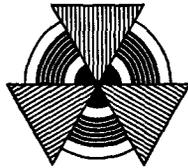
TIRUKURAL



## HITTING THE MARK

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it:  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it.  
This low man goes on adding one to one,  
His hundred's soon hit:  
This high man, aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.

ROBERT BROWNING





## EQUAL TO THE GAME

In merely catching your own casting all's  
Mere cleverness and indecisive winning:  
Only when all at once you're catching balls  
An everlasting partner hurtles spinning  
Into your very centre, with trajectory  
Exactly calculated, curvingly  
Recalling God's stupendous pontifecture, —  
Only then catching's capability,  
Not yours, a world's. And if, not resting here,  
You'd strength and will to throw them back again, —  
No, — wonderfuller! — forgot such things, and then  
Found you'd already thrown . . . as, twice a year,  
The flocking birds are thrown, the birds that wander,  
Thrown from an older to a younger, yonder,  
Ultramarine warmth, — in that mood of sheer  
Abandon you'd be equal to the game.  
Both ease and difficulty would disappear:  
You'd simply throw. A meteor would flame  
Out of your hands and tear through its own spaces.

RAINER MARIA RILKE



## UNIVERSAL MAN

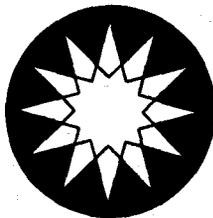
There was a time when we prayed for special concessions, we expected that the laws of nature should be held in abeyance for our own convenience. But now we know better. We know that law cannot be set aside, and in this knowledge we have become strong. For this law is not something apart from us; it is our own. The universal power which is manifested in the universal law is one with our own power. It will thwart us where we are small, where we are against the current of things; but it will help us where we are great, where we are in unison with the all. . . . Thus we find that, just as throughout our bodily organization there is a principle of relation by virtue of which we can

call the entire body our own, and can use it as such, so all through the universe there is that principle of uninterrupted relation by virtue of which we can call the whole world our extended body and use it accordingly. And in this age of science it is our endeavour fully to establish our claim to our world-self. We know all our poverty and sufferings are owing to our inability to realize this legitimate claim of ours. Really, there is no limit to our powers, for we are not outside the universal power which is the expression of universal law. We are on our way to overcome disease and death, to conquer pain and poverty; for through scientific knowledge we are ever on our way to realize the universal in its physical aspect. And as we make progress we find that pain, disease and poverty of power are not absolute, but that it is only the want of adjustment of our individual self to our universal self which gives use to them.

It is the same with our spiritual life. When the individual man in us chafes against the lawful rule of the universal man we become morally small, and we must suffer. In such a condition our successes are our greatest failures, and the very fulfilment of our desires leaves us poorer. We hanker after special gains for ourselves, we want to enjoy privileges which none else can share with us. But everything that is absolutely special must keep up a perpetual warfare with what is general. In such a state of civil war man always lives behind barricades, and in any civilization which is selfish our homes are not real homes, but artificial barriers around us. Yet we complain that we are not happy, as if there were something inherent in the nature of things to make us miserable. The universal spirit is waiting to crown us with happiness, but our individual spirit would not accept it. It is our life of the self that causes conflicts and complications everywhere, upsets the normal balance of society and gives rise to miseries of all kinds. . . .

We have seen that in order to be powerful we have to submit to the laws of the universal forces, and to realize in practice that they are our own. So, in order to be happy, we have to submit our individual will to the sovereignty of the universal will, and to feel in truth that it is our own will. When we reach that state wherein the adjustment of the finite in us to the infinite is made perfect, then pain itself becomes a valuable asset. It becomes a measuring rod with which to gauge the true value of our joy.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE





*Magha: U BI S*

## THE DHARMA DOOR

The Buddha said to Ananda: "There are Buddha-lands where the Buddha-light performs the work of salvation; where the Bodhisattvas perform it; where illusory men created by the Buddha do it; where the bo-trees do it; where the Buddha's robe and bedding do it; where the rice taken by the Buddha does it; where parks and temples do it; where the Buddha's thirty-two marks and their eighty notable characteristics do it; where the Buddha's body does it; and where empty space does it. Living beings practise discipline with success because of these causes. Also employed for the same purpose are dream, illusion, shadow, echo, the image in a mirror, the moon reflected in water, the flame of a fire, sound, voice, word, speech and writing, the pure and clean Buddha-land, silence with neither word nor speech, neither pointing, discerning, action nor activity. Thus, Ananda, whatever the Buddhas do, either revealing or concealing their awe-inspiring majesty, is the work of salvation. Ananda, because of the four basic delusions divided into eighty-four thousand defilements which cause living beings to endure troubles and tribulations, the Buddhas avail themselves of these trials to perform their works of salvation. This is called entering the Buddha's Dharma door to enlightenment.

"When entering this Dharma door, if a Bodhisattva sees all the clean Buddha-lands, he should not give way to joy, desire and pride, and if he sees all the unclean Buddha-lands, he should not give way to sadness, hindrance and disappointment; he should develop a pure and clean mind to revere all Tathagatas who rarely appear and whose merits are equal, in spite of their appearance in different lands, to teach and convert living beings.

"Ananda, you can see different Buddha-lands but you see no difference in space which is the same everywhere. Likewise, the bodies of Buddhas differ from one another but their omniscience is the same.

"Ananda, the nature of the bodies of the Buddhas, their discipline, serenity, liberation and full knowledge of liberation, their powers, their fearlessness, their eighteen unsurpassed characteristics, their boundless kindness and compassion, their dignified deeds, their infinite lives, their Buddha-lands, all are the same. Hence their titles of Samyaksambuddha, Tathagata and Buddha.

"Ananda, if I were to give you the full meaning of these three titles, you would pass the whole aeon without being able to hear it completely. Even if the great macrocosm were full of living beings who were all good listeners and like you could hold in memory everything they heard about the Dharma, they would also pass the whole aeon without being able to hear my full explanation. For, Ananda, the Buddha's supreme enlightenment is boundless and his wisdom and power of speech are inconceivable."

Ananda said: "From now on I dare no more claim to have heard much of the Dharma."

The Buddha said: "Ananda, do not give way to backsliding. Why? Because I have said that you have heard much more about the Dharma than the *shravakas* but not more than the Bodhisattvas. Ananda, a wise man should not make a limited estimate of the Bodhisattvas. The depths of the oceans can be measured but the Bodhisattva's serenity, wisdom, imperturbability, power of speech and all his merits cannot be measured. Ananda, the transcendental powers which Vimalakirti has demonstrated today cannot be achieved by all *shravakas* and Pratyeka Buddhas using their spiritual powers for hundreds and thousands of aeons."

Thereupon the visiting Bodhisattvas placed their palms together and said to the Buddha: "World Honoured One, when we first saw this world we thought of its inferiority but we now repent of our wrong opinion. Why? Because the means employed by all Buddhas are inconceivable. Their aim being to deliver living beings, they appear in different Buddha-lands suitable for the purpose."

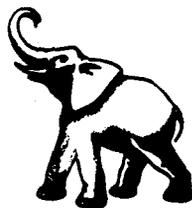
*Vimalakirti Nirdeśa Sūtra*



## ALL ARE YOUR TEACHERS

Intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy: no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers. Your enemy becomes a mystery that must be solved, even though it take ages: for man must be understood. Your friend becomes a part of yourself, an extension of yourself, a riddle hard to read. Only one thing is more difficult to know – your own heart. Not until the bonds of personality are loosed can that profound mystery of self begin to be seen. Not till you stand aside from it will it in any way reveal itself to your understanding. Then, and not till then, can you grasp and guide it. Then, and not till then, can you use all its powers, and devote them to a worthy service.

*Light on the Path*





## REJOICE IN THE GOOD

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honour that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves when their time comes.

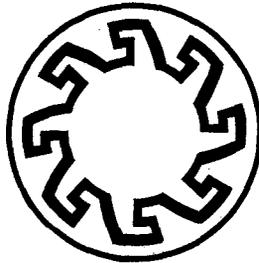
JOHN RUSKIN



## ALL YOU CAN

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

JOHN WESLEY





*Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A*

## THE CITY OF GOD

Do not seek for the City of God on earth, for it is not built of wood or stone; but seek it in the soul of the man who is at peace with himself and is a lover of true wisdom.

If a man practises ablutions of the body, but defiles his mind — if he offers hecatombs, founds a temple, adorns a shrine, and does nothing for making his soul beautiful — let him not be called religious. He has wandered far from real religion, mistaking ritual for holiness; attempting, as it were, to bribe the Incorruptible and to flatter Him Whom none can flatter. God welcomes the genuine service of a soul, the sacrifice of truth; but from display of wealth He turns away.

Will any man with impure soul and with no intention to repent, dare to approach the Most High God? The grateful soul of the wise man is the true altar of God.

PHILO JUDAEUS



## FORSAKING GOD

At midnight the would-be ascetic announced:

“This is the time to give up my home and seek for God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here?”

God whispered, “I”, but the ears of the man were stopped.

With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed.

The man said, “Who are ye that have fooled me so long?”

The voice said again, “They are God”, but he heard it not.

The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to its mother.

God commanded, “Stop, fool, leave not thy home”, but still he heard not.

God sighed and complained, “Why does my servant wander to seek me, forsaking me?”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



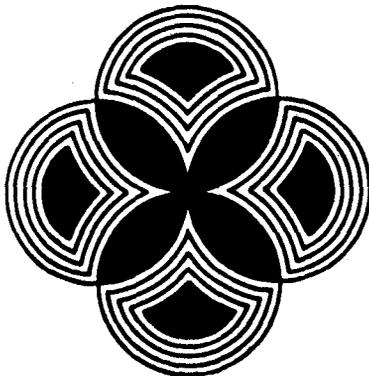
## THE HOUR OF MEDITATION

On the mystic path we create our own light, and at first we struggle blind and baffled, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, unable to think, unable to imagine. We seem deserted by dream, vision or inspiration, and our meditation barren altogether. But let us persist through weeks or months, and sooner or later that stupor disappears. Our faculties readjust themselves, and do the work we will them to do. Never did they do their work so well. The dark caverns of the brain begin to grow luminous. We are creating our own light.

By heat of will and aspiration we are transmuting what is gross in the subtle aethers through which the mind works. As the dark bar of metal begins to glow, at first redly, and then at white heat, or as ice melts and is alternately fluid, vapour, gas, and at last a radiant energy, so do these aethers become purified and alchemically changed into luminous essences, and they make a new vesture for the soul, and link us to mid-world or heavenward where they too have their true home. How quick the mind is now! How vivid is the imagination! We are lifted above the tumult of the body. The heat of the blood disappears below us. We draw nigher to ourselves. The heart longs for the hour of meditation and hurries to it; and, when it comes, we rise within ourselves as a diver too long under seas rises to breathe the air, to see the light. We have invoked the God and we are answered according to old promise.

As our aspiration so is our inspiration. We imagine It as Love and what a love enfolds us. We conceive of It as Might and we take power from that Majesty. We dream of It as Beauty and the Magician of the Beautiful appears everywhere at Its miraculous art, and the multitudinous lovely creatures of Its thought are busy moulding nature and life in their image, and all are hurrying, hurrying to the Golden World. This vision brings its own proof to the spirit, but words cannot declare or explain it.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





## THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING

And a man said, Speak to us of Self-Knowledge. And he answered, saying:  
Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights.  
But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge.  
You would know in words that which you have always known in thought.  
You would touch with your fingers the naked body of your dreams.

And it is well you should.

The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to  
the sea;

And the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes.

But let there be no scales to weigh your unknown treasure;

And seek not the depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line.

For Self is a sea boundless and measureless.

Say not, "I have found the truth", but rather, "I have found a truth."

Say not, "I have found the path of the soul." Say rather, "I have met the  
soul walking upon my path."

For the soul walks upon all paths.

The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed.

The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals.

KAHLIL GIBRAN





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ 0 D

## THE GOD WITHIN

Those of you who would know yourselves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds which may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul; heed only the praise or blame of that deity which can never be separated from your *true self*, as it is verily that God itself: called the HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS. Put without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention – expecting, meanwhile, neither reward nor even acknowledgment for the good you may have done. Reward and acknowledgment are in yourself and inseparable from you, as it is your Inner Self alone which can appreciate them at their true degree and value. For each one of you contains within the precincts of his inner tabernacle the Supreme Court – prosecutor, defence, jury and judge – whose sentence is the only one without appeal; since none can know you better than you do yourself, when once you have learnt to judge that Self by the never wavering light of the inner divinity – your higher Consciousness.

MAHATMA K. H.



## TRUE PERCEPTION

True perception is true knowledge. Perception is the capacity of the soul; it is the sight of the higher intelligence whose vision never errs. And that can be best exercised in true serenity of mind, as Mahatma K.H. observes: “It is upon the serene and placid surface of the unruffled mind that visions gathered from the invisible, find a representation in the visible world.” In short – as the Hindu allegory has it – “It is in the dead of night that Krishna is born.”

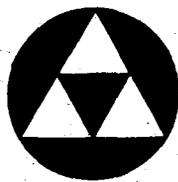
In occultism, Krishna represents the Christ Principle; the *Atma* of the Vedantins, or the seventh principle; the Logos of the Christians – the Divine Spirit, who is the manifested Son of the unmanifested Father. In the dead of night, that is, when there is complete physical and mental rest, when there is

perfect quiet and peace of mind. It is only then that the individuality of man — his higher nature — becomes a fit vehicle for the manifestation of *The Word*. This is what is meant in the Bible where it says that we must try to obtain “redemption through Christ.” The Divine Principle in man is indivisible; the human soul is universal. He who would live and enjoy eternal life must live in and unite the human soul with the Divine Principle. Therefore a sense of personal isolation brings on *death* and annihilation, while genuine unselfish philanthropy places the individual in touch with the Divine Spirit, and thus gives him eternal life.

The Divine Spirit is all-pervading, and those who put themselves *en rapport* with the Divine Spirit are necessarily *en rapport* with all other entities who are also *en rapport* with it. Hence, the Mahatmas, who are conscious of the Logos, are in constant magnetic relation to those who succeed in extricating themselves from the lower animal nature; and, by evolving the higher *Manas* (the mind, the fifth principle of the occultist), to unite it permanently with *Buddhi* and *Atma*, the sixth and the seventh principles mentioned in the occult doctrine. It is by this means that the Mahatmas must first be known. What is a Mahatma? Is it his physical body? No! The physical must perish, sooner or later. But the Mahatma lives in his higher individuality and, to know him truly, he must be known through that individuality in which he is centered. The body is merely a fulcrum of the lever through which physical results have to be produced. But, for him, the body is like a house. He inhabits it so long as it serves his purpose.

Knowledge increases in proportion to its use. That is to say, the more we teach, the more we learn. In the same manner, the more that an organ is exercised, the greater is its functional activity increased; provided, of course, that too much is not expected of it at once. So also is the will strengthened, the more it is exercised; and the more one meets with temptations — which can only be possible if he lives with his companions — the greater opportunities has he of exercising and thereby strengthening the will. In this process, there does come a time when the constitution of one is so changed as to incapacitate him for work on the physical plane. He must then work upon it, through higher planes into which he must retire. But until that time arrives he must be with humanity, and unselfishly work for their real progress and advancement. This alone can bring true happiness.

DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR





## IF ONLY

There is a very little word that we often use. It has only two letters, but it is full of power for good or evil. It is the word 'if'. Do not be always fancying that *if* your circumstances were different *you* would be different; *if* only other people would be agreeable, you would; *if* only you were somebody else and had their chances you would do differently; *if* this, that and the other might be, all would be well with you.

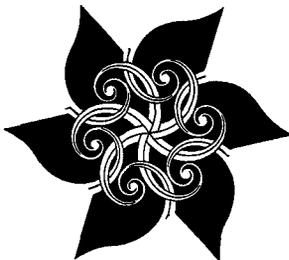
*Hermes*



## THE WISDOM OF THE HEART

O World, thou chooseth not the better part!  
It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,  
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;  
To trust the soul's invincible surmise  
Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA





Hasta: ) V B

## THANKFULNESS

Gratitude or thankfulness is another virtue of great lustre, and so esteemed with God and all good men. It is an owning of benefits received, to their honour and service that confer them. It is indeed a noble sort of justice, and might in a sense be referred as a branch to that head; with this difference though, that since benefits exceed justice, the tie is greater to be grateful than to be just; and consequently there is something baser and more reproachful in ingratitude than injustice. So that though you are not obliged by legal bonds or judgements to restitution with due interest, your virtue, honour and humanity are naturally pledges for your thankfulness; and by how much the less you are under external ties, esteem your inward ties so much the stronger.

WILLIAM PENN



## AHIMSA YAJNA

When the disciple has fully recognized that the very thought of individual rights is only the outcome of the venomous quality in himself, that it is the hiss of the snake of self which poisons with its sting his own life and the lives of those about him, then he is ready to take part in a yearly ceremony which is open to all neophytes who are prepared for it. All weapons of defense and offence are given up; all weapons of mind and heart, and brain, and spirit. Never again can another man be regarded as a person who can be criticized or condemned; never again can the neophyte raise his voice in self-defense or excuse. From that ceremony he returns into the world helpless, as unprotected, as a new-born child. That, indeed, is what he is. He has begun to be born again on to the higher plane of life, that breezy and well-lit plateau from whence the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight.

*Light on the Path*



## LEGEND OF THE NIGHT-FLOWER

At the very beginning of the creation of the World, and long before the sin which became the downfall of Eve, a fresh green shrub spread its broad leaves on the banks of a rivulet. The sun, still young at the time and tired of its initial efforts, was setting slowly, and drawing his veils of mists around him, enveloped the earth in deep and dark shadows. Then a modest flower blossomed forth upon a branch of the shrub. She had neither the fresh beauty of the rose, nor the superb and majestic pride of the beautiful lily. Humble and modest, she opened her petals and cast an anxious glance on the world of the great Buddha. All was cold and dark about her! Her companions slept all around bent on their flexible stems; her comrades, daughters of the same shrub, turned away from her look; the moths, winged lovers of the flowers, rested but for a moment on her breast, but soon flew away to more beautiful ones. A large beetle almost cut her in two as it climbed without ceremony over her, in search for nocturnal quarters. And the poor flower, frightened by its isolation and its loneliness in the midst of this indifferent crowd, hung its head mournfully and shed a bitter dewdrop for a tear. But lo, a little star was kindled in the sombre sky. Its brilliant rays, quick and tender, pierced the waves of gloom. Suddenly the orphaned flower felt vivified and refreshed as by some beneficent dew. Fully restored, she lifted her face and saw the friendly star. She received its rays into her breast, quivering with love and gratitude. They had brought about her rebirth into a new life.

Dawn with its rosy smile gradually dispelled the darkness, and the star was submerged in an ocean of light which streamed forth from the star of day. Thousands of flowers hailed it their paramour, bathing greedily in his golden rays. These he shed also on the little flower; the great star deigned to cover her too with its flaming kisses. But full of the memory of the evening star, and of its silvery twinkling, the flower responded but coldly to the demonstrations of the haughty sun. She still saw before her mind's eye the soft and affectionate glow of the star; she still felt in her heart the beneficent dewdrop, and turning away from the blinding rays of the sun, she closed her petals and went to sleep nestled in the thick foliage of the parent-shrub. From that time on, day became night for the lowly flower, and night became day. As soon as the sun rises and engulfs heaven and earth in its golden rays, the flower becomes invisible; but hardly does the sun set, and the star, piercing a corner of the dark horizon, makes its appearance, than the flower hails it with joy, plays with its silvery rays, and absorbs with long breaths its mellow glow.

Such is the heart of many a woman. The first gracious word, the first affectionate caress, falling on her aching heart, takes root there deeply. Profoundly moved by a friendly word, she remains indifferent to the passionate demonstrations of the whole universe. The first may not differ

from many others; it may be lost among thousands of other stars similar to that one, yet the heart of woman knows where to find him, near by or far away; she will follow with love and interest his humble course, and will send her blessings on his journey. She may greet the haughty sun, and admire its glory, but, loyal and grateful, her love will always belong to one lone star.

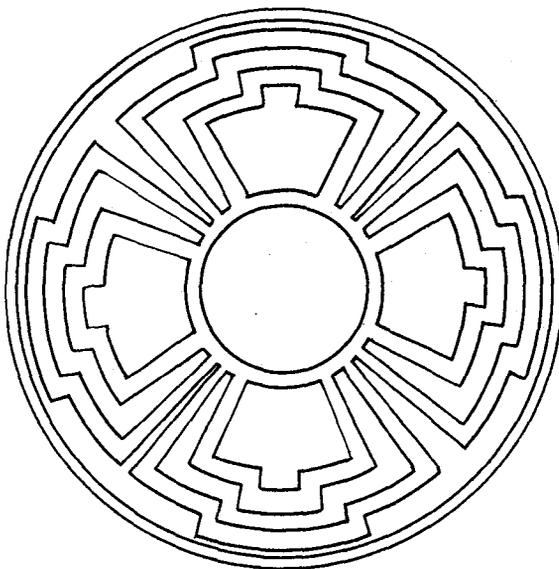
H. P. BLAVATSKY



## REFINEMENT

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common: this is to be my symphony.

W. HENRY CHANNING





*Chitra: ♂ R C*

## HYMN TO PARUXTI

They sang this song above, they have spoken,  
They have put new life into the earth.  
Paruxti speaks through the clouds,  
And the power has entered Mother Earth.  
The earth has received the powers from above.

PAWNEE CHANT



## THE ANGUISH OF LOVE

O ancient temple, there hath risen for you a light that gleams in our hearts.  
I complain to thee of the deserts which I crossed, where I let my tears  
flow unchecked,  
Taking no joy in rest at dawn or dusk, continuing from morn to morn and  
passing from eve to eve.  
Truly, the camels, even if they suffer from footsoreness, journey by night and  
make haste in their journey.  
These beasts of burden carried us to you with eager desire, though they did  
not hope to attain thereby.  
They traversed wildernesses and wellnigh rainless lands, impelled by passion,  
but they did not therefore complain of fatigue.  
They did not complain of the anguish of love, and 'tis I who complain of  
fatigue. Indeed, I have claimed something absurd.

IBN AL-'ARABI



## PRAISE AND BLAME

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; if asked, give even a little. By these three steps a man reaches the presence of the gods.

The sages who injure none, and who always control their body attain the changeless state; therein is no grief.

All taints disappear when a man is vigilant, studious day and night, and strives after Nirvana.

This is an old saying, O Atula; it is not of this day only. "They blame him who sits silent, they blame him who talks much, they blame him who speaks moderately in measured terms." There is not any one in the world who is not blamed.

There never was, nor will be, nor is there now to be found any one who stands wholly praised or utterly condemned.

But the man whom the discerning always praise, because he is without blemish, wise, endowed with both knowledge and virtue, who would dare to blame such a one? He is like a coin of gold from the Jambu river. Even the gods praise him, even by Brahmā he is praised.

*The Dhammapada*



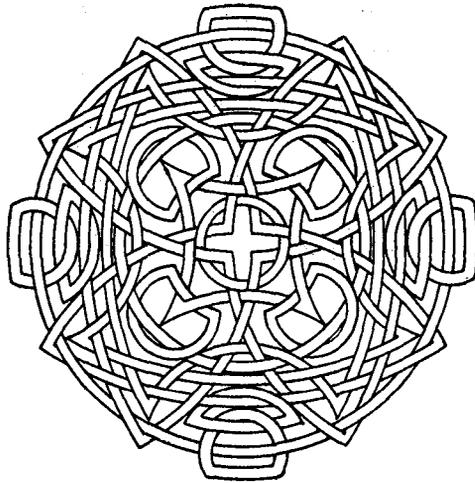


## NON-RESISTANCE

Emotional tension, like physical, is due to our fear of letting go, of ceasing to act, of sinking into silence. By observing this fear attentively, as a prelude to examining and analysing it, we detach ourselves from it and imperceptibly the tension slackens. By repeating this act of non-resistance again and again we begin to experience, if only partially, the inner calm in which all our fears are dissolved.

And as we cease to feel the need to assert our will over others, so, inwardly, we are less and less under the necessity of denying any of our faculties. We are free to let life, in all the subtle magic of its serenely changeful being, come to us through them. For we have learnt to experience beyond selfish preferences. We have broken out of what Gautama called 'the cocoon of false discriminations' and no longer *'move along with the stream of appearances'*. We value life for its own sake, not as something to be held under a constant threat of loss, but to be received and given mindfully, as the circumstance of each moment allows. We have discovered what it is to be spiritually open and hospitable and as pliant as a sapling that sways in sympathy with the lightest breeze, but is, also, steadfastly rooted in earth, as we are in the constancy of understanding and of purified instinct.

HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET





*Svati: Ω W O*

## REPENTANCE

Repentance is the beginning of Philosophy, the avoiding of all foolish words and actions, and the first step of a life that will no more be subject to repentance. . . . He alone knows how to revere who never confounds the dignity of those he honours, who offers himself first as a pure sacrifice, who renders his soul the image of Deity and who prepares his mind as a temple worthy to receive the divine light.

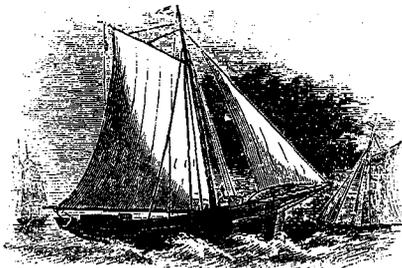
HIEROCLES



## THE BEST YOU CAN

There is another philosophy that is more pliable, that knows its proper scene, accommodates itself to it, and teaches a man with propriety and decency to act that part which has fallen to his share. . . . Go through with the play that is acting, the best you can, and do not confound it because another that is pleasanter comes into your thoughts. . . . If ill opinions cannot be quite rooted out, and you cannot cure some received vice according to your wishes, you must not therefore abandon the commonwealth; for the same reasons you should not forsake the ship in a storm because you cannot command the winds.

SIR THOMAS MORE

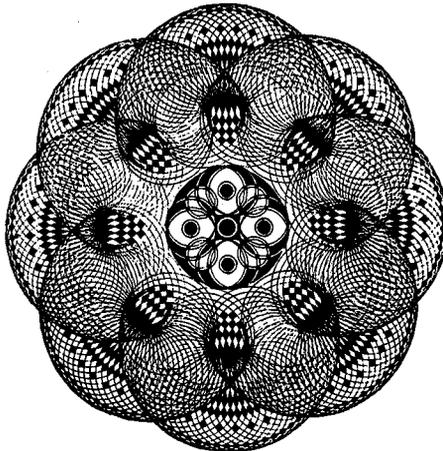




## TO ALL I AM BOUNDEN

I am debtor to all, to all am I bounden,  
Fellowman and beast, season and solstice, darkness and light,  
And life and death. On the backs of the dead,  
See, I am borne, on lost errands led,  
By spent harvests nourished. Forgotten prayers  
To gods forgotten bring blessings upon me.  
Rusted arrow and broken bow, look, they preserve me  
Here in this place. The never-won stronghold  
That sank in the ground as the years into time,  
Slowly with all its men steadfast and watching,  
Keeps me safe now. The ancient waters  
Cleanse me, revive me. Victor and vanquished  
Give me their passion, their peace and the field.  
The meadows of Lethe shed twilight around me.  
The dead in their silences keep me in memory,  
Have me in hold. To all I am bounden.

EDWIN MUIR





## FORERUNNERS

Long I followed happy guides,  
I could never reach their sides;  
Their step is forth, and ere the day  
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.  
Keen my sense, my heart was young,  
Right good-will my sinews strung,  
But no speed of mine avails  
To hunt upon their shining trails.  
On and away, their hasting feet  
Make the morning proud and sweet;  
Flowers they strew, — I catch the scent;  
Or tone of silver instrument  
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;  
Yet I could never see their face.  
On eastern hills I see their smokes,  
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.  
I met many travellers  
Who the road had surely kept;  
They saw not my fine revellers, —  
These had crossed them while they slept;  
Some had heard their fair report,  
In the country or the court.  
Fleetest couriers alive  
Never yet could once arrive,  
As they went or they returned,  
At the house where these sojourned.  
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,  
Though they are not overtaken;  
In sleep their jubilant troop is near, —  
I tuneful voices overhear;  
It may be in wood or waste, —  
At unawares 'tis come and past.  
Their near camp my spirit knows  
By signs gracious as rainbows.  
I thenceforward and long after,  
Listen for their harp-like laughter  
And carry in my heart, for days,  
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON





*Vishakha: 2 B G*

## THE QUINTESSENCE

Better than a thousand-word speech of empty words is one pregnant sentence, hearing which one feels peace.

Better than a thousand-verse poem of empty sounds is one stanza, hearing which one feels peace.

Better than reciting a hundred verses of empty words is the repeating of a single stanza, hearing which one feels peace.

Better than a man who conquers in battles a thousand times a thousand men is he who conquers himself. He, indeed, is the mightiest of warriors.

Conquest of self is indeed better than the conquest of others. Neither a *deva* nor a *gandharva*, neither Brahmā nor *Mara*, could turn into defeat the victory of one who always practises self-control.

Better than a man who offers, month after month for a hundred years, a thousand sacrifices is that man who pays homage to one grounded in wisdom. Superior is that homage to a century of formal sacrifices.

Better than a man who tends the sacred fire in the forest for a hundred years is that man who pays homage to one grounded in wisdom. Superior is that homage to a century of formal sacrifices.

Better than a man who offers an oblation and a sacrifice for a whole year in order to gain merit is that man who pays homage to the righteous. The whole of the former is not worth a quarter of the latter.

Four blessings to the man who respects elders and practises reverence — length of days, beauty, happiness and strength.

Better than an unrestrained life of a hundred years of wickedness is the short life of a single day of the virtuous man who meditates.

Better than an unrestrained life of a hundred years of ignorance is the short life of a single day of the wise man who meditates.

Better than an idle and a weak life of a hundred years is the short life of a single day of the man who strenuously endeavours.

Better than the life of a hundred years of the man who perceiveth not the origin and end of things is the short life of a single day of the man who perceiveth the origin and end of things.

Better than the life of a hundred years of the man who perceiveth not the deathless state is the short life of a single day of the man who senses that deathless state.

Better than the life of a hundred years of the man who perceiveth not the highest Law is the short life of a single day of the man who perceiveth the most excellent Doctrine.

*The Dhammapada*





## PATIENCE

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; with those below, and those above us, and with our own equals; with those who love us and those who love us not; for the greatest things and for the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens; disappointments as to the weather, or the breaking of the heart; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in our own failure of duty, or others' failure toward us; in everyday wants, or in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointment, bereavement, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart; or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.

E. B. PUSEY



## WILL AND DESIRE

Will and Desire lie at the doors of Meditation and Concentration. If we desire truth with the same intensity that we had formerly wished for success, money, or gratification, we will speedily acquire meditation and possess concentration. If we do all our acts, small and great, every moment, for the sake of the whole human race, as representing the Supreme Self, then every cell and fibre of the body and inner man will be turned in one direction, resulting in perfect concentration. This is expressed in the New Testament in the statement that if the eye is single the whole body will be full of light, and in the *Bhagavad Gita* it is still more clearly and comprehensively given through the different chapters. In one it is beautifully put as the lighting up in us of the Supreme One, who then becomes visible. Let us meditate on that which is in us as the Highest Self, concentrate upon it, and will to work for it as dwelling in every human heart.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



## WORD AND BREATH

Word whose breath is the world-circling atmosphere,  
Word that utters the world that turns the wind,  
Word that articulates the bird that speeds upon the air,

Word that blazes out the trumpet of the sun,  
Whose silence is the violin-music of the stars,  
Whose melody is the dawn, and harmony the night,

Word traced in water of lakes, and light on water,  
Light on still water, moving water, waterfall  
And water colours of cloud, of dew, of spectral rain,

Word inscribed on stone, mountain range upon range of stone,  
Word that is fire of the sun and fire within  
Order of atoms, crystalline symmetry,

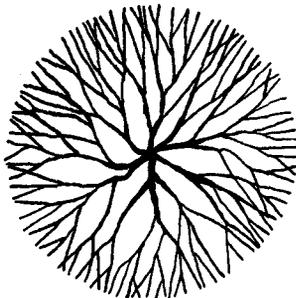
Grammar of fivefold rose and sixfold lily,  
Spiral of leaves on a bough, helix of shells,  
Rotation of twining plants on axes of darkness and light,

Instinctive wisdom of fish and lion and ram,  
Rhythm of generation in flagellate and fern,  
Flash of fin, beat of wing, heartbeat, beat of the dance,

Hieroglyph in whose exact precision is defined  
Feather and insect-wing, refraction of multiple eyes,  
Eyes of the creatures, oh myriadfold vision of the world,

Statement of mystery, how shall we name  
A spirit clothed in world, a world made man?

KATHLEEN RAINE





Anuradha: १ G F

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE

*God made man in his own image,  
In the image of God made He him.*

*Genesis*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?  
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this —  
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —  
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look,  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings –  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is –  
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,  
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM



## HOW TO BUILD

Catastrophe will come; or worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for – life, good, for all men, as for yourselves; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace; – then, and so sanctifying wealth into 'common-wealth', all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veiled, is indeed eternal.

JOHN RUSKIN



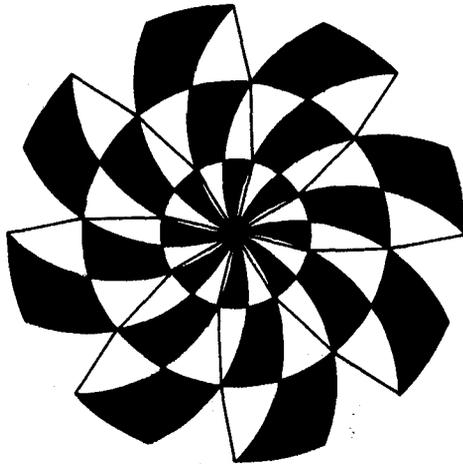
## THE POWER OF THE INITIATOR

Anyone who can, as a result of deep meditation, start with small beginnings and try to utter a word to help or heal another human being, or who can stay in a period of silence for the sake of some larger purpose of benefit to humanity, can come to know what it is to initiate.

To gain the power of the Initiator, one must both specialize and concentrate magnetism and be attentive enough to apply a thought with such controlled precision and perfect timing to the needs of another human being, that one can make a permanent change for the good in that person's life. In the light of Wisdom-sacrifice, *Jnana Yajna*, good and bad are merely relative appellations from the standpoint of differentiated consciousness in time and space.

We grow over a lifetime in making finer and finer discriminations because the cruder relativities with which we live prevent us from understanding a great deal of human life. If this is true of the world around us, it is also true of ourselves.

RAGHAVAN IYER





## THE GUARDIAN WALL

Know that the stream of superhuman knowledge and the Deva-Wisdom thou hast won, must, from thyself, the channel of Alaya, be poured forth into another bed.

Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter waves – that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men.

Alas! when once thou hast become like the fix'd star in highest heaven, that bright celestial orb must shine from out the spatial depths for all – save for itself; give light to all, but take from none.

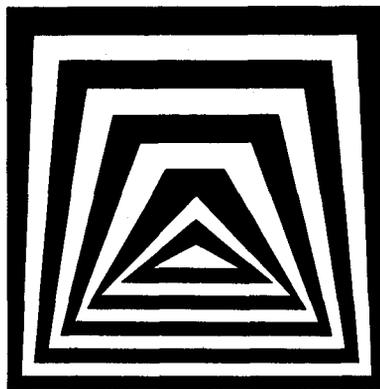
Alas! when once thou hast become like the pure snow in mountain vales, cold and unfeeling to the touch, warm and protective to the seed that sleepeth deep beneath its bosom – 'tis now that snow which must receive the biting frost, the northern blasts, thus shielding from their sharp and cruel tooth the earth that holds the promised harvest, the harvest that will feed the hungry.

Self-doomed to live through future Kalpas, unthanked and unperceived by men; wedged as a stone with countless other stones which form the "Guardian Wall", such is thy future if the seventh Gate thou passest. Built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow.

Withal man sees it not, will not perceive it, nor will he heed the word of Wisdom . . . for he knows it not.

But thou hast heard it, thou knowest all, O thou of eager, guileless Soul . . . and thou must choose. Then hearken yet again.

*The Voice of the Silence*





*Jyeshtha: ☽ Y E*

## GRATITUDE AND GOODWILL

The Sage asked the Spirit of Wisdom thus: "Which is that good work which is greater and better than all good works, and no trouble whatever is necessary for its performance?"

The Spirit of Wisdom answered thus: "To be grateful in the world, and to wish happiness for everyone. This is greater and better than every good work, and no commotion whatever is necessary for its performance."

Peace and prosperity.

*Dina-i Mainog-i Kbirad*



## PROSTRATION

When the Qu'ran is recited, listen carefully to it in silence, that you may become the recipients of mercy. Remember thy Lord in thy mind with humility and fear, in low tones, morning and evening, and be not neglectful. Those who are near to thy Lord, do not turn away from His worship in haughtiness, but glorify Him and prostrate themselves before Him constantly.

AL-A'RAF





## UNIVERSAL PEACE

Be not afraid to pray – to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease:  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Avails the blessed time to expedite.  
Whate'er is good to wish, that ask of Heaven,  
Though it be that thou canst not hope to see:  
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

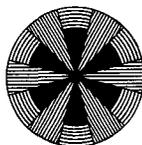
HARTLEY COLERIDGE



## FOCUSSING OF RAYS

Intuition, feeling, thought are too swift in their coming and going, too elusive for a decisive argument over their nature. Though they may shake us by what they import, though what they in an instant hint at may be sacred to us, their coming and going are too swift for precise thought about themselves. In normal thought the fusion between inner and outer is so swift that it deceives the most attentive sense into the idea of unity, and we come to believe that there is no other creator of thought than the thinker who resides in the brain, who is with us from moment to moment, and we do not know what rays from how many quarters of the heavens are focussed on the burning point of consciousness.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





*Mula: ॐ BI S*

## THE CELESTIAL VOYAGE

Thus you see the end of the Pythagorean philosophy is that we may gain wings to soar aloft to the divine Good, to the end that at the hour of death, leaving upon earth this mortal body, and divesting us of its corruptible nature, we may be prepared for the celestial voyage, like champions in the sacred combats of philosophy, for then we shall return to our ancient country and be deified as far as possible for men to become gods . . . it not being permitted for any to be adopted into the rank of the gods save for him alone who has acquired for his soul virtue and truth, and for his spiritual chariot purity.

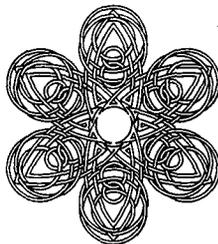
HIEROCLES



## THE SONG OF THE SPHERES

The song of the spheres in their revolutions  
Is what men sing with lute and voice.  
As we all are members of Adam,  
We have heard these melodies in Paradise.  
Though earth and water have cast their veil upon us,  
We retain faint reminiscences of these heavenly songs;  
But while we are thus shrouded by gross earthly veils,  
How can the tones of the dancing spheres reach us?

JALALUDDIN RUMI





## CONCORD CONSECRATES

Long shall these walls  
Be witness to our work,  
And, that it may endure forever,  
Concord consecrates them today.

Let us share every burden  
With the full weight of love,  
Then we shall worthily receive here  
True light from the east.

To attain this benefit  
Begin the work joyfully,  
And he, too, who has begun already,  
Let him begin afresh today.  
If we have completely attuned  
Our hearts and words  
To virtue in this place  
Oh, then envy is silenced,  
And the wish that crowns our hope  
Completely fulfilled.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART



## RELEASE THE BALM

May there be many among us  
Who, with every breath taken,  
Are willing to crush  
The hard seeds of self  
And release the balm of fragrant oil.

*Hermes*





*Purvashadha: ♀ I A*

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
    Floats though unseen among us — visiting  
    This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower —  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
    It visits with inconstant glance  
    Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening —  
    Like clouds in starlight widely spread —  
    Like memory of music fled —  
    Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
    With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
    Of human thought or form — where art thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?  
    Ask why the sunlight not forever  
    Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,  
    Why fear and dream and death and birth  
    Cast on the daylight of this earth  
    Such gloom — why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
    To sage or poet these responses given —  
    Therefore the names of Daemon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,  
Frail spells — whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,  
    From all we hear and all we see,  
    Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
Thy light alone — like mist o'er mountains driven,  
    Or music by the night wind sent  
    Through strings of some still instrument,  
    Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
    And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,

Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.  
    Thou messenger of sympathies,  
    That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —  
Thou — that to human thought art nourishment,  
    Like darkness to a dying flame!  
    Depart not as thy shadow came,  
    Depart not — lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
    Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
    And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;  
    I was not heard — I saw them not —  
    When musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
    All vital things that wake to bring  
    News of birds and blossoming —  
    Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
    To thee and thine — have I not kept the vow?  
    With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
    Of studious zeal or love's delight  
    Outwatched with me the envious night —  
They know that never joy illumed my brow  
    Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
    This world from its dark slavery,  
    That thou — O awful LOVELINESS,  
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
    When noon is past — there is a harmony  
    In autumn, and a luster in its sky,  
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
    Thus let thy power, which like the truth

Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm – to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



## BRIEF SOJOURN

This world seemeth fair,  
A garden gay with flowers:

Yet sojourn here is brief,  
Swift shrivel all earth's joys:

Prepare, O traveller, prepare,  
Soon must thou bid thy friends farewell, and get  
thee gone:

Few days are left for kindness and grace,  
Then use them well:

Bear ever in thy heart remembrance of thine end,  
For soon, ah soon, it cometh.

NAZIR





## EXTREME UNCTION

AMEN, I say unto you, when that man shall have departed out of the Body of Hyle, his Soul shall become a great Stream of Light, so that it may traverse all the Regions, until it shall come into the Kingdom of that Mystery. But when that man shall not have received the Mystery, and shall not have been a partaker in the Words of Truth, when accomplishing that Mystery, he shall have spoken it into the Head of a man departing from the Body, he who has not received the Mystery of Light nor shared in the Words of Truth.

*Pistis Sophia*



## NITYA PRALAYA

We die every moment, and so necessarily with each new moment we are reborn. Every instant witnesses a new dying into life; every instant is part of the eternal process of birth. It would seem that we have an implicit commitment to ourselves to embrace gladly the opportunities that each moment affords so that we can strengthen ourselves with each instant and each new birth, so that we can make spirit something living and meaningful and eternal within us, and so that we can become better able to find those means in which we can express the spiritual from within.

It is only when we apply the light of self-awareness to this whole process that the scheme of *nitya pralaya* or ceaseless dissolution is no longer a treadmill but becomes an ascending staircase. Then we can come to terms, not with the endless, but with the truly eternal. Essentially this is a pattern of growth, but it must come from within, and to that extent it is one of self-regeneration. The mode is that of perseverance but it is unified with a thread of continuity.

We can always be sustained by the fact that our very capacity for truth increases with our aspiration towards truth. Thus by making these self-conscious efforts, we can move towards becoming active self-motivating agents rather than passive parasites, and come to higher and more spiritual dimensions in which we can glimpse the infinite rather than the indefinite.

PICO IYER



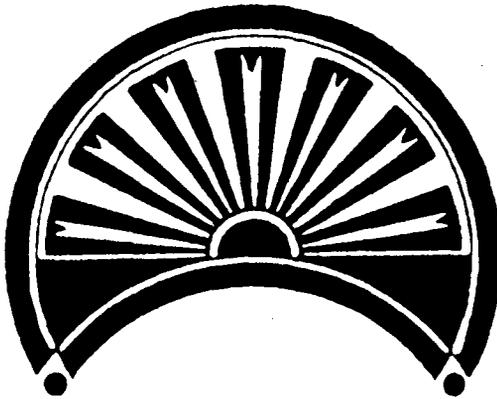


*Uttarasbadha:* ☉ 0 D

## PREPARATION FOR DEATH

If the soul is immortal, it demands our care not only for that part of time which we call life, but for all time. And indeed it would seem now that it will be extremely dangerous to neglect it. If death were a release from everything, it would be a boon for the wicked, because by dying they would be released not only from the body but also from their own wickedness together with the soul, but as it is, since the soul is clearly immortal, it can have no escape or security from evil except by becoming as good and wise as it possibly can. For it takes nothing with it to the next world except its education and training, and these, we are told, are of supreme importance in helping or harming the newly dead at the very beginning of his journey there.

PLATO





## THE TRUSTING MIND

To live in the Great Way  
Is neither easy nor difficult,  
But those with limited views  
Are fearful and irresolute;  
The faster they hurry, the slower they go,  
And clinging (attachment) cannot be limited;  
Even to be attached to the idea of enlightenment  
Is to go astray.  
Just let things be in their own way  
And there will be neither coming nor going.

One thing, all things;  
Move among them and intermingle,  
Without distinction.  
To live in this realization  
Is to be without anxiety about non-perfection.  
To live in this faith is the road to non-duality,  
Because the non-dual is one with the trusting mind.  
The Way is beyond language,  
For in it there is  
No yesterday, no tomorrow, no today.

HSIN HSIN MING



## BUNDLE OF FAGGOTS

Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry today, and then another, which we are able to carry tomorrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again today, and adding tomorrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

JOHN NEWTON



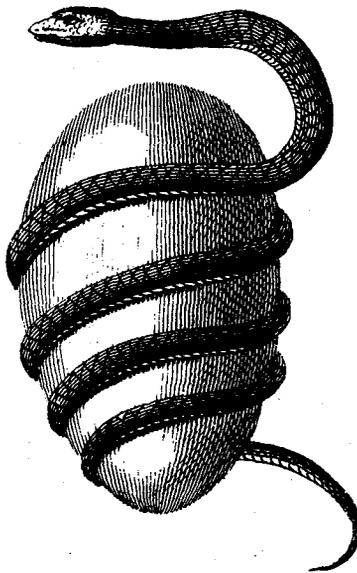
## THEOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE

How shall we apply Theosophy in daily life? First, to think what we are in reality, on arising: to endeavour to realize what this small segment of our great existence may mean in the long series of such existences: to resolve to live throughout the day from the highest of our realizations: to see in each event and circumstance a reproduction in small or in great of that which has been: and to deal with each and every one of these from that same high point. Resolve to deal with them as though each had a deep occult meaning and presented an opportunity to further the successes of the past, or undo the errors.

Thus living from moment to moment, hour to hour, life will be seen as a portion of a great web of action and reaction, intermeshed at every point, and connected with the Soul which provided the energy that sustained it. If each event is so considered throughout the day, be it small or great, the power to guide and control your energies will in no long time be yours.

The smaller cycles of the personal ego will be related to the Divine Ego and the force that flows from the latter will show itself in every way, will strengthen the whole of nature, and will even change the conditions, physical and otherwise, which surround you.

ROBERT CROSBIE





*Shravana:* ) V B

## THE MASK HAS FALLEN

And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked  
One with the other even as spirits do,  
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,  
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows  
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,  
'All hope abandon ye who enter here';  
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear  
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,  
Until the subject of a tyrant's will  
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,  
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.  
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines  
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak;  
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart  
The sparks of love and hope till there remained  
Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,  
And the wretch crept a vampire among men,  
Infecting all with his own hideous ill;  
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk  
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,  
Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy  
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.  
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind  
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew  
On the wide earth, past; gentle radiant forms,  
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;  
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think.  
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,  
And changed to all which once they dared not be,  
Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,  
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,  
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,  
Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.  
Thrones, altars, judgement-seats, and prisons; wherein,  
And beside which, by wretched men were borne  
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes  
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,  
Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,  
The ghosts of a no-more-remembered fame,

. . . . .

Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,  
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.





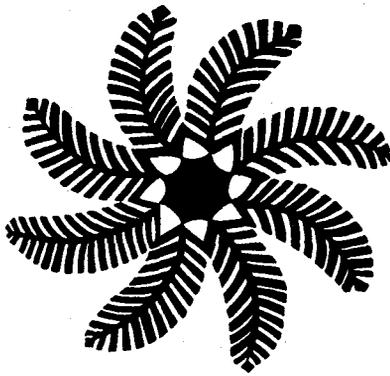
## GANDHI'S TALISMAN

I will give you a talisman. Whenever you are in doubt or when the self becomes too much with you, apply the following test:

*Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man whom you may have seen and ask yourself if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he gain anything by it? Will it restore him to a control over his own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to *swaraj* for the hungry and spiritually starving millions?*

Then you will find your doubts and your self melting away.

M. K. GANDHI





## UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Even if someone were to see that his whole life was meaningless and without importance to a single living being, still, in making his obeisance to Krishna, he will find that he is not excluded from the boundless generosity of the Logos. Divine beings, like Buddha and Christ, and those of their tribe – the race of deathless kings, perfected souls, immortals from the Isle of the Blessed who move amongst men in many disguises – can help each and every person according to the manner of his or her devotion. *“In whatever way”*, says Krishna, *“individuals approach me, in that way shall I assist them.”* The flute of Krishna sings of unconditional love and infallible help. The limits are only set by those who ask in relation to what they are ready to receive. This is the priceless Teaching, replete with boundless joy and timeless relevance for every honest and humble seeker, for each blessed devotee.

RAGHAVAN IYER

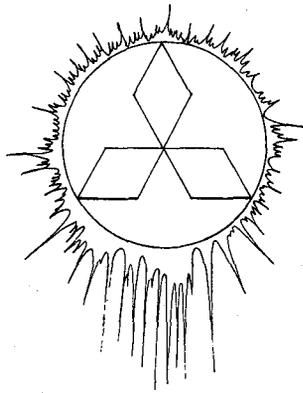


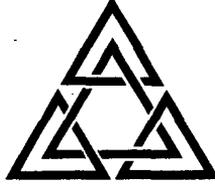


## REFUGE

Clasp Me with heart and mind. So shalt thou dwell  
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought  
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak to set  
Body and soul upon Me constantly,  
Despair not. Give Me lower service. Seek  
To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will;  
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,  
Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me:  
For he that laboureth right for love of Me  
Shall finally attain. But, if in this  
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure. Find  
Refuge in Me. Let fruits of labour go . . .  
So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more  
Than diligence, yet worship better is  
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.  
Near to renunciation — very near —  
Dwelleth Eternal Peace.

SHRI KRISHNA





DECEMBER 21

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**CONCORD**

**Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.**

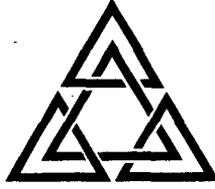
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal



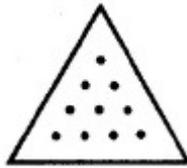


DECEMBER 22

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.



THE PYTHAGOREAN OATH

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY HIM WHO HAS  
BREATHED INTO OUR SOULS THE SACRED  
TETRAKTYS, THE SOURCE OF NATURE, WHOSE  
MOTION IS ETERNAL.

*Pythagoras*

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

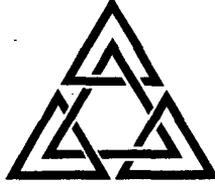
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 23

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

### THE SECRET OF SECRETS

Obeisance to Thee, O Lord of the cosmos. Thou art the Soul and the shaper of the cosmos. Thou art the universal enjoyer. Thou art universal life. Thou art verily the author of this cosmic sport.

I bow to Thee, O Thou blissful SELF. I bow to Thee, O Secret of secrets. Thou art beyond all thought and limitation. Thou art without beginning and without end. I bow to Thee.

*Maitrayana Upanishad*

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

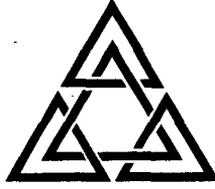
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 24

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**LEAVING THE SELF**

**You should come outside the realm of self  
And enter into the veil of Divine Unity,  
For when you go beyond asking when and why,  
Leaving the self, you enter without why and when.**

**Mas'ud Bakk**

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

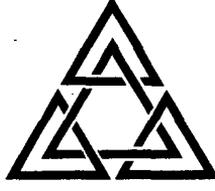
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 25

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.

DIVINE SELF-IDEATION

Even though myself unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all existence, yet in presiding over nature — Which is mine — I am born but through my own *maya*, the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind.

Shri Krishna

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

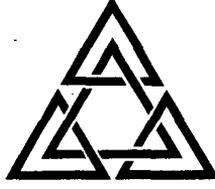
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 26

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS - TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL - MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.

OM.

### THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Hearken; Behold, there went out a sower to sow: and it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up. And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth: but when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit. And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

And he said unto them, He that bath ears to hear, let him hear. Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?

The sower soweth the word.

*The Gospel According to Mark*

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

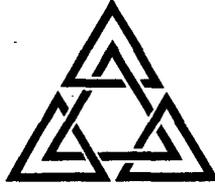
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 27

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**NON-BEING**

Look, you cannot see It,  
It is Formless.  
Listen, you cannot hear It,  
It is Soundless.  
Grasp, you cannot touch It,  
It is Non-Being.  
These three are indiscernible  
And therefore are merged into One.

*Tao Te Ching*

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

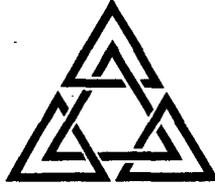
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 28

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

FRAGRANCES

All life is LIVED: now this comes home to me.  
But who, then, lives it? Things that patiently  
Stand there, like some unfingered melody  
Sleeping within a harp as day is going?  
Is it the winds across the water blowing,  
Is it the branches beckoning each to each,  
Is it the flowers weaving fragrances,  
The ageing alleys stretching endlessly?  
Is it the warm beasts moving to and fro,  
The birds in alien flight that sail from view?  
This life — who lives it really? God, do you?

Rainer Maria Rilke

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

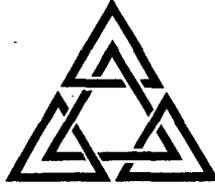
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 29

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**FAITH**

The Guru bestows Divine Knowledge and reveals the mysteries of the three worlds.

In the heart's garden, plant, like seeds, the Word of the Guru.

Let brotherhood with every being on earth be the highest aspiration of your Order.

Through faith in the Guru the True Self is known.

Guru Nanak

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

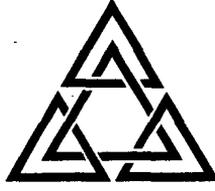
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 30

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**LIFE IS A FESTIVAL**

**When Thou, my Expectation, art not near,  
Each moment is an age of grief and fear;  
But while I may behold and hear thee, all  
My days are glad, and life's a festival.**

**al-Nuri**

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

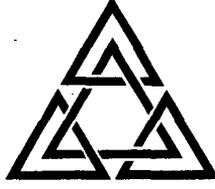
*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal





DECEMBER 31

GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi  
dhiyo yo naḥ prachodayāt. Om.*

**AUM. IN ALL THREE WORLDS -  
TERRESTRIAL, ASTRAL AND CELESTIAL -  
MAY WE MEDITATE UPON THE SPLENDOUR  
OF THAT DIVINE SUN WHO ILLUMINATES  
ALL. MAY ITS GOLDEN LIGHT NOURISH  
OUR UNDERSTANDING AND GUIDE US ON  
OUR JOURNEY TO ITS SACRED SEAT.  
OM.**

**THE GREAT AND PEACEFUL ONES**

The great and peaceful ones live regenerating the world like the coming of the spring; having crossed the ocean of embodied existence themselves, they freely aid all others who seek to cross it. The very essence and inherent will of Mahatmas is to remove the suffering of others, just as the ambrosia-rayed moon of itself cools the earth heated by the intense rays of the sun.

Shri Shankaracharya

## CONCORD

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your purpose;  
Common be your deliberation.  
Common be your wishes,  
Your hearts in concord,  
Your intentions in concord,  
Perfect be the union amongst you.

*Rig Veda*

## GIVING AND BECOMING

In trying to give, you see that you have nothing;  
Seeing you have nothing, you try to give of yourself;  
Trying to give of yourself, you see that you are nothing;  
Seeing you are nothing, you desire to become;  
In desiring to become, you begin to live.

René Daumal

