



Sbatashaj: ॐ W O

THE ETERNAL NIDANA

STANZA IV

1. . . . LISTEN, YE SONS OF THE EARTH, TO YOUR INSTRUCTORS – THE SONS OF THE FIRE. LEARN, THERE IS NEITHER FIRST NOR LAST, FOR ALL IS ONE: NUMBER ISSUED FROM NO NUMBER.

2. LEARN WHAT WE WHO DESCEND FROM THE PRIMORDIAL SEVEN, WE WHO ARE BORN FROM THE PRIMORDIAL FLAME, HAVE LEARNT FROM OUR FATHERS. . . .

3. FROM THE EFFULGENCE OF LIGHT – THE RAY OF THE EVER-DARKNESS – SPRUNG IN SPACE THE RE-AWAKENED ENERGIES; THE ONE FROM THE EGG, THE SIX, AND THE FIVE. THEN THE THREE, THE ONE, THE FOUR, THE ONE, THE FIVE – THE TWICE SEVEN THE SUM TOTAL. AND THESE ARE THE ESSENCES, THE FLAMES, THE ELEMENTS, THE BUILDERS, THE NUMBERS, THE ARUPA, THE RUPA, AND THE FORCE OF DIVINE MAN – THE SUM TOTAL. AND FROM THE DIVINE MAN EMANATED THE FORMS, THE SPARKS, THE SACRED ANIMALS, AND THE MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED FATHERS WITHIN THE HOLY FOUR.

4. THIS WAS THE ARMY OF THE VOICE – THE DIVINE MOTHER OF THE SEVEN. THE SPARKS OF THE SEVEN ARE SUBJECT TO, AND THE SERVANTS OF, THE FIRST, THE SECOND, THE THIRD, THE FOURTH, THE FIFTH, THE SIXTH, AND THE SEVENTH OF THE SEVEN. THESE “SPARKS” ARE CALLED SPHERES, TRIANGLES, CUBES, LINES, AND MODELLERS; FOR THUS STANDS THE ETERNAL NIDANA – THE OEAHOO, WHICH IS:

5. “DARKNESS” THE BOUNDLESS, OR THE NO-NUMBER, ADI-NIDANA SVABHAVAT: –

- I. THE ADI-SANAT, THE NUMBER, FOR HE IS ONE.
- II. THE VOICE OF THE LORD SVABHAVAT, THE NUMBERS, FOR HE IS ONE AND NINE.
- III. THE “FORMLESS SQUARE.”

AND THESE THREE ENCLOSED WITHIN THE ○ ARE THE SACRED FOUR; AND THE TEN ARE THE ARUPA UNIVERSE. THEN COME THE “SONS”, THE SEVEN FIGHTERS, THE ONE, THE EIGHTH LEFT OUT, AND HIS BREATH WHICH IS THE LIGHT-MAKER.

6. THEN THE SECOND SEVEN, WHO ARE THE LIPIKA, PRODUCED BY THE THREE. THE REJECTED SON IS ONE. THE “SON-SUNS” ARE COUNTLESS.

STANZAS OF DZYAN



SAT-CHIT-ANANDA

O blissful Lord, Thou art the SELF of all beings, the support of all, the eternal cause of all causes, beyond the bounds of Nature. Thou art pure and self-effulgent, without blemish and without taint. Thou art bliss eternal, without form and duality, and beyond all darkness. Thou art greater than the greatest, Truth absolute, the very embodiment of existence (SAT), intelligence (CHIT), and bliss (ANANDA). To Thee I bow down with my whole heart.

O Lord, Thou art the mother, father and brother of all. Thou art the Supreme Brahman, and all things are manifestations of Thee.

Sanatkumarasambita



IN THE BEGINNING

IN THE BEGINNING the volition of the sovereign made a tracing in the supernal effulgence, a lamp of scintillating darkness, and there issued within the impenetrable depths of the mysterious Limitless a vapour enclosed in a ring, neither white nor black, neither red nor green nor any colour whatsoever. When he took measurements, he formed colours to shine within, and within the lamp of scintillating darkness there radiated a certain effluence from which colours were imprinted below. The Most Mysterious Power enshrouded in the Limitless made way, as it were, without cleaving its void, and remained utterly unknowable until from the force of the pressure there shone forth a supernal and mysterious point. Beyond that point nothing can be known, and therefore it is called *Resbith*, 'Beginning', the creative Word which is the primordial origin of all.

The Zobar



PEACE AND HOLINESS

I entered into unknowing
Yet when I saw myself there
Without knowing where I was
I understood great things;
I shall not say what I felt
For I remained in unknowing
Transcending all knowledge.

That perfect knowledge
Was of peace and holiness
Held at no remove
In profound solitude;
It was something so secret
That I was left stammering,
Transcending all knowledge.

I was sowhelmed,
So absorbed and withdrawn,
That my senses were left
Deprived of all their sensing,
And my spirit was given
An understanding while not
understanding,
Transcending all knowledge.

He who truly arrives there
Cuts free from himself;
All that he knew before
Now seems worthless,
And his knowledge so soars
That he is left in unknowing
Transcending all knowledge.

JOHN of the CROSS





Purva Bhadrupada: 4 B G

THE LIGHT OF DEITY

Plato asserted that in all things there is one truth, that is the light of the One itself, the light of Deity, which is poured into all minds and forms, presenting the forms to the minds and joining the minds to the forms. Whoever wishes to profess the study of Plato should therefore honour the one truth, which is the single ray of the one Deity. This ray passes through angels, souls, the heavens and other bodies . . . its splendour shines in every individual thing according to its nature and is called grace and beauty; and where it shines more clearly, it especially attracts the man who is watching, stimulates him who thinks, and catches and possesses him who draws near to it. This ray compels him to revere its splendour more than all else, as if it were a divine spirit, and, once his former nature has been cast aside, to strive for nothing else but to become this splendour.

MARSILIO FICINO



THE BEGINNING AND THE END

You form souls and lesser living forms and, adapting them to their high flight in swift chariots, You scatter them through the earth and sky. And when they have turned again towards You, by Your gracious law, You call them back like leaping flames.

Grant, O Father, that my mind may rise to Thy sacred throne.

Let it see the fountain of good.

Let it find light, so that the clear light of my soul may fix itself in Thee.

Burn off the fogs and clouds of earth and shine through in Thy splendour.

For Thou art the serenity, the tranquil peace of virtuous men.

The sight of Thee is the beginning and the end; one guide, leader, path and goal.

BOETHIUS



HASIDIC PRAYER

Father of all worldly things:

You create your world afresh each passing second,
And were you to withdraw your loving kindness from creation,
All would be as nothing in the twinkling of an eye.

But moment by moment you empty the vessels of blessing upon
your creatures:

The morning stars appear again and sing you their love song
And the sun sallies forth boldly to sing its song of strength.
And the poor man cloaks himself again and bares his heart to you,
And again his soul's prayer cleaves your heavens as it ascends before you,
And again his body breaks beneath your terrible glory,
And again his eye is lifted towards you.

But one ray of your light and I abound in light,
But one word from you and I am reborn,
But one tremor of your eternal life and I am drenched in the dew
of childhood.

O you who create all anew, O Father, create me, your child, anew.
Breathe in me the breath of your nostrils and I will live a new life,
even a new life of childhood.

HILLEL ZEITLIN



VEIL UPON VEIL

Veil upon Veil you hide
The well-spring of the Infinite,
The blue that delights,
Pierces the heart,
And produces a sapphire jewel.

Hermes



Uttara Bhadrapada: १ G F

HYMN TO ADITYA

Rishi Agastya said:

This holy hymn to the presiding deity of the Sun, if chanted fervently, will result in the destruction of all foes and bring you victory and unending supreme felicity.

It is supreme as the guarantee of all-round prosperity, destroyer of all sin, allayer of anxiety and anguish, and bestower of longevity.

Worship with this hymn The One Sun venerated by Devas and Asuras, replete with golden rays on rising, eclipsing all others by his appearance, the Lord of the cosmos by whose effulgence all else is brightened.

He verily signifies the totality of celestial beings. He is self-luminous and is the sustainer of all with his rays. He protects the denizens of all worlds as well as the Devas and Asuras with rays that nourish and energize.

He is indeed all these — Brahmā, Vishnu, Shiva, Skanda, the Divine Guardian, Prajapati, Mahendra, Kubera, Kala, Yama, Soma, and Varuna, the Lord of the Waters.

He is also the Pitris, the Vasus, the Sadhyas, the twin Aswini, the Maruts, Manu, Vayu, Agni, the vital air in all created beings, the maker of the six seasons by virtue of his alternating forms of energy, and essentially the source of all illumination.

He is the son of Aditi, the creator of the universe, the inspirer of action, the regulator of the heavens, the sustainer, the illuminator of the directions, the golden-hued brilliance, the golden generative fluid, and the maker of the Day.

He is the All-pervading One with rays countless, the power behind the seven sense organs, and the dispeller of darkness. He is the bestower of happiness and prosperity, the remover of misfortunes of votaries, the infuser of life in the Mundane Egg of existence, and the Omnipresent Being.

He is the Primordial One who has become the Trinity — Brahmā, Vishnu and Rudra, the ambrosial soothing influence, the storehouse of riches, the usherer of the Day, the Great Teacher, the fire-wombed Narayana, the son of Aditi, felicity that is supreme and vast like the empyrean, the remover of intellectual stupor.

He is the Lord of the firmament, the Dispeller of darkness, the Master *par excellence* of the three Vedas — Rik, Yajur and Sama, He from whom comes the downpour of rain. He is the friend of the waters, benefactor of the pure-minded, He who crossed the Vindhya range and sports in the Brahmanadi.

He is the One, intensely self-absorbed, with spherical form, the inflictor of death. He is the Yellow-coloured one, the destroyer of all, the Omniscient one whose form is the universe, exceedingly energetic, the beloved of all, and the generator of all action.

He is the Lord of stars, planets and constellations, the origin of everything in the universe, the resplendent cause of the lustre of even the brilliant ones,

the one sentient being manifest in the twelve forms of the Sun. Salutations to Thee.

Salutations to the presiding deity of the Eastern mountain and of the Western mountain, salutations to the Lord of stellar bodies and the Lord of Day.

Salutations unto Him that ordains victory in the quest for emancipation. Victory is associated with Jaya and prosperity with Jayabhadrā. Salutations to Him with his golden steeds, the thousand-rayed Lord. Salutations to Aditya.

Salutations to the One who is relentless, the Hero, the One who is fast-moving, salutations to Him who makes the lotus bloom, the Omnipotent One who is ferocious.

Salutations to the Overlord of Brahmā, Shiva and Achyuta, salutations to the powerful and intrinsic Effulgence in the Sun, the illuminator and the devourer of all, with a form that is fierce like that of Rudra.

Salutations to the Transcendental *Atman* that dispels darkness, drives away all fear, the destroyer of obstacles. Salutations to the annihilator of the ungrateful and to the Lord that rules over all stellar bodies.

Salutations to the Lord shining like molten gold, salutations to the transcendental fire, the fire of Supreme Knowledge. Salutations to the architect of the universe, salutations to the destroyer of darkness, and salutations to the effulgent sentience that is also the Cosmic Witness.

Salutations to the Lord who destroys everything that was and creates all again, salutations to Him who by His rays consumes the waters, heats them up, and emits them again as rain.

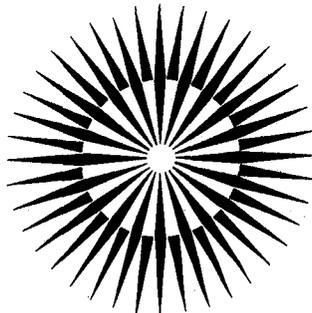
Salutations to the Lord who resides in the hearts of all beings, remaining awake even when they are asleep. He is the sacrificial fire and also the fruit enjoyed by its worshippers.

The Sun is verily the Lord of all action in this cosmos. He is verily the Vedas, the sacrifices ordained therein, and the fruits thereof.

Oh Raghava, he who recites this hymn in times of peril, during affliction, while adrift in the wilderness and when beset with fear, will not lose heart.

Worship thou, Oh Raghava, this God of all Gods, the Almighty Lord of the cosmos, with one-pointed devotion. Reciting this hymn thrice, you shall emerge victorious in battle.

The Ramayana





THE OMNIPRESENT PROTEUS

All original thinkers and investigators of the hidden side of nature whether materialists — those who find in matter “the promise and potency of all terrestrial life,” or spiritualists — that is, those who discover in spirit the source of all energy and of matter as well, were and are, properly Theosophists. For to be one, one need not necessarily recognize the existence of any special God or a deity. One need but worship the spirit of living nature and try to identify oneself with it. To revere that *Presence*, the invisible Cause, which is yet ever manifesting itself in its incessant results; the intangible, omnipotent, and omnipresent Proteus: indivisible in its Essence, and eluding form, yet appearing under all and every form; who is here and there and everywhere and nowhere; is ALL, and NOTHING: ubiquitous yet one; the Essence filling, binding, bounding, containing everything, contained in all. It will, we think, be seen now, that whether classed as Theist, Pantheists or Atheists, such men are all near kinsmen to the rest. Be what he may, once that a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine, and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought — Godward — he is a Theosophist, an original thinker, a seeker after the eternal truth, with “an inspiration of his own” to solve the universal problems.

H. P. BLAVATSKY



SELF-TRANSCENDENCE

Man is all the time outside of himself: it is in projecting and losing himself beyond himself that he makes man to exist; and, on the other hand, it is by pursuing transcendent aims that he himself is able to exist. Since man is thus self-surpassing, and can grasp objects only in relation to his self-surpassing, he is himself the heart and centre of his transcendence. There is no other universe except the human universe, the universe of human subjectivity. This relation of transcendence as constitutive of man (not in the sense that God is transcendent, but in the sense of self-surpassing) with subjectivity (in such a sense that man is not shut up in himself but forever present in a human universe) — it is this that we call existential humanism. This is humanism,

because we remind man that there is no legislator but himself; that he himself, thus abandoned, must decide for himself; also because we show that it is not by turning back upon himself, but always by seeking, beyond himself, an aim which is one of liberation or of some particular realization, that man can realize himself as truly human.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE



THE ONE FLAME

The Master is made to ask the pupil:

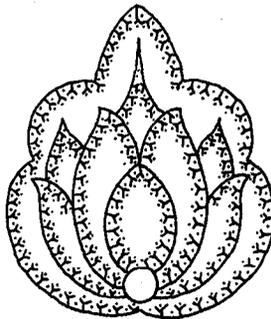
“Lift thy head, oh Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?”

“I sense one Flame, oh Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.”

“Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?”

“It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, ‘Thy Soul and My Soul’.”

OCCULT CATECHISM





Revathi: ॐ Y E

DIVINE INTELLIGENCE

In the lotus of my heart do I contemplate Divine Intelligence, the Brahman without distinction and difference, the object of realization even for the creator, protector and destroyer of the cosmos; whom Yogins attain through meditations; who destroys the fear of birth and death; and who is existence, intelligence and the seed of all worlds.

Mahanirvanatantra



GOOD MIND

Who appointed their path to sun and stars?
Who but Thou is it through whom the moon waxes and wanes?
Who set the earth in its place below and the cloudy sky that it shall not fall?
Who established the waters and the plants?
Who yoked the steeds to wind and clouds?
Who, O Wise One, is the creator of Good Mind?
What artificer made light and darkness?
What artificer sleeping and waking?
Who made morning, midday and night, to remind the wise man of his task?
Is it as Good Mind that thou hast founded thy Dominion?
Who created Devotion, sacred with Dominion?

ZARATHUSTRA





VISION OF UNITY

Soul must see in its own way; this is by coalescence, unification; but in seeking thus to know the Unity, it is prevented by that very unification from recognizing that it has found; it cannot distinguish itself from the object of this intuition. Nonetheless, this is our one resource if our philosophy is to give us knowledge of the Unity.

We are in search of unity; we are to come to know the principle of all, the Good and First; therefore we may not stand away from the realm of Firsts and lie prostrate among the last: we must strike for those Firsts, rising from things of sense which are the lasts. Cleared of all evil in our intention towards the Good, we must ascend to the Principle within ourselves; from many, we must become one; only so do we attain to knowledge of that which is Principle and Unity. We shape ourselves into the Divine Mind; we make over our soul in trust to the Divine Mind and set it firmly in That; thus what That sees, the soul will waken to see: it is through the Divine Mind that we have this vision of the Unity.

PLOTINUS



THOU BOUNTEOUS GIVER

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of Rest, Eternal Word!
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope or peace.
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O; Thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor:
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

WILLIAM COWPER



Asbvini: १३ Bl S

DIVINE RIGHTEOUSNESS

A strengthening blessing is the thought, a blessing is the word, a blessing is the deed of the righteous Zarathustra. May the Amesha Spentas, the Bountiful Immortals, accept and help on the chants. Homage to you, O sacred Gathas.

With venerating desire for this gift of gracious help, O Mazda, and stretching forth my hands to Thee, I pray for the first blessing of Thy bountiful Spirit. I beseech of Thee that my actions towards all may be performed in the Divine Righteousness. And with this I implore from Thee the understanding of Thy Benevolent Mind, in order that I may propitiate the Soul of the Kine, our herds and folk, which cries so bitterly to Thee.

And therefore, O Great Creator, the Living Lord, inspired by Thy Benevolent Mind, I approach You, and beseech of Thee to grant me as a bountiful gift for both the worlds, the corporeal and that of mind, those attainments which are to be derived from the Divine Righteousness, and by means of which that Righteousness within us may introduce those who are its recipients into beatitude and glory.

O thou Divine Righteousness, and thou Benevolent Mind of Deity, I will honour you, and Ahura Mazda, Who has no first, for all of whom Aramaiti, the Pious ready mind within us, causes Khshathra, the imperishable Kingdom, to advance. And whilst I thus utter my supplications to You, come Ye to my calls to help.

Yea, I will approach You with my supplications, I who am delivering up my mind and soul to that heavenly Mount whither all the redeemed at last must pass, knowing full well the holy characteristics and rewards of the ceremonial and moral actions prescribed by Ahura Mazda. So long as I am able and may have the power, so long will I teach for the sake of the Divine Righteousness within their souls.

And, thou Righteousness, when shall I see thee, knowing the Good Mind of Deity, and, above all, Obedience, which constitutes the way to the most beneficent Ahura Mazda. With this holy word of supplication we best hold off with tongue the flesh-devouring fiends, the very sign and power of all spiritual foulness.

And do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator, come to me with Thy Good Mind; and do Thou, who bestowest gifts through Thy Righteousness, bestow alike long-lasting life on us. And by means of Thy lofty words, bestow the powerful spiritual help upon Zarathustra and upon us, whereby we may overcome the torments of the tormentor.

And do thou, O Divine Righteousness, bestow upon me that sacred blessing which is constituted by the attainments of the Good Mind within my soul; and do thou also, O Piety, grant unto Vishtaspa and to me our wish; yea may'st Thou grant us, O Mazda, that grace whereby we may hear Thy benignant words.

That best of gifts therefore do I beseech of Thee, O Thou best of beings, Ahura, who art one in will with Thy Divine Righteousness within us, likewise Asha Vahishta, desiring it for the man Frashaoshtra, and for me, upon whom also may'st Thou bestow it for all the ages of Thy Good Mind.

And, moved by these gifts of strengthening grace, may we never anger You, O Ahura Mazda, nor Thy Righteousness within us, nor yet Thy Kindly Mind towards us, since we have most earnestly made effort to advance Your cause in the offering of Your praisers, for most easy to be invoked are Ye. Yours are verily both the desire for spiritual blessings and the Divine Possession of their power.

And therefore do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator, fill up and satisfy my desire with these attainments of the grace of Thy Good Mind, which Thou dost know to be derived from Righteousness, and which are sublime, for I have known Thine instructions to be never void of their effect in the struggles for our food, and therefore worthy objects of desire.

By these gifts of grace will I protect Thy Divine Righteousness and Thy Good Mind within us forever. And do Thou therefore, O Ahura Mazda, teach me from Thyself, yea, from Thine own mouth of spirit, that I may declare it forth to these Thy waiting people by what powers and according to what laws the primeval world arose!

ZARATHUSTRA



EMPTY YOURSELF

Human nature became God, for God assumed the pure human nature and not the human person. So if you want to be this same Christ in God, empty yourself of everything which the eternal Word did not assume. The eternal Word did not assume a human being, so empty yourself of everything which is purely personal and peculiarly you and assume human nature purely. . . . For your human nature and that of the divine Word are no different — it is one and the same.

MEISTER ECKHART



NOUS

To intelligent beings the circle gives the power of being continuously active in relation to themselves, enabling them to be filled with knowledge from their own store, to assemble the intelligibles in themselves and perfect their insights from within. For Nous always gives itself the object of its thought, and this object is, as it were, its centre; Nous clings to it, loves it, and becomes one with it, converging upon it the whole of its intellectual powers. Souls are illuminated by autonomous life and motion, which enables them to revert to Nous and circle about it, enjoying self-renewal through the special periodic revolutions which unfold the partlessness of Nous. Here again the ranks of the intelligibles, like centres, will have pre-eminence over souls, whose activity it is to revolve about them. For every soul is centered in her intelligent part, where she is truly and most fully one; but because of her plurality she traverses a circle in her desire to embrace the Nous within herself. On the heavenly bodies the circle confers their likeness to Nous, their homogeneity and uniformity, their function of enclosing the universe within limits, their fixed and measured revolutions, their eternal existence without beginning or end, and all such things.

PROCLUS



BEYOND LIMITS

The human body is always finite;
It is the spirit that is boundless.
Before he begins to pray,
A person should cast aside that which limits him
And enter the endless world of Nothing.
In prayer he should turn to God alone
And have no thoughts of himself at all.
Nothing but God exists for him;
He himself has ceased to be.
The true redemption of man's soul can only happen
As he steps outside the body's limits.

Shemu'ab Tovab



Bharani: ♀ I A

BEYOND THOUGHT

I take refuge in the Self-existent Being in whom reposes the cosmos, from whom it has sprung, by whom it has been brought into being, who Himself constitutes it, and who is at the same time distinct from both cause and effect.

Salutations unto the highest Lord, unto Brahman, unto Him of infinite power, who is without any form and yet is the possessor of countless forms, who is the doer of wonderful deeds.

Salutations unto the Lord who is the Light of the soul, the Witness and the Supreme Spirit. Salutations unto Him who is beyond speech, nay, even beyond thought and beyond consciousness.

Salutations unto Him who is peaceful yet prodigious, who has no attributes, who is Himself without difference, who is ever the same, and who is wisdom incarnate.

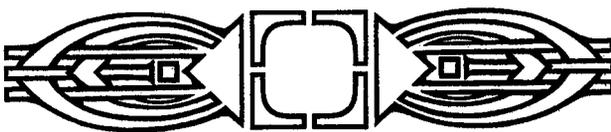
Bhagavata



THE LION-GOD

Hail to him who at the dawn of time was Atmu, the prince of light and splendour; who having made himself, made all men live; who saileth over the celestial regions and faileth not . . . who though an aged being showeth in the form of one that is young; who leadeth the uttermost parts of eternity . . . the terrible one of the double Divine Face . . . the lion-god with the awesome eye.

The Book of the Dead





THE ARCHETYPE OF LIGHT

The Good which is above all light is called a Spiritual Light because it is an originating beam and an overflowing radiance, illuminating with its fullness every Mind above the world, around it, or within it, and renewing all their spiritual powers, embracing them all by its transcendent elevation. It contains within itself, in a simple form, the entire ultimate principle of light, and is the transcendent archetype of light. And while bearing the light in its womb, it exceeds it in quality and precedes it in time, conjoining together all spiritual and rational beings, uniting them in one.

DIONYSIUS the AREOPAGITE



HYMN TO ZEUS

Supreme of gods, by titles manifold
Invoked, O thou who over all dost hold
Eternal dominance, Nature's author, Zeus,
Guiding a universe by Law controlled;

Hail! for 'tis meet that men should call on thee
Whose seed we are; and ours the destiny
Alone of all that lives and moves on earth,
A mirror of thy deity to be.

Therefore I hymn thee and thy power I praise;
For at thy word, on their appointed ways
The orbs of heaven in circuit round the earth
Move, and submissive each thy rule obeys.

Who holdest in thy hands invincible
So dread a minister to work thy will —
The eternal bolt of fire, two-edged, whose blast
Thro' all the powers of nature strikes a chill —

Whereby thou guid'st the universal force,
Reason, through all things interfused, whose course

Commingles with the great and lesser lights —
Thyself of all the sovran and the source;

For nought is done on earth apart from thee,
Nor in thy vault of heaven, nor in the sea;
Save for the reckless deeds of sinful men
Whose own hearts lead them to perversity.

But skill to make the crooked straight is thine,
To turn disorder to a fair design;
Ungracious things are gracious in thy sight,
For ill and good thy power doth so combine

That out of all appears in unity
Eternal Reason, which the wicked flee
And disregard, who long for happiness,
Yet God's great Law can neither hear nor see;

Ill-fated folk! for would they but obey
With understanding heart, from day to day
Their life were full of blessing, but they turn
Each to his sin, by folly led astray.

Glory would some thro' bitter strife attain
And some are eager after lawless gain;
Some lust for sensual delights, but each
Finds that too soon his pleasure turns to pain.

But, Zeus all-bountiful! the thunder-flame
And the dark cloud thy majesty proclaim;
From ignorance deliver us, that leads
The sons of men to sorrow and to shame.

Wherefore dispel it, Father, from the soul
And grant that Wisdom may our life control,
Wisdom which teaches thee to guide the world
Upon the path of justice to its goal.

So winning honour thee shall we requite
With honour, lauding still thy works of might;
Since gods nor men find worthier meed than this —
The universal Law to praise aright.

CLEANTHES





Krittika: ☉ 0 D

THE HIDDEN OF THE HIDDEN

Lord of the Universe, Thou art ONE only, but not according to number. Thou art the most Exalted of the Exalted, the most Hidden of all the Hidden.

No conception grasps Thee; Thou hast brought forth ten forms which we name Sephiroth, in order to guide through them the visible, as well as the invisible and unknown, worlds.

Thou dost veil Thyself in them, and whilst Thou remaineth in them, their harmony is undisturbed. Whosoever represents them to himself as distinct from one another shall be accounted as having divided Thy unity.

These ten Sephiroth gradually unfold themselves in degrees so that one is extended, another foreshortened and a third the mean between them, but Thou art the ONE who guidest them whilst Thou Thyself remain unguided by any other, from above or below.

Thou has prepared vestures for these Sephiroth to serve human souls as points of transition.

Thou hast clothed the Sephiroth in what appeareth as bodies to the fields surrounding them, but the whole correspondeth to the principles of the human being.

INVOCATION OF ELIJAH



THE DIVINE FOUNT

We assert that in truth God is incomprehensible and immeasurable. . . . The works of divine providence and the plan of the universe are as it were rays of God's nature in contrast to his real substance and being, and because our mind is of itself unable to behold God as he is, it understands the parent of the universe from the beauty of his works and the comeliness of his creatures. God therefore must not be thought to be any kind of body, nor to exist in a body, but to be a simple intellectual existence . . . a *Monas* (unity) or *Henas* (oneness) throughout, and the mind and fount from which originates all intellectual existence or mind.

ORIGEN



THE WAYLESS

As long as we dwell in the shadow, we cannot see the sun itself; but *Now we see through a glass darkly*, says St. Paul. Yet the shadow is so enlightened by the sunshine that we can perceive the distinctions between all the virtues and all the truth which is profitable to our mortal state. But if we would become one with the brightness of the Sun, we must follow love, and go out of ourselves into the Wayless, and then the Sun will draw us with our blinded eyes into Its own brightness, in which we shall possess unity with God. . . . In his outpouring, He wills to be wholly ours: and then He teaches us to live in the riches of the virtues. In His indrawing touch all our powers forsake us, and then we sit under His shadow, and His fruit is sweet to our taste, for the Fruit of God is the Son of God, Whom the Father brings forth in our spirit. This Fruit is so infinitely sweet to our taste that we can neither swallow It nor assimilate It, but It rather absorbs us into Itself and assimilates us with Itself.

JAN van RUYSBROECK



VEILING

It is by veiling itself a little that the sun can be the better contemplated. When, on the contrary, the heliophany sheds all the violence of its brightness, the sun is denied to the eyes, and that is why its light is the veil of its light. In truth, the King manifests His beauty on the horizon of those who are His. Towards them He is not niggardly of His vision. Those who are deprived of contemplating Him are so because of the wretched state of their faculties. . . . Whoever perceives a trace of His beauty fixes his contemplation upon it forever; never again, even for the twinkling of an eye, does he let himself be distracted from it.

Sometimes certain solitaries amongst men emigrate towards Him. So much sweetness does He give them to experience that they bow under the weight of His graces. He makes them conscious of the wretchedness of their terrestrial clime. And when they return from His palace, they return laden with mystical gifts.

IBN SINA



Robini:) V B

THE ADYTUM

God is he having the head of the hawk. The same is the first, incorruptible, eternal, unbegotten, indivisible, dissimilar: the disposer of all good; indestructible; the best of the good, the wisest of the wise; he is the Father of equity and justice, self-taught, physical, perfect and wise — he who inspires the sacred philosophy.

Theurgists assert that he is a God and celebrate him as both older and younger, as a circulating and eternal god, as understanding the whole number of all things moving in the world, and, moreover, infinite through his power and energizing a spiral force.

The God of the universe, eternal, limitless, both young and old, having a spiral force.

For the eternal aeon is the cause of never-failing life, of unwearied power and unsluggish energy.

Hence, the inscrutable God is called silent by the divine ones, and is said to consent with Mind, and to be known to human souls through the power of Mind alone.

The Chaldeans call the God Dionysos, Iao in the Phoenician tongue, and he is also called Sabaoth, signifying that he is above the seven poles, that is the *Demiurgos*.

Containing all things in the one summit of his own hyparxis, he himself subsists wholly beyond.

Measuring and bounding all things, thus he speaks the words.

For nothing imperfect emanates from the Paternal Principle.

The Father effused not fear, but he infused persuasion.

The Father hath apprehended himself, and hath not restricted his fire to his own intellectual power.

Such is the Mind which is energized before energy, whilst yet it had not gone forth, but abode in the paternal depth, and in the adytum of God nourished silence.

All things have issued from that one fire. The Father perfected all things,

and delivered them over to the Second Mind, whom all nations of men call the First.

The Second Mind conducts the Empyrean World.

What the Intelligible saith, it saith by understanding.

Power is with them, but mind is from him.

The Mind of the Father riding on the subtle guiders, which glitter with the tracings of inflexible and relentless fire.

After the Paternal Conception, I the Soul reside, a heat animating all things. . . . For he placed

The Intelligible in the Soul, and the Soul in dull body.

Even so the Father of gods and men placed them in us.

Natural works coexist with the intellectual light of the Father, for it is the Soul which adorned the vast heaven, and which adorneth it after the Father, but her dominion is established on high.

The Soul, being a brilliant fire, by the power of the Father remaineth immortal, and is mistress of life, and filleth up the many recesses of the bosom of the world.

The channels being intermixed, therein she performeth the works of incorruptible fire.

For not in matter did the fire, which is the first beyond, enclose his active power, but in Mind; for the framer of the fiery world is the Mind of Mind.

Who first sprang from Mind, clothing the one fire with the other fire, binding them together, that he might mingle the fountainous craters, whilst preserving unsullied the brilliance of his own fire.

And thence a fiery whirlwind drawing down the brilliance of the flashing flame, penetrating the abysses of the Universe; for from thence downwards do extend their wondrous rays.

The Monad first existed, and the Paternal Monad still subsists.

When the Monad is extended, the Dyad is generated.

And beside him is seated the Dyad, which glitters with the intellectual sections, to govern all things and to order everything not ordered.

The Mind of the Father said that all things should be cut into Three, whose will assented, and immediately all things were so divided.

The Mind of the eternal Father said into Three, governing all things by Mind.

The Father mingled every Spirit from this Triad.

All things are supplied from the bosom of this Triad.

All things are governed and subsist in this Triad.

For thou must know that all things bow before the three supernals.

From thence floweth forth the form of the Triad, being pre-existent; not the first essence, but that whereby all things are measured.

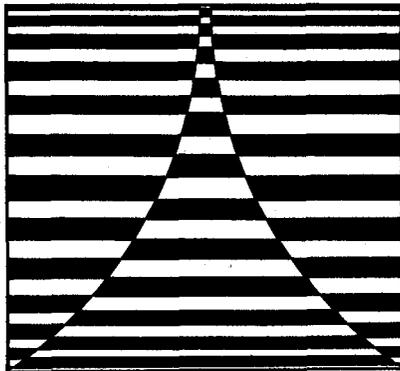
And there appeared in it virtue and wisdom and multiscient truth.

For in each world shineth the Triad, over which the Monad ruleth.

The first course is sacred, in the middle place courses the Sun, in the third the Earth is heated by the internal fire.

Exalted upon high and animating light, fire, ether and worlds.

CHALDEAN ORACLES





AWONAWILONA

Awonawilona conceived within himself and thought outward in space, whereby mists of increase, potent streams of growth, were evolved and uplifted. Thus, by means of his innate knowledge, the All-Container made himself in the person and form of the Sun, whom we hold to be our Father and who thus came to exist and manifest. With his appearance came the brightening of the spaces with light, and with the brightening of the spaces the great mist-clouds were thickened together and fell, whereby was evolved water in water; yea, and the world-holding sea.

ZUNI CREATION MYTH



BEYOND ATTRIBUTES

'Before' does not outstrip Him, 'after' does not interrupt Him, 'of' does not vie with Him for precedence, 'from' does not accord with Him, 'to' does not join with Him, 'in' does not inhabit Him, 'when' does not stop Him, 'if' does not consult with Him, 'over' does not overshadow Him, 'under' does not support Him, 'opposite' does not face Him, 'with' does not press Him, 'behind' does not take hold of Him, 'before' does not limit Him, 'previous' does not display Him, 'after' does not cause Him to pass away, 'all' does not unite Him, 'is' does not bring Him to being, 'is not' does not deprive Him of being. Concealment does not veil Him. His pre-existence preceded time, His being preceded not-being, His eternity preceded limit. If thou sayest 'when', His existing has outstripped time; if thou sayest 'before', before is after Him; if thou sayest 'he', 'h' and 'e' are His creation; if thou sayest 'how', His essence is veiled from description; if thou sayest 'where', His being preceded space; if thou sayest 'ipseity' (*ma huwa*), His ipseity (*huwiyah*) is apart from things. Other than He cannot be qualified by two (opposite) qualities at one time; and yet with Him they do not create opposition. He is hidden in His manifestation, manifest in His concealing. He is outward and inward, near and far; and in this respect He is removed beyond the resemblance of

creation. He acts without contact, instructs without meeting, guides without pointing. Desires do not conflict with Him, thoughts do not mingle with Him: His essence is without qualification (*takyif*), His action without effort (*taklif*).

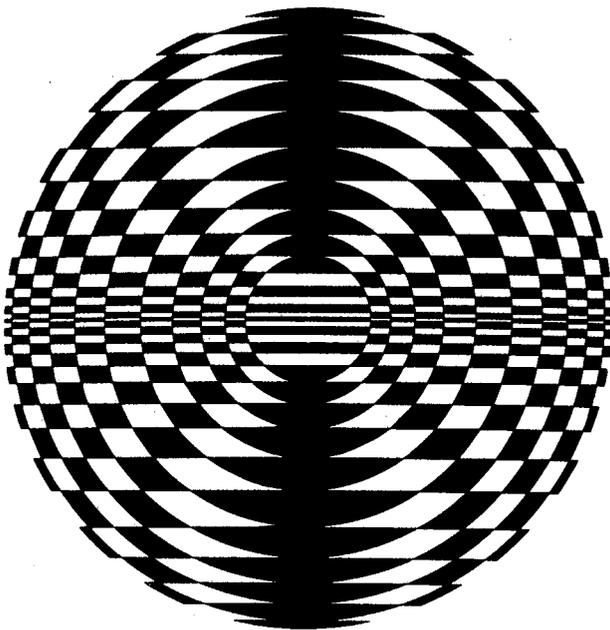
HALLAJ



THE DIVINE PRESENCE

O blissful Lord, Thou lookest after the needs of all. Thou art ever intent on promoting our welfare. Nay, Thou dost Thyself instruct us in attaining bliss in this world as well as in the next. Thy presence is felt inside and outside. Thou art both omniscient and gracious. Need I therefore ask aught of Thee? Let me simply meditate on Thee each day as the inmost essence of all.

Shivanandalahari





Mrigashirsha: ♂ R C

ADIPURUSHA

Rama said: Tell me, O Chief of Sages, what is the cause which leads to our misconception of the mind? How is it produced, and what is the basis of this illusion? Beginning with the first production of the mind, and employing your eloquence, explain this to me in its fullness.

Vasishtha replied: Subsequent to the universal dissolution, when all things were reduced to nothing, this infinity of visible worlds rested in a state of quiet calm before creation. There was then only the one *Mahadeva*, uncreate and undecaying, who is the creator of all at all times, who is all in all and the Supreme Soul of all, resembling the sun that never sets.

All language fails to describe him, and he is known to the liberated alone. He is termed 'soul' only by convention, and not by his real and unfathomable nature. He is the *Adipurusha* of the Sankhyas and the *Brahman* of the Vedantins. He is the *Chit* of the *jnanis*, wholly pure and apart from all personification.

Known as the void by the Sunyavadis, he is the illuminator of solar light and truth itself, as well as the powers of speech, thought and vision, of all action and rest. Though ever-existent everywhere, he appears non-existent to the world; though situated in all bodies, he seems afar off from them. He enlightens our understanding like a sun.

The gods, Vishnu and others, are produced from him like rays from the sun, and infinite worlds arise from him like bubbles rising in the ocean. These multitudes of visible creations return to him as the waters of the earth return to the sea. He is the lamp of the bodies and souls of all these beings.

Present alike in both the heavens and earth, as well as the underworlds, he abides equally in all forms of the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms. He resides in every particle of dust, in the vast heights of mountain ranges, and while he rides swiftly on the wings of the wind, he sleeps soundly in the depths of the sea. He appoints the eight internal and external organs of sense and action to their functions, and he is the origin of all the dumb and dull inert stones, which sit mutely as if immersed in meditation.

It is he who has filled the sky with emptiness and the rocks with solidity. It is he that dissolved the waters into fluidity and concentrated all light and heat in the sun. He has spread these wondrous scenes of the world like lovely showers sprinkled from a cloud, as endless and incessant as they are charming and sweet to sight.

He causes the appearance and disappearance of worlds in the sphere of his infinity like waves in the ocean. In him these phenomena arise and subside like the running sands of the desert. His spirit, the indestructible soul, resides as the germ of evanescence and dissolution in the interiors of all creatures. Minute enough to be hidden in any body, it is so great as to fill all existence.

His nature — *prakriti* — spreads itself like a magic vine over the entire region of the void and produces fair fruit in the form of the mundane

egg — *Brabmanda* — while the outward organs of bodies, resembling the branches of this plant, keep dancing about the stem, stirred by the ever-fleeting breeze of life. He shines as the gem of intelligence in the heart of every human form, and it is from him that all the luminous orbs of the universe derive their lustre.

He is that immensity of intelligence which, like the monsoon, sheds ambrosial draughts of delight to soothe our souls and showers forth innumerable beings on all sides like drops of rain. It bursts into myriad flashes, showing the prospects of repeated creations, all of which are as momentary as lightning. It is his wondrous light which displays the worlds to our marvelling eyes, and it is from him that both what is real and what is unreal have derived their reality and unreality.

It is only the foolish and infernal soul that turns to other attractions opposing its purpose. The tranquil soul rests in itself. Transcending all existences, it is that by which every being is bound to its destined actions falling at their appointed times and places, encompassing volitions, activities and exertions of all kinds.

It is he who from his own pure consciousness became the all-pervasive void, and by his spacious mind and formless ideation filled it with those substances wherein his soul was to reside and over which his spirit was to preside. Having thus made the infinite hosts of worlds in the immense sphere of the universe, he is yet neither the agent of any action nor the author of any act. He ever remains as the sole and solitary One, in his unchanging, invariant state of self-consciousness, without fluctuation, evolution or involvement, unconcerned by the world.

It is by the knowledge of this transcendent Supreme Spirit and god of gods that one may become an adept in divine service, and not by the rigour of ritual austerities and practices. Here nothing is needed but the culture and practice of divine knowledge. Then, the truth being known, one views the misconceptions of the world as a quenched traveller looks at a mirage in clear light.

Neither near us nor afar off, nor obtainable by what he is not, he is the vision of light and felicity, and is perceivable within ourselves. Austerities, alms, observances and penances are of no avail. Only the calm quietude of one's own nature is serviceable in the service of the Divine.

Fondness for the company of the righteous and devotion in the study of the teachings are the best means towards divine knowledge. Ceremony and show only serve to tighten the snares of our inborn delusions, which true knowledge alone can sever. No sooner has one known his own inward light as the Supreme itself, he is rid of his miseries and becomes liberated even in life.

Yoga Vasishtha Maharamayana



THE VEIL OF BEING

The ocean does not shrink or vaster grow,
Though the waves ever ebb and ever flow;
The being of the world's a wave, it lasts
One moment, and the next it has to go.

In the world, men of insight may discern
A stream whose currents swirl and surge and churn,
And from the force that works within the stream
The hidden working of the 'Truth' may learn. . . .

Truth is not proved by terms and demonstrations,
Nor seen when hidden by concrete relations;
The 'Canon' is no 'Cure' for ignorance,
Nor can 'Deliv'rance' come from 'Indications'.

If at each 'Stage' thy course diverted be
To different 'Goals', true goal thou'lt never see;
And till the veil is lifted from thine eyes
The sun of Truth will never 'Rise' for thee. . . .

Being's a sea in constant billows rolled,
'Tis but these billows that we men behold;
Sped from within, they rest upon the sea,
And like a veil its actual form enfold.

Being's the essence of the Lord of all,
All things exist in Him and He in all;
This is the meaning of the Gnostic phrase,
"All things are comprehended in the All." . . .

They say, How strange! This peerless beauty's face
Within the mirror's heart now holds a place;
The marvel's not the face, the marvel is
That it should be at once mirror and face.

All mirrors in the universe I ween
Display Thy image with its radiant sheen —
Nay, in them all, so vast Thy effluent grace,
'Tis Thyself, not Thine image, that is seen.

NARUDDIN ABDUR RAHMAN JAMI



CREATION

Now the time passed quickly over,
And the years rolled quickly onward,
In the new sun's shining lustre,
In the new moon's softer beaming.
Still the Water-Mother floated,
Water-Mother, maid aerial,
Ever on the peaceful waters,
On the billows' foamy surface,
With the moving waves before her,
And the heaven serene behind her.

When the ninth year had passed over,
And the summer tenth was passing,
From the sea her head she lifted,
And her forehead she uplifted,
And she then began Creation,
And she brought the world to order,
On the open ocean's surface,
On the far extending waters.

Wheresoe'er her hand she pointed,
There she formed the jutting headlands;
Wheresoe'er her feet she rested,
There she formed the caves for fishes;
When she dived beneath the water,
There she formed the depths of ocean;
When towards the land she turned her,
There the level shores extended,
Where her feet to land extended,
Spots were formed for salmon-netting;
Where her head the land touched lightly,
There the curving bays extended.
Further from the land she floated,
And abode in open water,
And created rocks in ocean,
And the reefs that eyes behold not,
Still unborn was Väinämöinen;
Still unborn, the Bard Immortal.

Kalevala



TAAROA

He existed. Taaroa was his name.
In the immensity
There was no earth, there was no sky,
There was no sea, there was no man.
Taaroa calls, but nothing answers.
Existing alone, he became the universe.
Taaroa is the root, the rocks (foundation).
Taaroa is the sands.
It is thus that he is named.
Taaroa is the light.
Taaroa is within.
Taaroa is the germ.
Taaroa is the support.
Taaroa is enduring.
Taaroa is wise.
He erected the land of Hawaii,
Hawaii, the great and sacred,
As a body or shell for Taaroa.
The earth is moving,
O Foundations, O Rocks,
O Sands, hither, hither,
Brought hither, pressed together the earth.
Press, press again.
They do not unite.
Stretch out the seven heavens, let ignorance cease.
Create the heavens, let darkness cease.

.

Let immobility cease.
Let the period of messengers cease.
It is the time of the speaker.
Completed the foundations,
Completed the rocks,
Completed the sands,
The heavens are enclosing,
The heavens are raised.
In the depths is finished the land of Hawaii.

MAORI CHANT





Ardra: Ω W O

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN

Enlil, whose command is far-reaching, whose word is holy,
The lord whose pronouncement is unchangeable, who forever
decrees destinies,

Whose lifted eye scans the lands,
Whose lifted light searches the heart of all the lands,
Enlil who sits broadly on the white dais, on the lofty dais,
Who perfects the decrees of power, lordship and princship,
The earth-gods bow down in fear before him,
The heaven-gods humble themselves before him. . . .

Nippur — the shrine where dwells the father, The Great Mountain,
The dais of plenty, the Ekur which rises,
The high mountain, the pure place,
Its prince, The Great Mountain, Father Enlil,
Has established his seat on the dais of the Ekur, lofty shrine;
The temple — its divine laws like heaven cannot be overturned,
Its pure rites, like the earth cannot be shattered,
Its divine laws are like the divine laws of the abyss,
none can look upon them,
Its heart like a distant shrine, unknown like heaven's zenith,
Its words are prayers,
Its utterances are supplication,
Its ritual is precious,
Its feasts flow with fat and milk, are rich with abundance,
Its storehouses bring happiness and rejoicing,
Enlil's house, it is a mountain of plenty,
The Ekur, the lapis-lazuli house, the lofty dwelling-place, awe-inspiring,
Its awe and dread are next to heaven,
Its shadow is spread over all the lands,
Its loftiness reaches heaven's heart,
All the lords and princes conduct thither their holy gifts, offerings,
Utter there prayer, supplication, and petition. . . .

Without Enlil, The Great Mountain,
No cities would be built, no settlements founded,
No stalls would be built, no sheepfolds established,
No king would be raised, no high priest born . . .
The fish of the sea would lay no eggs in the canebrake,
The birds of heaven would not build nests on the wide earth,
In heaven the drifting clouds would not yield their moisture,
Plants and herbs, the glory of the plain, would fail to grow,
In field and meadow the rich grain would fail to flower.

SUMERIAN HYMN



HYMN TO ATON

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,
O living Aton, Beginning of life!
When Thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,
Thou fillest every land with Thy beauty;
For Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth;
Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all Thou hast made.
Thou art Ra, and Thou hast carried them all away captive;
Thou bindest them by Thy love.
Though Thou art afar, Thy rays are on earth;
Though Thou art on high, Thy footprints are the day.

When Thou settest in the western horizon of heaven,
The world is in darkness like the dead.
Men sleep in their chambers,
Their heads are wrapped up,
Their nostrils stopped, and none seeth the other.
Stolen are all their things that are under their heads,
While they know it not.
Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All serpents, they sting.
Darkness reigns,
The world is in silence:
He that made them has gone to rest in His horizon.

Bright is the earth, when Thou risest in the horizon,
When Thou shinest as Aton by day.
The darkness is banished
When Thou sendest forth Thy rays;
The two lands are in daily festivity,
Awake and standing upon their feet,
For Thou hast raised them up.
Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing,
Their arms uplifted in adoration to Thy dawning.
Then in all the world they do their work.

All cattle rest upon the herbage,
All trees and plants flourish;
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to Thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when Thou hast shone upon them.

.

How manifold are all Thy works!
They are hidden from before us,
O Thou sole God, whose powers no other possesseth.
Thou didst create the earth according to Thy desire,
While Thou wast alone:
Men, all cattle large and small,
All that are upon the earth,
That go about upon their feet;
All that are on high,
That fly with their wings.
The countries of Syria and Nubia
The land of Egypt;
Thou settest every man in his place
Thou suppliest their necessities.
Every one has his possessions,
And his days are reckoned.
Their tongues are divers in speech,
Their forms likewise and their skins,
For Thou, divider, hast divided the peoples.

.

Thou makest the seasons, in order to create all Thy works;
Winter bringeth them coolness,
And the heat the summer bringeth.
Thou hast made the distant heaven in order to rise therein,
In order to behold all that Thou didst make,
While Thou wast alone,
Rising in Thy form as Living Aton,
Dawning, shining afar off, and returning.

Thou makest the beauty of form through Thyself alone,
Cities, towns and settlements,
On highway or on river,
All eyes see Thee before them,
For Thou art Aton, Lord of the day over the earth.

Thou art in my heart;
There is no other that knoweth Thee,
Save Thy son Akhnaton.
Thou hast made him wise in Thy designs
And in Thy might.
The world is in Thy hand,
Even as Thou hast made them.

EGYPTIAN HYMN



REAL BEING

Before we had our becoming Here we existed There, men other than now, some of us gods: we were pure souls, Spirit inbound with the entire of reality, members of the Spiritual, not fenced off, not cut away, integral to that All. Even now, it is true, we are not put apart; but upon that primal Man there has intruded another. This other has wound himself about us, foisting himself upon the Man that each of us was at first. Then it was as if one voice sounded, one word was uttered, and from every side an ear attended and received and there was an effective hearing, possessed through and through of what was present and active upon it: now we have lost that first simplicity; we are become the dual thing. . . .

To Real Being we go back, all that we have and are; to that we return as from that we came. Of what is There we have direct knowledge, not images or even impressions; and to know without image is to be; by our part in true knowledge we are those Beings; we do not need to bring them down into ourselves, for we are There among them. Since not only ourselves but all other things also are those Beings, we all are they; we are they while we are also one with all: therefore we and all things are one.

When we look outside of that on which we depend we ignore our unity; looking outward we see many faces; look inward and all is the one head. If a man could but be turned about — by his own motion or by the happy pull of Athene — he would see at once God and himself and the All. At first no doubt all will not be seen as one whole, but when we find no stop at which to declare a limit to our being we cease to rule ourselves out from the total of reality; we reach to the All as a unity — and this not by any stepping forward, but by the fact of being and abiding there where the All has its being.

PLOTINUS



THE BIRD OF UNITY

This world and that world are the egg, and the bird within it
Is in darkness and broken-winged and scorned and despised.
Regard unbelief and faith as the white and the yolk in this egg,
Between them, joining and dividing, a barrier which they shall not pass.
When He hath graciously fostered the egg under His wing,
Infidelity and religion disappear: the bird of Unity spreads its pinions.

SHEYKH 'ABD AL-RAHIM IBN AL-SABBAGH



Punarvasu: २ B G

BRAHMAN

Thou art verily Brahman, the knower of Brahman, the constant possessor of the consciousness of Brahman. Thou art Brahman, the ultimate cause. Salutations to Thee from whom the cosmos has come into being.

Brahmavaivartapurana



THE UDGITHA

OM is the Udgitha.

In the *Maitrayana-Brahmana-Upanishad*, (Pr. VI), it is said:

The Udgitha, called Pranava, the leader, the bright, the sleepless, free from old age and death, three footed (waking, dream, and deep sleep), consisting of three letters and likewise to be known as fivefold, is placed in the cave of the heart.

This is the Self. Not the mere body or the faculties of the brain but the Highest Self. And that must be meditated on, or worshipped, with a constant meditation. *Hymn of praise*, then, means that we accept the existence of that Self and aspire to or adore Him. Therefore, it is said again, in the same Upanishad:

In the beginning Brahman was all this. He was one, and infinite. . . . The Highest Self is not to be fixed, he is unlimited, unborn, not to be reasoned about, not to be conceived. He is, like the ether, everywhere, and at the destruction of the Universe, he alone is awake. Thus from that ether he wakes all this world, which consists of (his) thought only, and by him alone is all this meditated on, and in him it is dissolved. His is that luminous form which shines in the sun, and the manifold light in the smokeless fire. . . . He who is in the fire, and he who is in the heart, and he who is in the sun, they are one and the same. He who knows this becomes one with the One.

Now, "to know" this does not mean to merely apprehend the statement, but actually become personally acquainted with it by interior experience. And this is difficult. But it is to be sought after. And the first step to it is the attempt to realize universal brotherhood, for when one becomes identified with the One, who is all, he "participates in the souls of all creatures"; surely then the first step in the path is universal brotherhood.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



LIGHT WITHIN LIGHT

As a flash of lightning striking on our sight
Destroys our visual spirits, so that the eye
Cannot make out even a brighter light;

Just so, an aureole burst all about me,
Swathing me so completely in its veil
That I was closed in light and could not see.

"The Love that keeps this Heaven ever the same
Greets all who enter with such salutation,
And thus prepares the candle for His flame."

No sooner had these few words penetrated
My hearing than I felt my powers increase
Beyond themselves; transcendent and elated,

My eyes were lit with such new-given sight
That they were fit to look without distress
On any radiance, however bright.

I saw a light that was a river flowing
Light within light between enamelled banks
Painted with blossoms of miraculous spring;

And from the river as it glowed and rolled
Live sparks shot forth to settle on the flowers.
They seemed like rubies set in bands of gold;

And then, as if the fragrance overthrew
Their senses, they dove back into the river;
And as one dove in there, out another flew.

“The flame of high desire that makes you yearn
For greater knowledge of these things you see
Pleases me more the more I see it burn.

But only this same water satisfies
Such thirst as yours. You must bend down and drink.”
— So spoke the sun and pole-star of my eyes.

And added: “The river and the jewels you see
Dart in and out of it, and the smiling flowers
Are dim foretastes of their reality.”

DANTE ALIGHIERI



THE SOURCE OF LIFE

With thy multiple compassion,
Unify my heart,
And the heart of all thy folk
To love and revere thy Name.

And our eyes enlighten
In the light of thy Torah,
For with thee is the source of life:
In thy light shall we see light.

ISAAC LURIA





Pushya: h G F

THE SOUL'S PILOT

Of that place beyond the heavens none of our earthly poets has yet sung, and none shall sing worthily. But this is the manner of it, for assuredly we must be bold to speak what is true, above all when our discourse is upon truth. It is there that true being dwells, without colour or shape, that cannot be touched; reason alone, the soul's pilot, can behold it, and all true knowledge is knowledge thereof. Now even as the mind of a god is nourished by reason and knowledge, so also is it with every soul that has a care to receive her proper food; wherefore when at last she has beheld being she is well content, and contemplating truth she is nourished and prospers, until the heaven's revolution brings her back full circle. And while she is borne round she discerns justice, its very self, and likewise temperance, and knowledge, not the knowledge that is neighbour to becoming and varies with the various objects to which we commonly ascribe being, but the veritable knowledge of being that veritably is. And when she has contemplated likewise and feasted upon all else that has true being, she descends again within the heavens and comes back home. And having so come, her charioteer sets his steeds at their manger, and puts ambrosia before them and draught of nectar to drink withal.

Such is the life of gods.

PLATO



SOARING TO GOD

Consider the example of the mountaineer. If our spirit loses itself in desire for the things that are passing far below, it is soon caught in a maze of infinite distractions and crooked ways; the soul is divided from itself, dissipated and torn into as many pieces as there are objects of its desire. This leads to an unstable climb, a journey without an end and toil without repose.

But if the heart and soul raise themselves by desire and love from what is beneath them and threatens to entangle them in many distractions; and if, forsaking these things, the soul recollects itself within the one, unchanging,

all-sufficing good, dedicating itself to the service of this good, and steadily cleaving there by the power of its will – then this soul will be more recollected and strong the more its thoughts and desires soar to God.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS



THE FIRE OF PURGATION

In the beginning the earth and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun titanic and bright
Feed on an inward life, and, with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the feathered creature that flies,
All wild shapes that are hidden, the gleaming waters beneath.
Each elemental seed has a fiery force from the skies,
Each its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence their fears and desires, their sorrows and joys; for their sight,
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

Nor, when life at last leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering within them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance; and some to the winds hang viewless and thin,
Searched by the breezes; from others the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.
Each in his own sad ghost we endure; then, chastened aright,
Into Elysium pass. Few reach to the fields of delight
Till great time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of the heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.

VIRGIL



IMMORTALITY

Age cannot reach me where the veils of God
Have shut me in,
For me the myriad births of stars and suns
Do but begin,
And here how fragrantly there blows to me
Thy holy breath,
Sweet from the flowers and stars and hearts of men,
From life and death.

We are not old, O heart, we are not old,
The breath that blows
The soul aflame is still a wandering wind
That comes and goes;
And the stirred heart with sudden raptured life
A moment glows.

A moment here — a bulrush's brown head
In the grey rain,
A moment there — a child drowned and a heart
Quickened with pain;
The name of Death, the blue deep heaven, the scent
Of the salt sea,
The spicy grass, the honey robbed
From the wild bee.

Awhile we walk the world on its wide roads
And narrow ways,
And they pass by, the countless shadowy troops
Of nights and days;
We know them not, O happy heart,
For you and I
Watch where within a slow dawn lightens up
Another sky.

SUSAN MITCHELL





Asblesha: ऴ Y E

THE WITNESS

Bhusunda said: This *Kalpa* tree whereon we dwell stands firm and unshaken amidst the revolutions of ages and the all-destroying blasts of tempests and conflagrations.

This great arbour is inaccessible to beings who dwell in other worlds; therefore we reside here in perfect peace and bliss, apart from all disturbance.

When Hiranyaksha, the giant demon of the antediluvian race, strove to hurl this earth with all its seven continents into the lowest abyss, even then did this tree stand firm on its roots at the summit of this mountain.

And then, when this mountainous abode of the gods stood trembling, with all the other mountains of the earth, upon Varaha's tusk, this tree remained unshaken.

When Narayana supported this seat of the gods with two arms, and uplifted the Mandara Mountain with the other two, even then was this tree unmoved.

When the orbs of the sun and moon shook with fear at the terrible warfare of the gods and demons, and the whole earth was plunged in commotion and chaos, still this tree stood firm on its root.

When the mountains were uprooted by hailstorms raging with terrific violence, rending away the huge forest trees of this Mount Meru, this tree was unshaken by the blast.

When the Mandara Mountain rolled into the milky ocean and gales of wind filled its caverns, bearing it afloat on the water's surface, and the great masses of diluvian clouds rolled about the vault of heaven, this tree stood steadfast as a rock.

When this Mount Meru was clenched in the grip of Kalanemi, and he was going to crush it by his gigantic might, even then this tree was steady on its root.

When the *Siddhas* were blown away by the flapping wings of Garuda, the king of birds, in their strife to obtain the ambrosia, this tree was unmoved by the wind.

When the serpent which upholds the earth was assailed by Rudra in the form of Garuda, and the world shook from the blast of his wings, this tree was still.

When the flame of the last conflagration threatened to consume the world with all its seas and mountains, making the serpent, which supports the earth on its hoods, throw out living fire from all his many mouths, even then this tree was neither shaken nor burnt down by the awesome and all-devouring fire.

So stable is this tree that there is no danger, O Sage, that can betake us here, just as there is no evil that can betide the inhabitants of heaven. How can we, O Great Sage, ever be exposed to any danger, abiding in this tree which defies all calamities? We are beyond all fears and dangers, like those

who dwell in heaven.

Vasishtha asked: Tell me, O Wise One who has borne the blast of dissolution, how you have remained unharmed and undisturbed while many a sun and moon and hosts of stars have fallen and faded away.

Bhusunda replied: When at the end of a *kalpa* age the order of the world and the laws of nature are broken and dissolved, we are compelled to forsake our abode, like a man departing from his best friend.

We then remain in the air, freed from all mundane conceptions, the members of our bodies becoming devoid of their natural functions, and our minds released from all volitions.

When the zodiacal suns blaze forth in their full vigour, melting down the mountains by their intense heat, I remain with intellect fixed in the *Varuna mantram*.

When the diluvian winds burst with full force, shattering and scattering the huge mountains all around, it is by attending to the *Parvati mantram* that I remain as stable as a rock.

When the earth with its mountains is dissolved into the waters, presenting the face of a universal ocean, it is by the volatile power of the *Vayu mantram* that I bear myself aloft.

I then convey myself beyond this perceptible world and rest in the holy ground of Pure Spirit. I remain as if in profound sleep, unagitated in body or mind.

I abide in this quiescence until the lotus-born *Brahmā* is again employed in his work of creation, and then I re-enter the confines of the re-created world, where I settle again on this tree.

Vasishtha said: Tell me, O Lord, why other Yogis do not remain as steadfast as you do through your power of *dbarana*.

Bhusunda replied: O Venerable One, it is by the inseparable and supreme power of destiny, which none may prevent or set aside, that I live in this way, and others live in theirs.

None may oppose or alter that which must come to pass for them. It is nature's law that all things must be as they are ordained.

It is by the firmness of my intent that things are so fixed and allotted as my share, that they must so come to pass in each *kalpa* age, again and again, and that this tree must grow on the summit of this mountain and I have my abode in its hollow.

Vasishtha said: Lord, you are as enduring as our salvation is long lasting, and are able to guide us in the paths of truth because established in true wisdom and steady in the intent of Yoga.

You, who have seen the many changes of the world and experienced all things through the repeated course of creations, are best able to tell of the wonders to be witnessed during the revolutions of the ages.

Bhusunda replied: I remember, O Great Sage, the earth beneath this Mount Meru to have once been a desolate land, having no hills, rocks, trees, plants, or even grasses upon it.

I remember also this earth under me to have been full of ashes for a period of myriads of centuries of mortal years.

I remember a time when the lord of the day — the sun — was unproduced, and when the orb of the moon was not yet known, and when the earth under me was not divided by day and night but was lighted by the light of this Mount Meru.

I remember this mountain casting the light of its gems upon one side of the valley below, leaving the other in utter darkness, like the Lokaloka Mountain which presents its light and dark sides to people on the two sides of the horizon.

I recall seeing the war between the gods and demons rage high, and the flight and slaughter of people in all the quarters of the earth.

I remember witnessing the revolution of the four *yugas*, and the revolt of the proud and vaunting *asuras*. I have seen the Daitya demons driven back to the wall.

I remember the seed of the earth being borne away beyond the bounds of the universal flood. I recollect the mansion of the world when only the Uncreated Triad remained in it.

I remember seeing no life on earth except for the vegetable creation through the duration of one-half of the four *yuga* ages.

I also recall this earth to have been full of mountains and mountainous tracts for the space of full four *yugas*, when no men peopled the earth and human customs and usages had gained no ground on it.

I remember seeing this earth filled with the bones of dead Daityas and other fossil remains, rising in heaps like mountains, and continuing in their dilapidated and crumbling state for myriads of years.

I remember that formless state of the world when darkness reigned over the face of the deep, when the serpentine support of the earth fled in fear, the celestials left their ethereal courses, and no tree-top or bird touched the sky.

I remember the time when the northern and southern divisions of India both lay under the one Himalayan boundary mountain. I recall when the proud Vindhyan Mountain strove to equal great Meru.

These and many other things I remember, which would take too long to relate. But what is the use of long narrations? Attend, and I will tell you the main substance in brief.

I have beheld innumerable *munis* and *manvantaras* pass away before me, and I have witnessed hundreds of quadruple *yugas* glide away, one after the other, all filled with great deeds and events, but now buried in oblivion.

I remember the creation of one sole body in this world, named Virat, when the earth was devoid of men and *asuras*.

I remember that age of the world when Brahmins were addicted to wine and drunkenness, when the Sudras were outcasted by the Suras, and when women were involved in polyandry.

I also remember when the surface of the earth presented the sight of one

great sheet of water and was entirely devoid of all vegetation, when people were produced without cohabitation of man and woman.

I recall that age when the world was a void and there was no earth or sky nor any of their inhabitants. Neither men nor mountains existed, nor was there sun or moon to divide day and night.

I remember the sphere of heaven shrouded under a sheet of darkness, when there was neither Indra nor king to rule in heaven or earth, and there were no high, low or middle classes of men.

It was after this that Brahmā thought of creating the worlds, and divided them into the spheres of the high, low and intermediate regions. He then established the boundary mountains and distinguished Jambudvipa from the rest.

The earth was not divided then into different nations and provinces, nor were there distinctions of caste, creed or organization for the various orders of its people. There was then no name for the starry frame, nor any denomination for the pole-star or its circle.

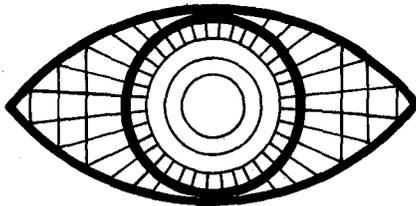
It was then that the sun and moon had their birth, and the gods Indra and Upendra had their dominions. After this occurred the slaughter of Hiranyakasipu and the restoration of this earth by the great Varaha, the boar *Avatar* of Vishnu.

Then came the establishment of kings over the peoples of the earth and the revelation of the Vedas was given to mankind. After this the Mandara Mountain was uprooted from the earth and the ocean was churned by the gods and the giant races of men.

I have seen the unfledged Garuda, the bird of heaven which bore Vishnu on its back; and I have seen the seas breaking up into bays and gulfs. All these events are remembered by me like the latest occurrences in the course of the world. Surely they must be within the memory of my children and of yourself as well.

I have witnessed in former ages Vishnu, with his *vahan* Garuda, become Brahmā with his *vahan* Kalahansa, and witnessed the same transformed into Shiva with the Nandi bull as his bearer.

Yoga Vasishtha Maharamayana





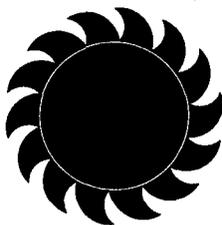
THE ABYSM

A thousand summers ere the time of Christ
From out his ancient city came a Seer
Whom one that loved, and honor'd him, and yet
Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn
From wasteful living, follow'd – in his hand
A scroll of verse – till that old man before
A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd
From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.

.

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar, thou
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know;
For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,
The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within
The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,
And in the million-millionth of a grain
Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,
And ever vanishing, never vanishes,
To me, my son, more mystic than myself,
Or even than the Nameless is to me.
And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.
And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON





THE ONE ORIGINAL

The world's the book where the eternal Sense
Wrote his own thoughts; the living temple where,
Painting his very self, with figures fair
He filled the whole immense circumference.
Here then should each man read, and gazing find
Both how to live and govern, and beware
Of godlessness; and, seeing God all-where,
Be bold to grasp the universal mind.
But we tied down to books and temples dead,
Copied with countless errors from life, —
These nobler than that school sublime we call.
O may our senseless souls at length be led
To truth by pain, grief, anguish, trouble, strife,
Turn we to read the one original.

TOMMASO CAMPANELLA



DIVINE GRACE

The gnostic who has journeyed beyond the cosmos becomes the norm of the Universe and the channel through which all of Nature receives Divine grace. In his union with God, the whole Universe becomes once again integrated into its Transcendent Principle, as his life is the life of the cosmos and his prayers before the Divine throne, the prayer of all of Nature before the Divine Artisan.

SEYYED HOSSEIN NASR





Magha: १४ BI S

THE SELF-BORN

The Seven Beings in the Sun are the Seven Holy Ones, Self-born from the inherent power in the matrix of Mother substance. It is they who send the Seven Principal Forces, called rays, which at the beginning of Pralaya will centre into seven new Suns for the next Manvantara. The energy from which they spring into conscious existence in every Sun, is what some people call Vishnu, which is the Breath of the ABSOLUTENESS.

We call it the One manifested life — itself a reflection of the Absolute. . . .

The latter must never be mentioned in words or speech LEST IT SHOULD TAKE AWAY SOME OF OUR SPIRITUAL ENERGIES THAT ASPIRE towards ITS state, gravitating ever onward unto IT spiritually, as the whole physical universe gravitates towards ITS manifested centre — cosmically.

OCCULT APHORISMS



HELIOS

Wholly one is the intelligible world, pre-existent from all time, and it combines all things together in the One. Again is not our whole world also one complete living organism, throughout the whole full of soul and intelligence, “perfect, in all its parts perfect”? Midway between this uniform twofold perfection . . . is the uniform perfection of the Sovereign Sun, Helios, established among the intellectual gods. . . . For some forms he perfects, others he makes, or adorns, or wakes to life, and there is no single thing which, apart from the creative power derived from the Sovereign Sun, can come to light and to birth.

EMPEROR JULIAN





THE FEAST OF BLISS

I saw, above a thousand thousand lights,
One Sun that lit them all, as our own Sun
Lights all the bodies we see in Heaven's heights;

And through that living light I saw revealed
The Radiant Substance, blazing forth so bright
My vision dazzled and my senses reeled. . . .

Fire sometimes spreads so wide that it shoots forth
From a cloud that can no longer hold it in,
And against its nature, hurtles down to earth.

That feast of bliss had swollen my mind so
That it broke its bounds and leapt out of itself.
And what it then became, it does not know.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

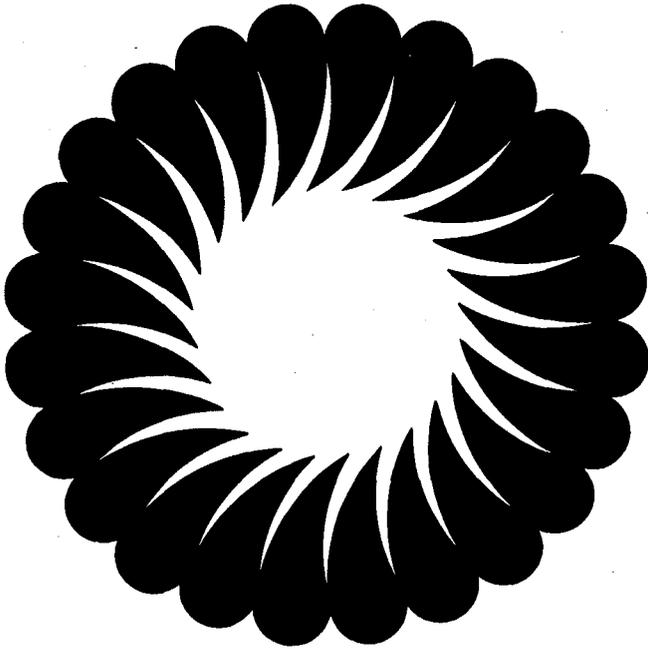


THE SPIRITUAL SUN

The ceaseless Ideation of the Universal Mind has its most pristine reflection in Dhyān Chohanīc thought within the nucleus of the concealed Sun, wherein the most holy and highest self-existent beings initiate the seven rays, the sacred Hierarchies that work throughout the cosmos. Anyone who invokes the *Gayatri* for the sake of universal enlightenment brings his entire being into alignment with benedictory ideation at the most causal and cosmic level. Exempt from the lesser cycles of time, these exalted Logoi are the paradigm of the invulnerable gods, as opposed to lesser genii, venerated in every ancient tradition. They represent universal self-consciousness, the most

beneficent power in the universe, and the fullest perfection a human being can attain. In the daily act of consecration to the Spiritual Sun, a disciple is not merely honouring cosmic plenitude, but also solemnly affirming the sacredness of breath, every hint of feeling, thought and word, every atom that makes up the invisible and visible vestures, reaching down and through the physical. All life has the sacred purpose of making the whole of one's being fully available to the highest forces of ideation in the universe for the sake of kindling the spiritual faculties in all human beings.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A

WITHIN THE SANCTUARY

Thus the Supreme is ever present with us — not that the Supreme reaches out to us, seeking our communion: we reach towards the Supreme, it is we that become present. We are always before It, but we do not always look: thus a choir, set in due order about the conductor, may turn away from that centre to which all should attend; let it but face aright, and it sings with beauty. We are ever before the Supreme, but we do not always attend: when we look, our Goal is attained; this is rest; this is the end of singing ill; standing straight and true before Him, we lift a choral song full of God.

In this choiring, the soul looks upon the wellspring of Life, wellspring also of Spirit, beginning of Being, fount of Good, root of Soul. It is not that these are poured out from the Supreme, lessening it as if it were a thing of mass: they spring from an eternal principle, which produces them not by its fragmentation but in virtue of its intact identity. Therefore they too hold firm; so long as the sun shines, so long there will be light.

We have not been cut away; we are not separate, what though the body-nature has closed about us to press us to itself; we breathe and hold our ground because the Supreme does not give and pass but gives on for ever, so long as It remains What It Is.

Our being is the fuller for our turning Thither; this is our prosperity; to hold aloof is loneliness and lessening. Here is the soul's peace; here it has its Act, its authentic knowing; here it is immune. Here is living, here is the true; all living apart from Him is but a shadow, a mimicry. This state is its first and its final, because from God it comes, its good lies There, and, once turned to God again, it is what it was.

Any that have seen know what I have in mind: the soul takes another life as it approaches God; thus restored, it feels that the dispenser of true life is There, that now we have nothing to look for but, far otherwise, that we must put aside all else and rest in This alone, must become This alone. Thus we have all the vision that may be permitted us of Him and of ourselves; but it is of a self wrought to splendour, brimmed with the spiritual light, become that very light, pure, buoyant, unburdened, raised to Godhood — or, better, knowing its Godhood.

In our self-seeing There, the self is seen as belonging to that divine order, or rather we are merged into that self in us which has the quality of that order. It is a knowing of the self restored to its purity. No doubt we should not speak of seeing; but we cannot help talking in dualities, seen and seer, instead of, boldly, the achievement of unity. In this seeing, we neither hold an object nor trace distinction; there is no two. The man is changed, no longer himself nor self-belonging; he is merged with the Supreme, sunken into It, one with It: centre coincides with centre.

This is the purport of that rule of our Mysteries: Nothing Divulged to the Uninitiate: the Supreme is not to be made a common story, the holy things

may not be uncovered to the stranger, to any that has not himself attained to see. There were not two; beholder was one with beheld; it was not a vision compassed but a unity apprehended. The man formed by this mingling with the Supreme must – if he only remember – carry its image impressed upon him: he is become the Unity, nothing within him or without inducing any diversity; no movement now, no passion, no outlooking desire, once this ascent is achieved; reasoning is in abeyance and even, to dare the word, the very self: caught away, filled with God, all the being calmed, he turns neither to this side nor to that, not even inwards to himself; utterly resting he has become rest itself. He belongs no longer to the order of the beautiful; he has risen beyond beauty; he has overpassed even the choir of the virtues; he is like one who, having penetrated the inner sanctuary, leaves the temple images behind him – though these become once more first objects of regard when he returns from the sanctuary; for There his converse was not with image, not with trace, but with the very Truth in the view of which all the rest is but of secondary concern.

There, indeed, it was scarcely vision, unless of a mode unknown; it was a going forth from the self, a simplifying, a renunciation, a reach towards contact and at the same time a repose, a meditation towards adjustment. This is the only seeing of what lies within the sanctuary: to look otherwise is to fail.

Things here are signs; they show therefore to the wiser teachers how God is known; the instructed priest reading the sign may enter the holy place and make real the vision of the inaccessible.

* * *

Thus may a man in his essence outgrow mere being and become identical with the Transcendent of Being. And when we have fallen back again from that union, we waken the virtue within us until we know ourselves all well ordered once more; once more we are lightened of our burden, through virtue become spiritual, and move through Spiritual Wisdom to the Supreme.

This is the life of gods and of the godlike and blessed among men, liberation from all that is alien here and from pleasure in it, a flight of Alone to Alone.

PLOTINUS





THE SEED OF GOD

The seed of God is in us. If the seed had a good, wise and industrious cultivator, it would thrive all the more and grow up to God whose seed it is, and the fruit would be equal to the nature of God. Now the seed of a pear tree grows into a pear tree, a hazel seed into a hazel tree, and the seed of God into God.

If the seal is pressed completely through the wax so that no wax remains without being impressed by the seal, then it becomes indistinguishably one with the seal. Similarly the soul becomes completely united with God.

MEISTER ECKHART



DIVINE REASON

Hermes brings our intellectual endowments to light, fills everything with divine reason, moves our souls towards Nous, awakens us as it were from our heavy slumber, through our searching turns us back upon ourselves, through our birthpangs perfects us, and through the discovery of pure Nous leads us to the blessed life.

PROCLUS



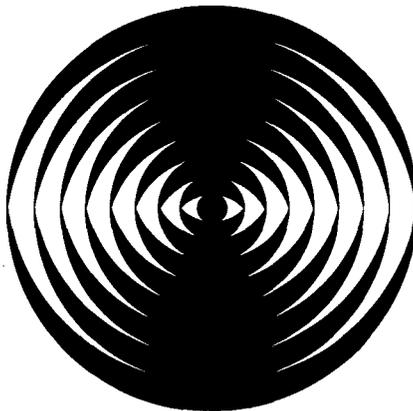


THE UNKNOWN GOD

In the strange mythology of the Brahmanas – which at first glance is still more legendary than Greek mythology – and, generally, in their still stranger conception of the world, a profound philosophy is concealed, nonetheless. The outer form of idolatry is but a curtain which hides the truth like the veil of Isis. But this truth is not given to all. For some the curtain hides not the countenance of Isis, but only empty space disappearing into the impenetrable, for them, darkness; for others light pours forth from there. For those not endowed by nature with that innate, inner sense possessed by some, which the Hindus so rightly call “the third eye” or “the eye of Shiva,” it is by far better to be content with the fantastic patterns on the curtain: for such there is no penetrating into the depth of the impenetrable darkness, no filling of empty space. But he who has the “third eye” or, speaking more clearly, who is capable of transferring his vision from the grossly objective on to the purely inner ground, that one shall see light within the darkness, and in the seeming emptiness discern the Universe. . . .

Inner self-awareness will show him infallibly that the presence of God is perceived here, but cannot be communicated, and that wishing to express this in concrete form finds its excuse in the very ardency of the desire to convey this experience to the masses. And thus, though still censuring in his soul the form of worship, he will no longer laugh openly at idols and at the belief in them of that one who, unable to penetrate beyond the curtain, is satisfied with the exterior only because it is difficult for him, if not completely impossible, to receive any kind of suitable presentation about the “Unknown God.”

H. P. BLAVATSKY





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ 0 D

THE KNOWER

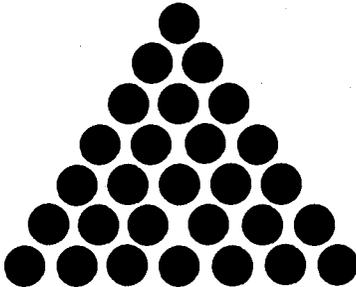
As 'the Knower', Krishna is the unchanging consciousness That watches the creative drama within the Field of His being, and He declares that the power to discriminate between 'the Field' and its 'Knower' is the essential condition of wisdom.

But the underlying substance of 'the Field' is as eternal in its own mode as its in-dwelling Consciousness. This formless substance in which 'the Knower' reflects and contemplates His image with such inexhaustible diversity, this womb of darkness in which the Creative Light quickens innumerable seeds of life, Vedanta names *Mula-prakriti*.

This is the dark ocean, which is also a mirror of the sky, in and through which the infinite nature of the One is mediated to our human senses. In the Supreme Brahman eternal mind and eternal substance brood in sublime communion. Infinite thought is at one with infinite potentiality. Within this Self-existent harmony the mystery of creative love is enacted and the marriage of the Light and the Darkness consummated, of which a universe of life is unceasingly born.

Manifested existence is inconceivable without non-being. Were it not latent in Being itself, such Being would be incapable of Self-expression. For creative expression consists in a perpetual transmutation of non-being into Being. In this transforming act non-being is not denied or repudiated. It is embraced and loved and so gathered into the heart of Being where it belongs.

HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET





DIVINE RECIPROCIITY

All that which is found upon the earth has its spiritual counterpart on High, and there does not exist the smallest thing in the world which is not itself attached to something on High and is not found in dependence on it. . . . All that which is contained in the Lower World is also found in the Upper. The Lower and the Upper reciprocally act upon each other.

Spiritual Man is both the import and the highest degree of creation. . . . As soon as Man was created, everything was complete, including the Upper and Lower worlds, for everything is comprised in Man. He unites in Himself all the forms.

The Zobar



THE DIVINE RESONANCE

Meditation on tone, as expressed in this Sanscrit word OM, will lead us to a knowledge of the secret Doctrine. We find expressed in the merely mortal music the seven divisions of the divine essence, for as the microcosm is the little copy of the macrocosm, even the halting measures of man contain the little copy of the whole, in the seven tones of the octave. From that we are led to the seven colors, and so forward and upward to the Divine radiance which is the Aum. For the Divine Resonance, spoken of above, is not the Divine Light itself. The Resonance is only the outbreathing of the first sound of the entire Aum.

This goes on during what the Hindoos call a Day of Brahma, which, according to them, lasts a thousand ages. It manifests itself not only as the power which stirs up and animates the particles of the Universe, but also in the evolution and dissolution of man, of the animal and mineral kingdom, and of solar systems. Among the Aryans it was represented in the planetary system by Mercury, who has always been said to govern the intellectual faculties, and to be the universal stimulator. Some old writers have said that it is shown through Mercury, amongst mankind, by the universal talking of women.

And wherever this Divine Resonance is closed or stopped by death or other change, the Aum has been uttered there. These utterances of Aum are only the numerous microscopic enunciations of the Word, which is uttered or completely ended, to use the Hermetic or mystical style of language, only when the great Brahm stops the outbreathing, closes the vocalization by the *m* sound, and thus causes the universal dissolution. This universal dissolution is known in the Sanskrit and in the secret Doctrine, as the *Maha Pralaya*, *Maha* being "the great," and *Pralaya* "dissolution." And so, after thus arguing, the ancient Rishis of India said: "Nothing is begun or ended; everything is changed, and that which we call death is only a transformation." In thus speaking they wished to be understood as referring to the manifested universe, the so-called death of a sentient creature being only a transformation of energy, or a change of the mode and place of manifestation of the Divine Resonance. Thus early in the history of the race the doctrine of conservation of energy was known and applied.

The Divine Resonance, or the *au* sound, is the universal energy, which is conserved during each Day of Brahma, and at the coming on of the great Night is absorbed again into the whole. Continually appearing and disappearing, it transforms itself again and again, covered from time to time by a veil of matter called its visible manifestation, and never lost, but always changing itself from one form to another. And herein can be seen the use and beauty of the Sanscrit. *Nada Brahma* is Divine Resonance; that is, after saying *Nada*, if we stopped with Brahm, logically we must infer that the *m* sound at the end of Brahm signified the *Pralaya*, thus confuting the position that the Divine Resonance existed, for if it had stopped it could not be resounding. So they added an *a* at the end of the Brahm, making it possible to understand that as *Brahma* the sound was still manifesting itself. . . .

With us OM has a signification. It represents the constant undercurrent of meditation, which ought to be carried on by every man, even while engaged in the necessary duties of this life. There is for every conditioned being a target at which the aim is constantly directed. Even the very animal kingdom we do not except, for it, below us, awaits its evolution into a higher state; it unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless actually, aims at the same target.

AUM!

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE





A HUSH OF PEACE

But first a hush of peace, a soundless calm descends;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends;
Mute music soothes my breast – unuttered harmony
That I could never dream till earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible, the Unseen its truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels –
Its wings are almost free, its home, its harbour found;
Measuring the gulf it stoops and dares the final bound!

EMILY BRONTË





Hasta:) V B

TRANQUILLITY

One who was suffering tumult in his soul
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth – his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowled
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant did appear
Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disc – shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



DEPTH IN SILENCE

Meditation is done in silence. By it we renounce our narrow individuality, and expatiate into that which is infinite. Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret hiding God. The strength of resolve which afterwards shapes life, and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments. There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.

F. W. ROBERTSON



GOD AND THE SOUL

If I am to know God in an unmediated way, then I must simply become God and God must become me. I would express it more exactly by saying that God must simply become me and I must become God, so completely one that this 'he' and this 'I' share one 'is' and in this 'isness' do our work eternally. For this 'he' and this 'I', that is, God and the soul, are very fruitful as we eternally do one work.

MEISTER ECKHART



THE STRANGER BY THE HEARTH

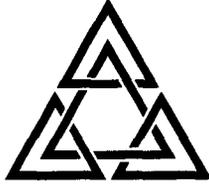
God is older than the sun and moon
And the eye cannot behold him
Nor voice describe him.

But a naked man, a stranger, leaned on the gate
With his cloak over his arm, waiting to be asked in.
So I called him: Come in, if you will! —
He came in slowly, and sat down by the hearth.
I said to him: And what is your name? —
He looked at me without answer, but such a loveliness
Entered me, I smiled to myself, saying: He is God!
So he said: *Hermes!*

God is older than the sun and moon
And the eye cannot behold him
Nor the voice describe him:
And still, this is the God Hermes, sitting by my hearth.

D. H. LAWRENCE





AVATĀRA KHAṆḌA

INCARNATION

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



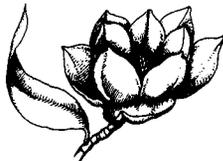
THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

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 hath 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





Cbitra: ♂ R C

HYMN TO PURUSHA

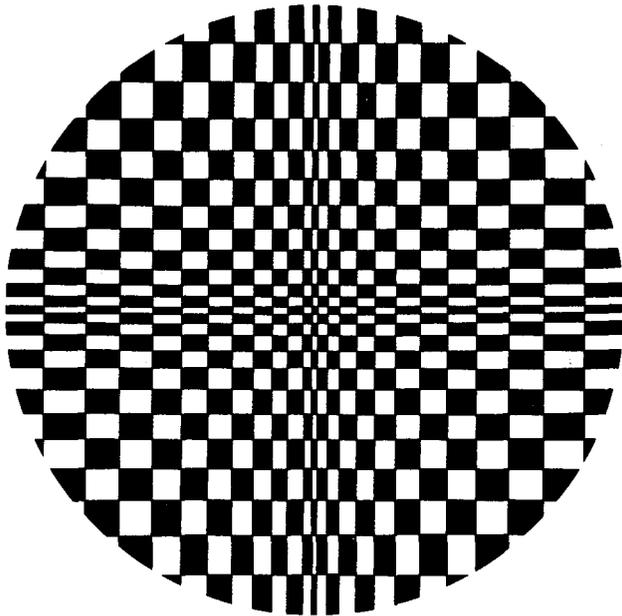
AUM. The thousand-headed Purusha, thousand-eyed, thousand-footed, even He, encompassing the Universe on all sides, remained over ten fingers in extent. Purusha alone is all this, that which has been and that which is to be. He is the Guardian of Immortality, and hence shows Himself as the cosmos evolving by means of nourishment. Of this magnitude is His greatness. Even greater than this is Purusha. One-fourth of Him emanates all created things. The Immortal three-fourths are in the spaces beyond.

One God sits hidden in every creature, pervading all, the Inmost Self of all beings, the Watcher over all acts, abiding in all things, the Witness, the Heart, the Absolute, attributeless and free.

The One Dweller, Self-controlled, who divided the One Seed into the Many, who is their *Atma* — those enlightened beings see Purusha within their *Atma*. For them alone there is Bliss Eternal, not for others.

That blessing do we crave, so that we may sing for the sake of the Sacrifice, and for the Lord of the Sacrifice. May that divine blessing be ours. May that blessing be on all the children of men. May that which is salutary ever sing onwards and upwards. May that blessing be on all bipeds and all quadrupeds! OM. Peace, Peace, Peace!

Rig Veda





THE FIERY WHIRLWIND

STANZA V

1. THE PRIMORDIAL SEVEN, THE FIRST SEVEN BREATHS OF THE DRAGON OF WISDOM, PRODUCE IN THEIR TURN FROM THEIR HOLY CIRCUMGYRATING BREATHS THE FIERY WHIRLWIND.

2. THEY MAKE OF HIM THE MESSENGER OF THEIR WILL. THE DZYU BECOMES FOHAT, THE SWIFT SON OF THE DIVINE SONS WHOSE SONS ARE THE LIPIKA, RUNS CIRCULAR ERRANDS. FOHAT IS THE STEED AND THE THOUGHT IS THE RIDER. HE PASSES LIKE LIGHTNING THROUGH THE FIERY CLOUDS; TAKES THREE, AND FIVE, AND SEVEN STRIDES THROUGH THE SEVEN REGIONS ABOVE, AND THE SEVEN BELOW. HE LIFTS HIS VOICE, AND CALLS THE INNUMERABLE SPARKS, AND JOINS THEM.

3. HE IS THEIR GUIDING SPIRIT AND LEADER. WHEN HE COMMENCES WORK, HE SEPARATES THE SPARKS OF THE LOWER KINGDOM THAT FLOAT AND THRILL WITH JOY IN THEIR RADIANT DWELLINGS, AND FORMS THEREWITH THE GERMS OF WHEELS. HE PLACES THEM IN THE SIX DIRECTIONS OF SPACE, AND ONE IN THE MIDDLE – THE CENTRAL WHEEL.

4. FOHAT TRACES SPIRAL LINES TO UNITE THE SIXTH TO THE SEVENTH – THE CROWN; AN ARMY OF THE SONS OF LIGHT STANDS AT EACH ANGLE, AND THE LIPIKA IN THE MIDDLE WHEEL. THEY SAY: THIS IS GOOD, THE FIRST DIVINE WORLD IS READY, THE FIRST IS NOW THE SECOND. THEN THE “DIVINE ARUPA” REFLECTS ITSELF IN CHHAYA LOKA, THE FIRST GARMENT OF THE ANUPADAKA.

5. FOHAT TAKES FIVE STRIDES AND BUILDS A WINGED WHEEL AT EACH CORNER OF THE SQUARE, FOR THE FOUR HOLY ONES AND THEIR ARMIES.

6. THE LIPIKA CIRCUMSCRIBE THE TRIANGLE, THE FIRST ONE, THE CUBE, THE SECOND ONE, AND THE PENTACLE WITHIN THE EGG. IT IS THE RING CALLED “PASS NOT” FOR THOSE WHO DESCEND AND ASCEND. ALSO FOR THOSE WHO DURING THE KALPA ARE PROGRESSING TOWARDS THE GREAT DAY “BE WITH US”. THUS WERE FORMED THE RUPA AND THE ARUPA: FROM ONE LIGHT SEVEN LIGHTS; FROM EACH OF THE SEVEN, SEVEN TIMES SEVEN LIGHTS. THE WHEELS WATCH THE RING. . . .

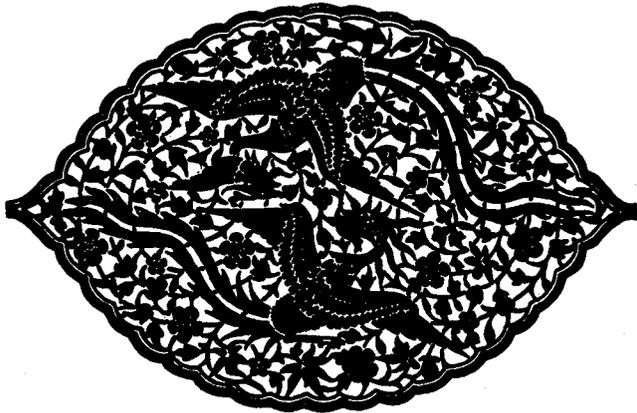
STANZAS OF DZYAN



THE CIRCLING SPHERES

Behold those spheres for ever circling, bound
With scarves of azure, in their mystic round.
See, their light mantles loosely floating throw
A flood of radiance on the world below.
See them pursuing through the night and day,
True to their purpose, their triumphant way.
Each, like a player's ball obedient, still
Is moved and guided by superior will.
One eastward from the west its journey bends,
The other's ship to western waves descends.
Each in due progress with alternate sway
Lights the still night or cheers the busy day.
One writes fair lines that promise golden joys:
One with sad aspect bonds of bliss destroys.
All, joying in their might, their task renew,
And with untiring haste their course pursue.
Onward for ever to the goal they press
With feet and loins that know not weariness.
Who learns the secret of their dark intent?
Who knows on whom each wanderer's face is bent?

NARUDDIN ABDUR RAHMAN JAMI





POEM OF ECSTASY

The Spirit (*purusha*) playing,
The Spirit longing,
The Spirit with fancy (*yoga-maya*) creating all,
Surrenders himself to the bliss (*ananda*) of love . . .
Amid the flowers of His creation (*prakriti*), He lingers in a kiss . . .
Blinded by their beauty, He rushes, He frolics, He dances, He whirls. . . .
He is all rapture, all bliss, in this play (*lila*)
Free, divine, in this love struggle
In the marvellous grandeur of sheer aimlessness,
And in the union of counter-aspirations (*dvandva*)
In consciousness alone, in love alone,
The Spirit learns the nature (*svabhava*) of His divine being. . . .
“O, my world, my life, my blossoming, my ecstasy!
Your every moment I create
By negation of all forms previously lived through:
I am eternal negation (*neti, neti*). . . .”
Enjoying this dance, choking in this whirlwind,
Into the domain of ecstasy, He takes swift flight.
In this unceasing change (*samsara, nitya bhava*), in this flight, aimless
(*nishkama*), divine,
The Spirit comprehends Himself,
In the power of will, alone (*kevala*) free (*mukta*).
Ever-creating, all-irradiating, all vivifying,
Divinely playing in the multiplicity of forms (*prapancha*), He comprehends
Himself. . . .
“I already dwell in thee, O, my world,
Thy dream of me — ’twas I coming into existence. . . .
And thou art all — one wave of freedom and bliss. . . .”
By a general conflagration (*maha pralaya*) the universe (*samsara*) is
embraced,
The Spirit is at the height of being, and He feels the tide unending,
Of the divine power (*sbakti*) of free will. He is all-daring:
What menaced, now is excitement,
What terrified, is now delight. . . .
And the universe resounds with the joyful cry I am.

ALEXANDER SCRIABIN



Svati: ॐ W O

THE VISION OF THE DIVINE DANCE

Vyasa said: Having spoken to the *yogins*, Parameshvara, the Supreme Lord, started to dance, displaying his divine splendour.

They saw Ishana, the great God, the supreme embodiment of supernal lustre, dancing with Vishnu in the spotless sky. In the *Akasha* they saw the Lord of all creatures, who is perceived solely by those *yogins* who are the knowers of *tattvas* and whose minds are replete with hidden wisdom. The seers beheld the dance of the divine Lord of the cosmos, who emanates the universe and permeates it with his self-engendered *Maya*.

They saw the dancing Lord of the elements and cast off all fear born of ignorance by meditating upon his lotus feet. The supreme *Yogin*, ever seen in his divine radiance by serene and sleepless devotees of subdued breath, became manifest. They saw in the *Akasha* the supreme emancipator, Rudra, who cherishes his devotees, freeing them forthwith from ignorance. . . .

The Brahnavadin sages saw all at once Him who is Mahadeva, God of gods, the paragon of supreme yoga, the protector of all creatures, the deathless Light of all lights, the generous-eyed holder of the bow Pinaka; the sovereign remedy for worldly woes; the soul of Duration in Time; the supreme Lord of Uma, replete with the bliss of yoga; the abode of wisdom, renunciation and eternal knowledge; the repository of eternal potencies and of the *Sanatana Dharma*; the elusive object of salutations from Mahendra and Upendra, adored by all the mighty Rishis; the fount of all the *shaktis*, the upholder of mighty *yogins*, the Supreme Self extolled by them and enshrined in their hearts; enveloped by *yogamaya*; the inaugurator of the universe, the immaculate Narayana who is the Mind-born Logos within the depths of the cosmos.

Having seen the Divine Form in which Rudra and Narayana are at one, the Brahnavadins found in themselves the fulfilment of all ends and the bliss of peace.



Kurma Purana Sambita



THE SEVEN LAYA CENTRES

STANZA VI

1. BY THE POWER OF THE MOTHER OF MERCY AND KNOWLEDGE – KWAN-YIN – THE “TRIPLE” OF KWAN-SHAI-YIN, RESIDING IN KWAN-YIN-TIEN, FOHAT, THE BREATH OF THEIR PROGENY, THE SON OF THE SONS, HAVING CALLED FORTH, FROM THE LOWER ABYSS, THE ILLUSIVE FORM OF SIEN-TCHANG AND THE SEVEN ELEMENTS:

2. THE SWIFT AND RADIANT ONE PRODUCES THE SEVEN LAYA CENTRES, AGAINST WHICH NONE WILL PREVAIL TO THE GREAT DAY “BE-WITH-US”, AND SEATS THE UNIVERSE ON THESE ETERNAL FOUNDATIONS SURROUNDING TSIEN-TCHAN WITH THE ELEMENTARY GERMS.

3. OF THE SEVEN – FIRST ONE MANIFESTED, SIX CONCEALED, TWO MANIFESTED, FIVE CONCEALED; THREE MANIFESTED, FOUR CONCEALED; FOUR PRODUCED, THREE HIDDEN; FOUR AND ONE TSAN REVEALED, TWO AND ONE HALF CONCEALED; SIX TO BE MANIFESTED, ONE LAID ASIDE. LASTLY, SEVEN SMALL WHEELS REVOLVING; ONE GIVING BIRTH TO THE OTHER.

4. HE BUILDS THEM IN THE LIKENESS OF OLDER WHEELS, PLACING THEM ON THE IMPERISHABLE CENTRES.

HOW DOES FOHAT BUILD THEM? HE COLLECTS THE FIERY DUST. HE MAKES BALLS OF FIRE, RUNS THROUGH THEM, AND ROUND THEM, INFUSING LIFE THEREINTO, THEN SETS THEM INTO MOTION; SOME ONE WAY, SOME THE OTHER WAY. THEY ARE COLD, HE MAKES THEM HOT. THEY ARE DRY, HE MAKES THEM MOIST. THEY SHINE, HE FANS AND COOLS THEM. THUS ACTS FOHAT FROM ONE TWILIGHT TO THE OTHER, DURING SEVEN ETERNITIES.

5. AT THE FOURTH, THE SONS ARE TOLD TO CREATE THEIR IMAGES. ONE THIRD REFUSES – TWO OBEY.

THE CURSE IS PRONOUNCED; THEY WILL BE BORN ON THE FOURTH, SUFFER AND CAUSE SUFFERING; THIS IS THE FIRST WAR.

6. THE OLDER WHEELS ROTATED DOWNWARDS AND UPWARDS. . . . THE MOTHER’S SPAWN FILLED THE WHOLE. THERE WERE BATTLES FOUGHT BETWEEN THE CREATORS AND THE DESTROYERS, AND BATTLES FOUGHT FOR SPACE; THE SEED APPEARING AND RE-APPEARING CONTINUOUSLY.

7. MAKE THY CALCULATIONS, LANOO, IF THOU WOULDST LEARN THE CORRECT AGE OF THY SMALL WHEEL. ITS FOURTH SPOKE IS OUR MOTHER. REACH THE FOURTH “FRUIT” OF THE FOURTH PATH OF KNOWLEDGE THAT LEADS TO NIRVANA, AND THOU SHALT COMPREHEND, FOR THOU SHALT SEE. . . .

STANZAS OF DZYAN



HEAVEN TO EARTH

In that mysterious journeying from time to eternity, where the soul moves on to ever higher planes of its own being, there must be many transformations of the psyche. Something I think goes with it from this world to that other. "The gods feed upon men." Something comes back with it from Heaven to Earth. "The gods nourish us."

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



THE WORD — WHENCE AND WHITHER

Whence does the Word arise?
And whither does it go?
How can it be caught, if it has no hands or feet?

It rises from the realm of Sahansdal Kanwal,
And merges in the wondrous Sunna Lok.
It has no hands or feet,
But can be caught by the ardent soul.

Whence does the Word arise?
And what is the impact of the Word?
Where is the head of the Word?
And where its feet?

The Word comes from Brahmanda;
It permeates all creation from within;
Its head is Knowledge of the Eternal,
And Ignorance is its foot.

The Word throughout all ages subsisted,
In the Golden Age, the Silver and the Copper Ages;
But in the Iron Age the Masters impart it freely.
The Word is the sole Truth, eternal and constant.
All else is false, illusory, deceptive.

KABIR



Visbakha: ५ B G

THE BRIDGE TO IMMORTALITY

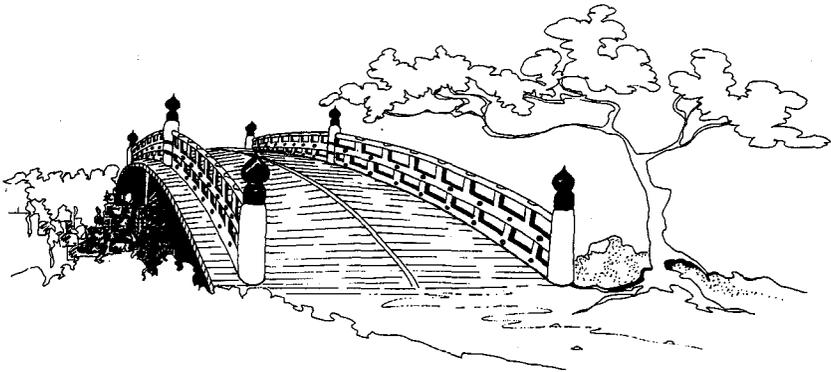
Thou art woman; Thou art man; Thou art youth; Thou art maiden; Thou art the old man tottering on his staff; Thou dost appear in manifold forms.

As Thou art unborn, one afraid of birth and death like me seeks refuge in Thee. O Thou destroyer of evil, let Thy gracious presence ever protect me.

May the effulgent Being, the ONE without a second, who, like a spider, spontaneously covers Himself with threads made out of His own creative potency, grant us union with himself – *Brahman*.

He is the SELF of the cosmos, the immortal Being, the Lord. He is the all-knowing, all-pervading protector of the cosmos. He alone rules the world forever, and none else. Desirous of emancipation, I seek refuge in that effulgent Being, whose light reveals the knowledge of *Atman*; who first emanates the Cosmic Soul and bestows upon it the Supreme Knowledge; who is without parts, actionless, tranquil, without fault, without taint; who is the Supreme bridge to immortality, and is self-effulgent, like a blazing fire consuming its fuel.

Shvetasvatara Upanishad





DIVINE MANIFESTATION

The Creation of the whole Creation is nothing else but a Manifestation of the all-essential, unsearchable God; all whatever he is in his eternal unbeginning Generation and Dominion, of that is also the Creation, but not in the Omnipotence and Power, but like an Apple which grows upon the Tree, which is not the Tree itself, but grows from the Power of the Tree: Even so all Things are sprung forth out of the Divine Desire, and created into an Essence, where in the Beginning there was no such Essence present, but only that same Mystery of the Eternal Generation, in which there has been an Eternal Perfection.

For God has not brought forth the Creation, that he should be thereby perfect, but for his own Manifestation, *viz.*, for the great Joy and Glory; not that this Joy first began with the Creation, no, for it was from Eternity in the great Mystery, yet only as a spiritual Melody and Sport in itself.

The Creation is the same Sport out of himself, *viz.*, a Platform or Instrument of the Eternal Spirit, with which he melodizes: and it is even as a great Harmony of manifold Instruments which are all tuned into one Harmony; for the Eternal Word, or Divine Sound or Voice, which is a Spirit, has introduced itself with the Generation of the great Mystery into Formings, *viz.*, into an expressed Word or Sound: And as the joyful Melody is in itself in the Spirit of the eternal Generation, so likewise is the Instrument, *viz.*, the expressed Form in itself, which the living Eternal Voice guides, and strikes with his own Eternal Will-Spirit, that it sounds and melodizes; as an Organ of divers and various Sounds or Notes is moved with one only Air, so that each Note, yea every Pipe has its peculiar Tune, and yet there is but one Manner of Air or Breath in all Notes, which sounds in each Note or Pipe according as the Instrument or Organ is made.

Thus in the Eternity there is only one Spirit in the whole Work of the Divine Manifestation, which is the Manifestator in the expressed Voice and also in the speaking Voice of God, which is the Life of the grand Mystery, and of all that is generated from thence; he is the Manifestator of all the Works of God.

JACOB BOEHME



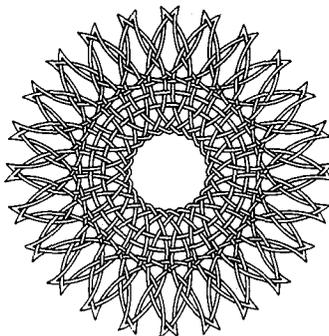
SIMILITUDE

In the same manner as lovers gradually advance from that beauty which is apparent in sensible forms, to that which is divine; so the ancient priests, when they considered that there was a certain alliance and sympathy in natural things to each other, and of things manifest to occult powers, and by this means discovered that all things subsist in all, they elaborated a sacred science from this mutual sympathy and similarity. Thus they recognized things supreme in such as are subordinate, and the subordinate in the supreme: in the celestial regions terrene properties subsisting in a causal and celestial manner; and in earth celestial properties, but according to a terrene condition.

For how shall we account for those plants called heliotropes, that is, attendants on the sun, moving in correspondence with the revolutions of its orb; but selenitropes, or attendants on the moon, turning in exact conformity with her motion? It is because all things pray, and compose hymns to the leaders of their respective orders; but some intellectually, and others rationally; some in a natural, and others after a sensible manner. Hence the sunflower, as far as it is able, moves in a circular dance towards the sun; so that if anyone could hear the pulsation made by its circuit in the air, he would perceive something composed by a sound of this kind, in honour of its king, such as a plant is capable of framing.

Hence we may behold the sun and moon in the earth, but according to a terrene quality; but in the celestial regions all plants, and stones and animals, possessing an intellectual life according to a celestial nature. Now the ancients having contemplated this mutual sympathy of things, applied for occult purposes both celestial and terrene natures, by means of which through a certain similitude they deduced divine virtues into this inferior abode.

PROCLUS

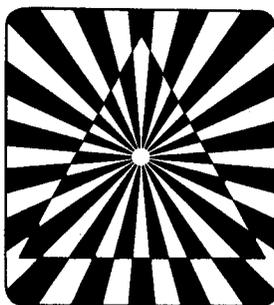




THE MYSTIC

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not; he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linkèd woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened, and made free. . . .
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowèd eld)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
Which droops low-hung on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the centre fixt,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle: he had wellnigh reached
The last, which with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON





Anuradha: h G F

RETURNING TO SHIVA

The Sage Vasishtha said: The Goddess dances with her arms outstretched, moving like a swaying forest of tall pines against the empty sky.

She is the power of the intellect, ignorant of herself and ever prone to action, continuing to dance about, bedecked with diverse emblems and devices.

She is arrayed with all kinds of weapons in her thousand arms — the bow and arrow, the spear and lance, the mace and club, the sword, and all sorts of missiles. Conversant with all the elements of being and non-being, she is engaged in every moment of passing time.

She contains the world in the vibration of her mind, as airy cities and palaces are contained in the power of imagination. She herself is that world, as the imagination itself is the utopian city.

She is the volition of Shiva, like the wind in the air. As the air is still without its vibration, so Shiva is quiescent without his volitional power.

This *arupa* volition becomes the *rupa* creation, just as the formless sky produces the wind which vibrates into sound. Thus does the will of Shiva bring forth the world out of itself.

When this volitional energy of Kali dances and plays within the void of the Divine Mind, the world springs forth, as if by union of the active will and the infinite field of that Supreme Mind.

Touched by the dark volitional power, the Supreme Soul of Shiva is dissolved into the waters, just as submarine fire is extinguished by its contact with the waters of the sea.

No sooner does this power come in contact with Shiva, the prime cause of all, than it inclines and turns to assume the veil of nature and its conversion to external forms.

Forsaking her boundless and elemental form, she takes upon herself the gross and limited shapes of land and hills, and then becomes the beautiful forms of forests and flowers.

In the great round she rebecomes the formless void, and again is one with the infinite vacuum of Shiva, just as a river with all its impetuous speed enters into the immensity of the sea.

She becomes as one with Shiva by giving up her identity as an aspect of Shiva. This feminine form of Shiva is merged back into Shiva, the prime male, who is the form of the formless void and perfect tranquillity.

Rama asked: Tell me, O Sage, how that sovereign Goddess Shiva could obtain her quietude by coming into contact with the Supreme God Shiva?

Vasishtha replied: Know, Rama, that the Goddess Shiva is the will of the God Shiva. She is styled as nature and famed as the Great Illusion of the world.

The great God is said to be the lord of nature and the prime male. He is of the form of air and is represented as Shiva, calm and quiet as the autumnal

sky.

The great Goddess is the energy and will of the Intellect and is ever active as force in motion. She abides in the world as its nature, and roves about as the great delusion.

She ranges throughout the world as long as she is ignorant of her lord, Shiva, who is ever serenely self-contained, without decay or decrease, beginningless and endless, and without a second.

No sooner is this Goddess conscious of herself as one and the same with the Lord of self-consciousness than she is joined with her Lord Shiva and becomes one with him.

Nature touching Spirit forsakes her character as gross nature and becomes one with the sole Unity, as a river is absorbed into the sea.

The river falling into the ocean is no more the river but the ocean. Its waters mingling with sea waters become the salt sea.

Just so, the mind cleaving to Shiva is united with him and finds rest therein, as the blade is sharpened by its reduction upon the stone.

The mind engrossed in its own nature forgets the Eternal Spirit and must return again to this world, never attaining spiritual felicity.

An honest man dwells amongst thieves only so long as he does not know them as such. No sooner does he come to know them than he is sure to shun their company and flee from the spot.

So too the mind dwells amongst unreal dualities as long as it is ignorant of the transcendent One. But when it becomes aware of True Unity, it is sure to be united with it.

When the ignorant mind comes to know the Supreme Bliss attendant on the state of *Nirvana*, it is ready to resort to it, as the inland stream runs to join the boundless sea.

The mind roams bewildered in its repeated births in this tumultuous world so long as it does not find its ultimate felicity in the Supreme, unto which it may fly like a bee to its honeycomb.

Who is there that would abandon Divine Wisdom, once having tasted its bliss! Who would forsake the sweet, once having known its flavour. Tell me, Rama, who would not run to sip the delicious nectar which pacifies all our woes and pains, prevents our repeated births and deaths, and puts an end to all our delusions in this darksome world?

Yoga Vasishtha Mabaramayana

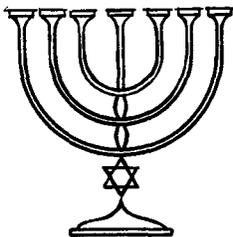


THE SHEKHINA AND THE SOURCE

God is divided into two, through the created world and its actions. He is divided into the ultimate being of God, Elohut, which is remote and apart from the creatures, and the Presence of God, his Glory, the Shekhina, which dwells in the world, wandering astray and scattered. Redemption alone will unite both for Eternity. But it is the property of the soul of man, by means of service, to bring the Shekhina nearer to its source, and to let it re-enter into it. In this instant of home-coming, before it must again descend into the being of the world, the whirlpool which howls in the life of the stars is hushed, the torches of the great desolation are extinguished, the lash in the hand of fate is lowered, and the pain of the world is stilled and listens: the grace of graces has appeared, and blessing pours down into space, till the powers of entanglement begin to drag down the Glory again, and all is as before.

This is the meaning of Service. That prayer alone truly endures which is made for the sake of the Shekhina. "Through his own need and want man knows how to pray that the want of the Shekhina may be satisfied, and that through him who prays union of God with His Glory may take place." Man must recognize that his suffering comes through the suffering of the Shekhina; "he is one of its limbs", and in the appeasing of its privation is alone his own true appeasement. "He ought not to think about his own liberation from higher or lower needs, or be like one who hews down the eternal growth, and so creates separation. But he should do all for the sake of the want of the Shekhina, and thus all will be redeemed of itself, and his own suffering is calmed in the calming of the roots above. For all, above and below, is one Unity." "I am prayer", says the Shekhina. A Master said: "Mankind thinks it prays to God; it is not so, for prayer itself is the Divine."

MARTIN BUBER





FIERY MARTYRDOM

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps. On an imagined shore,
Under the grey beak of some promontory,
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odours deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of her to the enamoured air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance — in form,
Sound, colour — in whatever checks that storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past —
And in that best philosophy whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom —
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.

Then from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandaled with plumes of fire,
And towards the lodestar of my one desire
I flitted, like a dizzy moth whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.
But she, whom prayers of tears then could not tame,
Passed, like a God throned on a wingèd planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade.
And, as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between

Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen:
When a voice said, "O thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



THE DIVINE MOTHER

All sciences come from Thee, and all women in the world are parts of Thee. By Thee alone, O Mother, is the cosmos filled. How can we praise Thee? Art Thou not beyond the reach of the highest praise?

Thou, O Mother, dost exist as all things. Being worshipped, Thou bestowest heaven and liberation. What words, however sublime, can suffice for Thy praise?

O auspicious One, Thou art the source of all auspiciousness. Thou art the accomplisher of all cherished desires. Thou art the giver of refuge. Thou possessest the eye of wisdom and beauty of form. O Thou Power divine, salutations to Thee.

O eternal One, Thou art the energy of creation, maintenance and destruction. Thou art the abode of the threefold cosmic energy and Thou art also its manifester. O Thou Power divine, salutations to Thee.

Devimabatmya





Jyeshtha: ष Y E

TIME — THE IMAGE OF ETERNITY

Eternity, thus, is of the order of the supremely great; it proves on investigation to be identical with God: it may fitly be described as God made manifest, as God declaring what He is, as existence without jolt or change, and therefore as also the firmly living. It is a Life limitless in the full sense of being all the life there is and a Life which, knowing nothing of past or future to shatter its completeness, possesses itself intact for ever. To the notion of a Life all-comprehensive add that it never spends itself, and we have the statement of a Life instantaneously infinite.

What, then, is Time?

We start from Eternity, unwavering Life, undivided totality, limitless, knowing no divagation, at rest in unity and intent upon it. Time was not yet: or at least it did not exist for the Divine, though its being was implicit in the Idea and Principle of progressive derivation from the Divine.

But from the Divine thus at rest within itself, how did this Time first emerge?

We can scarcely call upon the Muses to recount its origin since they were not in existence then — perhaps not even if they had been. The engendered thing, Time itself, can best tell us how it rose and became manifest; something thus its story would run:

Time at first — in reality before the 'first' was produced by the divine desire for succession — Time lay, self-concentrated, at rest within the Divine: it was not yet Time; it was merged in the Divine and motionless with it. But there was an active principle in the Divine (namely, the All-Soul, God the Creator), one set on governing itself and realizing itself, and it chose to aim at something more than its present: it stirred from its rest, and Time stirred with it. And we (namely, the individual human souls, included in the All-Soul), stirring to a ceaseless succession, to a next, to the discrimination of identity and the establishment of ever new difference, traversed a portion of the outgoing path and produced an image of Eternity, produced Time.

For the All-Soul was desirous of translating elsewhere what it saw in the Divine Realm, and it could not bear to retain within itself all the dense fullness of its possession.

A seed is at rest; the nature-principle within, uncoiling outwards, makes way towards what seems to it a large life; but by that partition it loses; it was a unity self-gathered, and now, in going forth from itself, it fritters its unity away; it advances into a weaker greatness. It is so with this faculty of the All-Soul, when it produces the cosmos known to sense — the mimic of the Divine Sphere, moving not in the very movement of the Divine but in its similitude, in an effort to reproduce that of the Divine. To bring this cosmos into being, the All-Soul first laid aside its eternity and clothed itself with Time; this world of its fashioning it then gave over to be a servant to Time, making it at every point a thing of Time, setting all its progressions within

the bourns of Time. For the cosmos moves only in the All-Soul — there is no other space within the range of the All open to it to move in — and therefore its movement has always been in the Time which inheres in Soul.

Putting forth its energy in act after act, in a constant progress of novelty, the All-Soul produces succession as well as act; taking up new purposes added to the old, it brings thus into being what had not existed in that former period when its purpose was still dormant and its life was not as it since became: the life is changed and that change carries with it a change of Time. Time, then, is contained in differentiation of Life; the ceaseless forward movement of Life brings with it unending Time; and Life as it achieves its stages constitutes past Time.

Would it, then, be sound to define Time as the Life of the Soul in movement as it passes from one stage of act or experience to another?

Yes; for Eternity, we have said, is Life in repose, unchanging, self-identical, always endlessly complete; and there is to be an image of Eternity — Time — such an image as this lower All presents of the Higher Sphere. Therefore over against that higher life there must be another life, known by the same name as the more veritable life of the All-Soul; over against that identity, unchangeableness and stability there must be that which is not constant in the one hold but puts forth multitudinous acts; over against that oneness without extent or interval there must be an image of oneness, a unity of link and succession; over against the immediately infinite and all-comprehending, that which tends, yes, to infinity but by tending to a perpetual futurity; over against the Whole in concentration, there must be that which is to be a Whole by stages never final. The lesser must always be working towards the increase of its Being; this will be its imitation of what is immediately complete, self-realized, endless without stage: only thus can its Being reproduce that of the Higher.

PLOTINUS



THE MAGICIAN OF THE BEAUTIFUL

The works of the Magician of the Beautiful are not like ours and in the least fragment His artistry is no less present than in the stars. We may enter the infinite through the minute no less than through contemplation of the vast. I thought in that early ecstasy of mine when I found how near to us was the King in His Beauty that I could learn to read that marvellous writing

on the screen of Nature and teach it to others; and, as a child first learns its letters with difficulty, but after a time leaps to the understanding of their combination, and later, without care for letters or words, follows out the thought alone; so I thought the letters of the divine utterance might be taught and the spirit in man would leap by intuition to the thought of the Spirit making that utterance. For all that vast ambition I have not even a complete alphabet to show, much less one single illustration of how to read the letters of nature in their myriad intricacies of form, colour and sound in the world we live in. But I believe that vision has been attained by the seers, and we shall all at some time attain it, and, as is said in the Divine Shepherd of Hermes, it shall meet us everywhere, plain and easy, walking or resting, waking or sleeping, "for there is nothing which is not the image of God".

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



NOTHING AND ALL

The virtue of love is NOTHING and ALL, or that nothing visible out of which all things proceed; its power is through all things; its height is as high as God; its greatness is as great as God. Its virtue is the principle of all principles; its power supports the heavens and upholds the earth; its height is higher than the highest heavens; and its greatness is even greater than the very manifestation of the Godhead in the glorious light of the divine essence, as being infinitely capable of greater and greater manifestations in all eternity. What can I say more? Love is higher than the highest. Love is greater than the greatest. Yea, it is in a certain sense greater than God; while yet in the highest sense of all, God is LOVE, and love is God. Love being the highest principle, is the virtue of all virtues; from whence they flow forth. Love being the greatest majesty, is the power of all powers, from whence they severally operate. And it is the holy magical root, or spiritual power from whence all the wonders of God have been wrought by the hands of his elect servants, in all their generations successively. Whoever finds it, finds nothing and all things.

JACOB BOEHME



THE IMMORTAL MIND

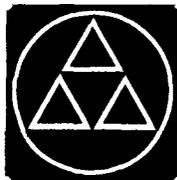
When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON





Mula: ॐ BI S

THE INDWELLER

O Lord, Thou art the embodiment of the highest virtue in all worlds. Thou art the indweller, the Supreme Being. Holy sages proclaim Thee as the greatest refuge and saviour of mankind.

Thou art manifest in all creatures, in the animal as well as in the holy man. Thou art manifest in all directions, in the sky as well as in rivers and mountains.

The Ramayana



SECRETS OF TIME

His wandering step
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Aethiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble daemons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



PERPETUAL INCANDESCENCE

There, on a summit more pointed than the finest needle,
He who fills all space resides unto himself.
On high in the most rarefied air
Where all freezes into stone,
The supreme and immutable crystal alone subsists.
Up there exposed to the full fire of the firmament,
Where all is consumed in flame,
Subsists the perpetual incandescence.
There at the centre of all creation,
Is he who sees each thing accomplished
In its beginning and its end.

RENÉ DAUMAL



THE SAVIOURS

Every country has had its saviours. He who dissipates the darkness of ignorance by the help of the torch of science, thus discovering to us the truth, deserves that title as a mark of our gratitude quite as much as he who saves us from death by healing our bodies. Such an one awakens in our benumbed souls the faculty of distinguishing the true from the false, by kindling a divine flame, hitherto absent, and he has the right to our grateful worship, for he has become our creator. What matters the name or the symbol that personifies the abstract idea, if that idea is always the same and is true! Whether the concrete symbol bears one title or another, whether the saviour in whom we believe has for an earthly name Krishna, Buddha, Jesus or Aesculapius, — also called “the saviour god” *Σώτηρ*, — we have but to remember one thing: symbols of divine truths were not invented for the amusement of the ignorant: they are the *alpha* and *omega* of philosophic thought.

H. P. BLAVATSKY



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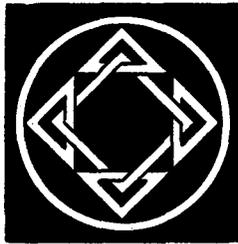
SEALS OF ASSURANCE

This is the day which down the void abysm,
At the Earth-born's spell, yawns for Heaven's despotism,
 And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep.
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
 Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance —
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And, if with infirm hand Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
 The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
 To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY





I THINK CONTINUALLY

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in song.
And who hoarded from the Spring branches
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious, is never to forget
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth.
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light
Nor its grave evening demand for love.
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and fog the flowering of the Spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are fêted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
Born of the sun they travelled a short while toward the sun
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

STEPHEN SPENDER





IN THE SADDLE

There is One who ever reappears, at certain intervals, in the course of human history. He is like a rider taming a wild horse in the arena. Again and yet again it throws him. A moment, and he is in the saddle again, each time more secure and more expert; but off he has had to go, in all his varying incarnations, until this day. Who knows how often he has wandered amongst us when none have recognized him?

HENRIK IBSEN



THE LIVING PRESENCE

Man as a true human is essentially a religious being and only secondarily a political, social and economic animal. Wheresoever and whensoever his religious nature is thwarted he is ill, miserable and on the downward path and every aspect of his total life bears the scars of this thwarting. . . .

That response which would rekindle the pure flame of religion today could come only from those who have themselves realized the Transcendent. The founders of the great religions of the past were such men. They all — Krishna, Zarathustra, Buddha, Christ — announced a second advent. Certainly a Teacher appears again and again, but never as a repetition of a past form which was a creative fulfilment for that specific living situation. Never again will Krishna, Zarathustra or Jesus come back as persons recognisable as Krishna, Zarathustra or Jesus, for the movement of the spirit is non-repetitive, invariably unique in every manifestation of its single essence. The Teacher of today will draw afresh from the timeless spring of truth and he will fill a new cup fashioned by the need of the new world age. Whoso has the heart to lift the cup to his burning lips will be healed and, then only, live. . . . Great Teachers inspire and transform their devotees by the influence of their living presence.

PHIROZ MEHTA



Uttarashadha: ☉ O D

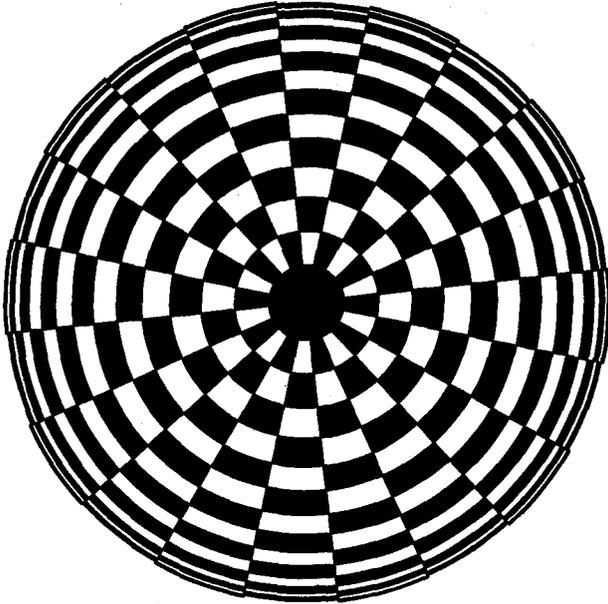
THE PROMOTER OF GOOD

We offer our salutations to Thee, the giver of happiness and well-being. We offer our salutations to Thee, the promoter of Good and auspiciousness. We offer our salutations to Thee, the bestower of bliss and still greater bliss.

O Lord, Thou art beyond the sea of relative existence. Thou art also in the midst of it. I bow to Thee. Thou enablest one to go beyond sin by means of holy chants. Thou takest one beyond the cycle of births and deaths through knowledge. I bow to Thee. Thou art present in sacred flowing streams as well as on the coast. I bow to Thee. Thou art in the tender grass, on the sea-shore as well as in the foaming waves. I bow to Thee.

O Lord, Thou art on the sandbanks as well as in the midst of the current. I bow to Thee. Thou art in the little pebbles as well as in the calm expanse of the sea. I bow to Thee. O all-pervading Lord, Thou art in the barren soil and in crowded places. I bow to Thee.

Shukla Yajur Veda Samhita





GUARDIANS

Chorus of Spirits of the Mind

From unremembered ages we
Gentle guides and guardians be
Of heaven-oppressed Mortality.
And we breathe, and sicken not,
The atmosphere of human thought:
Be it dim and dank and grey,
Like a storm-extinguished day
Travelled o'er by dying gleams;
Be it bright as all between
Cloudless skies and windless streams,
Silent, liquid, and serene.
As the birds within the wind,
As the fish within the wave,
As the thoughts of man's own mind
Float through all above the grave:
We make there our liquid lair,
Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
Through the boundless element.
Thence we bear the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee!

Ione

More yet come, one by one: the air around them
Looks radiant as the air around a star.

First Spirit

On a battle-trumpet's blast
I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
Mid the darkness upward cast.
From the dust of creeds outworn,
From the tyrant's banner torn,
Gathering round me, onward borne,
There was mingled many a cry —
"Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!"
Till they faded through the sky.
And one sound, above, around,
One sound, beneath, around, above,
Was moving; 'twas the soul of Love;
'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
Which begins and ends in thee.

Second Spirit

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea
Which rocked beneath, immovably;
And the triumphant storm did flee
(Like a conqueror, swift and proud)
Between, — with many a captive cloud,
A shapeless, dark, and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half.
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh:
Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff,
And spread beneath, a hell of death,
O'er the white waters. I alit
On a great ship lightning-split;
And speeded hither on the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plunged aside to die.

Third Spirit

I sate beside a sage's bed,
And the lamp was burning red
Near the book where he had fed,
When a Dream with plumes of flame
To his pillow hovering came,
And I knew it was the same
Which had kindled long ago
Pity, eloquence, and woe;
And the world awhile below
Wore the shade, its lustre made.
It has borne me here as fleet
As Desire's lightning feet:
I must ride it back ere morrow,
Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

Fourth Spirit

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aëreal kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,

Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succour thee.

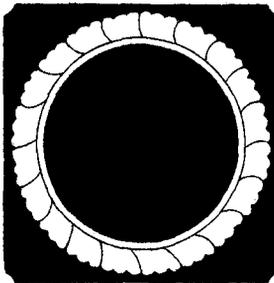
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



VOLUNTARY INCARNATIONS

There are those among the Bodhisattvas and the Lha – “and as rare as the flower of udambara are they to meet with” – who voluntarily relinquish the blessing of the attainment of perfect freedom, and remain in their personal selves, whether in forms visible or invisible to mortal sight – to teach and help their weaker brothers.

A GELUNG OF THE INNER TEMPLE





PARABHAKTI

The goal of *Parabhakti*, which is only possible for a *jnani*, is the merging into this centre of light, *Isbwara*, the highest goal of spiritual endeavour. This mergence of the Jivanmukta into *Isbwara* may be likened to what may happen in the case of the sun when a comet falls upon it; there is in the case of the sun an accession of heat and light; so also, whenever any particular individual reaches the highest state of spiritual culture, develops in himself all the virtues that alone entitle him to a union with *Isbwara* and finally unites his soul with *Isbwara*, there is, as it were, a sort of reaction emanating from *Isbwara* for the good of humanity; and in particular cases an impulse is generated in *Isbwara* to incarnate for the good of humanity. This is the highest consummation of human aspiration and endeavour.

Even in the earlier stages of his spiritual life, an aspirant for the higher life becomes a participator of the grand silent work in the spiritual enlightenment of his race – the current of the living moral and spiritual energy flowing from his heart being his humble contribution. As he progresses on the path his contribution increases till by inconceivably arduous *tapas* and renunciation he succeeds in bringing down the great *Isbwara* Himself to do this work. This is one aspect of the doctrine about *Avatara*. The subject is a profound one and touches one of the most jealously guarded secrets of *Brahma-Vidya*. . . .

The very word *Avatara* implies a coming down. Viewed from the point of view of the Jivanmukta, it is a gradual ascent and the final absorption of the human soul into *Isbwara*, but from the standpoint of *Isbwara* it is a coming down of Bhagavan to the plane of *Jivatma*. *Isbwara* therefore is not a result of evolution, but One who makes evolution possible. Hence Bhagavan says: “*Though I am unborn, of imperishable nature, and though I am the Lord of all beings, yet controlling my own nature, I take birth through the instrumentality of my Maya.*” (*Bhagavad Gita*, IV, 6) Bhagavan controls his *Prakriti* having three qualities and through the instrumentality of His light, His *Yogamaya*, He incarnates Himself. Further we are given not only the time of his coming down but also the reason for it. “*Whenever there is decay of dharma and ascendancy of adharma, then I manifest myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, and for the firm establishment of dharma I am born in every yuga.*” (*Bhagavad Gita*, IV, 7-8)

PANDIT BHAVANI SHANKAR



Shravana:) V B

VISHVARUPA DARSHANAM

ARJUNA:

The universe, O Hrishekesha, is justly delighted with thy glory and is filled with zeal for thy service; the evil spirits are affrighted and flee on all sides, while all the hosts of saints bow down in adoration before thee. And wherefore should they not adore thee, O mighty Being, thou who art greater than Brahmā, who art the first Maker? O eternal God of gods! O habitation of the universe! Thou art the one indivisible Being, and non-being, that which is supreme. Thou art the first of Gods, the most ancient Spirit; thou art the final supreme receptacle of this universe; thou art the Knower and that which is to be known, and the supreme mansion; and by thee, O thou of infinite form, is this universe caused to emanate. Thou art Vayu, God of wind, Agni, God of fire, Yama, God of death, Varuna, God of waters; thou art the moon; Prajapati, the progenitor and grandfather, art thou. Hail! hail to thee! Hail to thee a thousand times repeated! Again and again hail to thee! Hail to thee! Hail to thee from before! Hail to thee from behind! Hail to thee on all sides, O thou All! Infinite is thy power and might; thou includest all things, therefore thou art all things!

Having been ignorant of thy majesty, I took thee for a friend, and have called thee 'O Krishna, O son of Yadu, O friend', and blinded by my affection and presumption, I have at times treated thee without respect in sport, in recreation, in repose, in thy chair, and at thy meals, in private and in public; all this I beseech thee, O inconceivable Being, to forgive.

Thou art the father of all things animate and inanimate; thou art to be honoured as above the guru himself, and worthy to be adored; there is none equal to thee, and how in the triple worlds could there be thy superior, O thou of unrivalled power? Therefore I bow down and with my body prostrate, I implore thee, O Lord, for mercy. Forgive, O Lord, as the friend forgives the friend, as the father pardons his son, as the lover the beloved. I am well pleased with having beheld what was never before seen, and yet my heart is overwhelmed with awe; have mercy then, O God; show me that other form, O thou who art the dwelling-place of the universe; I desire to see thee as before with thy diadem on thy head, thy hands armed with mace and chakra; assume again, O thou of a thousand arms and universal form, thy four-armed shape!

* * *

KRISHNA:

Thou hast seen this form of mine which is difficult to be perceived and which even the gods are always anxious to behold. But I am not to be seen, even as I have shown myself to thee, by study of the Vedas, nor by mortifications, nor alms-giving, nor sacrifices. I am to be approached and seen and known in truth by means of that devotion which has me alone as the object. He whose actions are for me alone, who esteemeth me the supreme goal, who is my servant only, without attachment to the results of action and free from enmity towards any creature, cometh to me, O son of Pandu.

The Bhagavad Gita



THE UNREVEALED

ARJUNA:

Lord! of the men who serve Thee — true in heart —
As God revealed; and of the men who serve,
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, Far,
Which take the better way of faith and life?

KRISHNA:

Whoever serve Me — as I show Myself —
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,
Those hold I very holy. But who serve,
Worshipping Me, The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure —
Who thus adore Me, mastering their senses,
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto Me.

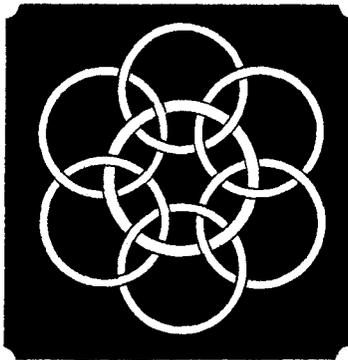
The Song Celestial



AFTER FIVE THOUSAND YEARS

I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over,
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient
and modern,
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,
Waiting responses from oracles, honouring the gods, saluting the sun,
Making a fetish of the first rock or stump, powowing with sticks in
the circle of obis,
Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession, rapt and
austere in the woods a gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cup, to Shastras and Vedas admirant,
minding the Koran,
Walking the toecallis, spotted with gore from the stone and knife,
beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the Gospels, accepting him that was crucified, knowing
assuredly that he is divine,
To the mass kneeling or the puritan's prayer rising or sitting
patiently in a pew,
Ranting and frothing in my insane crisis, or waiting dead-like till
my spirit arouses me,
Looking forth on pavement and land, or outside of pavement and land,
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits.

WALT WHITMAN





SHABDABRAHMAN

What is true of the macrocosm (*Brahmanda*) is also true of the microcosm (*Pindanda*). The two great forces in nature, attraction and repulsion, are both included in *Kundalini*, which, according to our scriptures, is a manifestation of His *sbakti* residing or latent in the *muladbara chakra* (sacral plexus), which is closely connected with the earth. Another manifestation of the same Light or Energy appears as “*Vaishvanara fire which is within the human body and by which the food is digested.*” (*Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*, 5-9-1)

It is for this reason that all the food should first be offered to Bhagavan before it is eaten, so that the food may become transmuted into higher forces. Then, later on, Shri Krishna says: “*I am seated in the hearts of all*”, a statement once referred to while explaining His *vibbutis* to Arjuna in the tenth discourse. Here the heart is the cavity below the *anabata chakra*, which is a plexus; and you can find *Isbwara*, who dwells in it, only when you go within the heart (*bridaya*), or withdraw yourself within yourself, so to say, after transcending the senses, mind and intellect; and, when aided by pure devotion, you get illumination, as a result of past virtue and good Karma, you attain a knowledge of things that transcend the ordinary limits of time and space, and of visible nature; and acquire the capacity to get a glimpse of the previous lives from the Akashic records. Hence He says: “*Wherefore, from Me, the Self of all sentient beings, are memory and knowledge.*” (*Bhagavad Gita*, XV, 15)

Bhagavan (Divine Voice) is the real *Isbwara* of the Vedantins and the Saviour of mankind. Through Him alone can salvation and immortality be secured by man. The aim and object of all initiation is to ascertain His attributes, His connection with humanity, and realize His sacred presence in every human heart, and discover the means of transferring man's higher individuality, purified and ennobled by the virtuous Karma of a series of incarnations, to His lotus feet as the most sacred offering which a human being can bestow.

Therefore, Shri Krishna says: “*I am that which is to be known through the Vedas*”, because He is the Divine Voice and He is the author of the Vedanta, being the *Paramaguru*. Through Him the teaching is imparted to the great Gurus, who form the brotherhood of Adepts; and He knows the Vedas, as He is the *Shabdabrahman* from whom the Vedas proceed. “*He is the Supreme Self, the eternal Lord, who pervades the three worlds and sustains them, and in the world and in the Vedas He is known as Purushottama, because He transcends both the perishable and the imperishable.*” (XV, 17-18)

PANDIT BHAVANI SHANKAR



Shravishtba: ♂ R C

THE VISION OF BUDDHA

And in the middle watch,
Our Lord attained *Abbidjna* – insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of *Kalpas*, *Mahakalpas* – terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech – whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking – behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb –
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,

Globing together in the common work;
And man, who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD



A SINGLE RAY

Buddha sends forth but a single ray
And I with all the assembly
See that these domains
Are extraordinarily wonderful.
Rare are the divine powers
And wisdom of the Buddhas;
Sending forth a single pure ray,
They illuminate innumerable domains.

The Lotus Sutra





SERVING THE BUDDHA

O Honoured of the World, Incomparable,
To save all living beings,
After incalculable millions of years
You have become a Buddha
And perfected all your vows.
Our fortune is excellent, unsurpassed,
For Those honoured by the world rarely appear.
Seated while ten minor *kalpas* pass by,
Your body, arms and legs
Are still and calm, without movement;
Your mind, ever tranquil,
Is never distracted.
You have reached endless Nirvana
And serenely abide in the faultless Law.

In seeing the World-Honoured One
Who silently treads the Buddha-Way,
We are supremely fortunate,
And proclaim our boundless joy.
All who live are ever suffering,
Blind, without a guide,
Unaware of the Path to the end of pain,
Not knowing enough to seek deliverance.
Through the long night of time, evil ways increase,
Diminishing the celestial company.
Passing from darkness into darkness,
They never hear the Buddha's name.
Now the Buddha has attained the supreme,
Peaceful, perfect Law,
And we men and gods
Have gained the greatest fortune.

We prostrate ourselves
In submission to the supremely Honoured One.
Hero of the World, Incomparable!
Self-adorned with a hundred auspicious signs!
You who have attained the Supreme Wisdom,
Be pleased to discourse to the world
To deliver us
And all classes of living beings.
Explain and reveal this Wisdom
So that we may attain it.

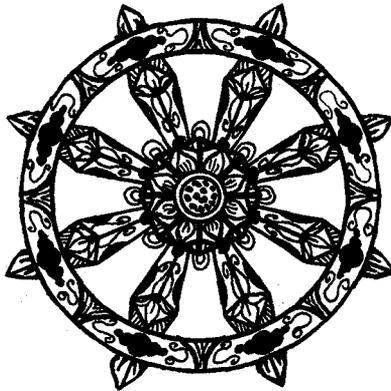
If we can reach the Buddha nature,
All living beings may reach it too.

Honoured by the World! You know what the living
In their deepest minds are thinking,
The paths in which they walk,
Their aptitudes to gain Wisdom,
Their desires and their good deeds,
The karma of their former births.
Honoured by the World! Knowing all these things,
Turn the Wheel without equal.
Rare is One Honoured by the World,
And hard it is to meet Him,
Perfected in infinite merit,
He can rescue all.

All living beings in the ten directions
Everywhere receive His help.
Thus we have come from afar,
Abandoning the deep joys of *dhyana*,
For the sake of serving the Buddha.
Our deeds of former ages
We offer now to the One Honoured by the World,
And entreat Him to receive them in mercy.

Hero of the World! Honoured among Men!
Be pleased to proclaim the Law;
By the power of thy divine compassion,
Rescue all wretched living beings!

Saddharma-Pundarika





LIGHT IN THE DESERT

Let us think of a desert country lying in absolute darkness and many animals moving about in it blindly. Naturally they will be frightened and as they run into each other during the night there will be frequent fighting. Such a conception is a pitiable one. Now let us think that a superior man appears with a great light and everything becomes bright and clear. We can imagine the relief of the creatures as they are able to look about, and their happiness as they recognize each other and renew their companionship.

This is like the field of human life as it lies in the darkness of ignorance. Those who have no enlightenment wander about in loneliness and fear. They are born alone and die alone, they do not know how to associate together in peaceful harmony, and they are naturally fearful and despondent.

Suddenly Buddha appears in human form and by his wisdom and compassion illumines the world. In this light people find themselves and find others and are glad to establish human fellowship and harmonious relations.

Thousands of people may live in the world but we cannot call it a fellowship until they know each other and have sympathy for each other. A true community is a place where truth and wisdom are its light, and where the people know each other and trust each other and have things in common, and where there is a harmonious organization. In fact, harmony is its life and its happiness and its meaning.

Mahaparinirvana Sutra





Shatabishaj: Ω W O

THE COOLING OF THE EARTH

The Tathagata is greatly to be honoured
And profound in wisdom;
For long has he kept secret this message,
Not endeavouring hastily to declare it.
The wise, if they hear it,
Are able to accept and discern;
The ignorant doubt and turn away,
Losing it perpetually.
Therefore, Kasyapa,
According to their powers I preach to them
With varied reasonings
To bring them to right views.
Know, Kasyapa!
It is like a great cloud
Rising above the world,
Covering all things everywhere,
A beneficent cloud full of moisture;
Flashes of lightning shine and glint,
The voice of thunder vibrates afar,
Bringing gladness and ease to all.
The sun's rays are veiled,
And the earth is cooled;
The cloud lowers and spreads
As if it might be caught and gathered;
Its rain everywhere equally
Descends on all sides,
Streaming and pouring without stint,
Enriching all the land.
On mountains, by rivers, in steep valleys,
In hidden recesses, there grow
The plants, trees, and herbs;
Trees, big or small,
The shoots of all the ripening grain,
Sugar cane and grapevine,
All these by the rain are fertilized
And abundantly enriched.
The dry ground is all soaked,
And herbs and trees flourish together.
From the one water which
Issued from that cloud,
Plants, trees, thickets, forests,
According to their need, receive moisture.

All the trees,
Superior, middle, inferior, all,
Each according to its size,
Grow and develop
Roots, stalks, branches and leaves,
Blossoms and fruits in their brilliant colours;
By the pouring of the one rain,
All become fresh and glossy.
Just as their bodies, forms
And natures are divided into great and small,
So the enriching rain, though one and the same,
Yet makes each flourish.
In the same manner Buddha also
Appears in the world,
Like a great cloud
Universally covering all things;
And having appeared in the world,
He, for the sake of all living beings,
Discriminates and proclaims
The reality of all the laws.

The Lotus Sutra





THE SUN AND THE SOUL

What then is the light of the sun? It is the shadow of God. So what is God? God is the sun of the sun; the light of the sun is Deity in the physical world, and Deity is the light of the sun above the intelligences of the angels. My shadow is such, O soul, that it is the most beautiful of all physical things. What do you suppose is the nature of my light?

Do you love the light everywhere above all else? Indeed, do you love the light alone? Love only me, O soul, alone the infinite light; love me, the light, boundlessly, I say; then you will shine and be infinitely delighted.

MARSILIO FICINO



THE TOILERS OF MAITREYA

It is predicted that the manifestations of Maitreya shall come after the wars. But the final war shall be for the cause of the True Teaching. But each one rising up against Shambhala, shall be stricken in all his works. And the waves shall wash away his dwellings.

And even a dog shall not answer to his call. Not clouds but lightning shall he see on the final night.

And the fiery messenger shall rise up on pillars of Light. The Teaching indicates that each warrior of Shambhala shall be named the Invincible.

The Lord Himself hastens. And His Banner is already above the mountains.

* * *

Thy Pastures shall reach the Promised Land.

When thou tendest thy flocks, dost thou not hear the voices of the stones? These are the toilers of Maitreya, who make ready for thee the treasures.

NICHOLAS ROERICH



MAITREYA

May those who share in creating
Images of Maitreya, the Buddha of Love,
Experience the Dharma of the Mahayana
In the presence of Maitreya Himself.

When like the sun rising above the mountains,
The Buddha of Love appears at the Diamond Throne,
May the wisdom-lotus open its petals
And sentient beings gather to drink the nectar of Truth.

Then may Maitreya, the Buddha of Love,
Stretch forth His compassionate hand
And foretell the enlightenment of *lanoos*,
That they may soon reach illumination.

Until universal enlightenment may all beings
Abide in the vast ways trod
By Buddhas and their Bodhisattva-sons,
Of times past, and now, and ever to come.

May all beings grasp the golden staff of wisdom
And unfurl the flag of spiritual learning
Adorned with *sbila*, *samadhi* and *prajna*,
That Truth's banner may everywhere be seen.

May the mystic learning, root of happiness,
And the profoundest growth thrive unhindered;
May those who know live long lives
And Buddha's Teaching bring peace and joy.

May all sentient beings gain love's splendour,
That dispels even the shadows of evil,
Through coming to know the Buddha of Love,
And may all move forward towards illumination.

GYALWA GENDUN DRUB
THE 1st DALAI LAMA (1391-1474)

