



Revathi: ॐ Y E

AVIDYA AND KARMA

Originally there was a single true spiritual Nature, uncreate and imperishable, neither increasing nor decreasing, changeless and immutable. Sentient beings, existing from the beginningless beginning, suffering delusion, have been unaware of it. Being hidden, it is called *Tathagatagarbha*, the womb of the Tathagata. Because *Tathagatagarbha* is hidden, there are the mental characteristics called birth and death. True Mind, unborn and imperishable, and the delusions of birth and death, coexist. They are neither identical nor different, and this is called *Alayavijnana*, the storehouse of consciousness. *Alayavijnana* has two aspects, the enlightened and the unenlightened. Due to its unenlightened dimension, whenever a deluded thought appears, it is called a sign of *karma*. Since this thought is not recognized as unreal in essence, it activates the subjective consciousness and also projects the illusive world of objects. But one does not realize that the objective world appears out of the delusions of one's own mind. One clings to this world of objects, believing it to have indisputable existence. This is attachment to *dhamma* or phenomena.

Attachment to *dhamma* leads man to see a distinction between himself and others and enhances attachment to himself. Owing to this attachment to self, man loves with deeply rooted greed objects that are agreeable to his feelings and are advantageous to himself. He experiences anger and disgust at objects which are not agreeable, and he fears that pleasant objects might be missed while disgusting ones may give him pain. These feelings, the result of *avidya*, gradually increase in intensity.

We have received our present form of existence because of initial *karma*, and secondary *karma* engenders varying states of existence, high or low, rich or poor, long or short, healthy or sickly, rising or falling, pleasurable or painful. It has been said that humility or arrogance in a previous life bears the fruit of high or low position in the present; that benevolence brings longevity; that murder results in a short life and greed in poverty; but karmic consequences cannot be described in detail. A man may suffer calamity without doing evil, or he may be prosperous without performing good deeds; longevity may occur without previous benevolence; and death in youth is not always the result of murderous acts. All these are consequences of the secondary *karma* of a previous life. Those who fail to recognize this think all things are the result of natural randomness.

According to this Teaching, the world of objects, created by mind and consciousness, unfolds in two phases: one joins with mind and consciousness to become man, the other does not so join and becomes heaven and earth and all their constituents. Amongst heaven, earth and man, man is the most spiritual because he is linked to the spirit of Mind. The Buddha taught this when he said that the great external elements differ from the four great internal elements.

It is a pity that people with incomplete knowledge cling to partial views and remain confused. Renouncing the inessential, they should return to the essential and meditate upon the source of Mind. When petty errors are exhausted and major misconceptions are removed, the spiritual nature will be manifest. This state is called the body of essence or the body of bliss.

TSUNG-MI



THE RETREAT

Happy those early days! when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees;
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN



ANOTHER'S WOE

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear —

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

WILLIAM BLAKE



SELF-QUESTIONING

It is central to the entire teaching of *Gupta Vidya* that whilst metaphysical differentiation through consciousness is indispensable for there even to be self-consciousness, this is fundamentally different from the difficulty for a ray of spirit, when encased in matter, to rebel against inertia. There are many modes of inertias – spiritual inertia which is the refusal to climb, mental inertia which is the refusal to think, moral inertia which is the refusal to take a vow or make a resolve, psychic inertia which is a refusal to be awake and responsive to the rhythms of nature and the extraordinary gifts of human life. None of these can be blamed upon the metaphysical differentiation of consciousness, and the purported second fall itself marks the awakening of that questioning spirit which is the signature of humanity's divine origin and is essential to overcoming all inertia. The ancients were masters of the art of self-questioning and interrogating Nature. They knew, as does every great scientist or artist, that if one knows how to ask, and how to wait, Nature will never fail to speak. This is above all true in the realms of philosophic religion and spiritual enlightenment. From the start, the pilgrim who enters a period of probation must see the whole of human existence as a profound process of learning, loving and living. From that initial stance, maintained through a lifetime of suffering and growth, one can come to the greater beatitudes of the mystery of self-enlightenment, whereby one is prepared to enter the antechamber of the temple of spiritual initiation into the primordial and eternal Wisdom of the Mahatmas and the Bodhisattvas, the Teachers and Friends of the human race.

RAGHAVAN IYER



Ashvini: ॐ Bl S

DEFENCELESSNESS

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps
From its new tenement, and looks abroad
For happiness and sympathy, how stern
And desolate a tract is this wide world!
How withered all the buds of natural good!
No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms
Of pitiless power! On its wretched frame —
Poisoned, perchance, by the disease and woe
Heaped on the wretched parent whence it sprung,
By morals, law, and custom, — the pure winds
Of Heaven, that renovate the insect tribes,
May breathe not. The untainting light of day
May visit not its longings. It is bound
Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged
Long ere its being: all liberty and love
And peace is torn from its defencelessness;
Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed
To abjectness and bondage!

Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remained.
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
Is active living spirit. Every grain
Is sentient both in unity and part,
And the minutest atom comprehends
A world of loves and hatreds. These beget
Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;
Hence will, and thought, and action, all the germs
Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
That variegate the eternal universe.
Soul is not more polluted than the beams
Of heaven's pure orb ere round their rapid lines
The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
Or he is formed by abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,

To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blessed when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of Death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be;
The other, man as vice has made him now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



SELF-EXILE

We resemble those who enter into, or depart from a foreign region, not only because we are banished from our intimate associates, but in consequence of dwelling in a foreign land, we are filled with barbaric passions, and manners, and legal institutes, and to all these have a great propensity. Hence, he who wishes to return to his proper kindred and associates should not only with alacrity begin the journey, but, in order that he may be properly received, should meditate how he may divest himself of everything of a foreign nature which he has assumed, and should recall to his memory such things as he has forgotten, and without which he cannot be admitted by his kindred and friends. After the same manner, also, it is necessary, if we intend to return to things which are truly our own, that we should divest ourselves of everything of a mortal nature which we have assumed, together with an adhering affection towards it, and which is the cause of our descent; and that we should excite our recollection of that blessed and eternal essence, and should hasten our return to the nature which is without colour and without quality, earnestly endeavouring to accomplish two things: one, that we may cast aside everything material and mortal; but the other, that we may properly return, and be again conversant with our true kindred, ascending to them in a way contrary to that in which we descended hither.

PORPHYRY



THE PRICELESS PRIZE

Thou canst not buy true goodness in the market:
Nor canst thou win it unto thee by distant pilgrimage:
It dwelleth not in rich men's storehouses,
Nor yet with hermits in the forest-depths:

No gold can purchase it:
It is not to be found in darksome mines below,
Nor in the wide blue sky above:

One price alone can bring it unto thee,
The giving of thy life:

If for the sake of this great prize
Thou wilt not give thyself, with all thou hast and art,
Then cease to prate of goodness.

TUKARAM



THE ROBE OF OBLIVION

Happy are they who sow but do not reap, for they wander afar.

Happy are the noble of heart whose youthful glories enhanced the days' light and largesse, while they themselves stripped off their ornaments at the parting of the ways.

Happy are the proud-of-heart whose pride overflowed the borders of their soul, and came to be the humility of white after the rainbow has risen into the clouds.

Happy are they who know that their heart cries out from a wilderness, and silence blossoms on their lips.

Happy are they — for they will be gathered into the heart of the world, wrapped in oblivion's robe, and their everlasting lot will be wordless.

AVRAHAM BEN YITSHAK



Bharani: ♀ I A

DISPASSION

Once while the Lord was abiding at Ayodhya on the bank of the Ganga, he spoke these words to the Bhikkus:

“Imagine, Bhikkus, that a large patch of froth was floating on the river Ganga, and suppose that a clear-sighted man were to look at it, observe it and examine it properly. Seeing it, observing it and examining it properly, the froth would appear to him to be empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence, Bhikkus, could be found in a lump of froth? In the same way, Bhikkus, whatever form, past, present or future, inner or outer, gross or subtle, inferior or superior, far or near, is seen, observed and properly examined, will appear empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence could there be in form?

“Imagine, Bhikkus, that when it is raining large drops in autumn, a great bubble arises and bursts on the water, and suppose that a clear-sighted man were to see it, observe it and examine it properly. The bubble would appear to him to be empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence, Bhikkus, could be found in a water-bubble? In the same way, Bhikkus, whatever feeling, past, present or future, inner or outer, gross or subtle, inferior or superior, far or near, is felt, observed and properly examined, will appear empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence could there be in feeling?

“Imagine, Bhikkus, that at midday in the last month of the hot season a mirage appeared, and suppose that a clear-sighted man were to see it, observe it and examine it properly. The mirage would appear to him to be empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence, Bhikkus, could be found in a mirage? In the same way, Bhikkus, whatever perception is seen, observed and examined properly, will appear empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence could there be in perception?

“Imagine, Bhikkus, that a man in need of strong timber should come upon a young, tall, plantain tree, and suppose that he chopped it down at the root, cut off the top and stripped away the outer skin. Looking at it, observing it and examining it properly, he would find no wood inside, and it would appear to him to be empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence, Bhikkus, could there be in a plantain tree? In the same way, Bhikkus, whatever mental activity is experienced, observed and examined properly, will appear empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence can there be in mental activity?

“Imagine, Bhikkus, that a magician produced an illusion in a thoroughfare, and suppose that a clear-sighted man were to see it, observe it and examine it properly. The magical illusion would appear to him to be empty, unsubstantial and without an essence. What essence, Bhikkus, could be found in a magical illusion? In the same way, Bhikkus, whatever consciousness is experienced, observed and examined properly, will appear empty, unsubstantial and

without an essence.

“Understanding this, the disciple of the Noble Eightfold Path is dispassionate towards the body, towards feeling and perception, mental activity and consciousness. Being dispassionate, he is detached; being detached, he is released from bondage; in release from bondage there is knowledge of freedom, and the disciple then knows:

Finished is birth,
Lived is the Life,
Done is all duty,
No longer is there
This or that.

Samyutta Nikaya



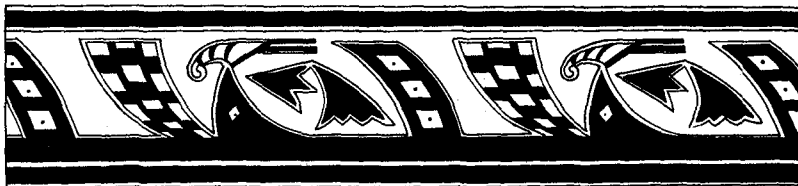
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Waking up,
I dream this life.

My time on earth
Is borrowed.

In an instant
One day
I must leave.

NAHUATL SHAMAN





THE HOLY SIGN

I was made aware that I had risen higher
By the enkindled ardour of the red star
That glowed, I thought, with more than usual fire.

With all my heart, and in the tongue which is
One in all men, I offered God my soul
As a burnt offering for this new bliss.

Nor had the flame of sacrifice in my breast
Burnt out, when a good omen let me know
My prayer had been received by the Most Blest;

For with such splendour, in such a ruby glow,
Within two rays, there shone so great a glory
I cried, "O Helios that arrays them so!"

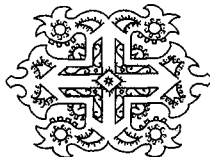
As, pole to pole, the arch of the Milky Way
So glows, pricked out by greater and lesser stars,
That sages stare, not knowing what to say —

So constellated, deep within that Sphere,
The two rays formed into the holy sign
A circle's quadrant lines describe. And here

Memory outruns my powers. How shall I write
That from that cross there glowed a vision of Christ?
What metaphor is worthy of that sight?

But whoso takes his cross and follows Christ
Will pardon me what I leave here unsaid
When *he* sees that great dawn that rays forth Christ.

DANTE ALIGHIERI





BEYOND STRIFE

Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
With a deathless life?
Let it seek to be uplifted
O'er earth's storm and strife.

Spurn its joys — its ties dissever;
Hopes and fears divest;
Thus aspire to live forever —
Be forever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
Cease to love or hate;
Let not Time's illusions blind thee;
Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
In the Eternal's love;
All this sensuous nature fleeing
For pure bliss above.

Earth receives the seed and guards it;
Trustfully it dies;
Then, what teeming life rewards it
For self-sacrifice!

With green leaf and clustering blossom
Clad, and golden fruit,
See it from earth's cheerless bosom
Ever sunward shoot!

Thus, when self-abased, Man's spirit
From each earthly tie
Rises disenthralled t' inherit
Immortality!

SUFI POEM



Krittika: ☉ O D

RIGHT PROPORTION

Let man consider who he is and what he should and must become. . . .
Man needs more than common intelligence to know who he is; only he who studies him properly and knows whence he comes and who he is will also give profound attention to the eternal. . . .

Everything that man accomplishes or does, that he teaches or wants to learn, must have its right proportion; it must follow its own line and remain within its circle, to the end that a balance be preserved, that there be no crooked thing, that nothing exceed the circle.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA



RECOLLECT THRICE

Let not soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What have I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That lead to virtue and to God.

ISAAC WATTS





NOTHING CAN BE LOST

If a man feels that what, without any fault of his own, he suffers in this life can only be the result of some of his former acts, he will bear his sufferings with more resignation, like a debtor who is paying off an old debt. And if he knows besides that in this life he may actually lay by moral capital for the future, he has a motive for goodness, which is not more selfish than it ought to be. The belief that no act, whether good or bad, can be lost, is only the same belief in the moral world which our belief in the preservation of force is in the physical world. Nothing can be lost.

MAX MÜLLER



SVADHARMA

We should think constantly of our *svadharma* and devote all our energies to it; we should have no thought for anything else. This is the touchstone of *svadharma*. *Karmayoga* is not action which is great or weighty. The *karmayoga* of the *Gita* is something quite different. Its distinctive virtue consists in progressively acquiring *chittashuddhi*, inner purity, through performing, without any thought of fruit, the *svadharma* that comes to one naturally and inescapably. Endless activities go on all the time throughout creation. But *karmayoga* means performing all actions with a special mental attitude.

To sow seed in a field and to scatter a handful of grain somewhere — these are entirely distinct actions. The difference between them is great; we know how much we gain by sowing the seed and what we lose by throwing it away. The *karma* that the *Gita* teaches is like the sowing of seed. There is an unlimited power in carrying out one's duty, one's *svadharma*. Here, no effort can be too great. Here, there is no excuse for running around.

VINOBA BHAVE



Robini: D V B

THE LAW OF THE LORD

Blessed is the man
Who walketh not in the counsel of the wicked
And standeth not in the way of sinners,
And sitteth not in the seat of scorers;
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law he meditate both day and night.
He shall be like a tree planted by streams of water,
That yieldeth its fruit in its season,
And whose leaf doth not wither:
All that he doeth shall prosper.
Not so the wicked;
They are like chaff, which the wind driveth away.

The Book of Psalms



BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

The Gospel According to Matthew



MUTUAL AID

May you grow many foods and many crops.

May you live in good houses; may you moreover live in a beautiful village.

Don't quarrel with one another.

Don't pursue another's spouse.

Don't mock the invalid passing in the village.

And he who seduces another's wife will be killed!

Accept the chief; fear him; may he also fear you.

May you agree with one another, all together, no enmity in the land nor too much hate.

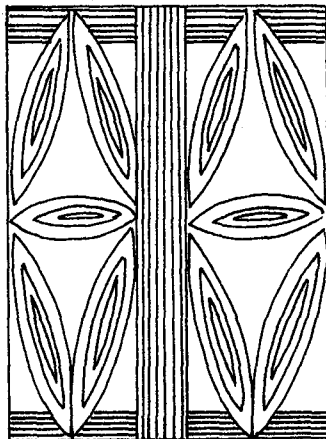
May you bring forth tall and short children; in so doing you will bring them forth for the chief.

Among children there are none bad; whether he be disabled, or whether he not be disabled, he must not be rejected. So then there is nothing bad in what God has given to man.

Heroism be hailed! But excessive callousness either pushes a man into a great crime or brings him a great one, which normally he would not have experienced. So, whosoever in a country is not advised will one day carry excrements — and to experience that is terrible.

Mutual agreement brings about kinship solidarity; the one who will save his companion is unknown; it is like the chief and his subordinates. So, the world is but made of mutual aid. So, then, may the chief safeguard subordinates and the subordinates safeguard the chief. Kingship is the stamping of feet; it is the tremor of people.

MWINDO EPIC





TRUE OPULENCE

Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent: but these are all poor and worthless compared with the light which the sun sends into our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few.

W. HENRY CHANNING





Mrigasbirsba: ॐ R C

PURITY AND CORRUPTION

By the sun and his midday brightness; by the moon, which rises after him; by the day, which reveals his splendour; by the night, which veils him!

By the heaven and Him that built it; by the earth and Him that spread it; by the soul and Him that moulded it and inspired it with knowledge of sin and piety: blessed shall be the man who has kept it pure, and ruined he that has corrupted it!

The Qu'ran



BEARING EACH OTHER'S BURDENS

God has furnished us with constant occasions of bearing one another's burdens. For there is no man living without his failings; no man that is so happy as never to give offence; no man without his load of trouble; no man so sufficient as never to need assistance; none so wise but the advice of others may, at some time or other, be useful for him; and, therefore, we should think ourselves under the strongest engagements to comfort, and relieve, and instruct, and admonish, and bear with one another.

THOMAS à KEMPIS





WITH EVERY GESTURE

How much may be done, is done, by the brain and heart of one human being in contact with another! We are answerable for incalculable opportunities of good and evil in our daily intercourse with every soul with whom we have to deal; every meeting, every parting, every chance greeting, and every appointed encounter, are occasions open to us for which we are to account. To our children, our servants, our friends, our acquaintances — to each and all, every day, and all day long, we are distributing that which is best or worst in existence — influence: with every word, with every look, with every gesture, something is given or withheld of great importance, it may be to the receiver.

F. A. KEMBLE



NIGHT CHANT

Tsegihi!

House made of the dawn.

House made of evening light.

House made of the dark cloud.

House made of male rain.

House made of dark mist.

House made of female rain.

House made of pollen.

House made of grasshoppers.

Dark cloud is at the door.

The trail out of it is dark cloud.

The zigzag lightning stands high upon it.

Male deity!
Your offering I make.
I have prepared a smoke for you.
Restore my feet for me.
Restore my legs for me.
Restore my body for me.
Restore my mind for me.
Restore my voice for me.
This very day take out your spell for me.
Your spell remove for me.
You have taken it away for me.
Far off it has gone.

Happily I recover.
Happily my interior becomes cool.
Happily I go forth.
My interior feeling cold, may I walk.
No longer sore, may I walk.
Impervious to pain, may I walk.
With lively feelings, may I walk.
As it used to be long ago, may I walk.

Happily may I walk.
Happily with abundant dark clouds may I walk.
Happily with abundant showers may I walk.
Happily with abundant plants may I walk.
Happily on a trail of pollen may I walk.
Happily may I walk.
Being as it used to be long ago, may I walk.

May it be beautiful before me.
May it be beautiful behind me.
May it be beautiful below me.
May it be beautiful above me.
May it be beautiful all around me.
In beauty it is finished.
In beauty it is finished.

NAVAJO CHANT





Ardra: Ω W O

SALVATION AND AFFLICTION

In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful

By the night, when she lets fall her darkness, and by the radiant day! By Him that created the male and the female, your endeavours have different ends!

For him that gives in charity and guards himself against evil and believes in goodness, We shall smooth the path of salvation; but for him that neither gives nor takes and disbelieves in goodness, We shall smooth the path of affliction. When he breathes his last, his riches will not avail him.

It is for Us to give guidance. Ours is the life of this world, Ours the life to come. I warn you, then, of the blazing fire, in which none shall burn save the hardened sinner, who denies the truth and gives no heed. But the good man who purifies himself by almsgiving shall keep away from it: and so shall he that does good works for the sake of the Most High only, not in recompense for a favour. Such men shall be content.

The Qu'ran



VICTORY

It is because man is half angel, half brute, that his inner life witnesses such bitter war between such unlike natures. The brute in him clamours for sensual joy and things in which there is only vanity; but the angel resists and strives to make him know that meat, drink, sleep, are but means whereby the body may be made efficient for the study of the truths, and the doing of the will of God. Not until the very hour of death can it be certain or known to what measure the victory has been won. He who is but a novice in the fear of God will do well to say audibly each day, as he rises: "This day I will be a faithful servant of the Almighty. I will be on my guard against wrath, falsehood, hatred, and quarrelsomeness, and will forgive those who wound me." For whoso forgives is forgiven in his turn; hard-heartedness and a temper that will not make up quarrels are a heavy burden of sin, and unworthy of an Israelite.

MOSES of COUCY

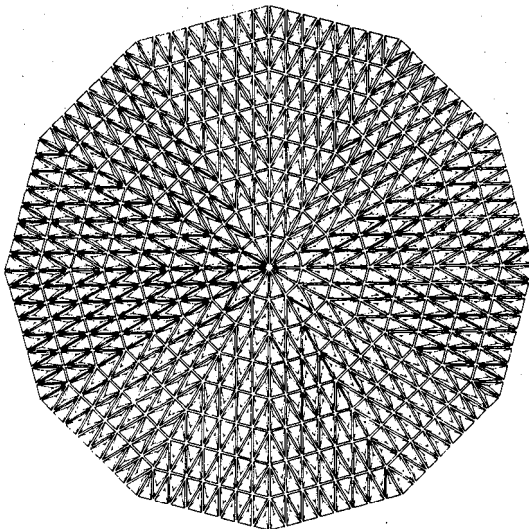


THE SECRET OF TRANSMUTATION

Seventy Thousand Veils separate Allah, the One Reality (*al-baqq*), from the world of matter and of sense. And every soul passes before his birth through these seventy thousand. The inner half of these are veils of light; the outer half, veils of darkness. For every one of the veils of light passed through, in this journey towards birth, the soul puts *off* a divine quality; and for every one of the dark veils, it puts *on* an earthly quality. Thus, the child is born weeping, for the soul knows its separation from Allah, the One Reality. And when the child cries in its sleep, it is because the soul remembers something of what it has lost. Otherwise, the passage through the veils has brought with it *nisyan*, forgetfulness: and for this reason, man is called *insan*. He is now, as it were, in prison in his body, separated by these thick curtains from Allah.

But the whole purpose of Sufism, the way of the dervish, is to give him an escape from this prison, an apocalypse of the Seventy Thousand Veils, a recovery of the original unity with the One, whilst still in this body. The body is not to be put off; it is to be refined and made spiritual – a help and not a hindrance to the spirit. It is like metal that has to be refined by fire and transmuted. And the shaikh tells the aspirant that he has the secret of this transmutation. “We shall throw you into the fire of Spiritual Passion”, he says, “and you will emerge refined.”

RIFA'I



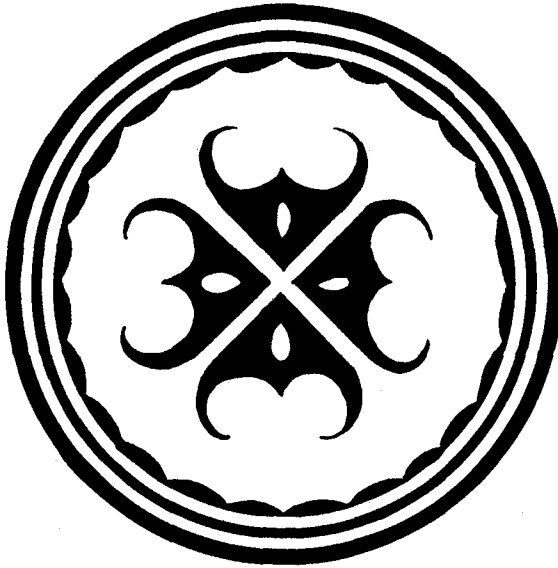


LIVE TRULY

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would reach.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BONAR





Punarvasu: २ B G

SELF-CREATION

After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping. Having assumed light, he goes again to his own place, the gold-gleaming genius, the solitary bird.

Guarding with the *prana* the lower nest, the immortal moves away from the nest; that immortal one goes wherever he likes, the gold-gleaming genius, the solitary bird.

Going up and down in his dream, the god makes manifold shapes for himself, either rejoicing together with women, or laughing with comrades, or seeing terrible sights.

People may see his playground, but himself no one ever sees. Therefore they say, "Let no one wake a man suddenly, for it is not easy to remedy, if he does not get back."

Now as a man is like this or like that, according as he acts and according as he behaves, so will he be: — a man of good acts will become good, a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, corrupt by bad deeds.

And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as is his desire, so is his will: and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatsoever deed he does, that he will reap.

If a man understands the Self, saying "I am He", what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body?

Whosoever has found and understood the Self that has entered this patched-up hiding place, he indeed is the creator, for he is the maker of everything, his is the world, and he is the world itself.

Brihadaranyaka Upanishad



THE UNRUFFLED MIND

It is upon the serene and placid surface of the unruffled mind that the visions gathered from the invisible find a representation in the visible world. Otherwise you would vainly seek those visions, those flashes of sudden light which have already helped to solve so many of the minor problems and which alone can bring the truth before the eye of the soul. It is with jealous care that we have to guard our mind-plane from all the adverse influences which daily arise in our passage through earth-life.

MAHATMA K. H.



SERENITY

THAT blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



THE UNCARVED BLOCK

Know the strength of man,
But keep a woman's care!
Be the stream of the universe!
Being the stream of the universe,
Ever true and unswerving,
Become as a little child once more.

Know honour,
Yet keep humility.
Be the valley of the universe!
Being the valley of the universe,
Ever true and resourceful,
Return to the state of the uncarved block.

Tao Te Ching



Pushya: ṛ G F

KEY IN HAND

Every instant I give to the heart a different desire,
Every moment I lay upon the heart a different brand.
At every dawn I have a new employment.
'Tis wonderful that the spirit is in prison,
And that the key of the prison is in its hand!

JALALUDDIN RUMI



THE NACHIKETAS FIRE

To make our body of senses and limbs the stately mansion which puts forth the majesty and tenderness of Mother Earth; to make our emotions start from the spring of Love, glide forth in the river of gentleness and empty themselves in the Ocean of Compassion; to make our thoughts harbingers of goodwill and like birds rise in the Aether of Space, singing their songs — joyous and clear and fresh; to transform ourselves into the steady-burning Flame of the Nachiketas Fire — symbol of the Disciple; that is the task that lies before us.

B. P. WADIA





PREPARING FOR WOMANHOOD

O You, White Swan Power of the place where we always face, who control the path of the generations and of all that moves, we are about to purify a virgin, that her generations to come may walk in a sacred manner upon that path which You control. There is a place for You in the pipe! Help us with Your two red and blue days!

O Wakan Tanka, Grandfather, behold us! We are about to offer the pipe to You!

O You, Grandmother, upon whom the generations of the people have walked, may White Buffalo Cow Woman Appears and her generations walk upon you in a sacred manner in the winters to come. O Mother Earth, who gives forth fruit, and who is as a mother to the generations, this young virgin who is here today will be purified and made sacred; may she be like You, and may her children and her children's children walk the sacred path in a holy manner. Help us, O Grandmother and Mother, with Your red and blue days!

O Wakan Tanka, behold us! We are about to offer this pipe to You.

O you, our four-legged relative, and who of all the four-legged peoples are nearest to the two-leggeds, you too are to be placed in the pipe, for you have taught us how you cleanse your young, and it is this way that we shall use in purifying White Buffalo Cow Woman Appears. I give to you an offering, O four-legged, water, paint, cherry juice, and also grass. There is a place for you in the pipe — help us!

O Wakan Tanka and all the winged Powers of the universe, behold us! This tobacco I offer especially to You, the Chief of all the Powers, who is represented by the Spotted Eagle who lives in the depths of the heavens, and who guards all that is there! We are about to purify a young girl, who is soon to be a woman. May You guard those generations which will come forth from her! There is a place for You in the pipe — help us with the red and blue days!

OGLALA DAKOTA CHANT





PLASTICITY OF IMAGINATION

The sculptor exemplifies the creativity of purifying, sifting, structuring and refining, resting in the unusual position wherein the acts of creation and of appreciation inconspicuously merge, so that every gesture of the sculptor is tending towards his conception of beauty and perfection. He adapts the human form to the divine purpose and at the same time disseminates divine ideas in a self-aware, but ego-less, activity. Leonardo would often give up sculptures midway because he felt he could not do adequate justice to his notion of divine perfection. Equally, Michelangelo, whenever he saw a thick and uncarved block, felt that he perceived a spirit waiting to be released. The sculptor is in the unusual position both of rendering beauty and attenuating the redundant dross into a pure refined truth. By reducing the excesses of self, he is subjugating self in order to release it. Eye and hand are perfectly attuned, the emotional elaboration upon the rational theme; he shows a sureness of vision but a plasticity of imagination. One could relate this to the Taoist notion of the uncarved block, which respects the integrity of the block, whether individual or collective, but also apprehends the sympathy that flows from non-being so that, when a sculptor is cutting away at himself to come to a chaster whole, he is also indirectly contributing towards the creativity of society.

The sculptor obviously provides an important model for self-examination if you think of the way he must move around his object in order to see it from every angle and from every perspective. So, too, when we are engaging in the process of self-scrutiny, it is necessary not merely to consider ourselves in terms mental, physical, spiritual, rational, but also to have an empathic distanced grasp whereby we can see ourselves from the perspectives of other people and from each angle, and thus come to a rounded wholeness while cutting away that which is superfluous. The sculptor involves himself in a symmetrical flow whereby he is fragmenting in order to make whole, a process pregnant with important corollaries. Man is at the gateway between mortal and immortal, and the sculptor is poised on that threshold, trying to bridge the gap between a perceptible humanity and a dimly apprehended divinity. We think of Goldmund trying to sculpt and shape the perfect feminine spirit, the feminine principle that guides the universe, although the only way that he can approach the divine conception is by amalgamating all the women that he has known and the creativity from them that he has been privileged to receive. The prominent characteristics of the sculptor are detachment, beauty of ideal and clarity of vision.

PICO IYER



Asblesba: ♀ Y E

LADDER OF LIFE

Poor copies out of Heaven's original,
Pale earthly pictures mouldering to decay,
What care although your beauties break and fall,
When that which gave them life endures for aye?

Oh, never vex thine heart with idle woes:
All high discourse enchanting the rapt ear,
All gilded landscapes and brave glistening shows
Fade — perish, but it is not as we fear.

Whilst far away the living fountains ply,
Each petty brook goes brimful to the main.
Since brook nor fountain can forever die,
Thy fears how foolish, thy lament how vain!

What is this fountain, wouldst thou rightly know?
The Soul whence issue all created things.
Doubtless the rivers shall not cease to flow
Till silenced are the everlasting springs.

Farewell to sorrow, and with quiet mind
Drink long and deep: let others fondly deem
The channel empty they perchance may find,
Or fathom that unfathomable stream.

The moment thou to this low world wast given,
A ladder stood whereby thou mightst aspire;
And first thy steps, which upward still have striven,
From mineral mounted to the plant; then higher

To animal existence; next, the Man
With knowledge, reason, faith. O wondrous goal!
This body, which a crumb of dust began —
How fairly fashioned the consummate whole!

Yet stay not here thy journey: thou shalt grow
An angel bright and have thine home in Heaven.
Plod on, plunge last in the great Sea, that so
Thy little drop make oceans seven times seven.

JALALUDDIN RUMI



THE VOICE DIVINE

Volcanic forces, in their gulfs compress'd,
By rocks and torrents are denied all rest,
But the fierce flame leaps round them and subdues —
Do thou, O timid man, like forces use!
A constant power direct to rend the chain,
To burst the bar, and thus thy freedom gain;
Inert are they, nor shall withstand thy strength,
Far from their fragments shalt thou soar at length!

When the swift lightning ere the thunder's peal,
Doth all the vault of heaven by fire reveal,
It manifests a master to the air;
Such work is thine; discern thy symbol there.
Lo, I have launch'd thee from the starry height,
'Tis thou who dartest downward trailing light,
And flash-like striking on the earthly ground,
Dost with the shock to thy first heaven rebound.

Man is the secret sense of all which seems;
That other doctrines are but idle dreams,
Let Nature, far from all contention, own,
While his grand doom is by her day-star shown.
To vaster laws adjusted, he shall reign,
Earth for his throne, and his star-crown attain,
The universal world his empire wait,
A royal court restore his ancient state.

LOUIS CLAUDE de SAINT-MARTIN

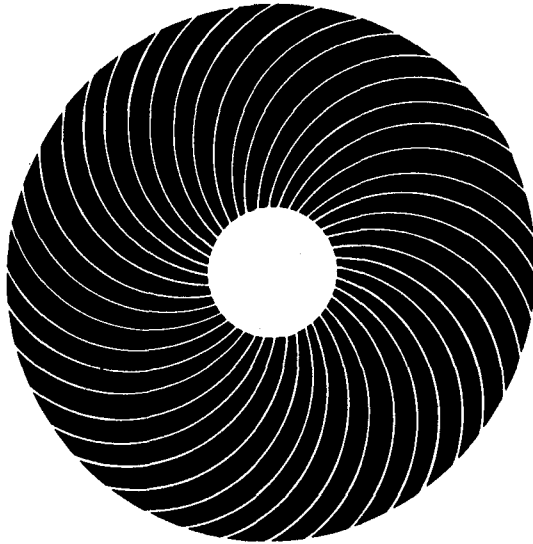




A PERPETUAL JOURNEY

I tramp a perpetual journey, (come listen all!) . . .
Not I, not any one else can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself. . . .
This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the
crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit, When we become the enfolders of
those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything
in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?
And my spirit said, No, we but level that lift to pass and
continue beyond.

WALT WHITMAN





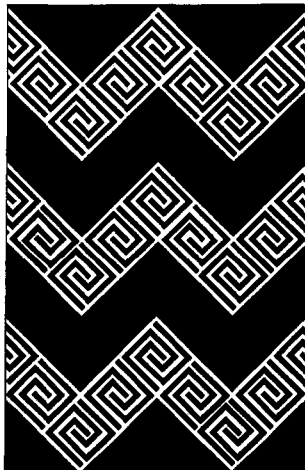
THE INEFFABLE NAME

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?

ROBERT BROWNING





Magba: ൃ BI S

THY KINGDOM

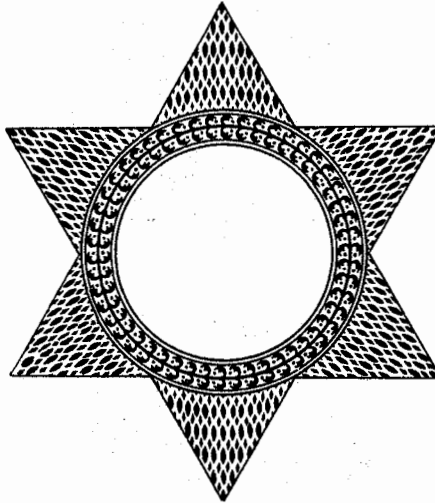
All the gates are firmly bolted.
How can I meet Thee, then, O Lord.
The path is slippery and winding, full of
Many ups and downs.

The rough ground offers me no footing.
Step by step, I move on with caution,
Trembling lest I fall, unsteady.
It is a hard, steep climb to the Lord's domain,
For my Lord dwells far off.

The path is very narrow.
All the while my mind sways hither and thither.
Each stage I climb, the sentinels keep watch.
The way is infested with robbers.
How hard is the journey to Thee,
And the way there proves so distant.

At last, O Lord of Mira,
Thou hast shown me Thy dwelling-place.
Long absent from her home, Mira at last
Has found her way back to Thy Kingdom.

MIRA





INWARDNESS

A wise man [Seneca] once said, "As often as I have been among men, I have returned home a lesser man." . . . It is easier to keep silence altogether than not to talk more than we should. It is easier to remain quietly at home than to keep due watch over ourselves in public. Therefore, whoever is resolved to live an inward and spiritual life must, with Jesus, withdraw from the crowd.

THOMAS à KEMPIS



THROUGH THE NIGHT

I cannot find my way: there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;

And there is not a whisper in the air
Of any living voice but one so far
That I can hear it only as a bar
Of lost, imperial music, played when fair
And angel fingers wove, and unaware,
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.

No, there is not a glimmer, nor a call,
For one that welcomes, welcomes when he fears,
The black and awful chaos of the night;
For through it all — above, beyond it all —
I know the far-sent message of the years,
I feel the coming glory of the Light.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

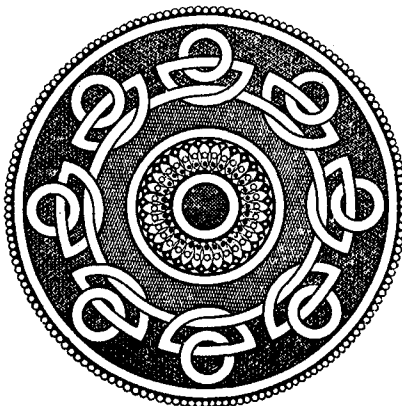


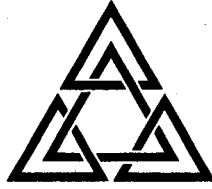
TRANSMISSION AND CREATIVITY

Life is no cruel burden imposed upon human beings by some capricious external power, but rather a festival in which there is continual learning and living and loving. But these cannot occur without unlearning, unloving and undoing the excess and illusion of the past. It is a cleansing process of transmission and continuity; it is, ultimately, a great sacrifice. Instead of sacrificing ignorantly and impulsively, unwittingly and feebly, one can make everything one has to offer count in the larger context of the vast, ceaseless sacrifice. This can be known only in solitude, at dawn or sunset, in meditation or during deep sleep, wherever one draws within the very depths of one's inmost self and feels closer to the core of every being. It is known to Krishna and Buddha and all the Mahatmas of boundless compassion who are such magnificent evergreen examples of sacrifice, with both the great fruit of immense, painfully won experience, the wisdom born of suffering and struggle, and also with the eyes of a child capable of looking with wonder and freshness at every moment.

Like the poet, "Look thy last on all things lovely." Look at every moment as if it will never come again. At the same time, do not live by breathless, feverish anticipation. Live at a distance from what men who hug this painted veil call life, and then one will discover that there is a deeper life. There are others who have gone before in that undiscovered country of the unmanifest. There are those who have kept the fires burning through the long night of history, through the cycles of rise and fall of cultures and civilizations, who have stood apart from Atlantis and Athens, from the great pyramids of Egypt and Central America, who have contemplated on the banks of the Ganges and watched over the temples and the pagodas of the East, because they knew that these were part of a larger sacred history which will unfold itself through millennia in the future.

RAGHAVAN IYER



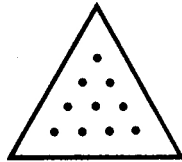


VANDANĀ CONSECRATION

THE GĀYATRĪ

*Aum bhūr bhuvah svah
tatsaviturvarenyam bhargo devasya dhīmahi
dhiyo yo nah prachodayāt. Om.*

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

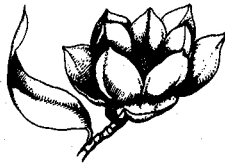


THE PYTHAGOREAN OATH

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY HIM WHO HAS BREATHED INTO OUR SOULS

THE SACRED TETRAKTYS

THE SOURCE OF NATURE, WHOSE MOTION IS ETERNAL





Shravishtba: ♂ R C

PRANAVA

Having taken as a bow the great weapon of the Secret Teaching,
One should fix in it the arrow sharpened by constant Meditation.
Drawing it with a mind filled with That (*Brahman*)
Penetrate, O bright youth, that Immutable Mark.

The *pranava* (AUM) is the bow; the arrow is the self;
Brahman is said to be the mark.
With heedfulness It is to be penetrated;
Become one with It as the arrow in the mark.

Know that Self alone, the One without a Second,
On which are strung Heaven and Earth,
Inner Space, Mind, Vital Energy, all the organs.
Leave off other words, for this is the Bridge to Immortality.

Mundaka Upanishad



THE VERBUM

The Padma Purana says: "*The syllable OM is the leader of all prayers. Let it therefore be employed in the beginning of all prayers,*" and Manu, in his laws ordains: "*A Brahmin, at the beginning and end of a lesson on the Vedas, must always pronounce the syllable OM, for unless OM precede, his learning will slip away from him, and unless it follows, nothing will be long retained.*"

The celebrated Hindoo Raja, Ramohun Roy, in a treatise on this letter says:

OM, when considered as one letter, uttered by the help of one articulation, is the symbol of the Supreme Spirit. 'One letter (OM) is the emblem of the Most High, Manu II, 83.' But when considered as a trilateral word consisting of a, u, m, it implies the three *Vedas*, the three *states* of human nature, the three *divisions* of the universe, and the three *deities* — Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, agents in the *creation, preservation and destruction* of this world; or, properly speaking, the three principal attributes of the Supreme

Being personified in those three deities. In this sense it implies, in fact, the universe controlled by the Supreme Spirit.

Now we may consider that there is pervading the whole universe a single homogeneous resonance, sound, or tone, which acts, so to speak, as the awakener, or vivifying power, stirring all the molecules into action. This is what is represented in all languages by the vowel *a*, which takes precedence of all others. This is the word, the *verbum*, the *Logos* of St. John of the Christians, who says: "*In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.*" This is creation, for without this resonance or motion among the quiescent particles, there would be no visible universe. That is to say, upon sound, or as the Aryans called it, *Nada Brahman* (divine resonance), depends the evolution of the visible from the invisible.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



MEDITATION UPON AUM

O Satyakama, AUM is the Supreme *Brahman* and the conditioned *Brahman*. By meditating upon It the wise man may attain either the one or the other.

If he meditates upon one letter (*matra*) alone and is enlightened thereby, then after death he will quickly be reborn on this earth. The *Rik* verses lead him to the world of men, and by practising austerity, chastity and faith, he will enjoy greatness.

If he meditates on the second letter, he will hold the mind and will be led up by the *Yajur* verses to the intermediate realm, the plane of the moon. Having enjoyed greatness there, he will return again to this earth.

But if he meditates upon the Highest Being through the word AUM, consisting of three letters, he will be united with the effulgent sun. He will be freed from sin even as a snake is freed from its skin, and he will be led up by the *Sama* verses to the realm of *Brahmā*. From here, the aggregate of all lives, he will behold the Supreme *Purusba*, higher than the High and dwelling in the body.

Thus it is written: "The three letters of AUM are separately mortal; when joined together in meditation on Reality as a whole and used rightly in the external, internal and intermediate states, the Knower trembles not."

Prasna Upanishad



OM TAT SAT

The Invocation which is the root of all power consists of three syllables: *Om*, *Tat* and *Sat*. This threefold name of Brahman is the sublime flower of the Upanishads. If you are devoted to sattvic action, and you also hold to this invocation, liberation cannot be far away. . . . You may have oil, wick and fire, but you cannot produce light unless you know how to prepare them. Thus you must know precisely how to use these three names.

The three sounds should be used properly at the beginning, the middle and the end of every action. The Sages who know Brahman, having found this invocation to be of great assistance, follow the Shastras and carry out the duties and obligations laid down in them. They contemplate the form of the syllable *Om* at the beginning of every sacrifice or rite, and then they utter it clearly. What light is in darkness, what the companionship of a brave guide is in the forest, the utterance of this syllable, *Pranava*, is in all actions. In the performance of sacrifices, Sages avoid obstructions such as pride, indulging in charity or performing *tapas*. Actions themselves constitute bonds, but the utterance of *Om* makes them the means of attaining liberation.

The syllable *Tat* refers to Brahman, self-illuminating and beyond the three worlds, existing before the universe. As soon as there is any fruit arising out of *yajna*, *dana* or *tapas* – sacrifice, charity or self-mastery – Sages utter the syllable *Tat* so that these fruits may go their way towards Brahman. *Tat* symbolizes the offering of all results to Brahman, so as to say ‘not mine’. What was begun with *Om* is given away with *Tat*. All action is thus pervaded by Brahman, the only duality left being that between the performer of action and Self (Brahman). This duality is dissolved by the syllable *Sat*.

Uttering the syllable *Sat* destroys all unreal forms and points to one Supreme Self, unchanging in time or space. The visible world is unreal and has no power, and when real potency is recognized, it is self-realization. The unity of Brahman is thus established. Even good actions are unreal when there is something wanting, just as a cart cannot move when one wheel is missing. Defective actions are restored to wholeness by the addition of *Sat* to the first two syllables. The wondrous power of *Sat* purifies everything, and action which tends towards error through thoughtlessness or oversight is thus corrected. You must comprehend the real meaning of the *Gita*.

The heart is lighted up by the name of Brahman in the form of these three syllables. They show the path to Brahman, which is pure and nameless. Just as the sky alone can support the sky, these three syllables which invoke Brahman are supported by Brahman. The sun in the heavens is visible by its own light. Similarly, Brahman becomes visible by these three syllables. . . .

If you have true faith, *Om Tat Sat* will enable you to cross the ocean of life and death.

Dnyaneshwari



Sbatabishaj: Ω W O

GREAT MAGNET

GREAT MAGNET! Thy hidden power
 Draws us ever onward to spaces anew.
 Secret in the earth Thy life-forces waken
 Stirrings and whispers that the ear cannot hear;
 Later will come birth in the fullness of Thy splendour —
 Now is the time of Thy mystery of nature,
 Now does the cycle in Thy great turning blend;
 All that has been shall lend to what comes after,
 All that will come lies hidden in Thy promise.
 Foster all the good that was gleaned in the harvest,
 In the days that are past, when the growing time was o'er;
 High resolve let us make in the new awakened glory.
 Radiant One! Radiant One! Ignite us with Thy fire!
 Carry we our boughs of the symbol eternal,
 Constant and verdant throughout the season's change;
 Strew we our violets on all the stony places —
 Symbol of the BLESSED ONES who trod this way before.
 Onward we move in the cycle's nascent stirring,
 Onward we tread following Thy course.

DRUID HYMN TO THE SUN



INVOCATION TO IMMORTALITY

AUM. Lead me from the unreal to the Real.
 Lead me from darkness to Light.
 Lead me from death to Immortality.

Brihadaranyaka Upanishad





SUBLIMITY

THE CREATIVE is strong.

THE CREATIVE works sublime success.

Great indeed is the sublimity of the Creative, to which all beings owe their beginning and which permeates all Heaven.

The clouds pass and the rain does its work, and all individual beings flow into their forms.

Because the Holy Man is clear as to the end and the beginning, as to the way in which each of the six stages completes itself in its own time, he mounts on them towards Heaven as though on six dragons.

The Way of the Creative works through change and transformation, so that each thing receives its true nature and destiny and comes into permanent accord with the Great Harmony: this is what furthers and what perseveres.

The Sage towers high above the multitude of beings, and all lands are united in peace.

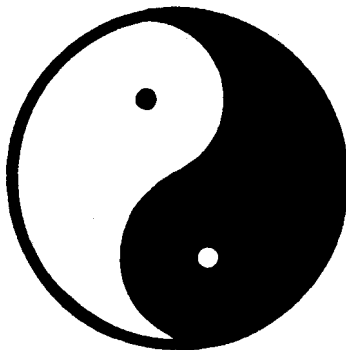
THE RECEPTIVE brings about sublime success.

Perfect indeed is the sublimity of the Receptive. All beings owe their birth to it, because it receives the heavenly with devotion.

The Receptive in its riches carries all things. Its nature is harmony with the boundless. It embraces everything in its breadth and illumines everything in its greatness. Through it, all individual beings attain success.

A mare belongs to the creatures of the earth; she roams the earth without bound. Yielding, devoted, furthering through perseverance: thus the Superior Man has a direction for his way of life.

I Ching



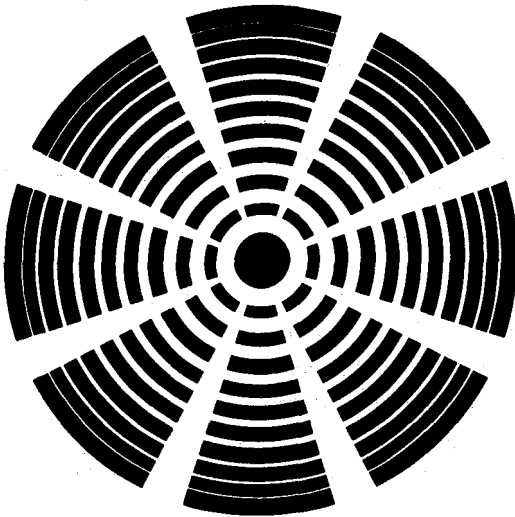


O PRESENT MOMENT

THE SAGE:

THE PRESENT IS THE CHILD OF THE PAST; THE FUTURE, THE BEGOTTEN OF THE PRESENT. AND YET, O PRESENT MOMENT! KNOWEST THOU NOT THAT THOU HAST NO PARENT, NOR CANST THOU HAVE A CHILD; THAT THOU ART EVER BEGETTING BUT THYSELF? BEFORE THOU HAST EVEN BEGUN TO SAY 'I AM THE PROGENY OF THE DEPARTED MOMENT, THE CHILD OF THE PAST', THOU HAST BECOME THAT PAST ITSELF. BEFORE THOU UTTEREST THE LAST SYLLABLE, BEHOLD! THOU ART NO MORE THE PRESENT BUT VERILY THAT FUTURE. THUS, ARE THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE, THE EVER-LIVING TRINITY IN ONE – THE MAHAMAYA OF THE ABSOLUTE IS.

The Secret Doctrine





Purva Bhadrapada: २ B G

ALL CAN BE UPLIFTED

See your prayer as arousing the letters
Through which heaven and earth
And all living things were created.
The letters are the life of all;
When you pray through them,
All Creation joins with you in prayer.
All that is around you can be uplifted;
Even the song of a passing bird
May enter into such a prayer.

Darkbey Zedeq



THE RELIGION OF LOVE

My heart has become capable of every form;
It is a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian monks,
And a temple for idols and the pilgrim's Ka'ba
And the tables of the Torah and the book of the Qu'ran.
I follow the religion of Love: whatever way
Love's camels take, that is my religion and my faith.

IBN AL-'ARABI



NO MAN CAN JUDGE ANOTHER

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in my self; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially, think less of me than I do of my self; those of my near acquaintance think more; God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for he only beholds me and all the world, who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helps of accidents, and the forms of things as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself: for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in our selves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE



UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

It is always necessary that the means that are to accomplish any end be equal to the accomplishment of that end, or the end cannot be accomplished. It is in this that the difference between finite and infinite power and wisdom discovers itself. Man frequently fails in accomplishing his ends, from a natural inability of the power to the purpose, and frequently from the want of wisdom to apply power properly. But it is impossible for infinite power and wisdom to fail as man faileth.... The Creation speaks a universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they be.... It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be lost; it cannot be altered; it cannot be suppressed.

THOMAS PAINE





Uttara Bhadrapada: १ G F

WISDOM COMES

The willows are set up in such a way that they mark the four quarters of the universe. . . . The whole lodge is the universe in an image, and the two-legged, four-legged and winged peoples, and all things of the world are contained within it. . . . Its door is to the east, for from this direction Wisdom comes.

BLACK ELK



A PLEDGE OF IDENTITY

There is a conscious solidarity of the universe towards the intuition of which we must struggle, that it may become to us, not a logical abstraction, but a felt and living fact. As individuals we shall never be complete. The completest man lacks the completion of the rest of the universe. Part, then, with the feeling of the externality to the universe, which, coupled with the sense of utter ignorance and powerlessness, is so full of despair. Believe that your sympathy with infinite being, infinite extension, infinite variety, is a pledge of identity. Above all, disabuse your mind of the notion that this life is essentially incomplete and preliminary in its nature and destined to issue in some final state. For this notion there is no warrant in reason nor in proper interpretation of intuitions. Time is not a vestibule of eternity, but a part of it. We are now living our immortal lives. The present life is its own perfect consummation, its own reason and excuse. The life of infinite range that our intuitions promise us lies even now open round about us. The avenues leading to it, the vistas opening upon it, are those universal instincts that continually stir us, and which if followed out would lead us thither. It is our own dull lack of faith that causes us to regard them as of no present but only of future significance, that places our heaven ever in some dim land of tomorrow, instead of all about us in the eternal present.

EDWARD BELLAMY



REGENERATE THYSELF

Men seek out retreats for themselves in the country, by the seaside, on the mountains, and thou too art wont to long above all for such things. But all this is unphilosophical to the last degree, when thou canst at a moment's notice retire into thyself. For nowhere can a man find a retreat more full of peace or more free from care than his own soul — above all if he have that within him, a steadfast look at which and he is at once in all good ease, and by good ease I mean nothing other than good order. Make use, then, of this retirement continually and regenerate thyself.

PLOTINUS



WHISPERINGS OF BUDDHI

As the lost jewel may be recovered from the very depths of the tank's mud, so can the most abandoned snatch himself from the mire of sin, if only the precious Gem of Gems, the sparkling germ of the *Atma*, is developed. Each of us must do *that* for himself, each *can* if he but will and persevere. Good resolutions are mind-painted pictures of good *deeds*: fancies, day-dreams, whisperings of the *Buddhi* to the *Manas*. If we encourage them they will not fade away like a dissolving mirage in the Shamo desert, but grow stronger and stronger until one's whole life becomes the expression and outward proof of the divine motive within. . . .

There are innumerable pages of your life-record still to be written up; fair and blank they are as yet. Child of your race and of your age, seize the diamond-pen and inscribe them with the history of noble deeds, days well-spent, years of holy striving. So will you win your way ever upward to the higher planes of spiritual consciousness. Fear not, faint not, be faithful to the ideal you can now dimly see.

MAHATMA K. H.





Revathi: ॐ Y E

HYMN TO VAK

When, O Lord of the Word, the Wise established
Name-giving, the first principle of language,
Their inmost excellence, pristine and pure,
Hidden deep within, was brought to light through love.

When the Wise created language with the mind,
As winnowing ground barley with a sieve,
Friends acknowledged the essence of friendship;
Upon their speech was impressed the mark of grace.

With devotion they walked the path of the Word
Which they saw abiding within the Seers.
They drew it out, ordering it all ways,
The Word which the Seven Singers exalt.

Many a man who sees does not see the Word
And many a man who hears does not hear it.
Yet for another VAK reveals herself like
A radiant bride yielding to her lord.

Another man is apt to be uncaring;
Unmoved ever to act with daring,
All tangled in vain imaginings;
The word he hears bears no flower or fruit.
He who forsakes a companion in knowledge
Lacks every avenue for sharing the Word.
In truth, what he hears, he hears to no avail,
He cannot perceive the path of right action.

To all companions are eyes and ears bestowed,
Yet each man differs in the quickness of his mind.
Some are like deep refreshing lakes,
Others, alas, like shallow pools.

When Men of the Word, companions, worship,
Refining in their hearts flashes of insight,
Some attain awareness of knowledge,
Others wander mouthing empty words.

Those who move neither forward nor backward are
Not Men of the Word, nor refiners of essence,
Poor craftsmen, mishandling the Word,
Spinning frail threads of self-regard.

All companions rejoice in their victorious friend
Finding fulfilment at the journey's end;
Nourishing them, he eases their pain,
For he is ever ready to venture forth.

While one man adds to the store of sacred verse,
Another sings hymns to banish confusion;
The Man of the Word gives knowledge of what is
And another gives measure to worship.

Rig Veda



INTIMATIONS

PROMETHEUS:

Listen to the sad story of mankind:
At first mindless, I gave them mind and reason.
Not in disparagement of men do I speak,
But to show my gifts were governed by good will.
For seeing, they saw not; hearing, they could not listen.
All their lives they passed like shapes in dreams,
Confused and devoid of purpose. . . .
They acted without knowledge, till I came. . . .
Number, chief of sciences, I invented for them,
And how to set down words in writing,
The skill of remembrance, mother of the Muses. . . .
I distinguished the divers modes of prophecy,
And was the first to discern from dreams
What Fate ordains should come to be.

I gave the hidden sense of voices,
Sounds, sights met by chance upon the road. . . .
I guided mankind to a hidden art,
And read to them the intimations of the altar-flames.

AESCHYLUS



SILENCE AND HUMILITY

Sit evenly, erect, at ease, with palms folded on the lap, with eyes fixed on the nose; cleanse your lungs by taking a deep breath, holding it in and then discharging it, raise in your heart the OM sounding like the tolling of a bell, and in the lotus of your heart, contemplate My form as encircled by light.

The path of knowledge is for those who are weary of life; those who still have desires should pursue the path of sublimation through works; and to those who are not completely indifferent nor too much attached the devotional path bears fruit.

Perform your actions for Me and with thoughts fixed on Me; untainted like the sky, see yourself within your self; consider all beings as Myself and adore them; bow to everybody, high or low, great or small, kind or cruel; by seeing Me constantly in all, rid yourself of jealousy, intolerance, violence and egotism. Casting aside your pride, prestige and sense of shame, fall prostrate in humility before all, down to the dog and ass. This is the knowledge of the learned, the wisdom of the wise, — that man attains the Real with the unreal and the Immortal with the mortal.

SHRI KRISHNA

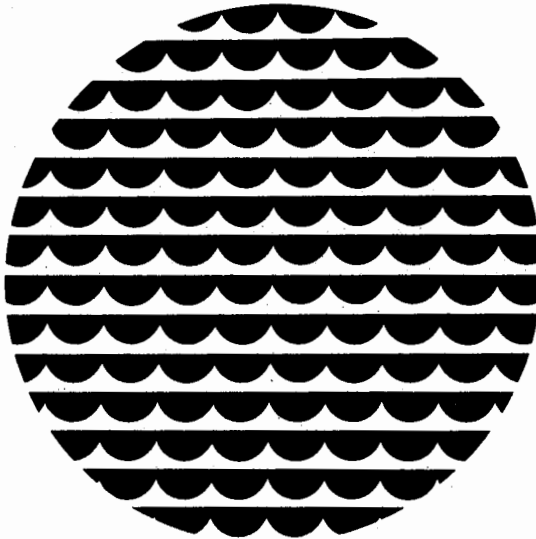


WORLDS AWAKENED

The mystics have discovered many levels of meaning
In each word of prayer.
No one person can know them all.
One who tries to meditate
On the hidden meanings of his prayer
Can only reach those secrets known to him.

But if in prayer a person joins
His whole self to every word,
All the secret meanings
Enter the word of their own accord.
Every letter becomes a complete world.
What a great thing he does!
Worlds above are awakened by his prayer.
Thus should your prayer be fire —
For every letter awakens worlds above.

Zawa'at Rivash





Ashvini: ॐ BI S

CLOSE YOUR EYES

Close your eyes, and from your own consciousness of perception try and think outward to the extremest limits in every direction. You will find that equal lines or rays of perception extend out evenly in all directions, so that the utmost effort of perception will terminate in the vault of a sphere. The limitation of this sphere will, of necessity, be a great Circle, and the direct rays of thought in any and every direction must be right line radii of the circle. This, then, must be, humanly speaking, the extremest all-embracing conception of the Ain-Soph manifest, which formulates itself as a geometrical figure, viz., of a circle, with its elements of curved circumference and right line diameter divided into radii. Hence, a geometrical shape is the first recognisable means of connection between the Ain-Soph and the intelligence of man.

The Secret Doctrine



THE TETRAKTYS

The power of ten is four; for before we come to a complete and perfect decad we discover all the virtue and all the perfection of the ten in the four. In assembling all the numbers from one to four, the whole composition makes ten. Four is an arithmetical middle between one and seven, and this number is three, four being as many more than one as seven is than four.

The powers and properties of the unit and of the septenary are very great and excellent, for the unit as the principle of all numbers contains in itself the powers of them all. The seven being a virgin and without any mother, holds in the second place the virtue and perfection of the unit, because it is not engendered by any number within the interval of ten, nor does it produce any number within that interval. . . . Moreover, there are four faculties that judge of things – understanding, knowledge, opinion and sense.

In a word, the Tetraktys contains and binds together all beginnings whatsoever, the elements, numbers, seasons, ages, societies and communities. . . . The divine Tetraktys has been explained as fully as the bounds which we prescribed to ourselves will allow.

HIEROCLES



TRUE KNOWLEDGE

Abstract space and eternity are indivisible; and therefore to try to fix time and place, as though they were absolute realities, is neither metaphysical nor philosophical. However, an objective standpoint is essential, as has been already pointed out. In the economy of Nature, everything is right in its place, and to ignore a certain plane is just as illogical as to over-estimate it. True knowledge consists in a right sense of discrimination: to be able to perceive what phenomenon performs what function, and how to utilize it for human progress and happiness. Both the objective and subjective standpoints, as much as the inductive and deductive methods, are therefore essential for the attainment of *true* knowledge which is *true* power.

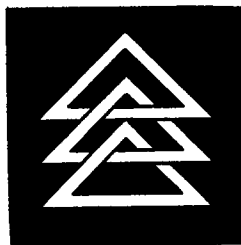
DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR



MONADIC LIGHT

The Divine Tetraktys was esteemed
By wise men who beheld in dreams
Its emanation from the Three-in-One.
And since the Inner Man of all
Basks in Its Monadic light,
Even the lesser dream bears
The impress of its sacred projection.

Hermes





Bharani: ♀ I A

FAITH AND FRATERNITY

Agni is kindled by Faith; through Faith is the oblation offered.
With praises we celebrate Faith, the crown of good fortune.
Bless thou the man who gives, O Faith, bless thou the man who fain
would give;
Bless thou the generous worshippers, bless thou the word I have spoken.
Even as the Gods maintained Faith in the mighty Asuras,
So make my uttered wish true for the generous worshippers.
Guarded by Vayu, Gods and men who sacrifice draw near to Faith.
Faith in the early morning, and Faith at noonday, shall we invoke,
And Faith at the setting Sun. O Faith, endow us with strength.

* * *

Mighty Agni, thou gatherest up all things precious to thy friend.
Bring us all treasures as thou art enkindled at the place of libation.
Assemble, speak together, let your minds be all of one accord,
Even as the Gods of ancient days await as one their appointed share.
The place is common, common is the assembly, common the mind:
So be your thoughts united.
A common purpose do I lay before thee, and worship thee with joint oblation.
One and the same be your resolve, and all your minds at one accord.
United be the thoughts of all, that all may be joined in gladness.

Rig Veda



FIERY SACRIFICES

The universe is even as a great temple, the stars are its lights, the earth is its altar, all corporeal beings are its fiery sacrificers, and man, the priest of the Eternal, offers the sacrifices.

LOUIS CLAUDE de SAINT-MARTIN



THE LOST WORLD

There was a time when the ancient nations of the West included under the generic name of India many of the countries of Asia now classified under other names. There was an Upper, a Lower, and a Western India, even during the comparatively late period of Alexander; and Persia, Iran, is called Western India in some ancient classics, and the countries now named Tibet, Mongolia, and Great Tartary were considered as forming part of India. When we say, therefore, that India has civilized the world and was the Alma Mater of the civilizations, arts and sciences of all other nations (Babylonia, and perhaps even Egypt, included), we mean archaic, prehistoric India, India of the time when the great Gobi was a sea, and the lost Atlantis formed part of an unbroken continent which began at the Himalayas and ran down over Southern India, Ceylon, Java, to far-away Tasmania.

H. P. BLAVATSKY



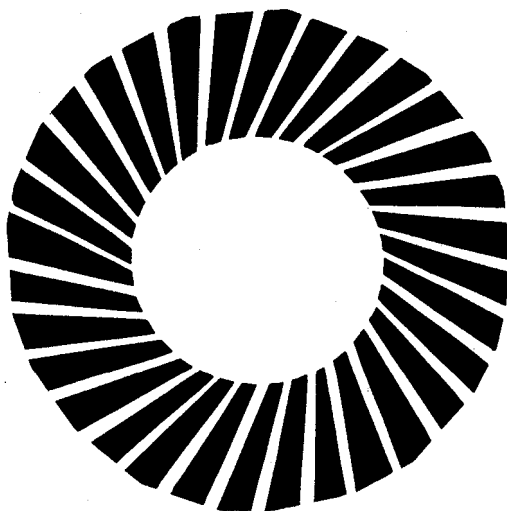
THE ALLEGORICAL UMBRELLA

In the Upanishads we read the invocation: "Reveal, O Pushan, that face of the true sun which is now hidden by a golden lid." This has reference to the belief of all genuine occultists, from the earliest times to the present day, that there is a "true sun," and that the sun we see is a secondary one; or, to put it in plainer language, that there is an influence or power in the sun which may be used, if obtained by the mystic, for beneficent purposes, and which, if not guarded, hidden, or obscured by a cover, would work destruction to those who might succeed in drawing it out. This was well known in ancient Chaldea, and also to the old Chinese astronomers: the latter had certain instruments which they used for the purpose of concentrating particular rays of sunlight as yet unknown to modern science and now forgotten by the flowery land philosophers. So much for that sun we see, whose probable death is calculated by some aspiring scientists who deal in absurdities.

But there is the *true centre* of which the sun in heaven is a symbol and partial reflection. This centre let us place for the time with the Dhyan Chohans or planetary spirits. It is all knowing, and so intensely powerful that, were a struggling disciple to be suddenly introduced to its presence unprepared, he would be consumed, both body and soul. And this is the goal we are all striving after, and many of us asking to see even at the opening of the race. But for our protection a cover, or umbrella, has been placed beneath IT. The ribs are the Rishees, or Adepts, or Mahatmas; the Elder Brothers of the race. The handle is in every man's hand. And although each man is, or is to be, connected with some particular one of those Adepts, he can also receive the influence from the *true centre* coming down through the handle.

The light, life, knowledge, and power falling upon this cover permeate in innumerable streams the whole mass of men beneath, whether they be students or not. As the disciple strives upward, he begins to separate himself from the great mass of human beings, and becomes in a more or less definite manner connected with the ribs. Just as the streams of water flow down from the points of the ribs of our umbrellas, so the spiritual influences pour out from the adepts who form the frame of the protecting cover, without which poor humanity would be destroyed by the blaze from the spiritual world.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE





Krittika: ☉ 0 D

O GREAT SPIRIT

O Great Spirit of my fathers, this is my prayer.

Help me to feel Thine urge and Thy message.

Help me to be just even to those who hate me; and at all times help me to be kind.

If mine enemy is weak and faltering, help me to the good thought that I forgive him.

If he surrender, move me to help him as a weak and needy brother.

O Great Spirit of my fathers, help me to wholly void my heart of fear.

And above all things, O God of my people and of my soul, help me to be a man.

O God, show me the way of wisdom, and give me strength to follow it without fear.

O Great Spirit, this is my prayer! Grant that fear may never enter into my heart to be the guide of my feet.

O Great Spirit, make me sufficient to mine own occasions.

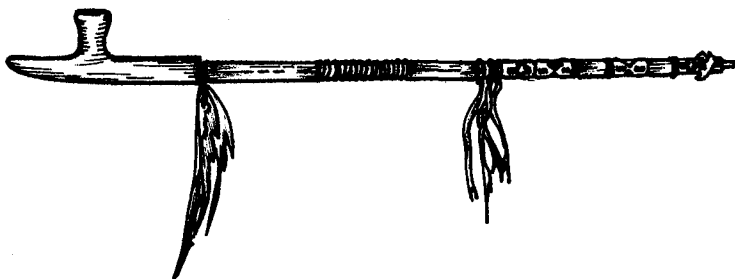
Give to me to mind my own business at all times, and to lose no good opportunity for holding my tongue.

When it is appointed for me to suffer, let me take example from the dear well-bred beasts and go away in solitude to bear my suffering by myself, not troubling others with my complaints.

Help me to win, if win I may, but — and this especially, O Great Spirit — if it be not ordained that I may win, make me at least a good loser.*

OGLALA DAKOTA CHANT

* This prayer was inscribed on the wall of King George's study, Buckingham Palace, London.





HUMILITY

It is my humility that gives God his divinity and the proof of it is this. God's peculiar property is giving. But God cannot give if he has nothing to receive his gifts. Now I make myself receptive to his gifts by my humility so I by my humility do make God giver and since giving is God's own peculiar property I do by my humility give God his property. The would-be giver must needs find a taker; without a taker he cannot be a giver for it is the taker by his taking that makes the man a giver. So God, to be the giver, must discover a receiver. Now none but the humble can receive the gift of God. So God, to use his godlike power of giving, will eke need my humility; without humility he cannot give me aught for I without humility cannot accept his gift. Thus it is true that I by my humility do give God his divinity.

MEISTER ECKHART



THE PARROT AND THE PEACOCK

Since your lower self has been reared in lust,
Egotism and self-display have become its wings.
Arise and clip off these two wings.
Then go sit on the throne.

Your hypocrisy is a fraud, your pride a jest.
Alas! Why carve an idol from deceit?
Don't see yourself; put off that false front.
Otherwise you will be caught in your own trap.
From egotism the parrot must endure
What the peacock experienced from showing off.

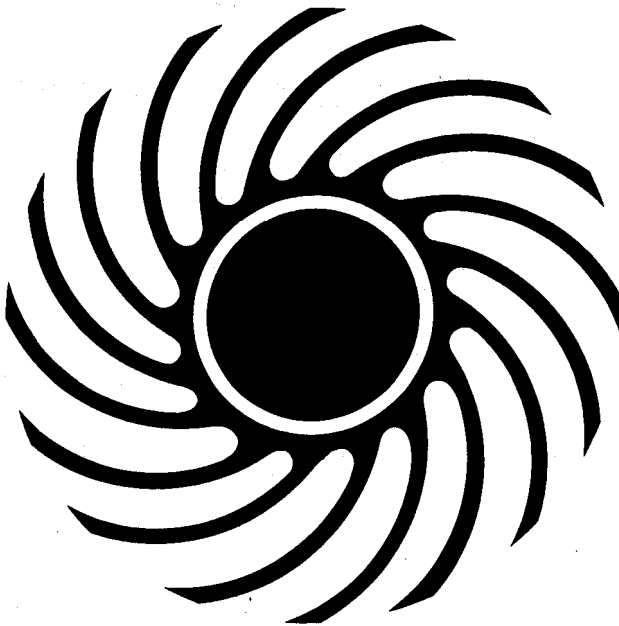
AMIR HUSAYNI SADAT



SELF-WILL

It has been said that there is of nothing so much in hell as of self-will. For hell is nothing but self-will, and if there were no self-will there would be no Devil and no hell. . . . And when we say self-will, we mean: To will otherwise than as the One and Eternal Will of God wills.

Theologia Germanica





Robini:) V B

OUR WINGED SELF

Then a Priestess said, Speak to us of Prayer. And he answered, saying:
You pray in your distress and in your need; would that you might pray
also in the fullness of your joy and in your days of abundance.

For what is prayer but the expansion of yourself into the living ether?
And if it is for your comfort to pour your darkness into space, it is also
for your delight to pour forth the dawning of your heart.

And if you cannot but weep when your soul summons you to prayer, she
should spur you again and yet again, though weeping, until you shall come
laughing.

When you pray you rise to meet in the air those who are praying at that
very hour, and whom save in prayer you may not meet.

Therefore let your visit to that temple invisible be for naught but ecstasy
and sweet communion.

For if you should enter the temple for no other purpose than asking, you
shall not receive:

And if you should enter into it to humble yourself, you shall not be lifted:
Or even if you should enter into it to beg for the good of others, you shall
not be heard.

It is enough that you enter the temple invisible.

I cannot teach you how to pray in words.

God listens not to your words save when He Himself utters them through
your lips.

And I cannot teach you the prayer of the seas and the forests and the
mountains.

But you who are born of the mountains and the forests and the seas can
find their prayer in your heart,

And if you but listen in the stillness of the night you shall hear them
saying in silence:

“Our God, who art our winged self, it is thy will in us that willeth.

“It is thy desire in us that desireth.

“It is thy urge in us that would turn our nights, which are thine, into days,
which are thine also.

“We cannot ask thee for aught, for thou knowest our needs before they
are born in us:

“Thou art our need; and in giving us more of thyself thou givest us all.”

KAHLIL GIBRAN



MAN AND THE STARS

Man stores his thoughts
As in a storehouse in his memory. He regulates the forms
Of all beneath and all above . . . he rises to the Sun,
And to the Planets of the Night, and to the stars that gild
The Zodiacs, and the stars that sullen stand to north and south;
He touches the remotest pole, and in the centre weeps
That Man should Labour and sorrow, and learn and forget, and return
To the dark valley whence he came, and begin his labour anew.
In pain he sighs, in pain he labours in his universe. . . .
And in the cries of birth and in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the Universe; wherever a grass grows,
Or a leaf buds, The Eternal Man is seen, is heard, is felt,
And all his sorrows, till he reassumes his ancient bliss.

WILLIAM BLAKE



THE PRESENCE

When you speak, think that the World of Speech is
At work within you,
For without that presence,
You would not be able to speak at all.
Similarly, you would not think at all were it not
For the World of Thought within you.
Man is like a ram's horn;
The only sound he makes is
That which is blown through him.
Were there no one blowing into the horn,
There would be no sound at all.

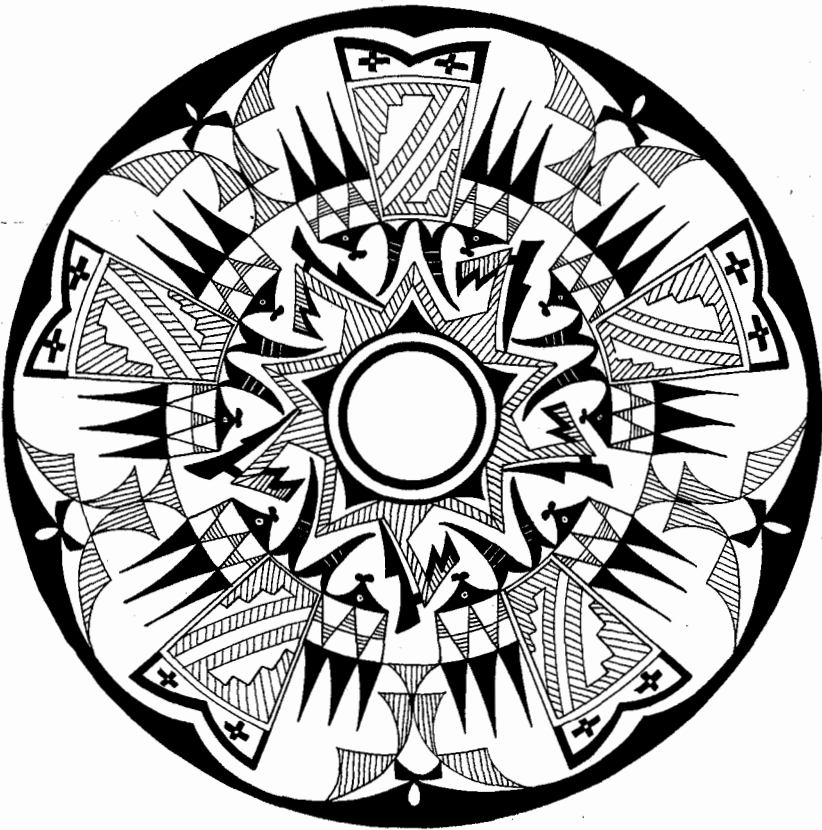
Maggid Devaraw Le-Ya'aqov



O WAKAN TANKA

O *Wakan Tanka*, behold the pipe! The smoke from this herb will cover everything upon earth, and will reach even to the heavens. . . . Now I place within its bowl the sacred (tobacco). You have taught us that the round bowl of the pipe is the very centre of the universe and the heart of man! O *Wakan Tanka*, bend down to look upon us today; look upon Thy pipe with which we are about to send a voice, along with the winged peoples, the four-leggeds, and all the fruits of our Mother Earth. All that you have made will join us in sending this voice!

OGLALA DAKOTA PRAYER





Mrigashirsha: ♂ R C

AN-NOOR

*An-Noor! "The Light" that lightens all who live!
By this great name to Allah glory give.*

Of earth and heaven God is the Light.
As when a lamp upon a height
Is set within a niche, and gleams
From forth the glittering glass, and seems
A star, — wide fall the rays of it: —
So shines His glory, and 'tis lit
With holy oil was never pressed
From olive tree in east or west.
It burneth without touch of flame,
A light beyond all light: the same
Guideth the feet of men, and still
He leadeth by it whom He will.
*Light of the world! An-Noor! illumine
Our darkling pathway to the tomb.*

THE NINETY-NINE NAMES OF ALLAH



THE SELF-EVOLVING CIRCLE

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own. The life of man is a self-evolving circle, which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outward to new and larger circles, and that without end. The extent to which this generation of circles, wheel without wheel, will go, depends on the force or truth of the individual soul. For, it is the inert effort of each thought having formed itself into a circular wave of circumstance, as, for instance, an empire, rules of an art, a local usage, a religious rite, to heap itself on that ridge, and to solidify, and hem in the life. But if the soul is quick and strong it bursts over that boundary on all sides, and expands another orbit on the great deep, which

also runs up into a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to bind. But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and narrowest pulses, it already tends outward with a vast force, and to immense and innumerable expansions.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



THE GOLDEN RULE

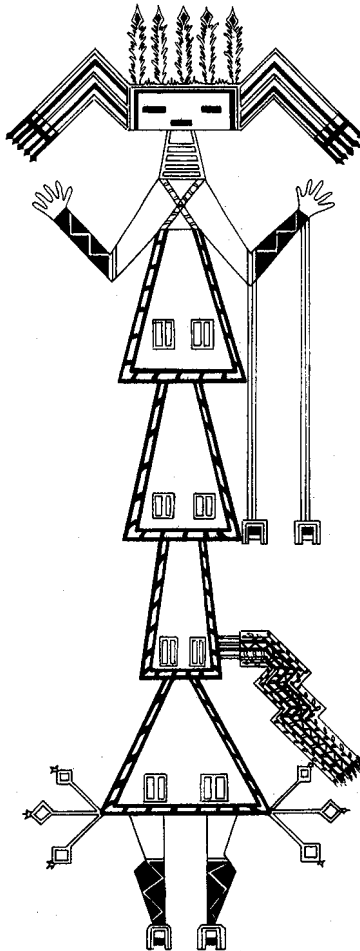
- HINDU:** This is the sum of duty; do naught unto others which if done to thee would cause thee pain.
- ZOROASTRIAN:** That nature alone is good which refrains from doing unto another whatsoever is not good for itself.
- TAOIST:** Regard your neighbour's gain as your own gain, and your neighbour's loss as your own loss.
- BUDDHIST:** Hurt not others in ways that you would find hurtful.
- CONFUCIAN:** Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you.
- JAIN:** In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, we should regard all creatures as we regard our own self.
- JEWISH:** Whatever thou hatest thyself, that do not to another.
- CHRISTIAN:** All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.
- ISLAMIC:** No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself.
- SIKH:** As thou deemest thyself, so deem others.



A GOLDEN CHAIN

I remember the cornfields,
And a dream of oneness with all mankind,
That was stretched out across the land,
Like rustling links in a golden chain.

Hermes





Ardra: Ω W O

A DIVINE CHOIR

We are like a choir of singers standing round the Conductor, who do not always sing in time, because their attention is diverted to some external object. When we look at the Conductor, we sing well and are really with him. So we always move round the One. If we did not, we should dissolve and cease to exist. But we do not always look towards the One. When we do, we attain the end of our existence, and our rest; and we no longer sing out of tune, but form in truth a divine choir round the One.

PLOTINUS



BODHI

Outside the body there is the Buddha image.

The potent thought, which is the absence of thoughts, is *Bodhi*.

The thousand-petalled lotus opens, transfigured through breath-energy.

Owing to the crystallization of the spirit, a hundredfold splendour shines forth.

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Without beginning, without end,

Without past, without future.

A halo of light surrounds the realm of Law.

We forget one another, calm and pure, strong and empty.

The emptiness is irradiated by the light of the heart and of heaven.

The water of the sea is smooth and mirrors the moon.

The clouds dissolve in blue space, the mountains glow.

Consciousness reverts to contemplation,

The moon-disk is solitary and still.

Hui Ming Ching



INTUITION

Every one of us possesses the faculty, the interior sense, that is known by the name of *intuition*, but how rare are those who know how to develop it! It is, however, only by the aid of this faculty that men can ever see things in their true colours. It is an *instinct of the soul*, which grows in us in proportion to the employment we give it, and which helps us to perceive and understand the realities of things with far more certainty than can the simple use of our senses and exercise of our reason. What are called good sense and logic enable us to see only the appearances of things, that which is evident to every one. The *instinct* of which I speak, being a projection of our perceptive consciousness, a projection which acts from the subjective to the objective, and not *vice versa*, awakens in us spiritual senses and power to act; these senses assimilate to themselves the essence of the object or of the action under examination, and represent it to us as it really is, not as it appears to our physical senses and to our cold reason. "We begin with *instinct*, we end with omniscience."

H. P. BLAVATSKY



I HAVE CAST OUT FEAR

In giving Thee my heart, O Lord,
I have cast out fear.
The finest alloy is not so close to gold
As I to Thee.

I have long sung to worldly tunes.
Now that music has ceased,
My Guru would have it so.

All my worldly ties are gone,
Like the snapping of a chord.
Mira says, great is my fortune,
For I have met my Divine Lord.

MIRA





Punarvasu: ५ B G

SELF-RECKONING

Allow not sleep to draw near to your languorous eyelids
Until you have reckoned up each several deed of the daytime:
“Where went I wrong? Did what? And what to be done was left undone?”
Starting from this point, review, then, your acts, and thereafter remember:
Censure yourself for the acts that are base, but rejoice in the goodly.

PYTHAGORAS



EACH MORNING A NEW CREATION

Take special care to guard your tongue
Before the morning prayer.
Even greeting your fellowman, we are told,
Can be harmful at that hour.
A person who wakes up in the morning is
Like a new creation.
Begin your day with unkind words,
Or even trivial matters —
Even though you may later turn to prayer,
You have not been true to your Creation.
All of your words each day
Are related to one another.
All of them are rooted
In the first words that you speak.

Liqqutim Yeqarim



GRACE AND LOVE

To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep —
Space, matter, time and mind — let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.
All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life:
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness:
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad:
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glow in the fruits, and mantles on the stream;
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the undecaying trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

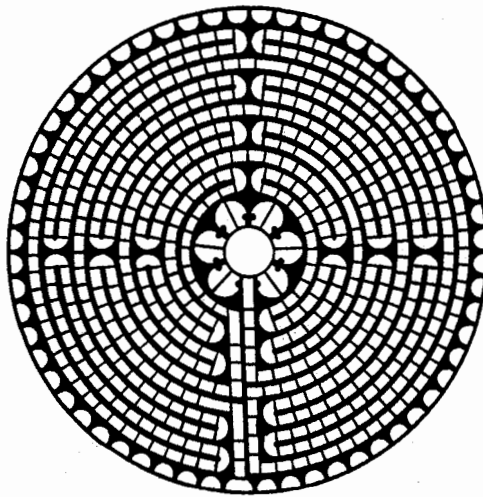




FUNDAMENTAL CHOICE

Out of *many* worlds is patterned only *one* world. This is the dilemma which the Demiurge must overcome. The human being, too, must be ready to grasp the fundamental problem of choice facing him. On the one hand, there are certain thoughts which are of such quality – impersonal, universal, unifying, beneficent – that where they are self-consciously generated or drawn from the *Akasha*, they do not need any form. They are like sparks or like shooting stars that descend with a speed much greater than that of light and they find an appropriate way of sparking off myriads of atoms. On the other hand, there are those thoughts which need to be encased in a purified, distilled essence, but fashioned out of a purified astral form, out of something more than differentiated matter but something less than the pure, undifferentiated, universal, homogeneous essence. Such thoughts, when they are given that kind of force, are deliberately chosen mental assets. They become available for all other human beings encountered in our lives and yet may also become embodied for a very long time to come so that others could draw upon them for almost an indefinite future. What a great privilege, then, is open to the human being who has had the good fortune to learn from *Brahma Vak*.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Pushya: h G F

ORDER AND DISCORD

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring
Amidst the other, whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate,
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows! Each thing melts
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong —
Between whose endless jar justice resides —
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



THE DIVINE GLASS

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle, the root and record of their friendship.

If absence be not death, neither is theirs.

Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still.

For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

In this Divine glass they see face to face; and their converse is free as well as pure.

This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are in the best sense ever present, because immortal.

WILLIAM PENN



GUARD US

Guard us

From vicious leanings and from haughty ways,

From anger and from temper,

From melancholy, tale-bearing,

And from all the other evil qualities.

Nor let envy of any man rise in our heart,

Nor envy of us in the heart of others.

On the contrary:

Put it in our hearts that we may see our comrades' virtue,

And not their failing.

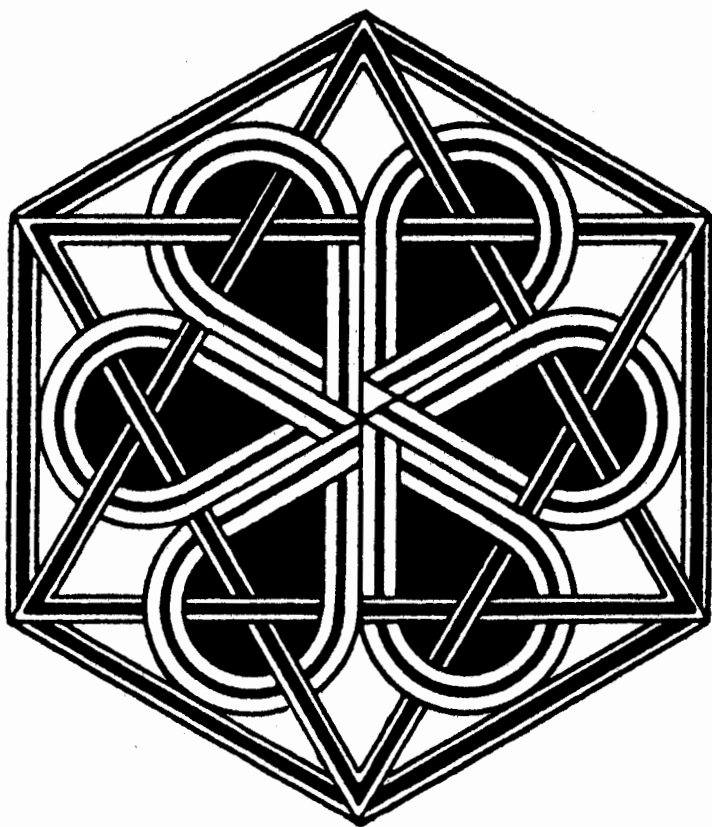
ELIMELEKH



EACH WORD

Know that each word of prayer is a complete self.
If all of your strength is not in it,
It is born incomplete,
Like one lacking a limb.

Liqqutim Yeqarim





Ashlesha: ♀ Y E

THE PATH

Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself.

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

Let not the fierce Sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed.

These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. 'Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha, more difficult to find, more rare to view, than is the flower of the Vogay tree. It is the seed of freedom from rebirth. It isolates the Arhat both from strife and lust, it leads him through the fields of Being unto the peace and bliss known only in the land of Silence and Non-Being.

Kill out desire; but if thou killest it, take heed lest from the dead it should again arise.

Kill love of life; but if thou slayest Tanha, let this not be for thirst of life eternal, but to replace the fleeting by the everlasting.

Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma, nor at Nature's changeless laws. But struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent and the perishable.

Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

The Voice of the Silence



MORAL CHOICE

Consider who you are: to begin with, you are a human being, that is, one who has no quality more sovereign than moral choice, and who holds everything else subordinate to it, and moral choice itself free from slavery and subjection. . . . In addition to this you are a citizen of the world and a part of it.

EPICETUS



NIRODHA AND EKAGRATA

Attention, contemplation and meditation are anterior to and not immediately productive of that kind of meditation in which the distinct cognition of the object is lost, which is called meditation without a seed.

There are two trains of self-reproductive thought, the first of which results from the mind being modified and shifted by the object or subject contemplated; the second, when it is passing from that modification and is becoming engaged only with the truth itself; at the moment when the first is subdued and the mind is just becoming intent, it is concerned in both of those two trains of self-reproductive thought, and this state is technically called *Nirodha*.

In that state of meditation which has been called *Nirodha*, the mind has an uniform flow.

When the mind has overcome and fully controlled its natural inclination to consider diverse objects, and begins to become intent upon a single one, meditation is said to be reached.

When the mind, after becoming fixed upon a single object, has ceased to be concerned in any thought about the condition, qualities, or relations of the thing thought of, but is absolutely fastened upon the object itself, it is then said to be intent upon a single point – a state technically called *Ekagrata*.

PATANJALI



THE BOND BETWEEN DIVINE AND HUMAN

As physicians have always their instruments ready for cases which suddenly require their skill, so do thou have principles ready for the understanding of things divine and human, and for doing everything, even the smallest, with a recollection of the bond which unites the divine and human to one another. For neither wilt thou do anything well which pertains to man without at the same time having a reference to things divine, nor the contrary.

MARCUS AURELIUS





Magba: ୧୫ Bl S

WE PREPARE OURSELVES

Before talking of holy things, we prepare ourselves by offerings. . . . One will fill his pipe and hand it to the other who will light it and offer it to the sky and earth. . . . They will smoke together. . . . Then will they be ready to talk.

SANTEE-YANKTONAI DAKOTA CHANT



THE SONG OF LIFE

Out of the silence that is peace a resonant voice shall arise. And this voice will say, It is not well; thou hast reaped, now thou must sow. And knowing this voice to be the silence itself thou wilt obey.

Thou who art now a disciple, able to stand, able to hear, able to see, able to speak, who hast conquered desire and attained to self-knowledge, who hast seen thy soul in its bloom and recognized it, and heard the voice of the silence, go thou to the Hall of Learning and read what is written there for thee.

1. Stand aside in the coming battle, and though thou fightest be not thou the warrior.

2. Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee.

3. Take his orders for battle and obey them.

4. Obey him not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself. Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass him; and he will not know thee unless thou knowest him. If thy cry meet his listening ear, then will he fight in thee and fill the dull void within. And if this is so, then canst thou go through the fight cool and unwearied, standing aside and letting him battle for thee. Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss. But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battle-field thy sight and senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies.

He is thyself, yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy

warrior, he will never utterly desert thee, and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee.

5. Listen to the song of life.

6. Store in your memory the melody you hear.

7. Learn from it the lesson of harmony.

8. You can stand upright now, firm as a rock amid the turmoil, obeying the warrior who is thyself and thy king. Unconcerned in the battle save to do his bidding, having no longer any care as to the result of the battle, for one thing only is important, that the warrior shall win, and you know he is incapable of defeat — standing thus, cool and awakened, use the hearing you have acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain. Only fragments of the great song come to your ears while yet you are but man. But if you listen to it, remember it faithfully, so that none which has reached you is lost, and endeavour to learn from it the meaning of the mystery which surrounds you. In time you will need no teacher. For as the individual has voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. Learn from it that you are a part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony.

Light on the Path



THE INMOST SELF

All this, verily, is the Eternal. It should be reverently approached, in silence, as breathing and living in him.

Verily man is formed of Will; according as man's will is, in this world, according to that is his being on going forth hence. Let him perform his will.

Of the form of mind, with a body of vital breath, of the nature of light, moving towards the real, of the being of the shining ether, doing all things, desiring all things, smelling all things, tasting all things, embracing all that is, silent, untroubled: — this is my Self in the inmost heart; smaller than a grain of rice, or a grain of barley, or a grain of mustard-seed, or a grain of millet, or the kernel of a grain of millet; this is my Self in the inmost heart; older than

the earth, older than the mid-world, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

Doing all things, desiring all things, smelling all things, tasting all things, embracing all that is, silent, untroubled. This is my Self in the inmost heart, this is the Eternal. Going forth hence, I shall enter into its being. He who has possessed this, doubts no more.

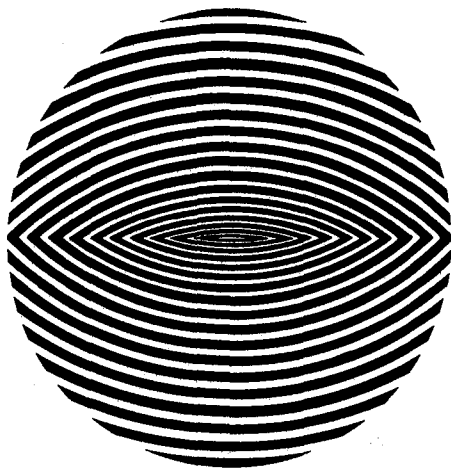
Chandogya Upanishad



INVOCATION TO BRAHMAN

AUM. All that is invisible is verily the Infinite *Brahman*. All that is visible is also the Infinite *Brahman*. The whole cosmos has come out of the Infinite *Brahman*. *Brahman* is infinite although the whole cosmos has come out of IT. OM. Peace, Peace, Peace.

Brihadaranyaka Upanishad





Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A

HIEROS LOGOS

In the first place revere the Immortal Gods as they are established and ordained by the Law.

Reverence the Oath. In the next place revere the Heroes who are full of goodness and light.

Honour likewise the Terrestrial Daimons by rendering them the worship lawfully due to them.

Honour likewise thy father and thy mother, and thy nearest relations.

Of all the rest of mankind, make him thy friend who distinguishes himself by his virtue. Always give ear to his mild exhortations, and take example from his virtuous and useful actions. Refrain, as far as you can, from spurning thy friend for a slight fault, for power surrounds necessity.

Know that all these things are as I have told thee.

Accustom thyself to surmount and vanquish these passions: First, gluttony, sloth, lust and anger. Never commit any shameful actions, neither with others nor in private with thyself.

Above all things, respect thyself.

In the next place, observe Justice in thy actions and in thy words; and accustom not thyself to behave thyself in anything without rule and without reason.

Always make this reflection, that it is ordained by Destiny for all men to die; and that the goods of fortune are uncertain. As they may be acquired, they may likewise be lost.

Concerning all the calamities that men suffer by Divine Fortune, support with patience thy lot, be what it will, and never repine at it, but endeavour what thou canst to remedy it, and consider that Fate does not send the greatest portion of these misfortunes to good men.

There are amongst men several sorts of reasonings, good and bad. Admire them not too easily and reject them not neither, but if any falsehoods be advanced, give way with mildness and arm thyself with patience.

Observe well, on every occasion, what I am going to tell thee: Let no man either by his words, or by his actions, ever seduce thee, nor entice thee to say or to do what is not profitable for thee.

Consult and deliberate before thou act, that thou may'st not commit foolish actions, for it is the part of a miserable man to speak and to act without reflection.

But do that which will not afflict thee afterwards, nor oblige thee to repentance.

Never do anything which thou dost not understand; but learn all thou oughtest to know, and by that means thou wilt lead a very pleasant life.

In no wise neglect the health of thy body; but give it food and drink in due measure, and also the exercise of which it has need. By measure, I mean what will not incommode thee.

Accustom thyself to a way of living that is neat and decent, without luxury. Avoid all things that will occasion envy, and be not expensive out of season, like one who knows not what is decent and honourable.

Be neither covetous nor niggardly. A due measure is excellent in these things!

Do only the things that cannot hurt thee, and deliberate before thou doest them.

Never suffer sleep to close thy eyelids after thy going to bed, till thou hast thrice reviewed all thy actions of the day: Wherein have I done amiss? What have I done? What have I omitted that I ought to have done?

If in this examination thou find that thou hast done amiss, reprimand thyself severely for it; and if thou hast done any good, rejoice.

Practise thoroughly all these things; meditate on them well; thou oughtest to love them with all thy heart. It is they that will put thee in the way of Divine Virtue.

I swear it by Him who has transmitted into our souls the Sacred Tetraktys, the Source of Nature, whose course is eternal.

Never set thy hand to the work, till thou hast first prayed the Gods to accomplish what thou art going to begin.

When thou hast made this habit familiar to thee, thou wilt know the constitution of the Immortal Gods and of men; even how far the different Beings extend, and what contains and binds them together.

Thou shalt likewise know, in accord with Cosmic Order, that the nature of this Universe is in all things alike, so that thou shalt not hope what thou oughtest not to hope; and nothing in this world shall be hid from thee.

Thou wilt likewise know that men draw upon themselves their own misfortunes, voluntarily and of their own free choice.

Wretches that they are! They neither see nor understand that their good is near them. There are very few of them who know how to deliver themselves out of their misfortunes.

Such is the Fate that blinds mankind and takes away his senses. Like huge cylinders, they roll to and fro, always oppressed by ills without number; for fatal contention, which is innate in them, pursues them everywhere, tosses them up and down, nor do they perceive it.

Instead of provoking and stirring it up, they ought by yielding to avert it.

Great Jupiter, Father of men, you would deliver them all from the evils that oppress them, if you would show them what is the Daimon of whom they make use.

But take courage, the race of men is divine. Sacred Nature reveals to them the most hidden Mysteries.

If she impart to thee her secrets, thou wilt easily perform all the things which I have ordained thee, and healing thy soul, thou wilt deliver it from all these evils, from all these afflictions.

Abstain thou from all that we have forbidden in the Purifications; and in the Deliverance of the Soul make a just distinction of them; examine all things well, leaving thyself always to be guided and directed by the understanding that comes from above, and that ought to hold the reins.

And when, after having divested thyself of thy mortal body, thou arrivest in the most pure Aether, thou shalt be a God, immortal, incorruptible, and death shall have no more dominion over thee.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras





CONTEMPLATION

What is it the aspirant of *Yoga Vidya* strives after if not to gain *Mukti* by transferring himself gradually from the grosser to the next more ethereal body, until all the veils of *Maya* being successively removed his *Atma* becomes one with *Paramatma*? Does he suppose that this grand result can be achieved by a two or four hours' contemplation? For the remaining twenty or twenty-two hours that the devotee does not shut himself up in his room for meditation — is the process of the emission of atoms and their replacement by others stopped? If not, then how does he mean to attract all this time — only those suited to his end? From the above remarks it is evident that just as the physical body requires incessant attention to prevent the entrance of a disease, so also the *inner man* requires an unremitting watch, so that no conscious or unconscious thought may attract atoms unsuited to its progress. This is the real meaning of contemplation. The prime factor in the guidance of the thought is WILL.

Without that, all else is useless. And, to be efficient for the purpose, it must be, not only a passing resolution of the moment, a single fierce desire of short duration, but a *settled and continued strain, as nearly as can be continued and concentrated without one single moment's relaxation.*

DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR



RUMOURS FROM AN AEOLIAN HARP

There is a vale which none hath seen,
Where foot of man has never been,
Such as here lives with toil and strife,
An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,
Ere it descends upon the earth,
And thither every deed returns,
Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,
And poetry is yet unsung,
For Virtue still adventures there,
And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,
You still may hear its vesper bell,
And tread of high-souled men go by,
Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU



INEFFACEABLE

If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble to dust. But if we work upon men's immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and love of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, and which will brighten and brighten to all eternity.

DANIEL WEBSTER





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ 0 D

HIT THE MARK

Archery is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim, and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bow's recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. This is spiritual archery, and it is to this sort that the *Mundaka Upanishad* refers.

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for, if it does, the arrow will fly wide or fall short of its goal. So if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. But even as the bow made of wood or steel is subject to the alterations of state, so we are encouraged by the thought that the laws of karma and reincarnation show us that in other lives and new bodies we may do better work. The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing theosophist, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to always strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have to thus allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT

For the future we intend that at this hour the Mystic shall be at home, less metaphysical and scientific than is his wont, but more really himself. It is customary at this hour, before the lamps are brought in, to give way a little and dream, letting all the tender fancies day suppresses rise up in our minds. Wherever it is spent, whether in the dusky room or walking home through the blue evening, all things grow strangely softened and united; the magic of the old world reappears. The commonplace streets take on something of the grandeur and solemnity of starlit avenues of Egyptian temples; the public squares in the mingled glow and gloom grow beautiful as the Indian grove where Sakuntala wandered with her maidens; the children chase each other through the dusky shrubberies; as they flee past they look at us with long remembered glances: lulled by the silence, we forget a little while the hard edges of the material and remember that we are *spirits*.

Now is the hour for memory, the time to call in and make more securely our own all stray and beautiful ideas that visited us during the day, and which might otherwise be forgotten. We should draw them in from the region of things felt to the region of things understood; in a focus burning with beauty and pure with truth we should bind them, for from the thoughts thus gathered in something accrues to the consciousness; on the morrow a change impalpable but real has taken place in our being, we see beauty and truth through everything.

It is in like manner in Devachan, between the darkness of earth and the light of spiritual self-consciousness, that the Master in each of us draws in and absorbs the rarest and best of experiences, love, self-forgetfulness, aspiration, and out of these distils the subtle essence of wisdom, so that he who struggles in pain for his fellows, when he awakens again on earth is endowed with the tradition of that which we call self sacrifice, but which is in reality the proclamation of our own universal nature. There are yet vaster correspondences, for so also we are told, when the seven worlds are withdrawn, the great calm Shepherd of the Ages draws his misty hordes together in the glimmering twilights of eternity and as they are penned within the awful

Fold, the rays long separate are bound into one, and life, and joy, and beauty disappear, to emerge again after rest unspeakable on the morning of a New Day.

Now if the aim of the mystic be to fuse into one all moods made separate by time, would not the daily harvesting of wisdom render unnecessary the long Devachanic years? No second harvest could be reaped from fields where the sheaves are already garnered. Thus disregarding the fruits of action, we could work like those who have made the Great Sacrifice, for whom even Nirvana is no resting place. Worlds may awaken in nebulous glory, pass through their phases of self-conscious existence and sink again to sleep, but these tireless workers continue their age-long task of help. Their motive we do not know, but in some secret depth of our being we feel that there could be nothing nobler, and thinking this we have devoted the twilight hour to the understanding of their nature.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



ON PRAYER

We act upon the principle that what is meat for one is death for another. While, therefore, some people may not be able to develop their latent psychic capacities without prayer, there are others who can. We set no value upon the words uttered. For, if the words had any effect, how is it that different religionists, although using different forms of expression, obtain the same result? Again, those who pray silently and intensely gain their object, while those who merely mumble some formula without understanding the meaning, get no answers to their prayers. As has been said in *Isis Unveiled*, we believe prayer is the giving of expression to the desire, which generates Will. And this WILL is all-powerful; its effect depending, of course, upon all the surrounding conditions.

Philosophers can be but few. They need no external ceremony or object for the purpose of concentrating their Will-force. We cannot expect the ordinary mortals, whose sensuous perceptions and avocations do not permit them to penetrate behind the mask, to do without the help of some external process. What we regret is the degeneration of this real prayer — the outward expression of the inward feeling — into a meaningless jumble of words. The prayer of the philosopher is his contemplation.

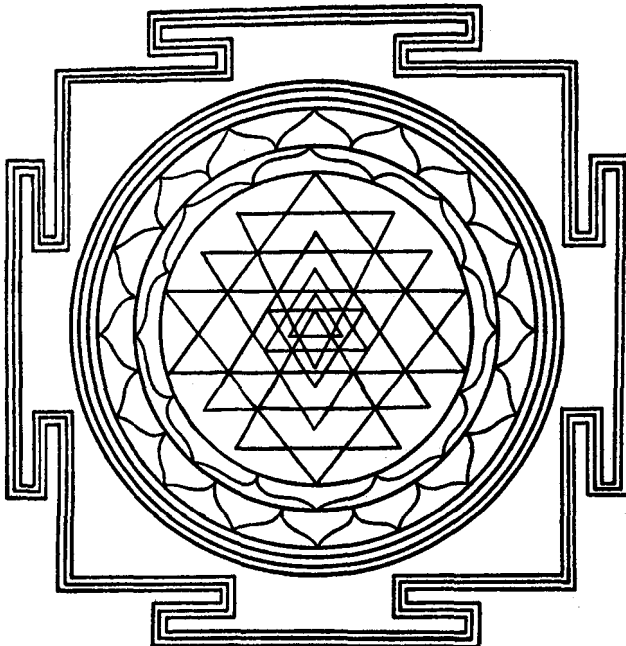
DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR



NOETIC ENERGY

Man is not meant to propitiate elementals or mechanically perform rituals, but rather to elevate self-consciousness and establish a proper relation with divine ideas. As with the development of any faculty, the greater the exercise, the easier it will become. If one is truly serious about maturing spiritually and gaining the cool confidence to constitute oneself a chela, then one must concentrate and incarnate sacred teachings without idle and futile speculation about one's abilities and prospects. Ability inevitably grows with application, and with it the will to further application. In time, as psychospiritual centres gradually awaken in their natural and proportional order, one will be prepared to deal with higher levels of noetic energy. In order to hold, preserve and extend them, one will have to withdraw the mind repeatedly from the proclivities and delusions of the *persona*. In this way noetic insight will emerge, even if imperfectly mirrored on the plane of the phrenic and the psychic. One cannot leap immediately to the pure apprehension of Nous, but one may assuredly move in that direction in waking life. As one sincerely tries, unexpected and unsought help will come in a variety of ways, enabling one to see profounder and more numinous meanings as veil upon veil is lifted. The more one uses what one knows, the more meaning will come to one's aid, with a greater continuity of ardent aspiration.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Hasta:) V B

THE SACRED PIPE

When ye are assembled in Council, fail not to light in your midst the Fire which is the symbol of the Great Spirit and the sign of His presence.

And light the Sacred Pipe, which is the symbol of Peace, Brotherhood, Council and Prayer, and smoke first to the Great Spirit in Heaven above, then to the four Winds, His messengers, and to Mother Earth, through whom He furnishes us our food.

And let each Councillor smoke, passing the pipe in a circle like that of the Sun from east southward to the west.

At the opening of Council, let the Chief arise, light the pipe, and pray: *Wakan Tanka Wakan na kay chin, Chandee eeya paya wo*: "Great Spirit, by this pipe, the symbol of Peace, Council, and Brotherhood, we ask Thee to be with us and bless us tonight."

OGLALA DAKOTA CHANT



ONE-POINTEDNESS

There are six forces — hearing, pondering, mindfulness, awareness, effort and intimacy. These forces affect the nine stages of thought that lead to one-pointedness of mind.

First, by the force of *hearing*, thought focusses upon the object of meditation. Merely hearing from another the precepts for focussing the mind, however, only tethers the mind to the object of meditation — it does not by itself cultivate the focussed mind by returning it again and again to the object.

Secondly, by the force of *pondering*, there ensues right settling on the object of meditation. One repeatedly ponders the object and watches over the continuation of the tether of the mind to the object, for initially one had little capacity to extend the continuity of mental focus.

Thirdly, by the force of *mindfulness*, one prevents thought from straying and settles the mind within itself. Whenever one's mind strays from the

object of meditation, one should concentrate within through mindfulness of the temporarily forgotten object. If one generates the power of mindfulness from the beginning, there can be no wandering from the chosen object.

Fourthly, by the force of *awareness*, one achieves both controlled and quietened thought. One recognizes through awareness the disadvantages of discursive thought and its derivative defects, and one does not allow them to appear when they are observed in this way.

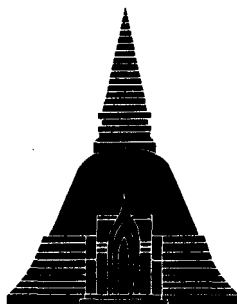
Fifthly, by the force of *effort*, one completely pacifies thought and reaches one-pointedness. Through effort one eliminates discursive thoughts and does not allow even subtle hints of them or their derivative defects. When one meditates with effort in this way, fading, scattering and the other flaws of discursive thinking cannot interrupt *samadhi*. Thus one perfects *samadhi* without discontinuities.

Sixthly, by the force of *intimacy*, one reaches natural concentration, for the tremendous force of cultivating the earlier stages of thought engenders a *samadhi* which continues effortlessly.

This is the meaning of the *Sravakabhumi*. Do not trust explanations which deviate from this.

In brief, one initially pursues the precept that one hears, and follows this method to natural concentration. Having focussed the mind, one meditates again and again upon the precept and remains vigilant even though one has little capacity for continuity of consciousness. Then, if mindfulness is lost and consciousness wanders off, one can concentrate and quickly recover mindfulness. Thus the force of mindfulness is generated and becomes mindfulness that does not stray from the object of meditation. When this is accomplished, one generates the intense awareness which can detect the defects of discursive thought, and even if distracted by subtle forms of straying, one recognizes this and halts the movement. Then one generates the force of effort which prevents discontinuities for ever-increasing spans of time. Through effort one ceaselessly endeavours until one soars into the mystic perfection of effortless *samadhi*. The *yogin* who is advanced, but not yet at the ninth stage of thought, must use the force of effort to settle the mind in *samadhi*. But when he has attained the ninth stage he no longer engages in effort, for the mind is suffused with *samadhi*.

TSONG-KHA-PA





THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble, as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



MORAL VISION

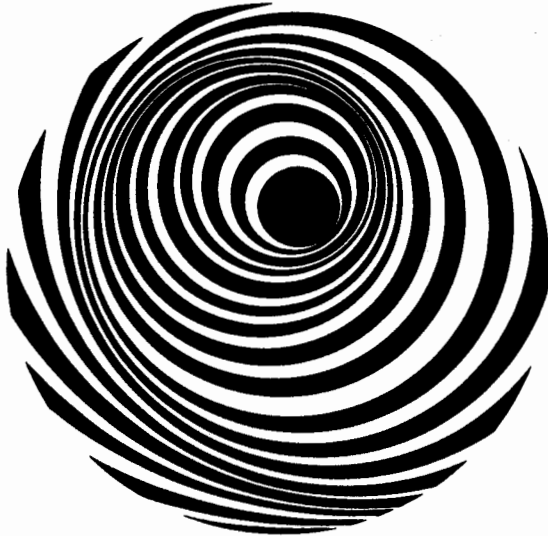
To the man who lives for an idea, for his country, for the good of humanity, life has an extensive meaning, and to that extent pain becomes less important to him. To live the life of goodness is to live the life of all. Pleasure is for one's own self, but goodness is concerned with the happiness of all humanity and for all time. From the point of view of the good, pleasure and pain appear in a different meaning; so much so, that pleasure may be shunned, and pain be courted in its place, and death itself be made welcome as giving a higher value to life. From these higher standpoints of a man's life, the standpoints of the good, pleasure and pain lose their absolute value. Martyrs prove it in history, and we prove it every day in our life in our little martyrdoms. When we take a pitcherful of water from the sea it has its weight, but when we take a dip into the sea itself a thousand pitchersful of water flow above our head, and we do not feel their weight. We have to carry the pitcher of self with our strength; and so, while on the plane of selfishness pleasure and pain have their full weight, on the moral plane they are so much lightened that the man who has reached it appears to us almost superhuman in his patience under crushing trials, and his forbearance in the face of malignant persecution.

To live in perfect goodness is to realize one's life in the infinite. This is the most comprehensive view of life which we can have by our inherent power of the moral vision of the wholeness of life. And the teaching of Buddha is to cultivate this moral power to the highest extent, to know that our field of activities is not bound to the plane of our narrow self. This is the vision of the heavenly kingdom of Christ. When we attain to that universal life, which is the moral life, we become freed from bonds of pleasure and pain, and the place vacated by our self becomes filled with an unspeakable joy which springs from measureless love. In this state the soul's activity is all the more

heightened, only its motive power is not from desires, but in its own joy. This is the *Karma-yoga* of the *Gita*, the way to become one with the infinite activity by the exercise of the activity of disinterested goodness. . . .

Just as we find that the stronger the imagination the less is it merely imaginary and the more is it in harmony with truth, so we see the more vigorous our individuality the more does it widen towards the universal. For the greatness of a personality is not in itself but in its content, which is universal, just as the depth of a lake is judged not by the size of its cavity but by the depth of its water.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE





Chitra: ॐ R C

FIVEFOLD INVOCATION

Reverence to the Arhats,
Reverence to the Perfect Ones,
Reverence to the Heads of the Sangha,
Reverence to the Preceptors,
Reverence to all Holy Monks in the world.

All these Five are worthy of Reverence.
They are all protectors against pollution.
Among all that is auspicious, this is the most auspicious.

JAIN INVOCATION



AWARENESS OF GOD

- O Ahmad, awareness of God in performance of prayer is a light because performance of prayer is only an eye; its light is the awareness of God.
- O Ahmad, he who performs prayer with awareness of God is like Moses — peace be upon him — on Mount Sinai.
- O Ahmad, performance of prayer without awareness of God and attentiveness to Him is like food without butter or salt.
- O Ahmad, every prayer which is performed without awareness of God is like the moon in eclipse; the light has gone out of it.

JAMAL AD-DIN HANSAWI





GOD AND GURU

Guru is Brahmā, Guru is Vishnu, Guru is God Shiva,
Guru verily is the Supreme Brahman; to that Guru I bow.

GANDHI'S MORNING CHANT



SELF-REDEMPTION

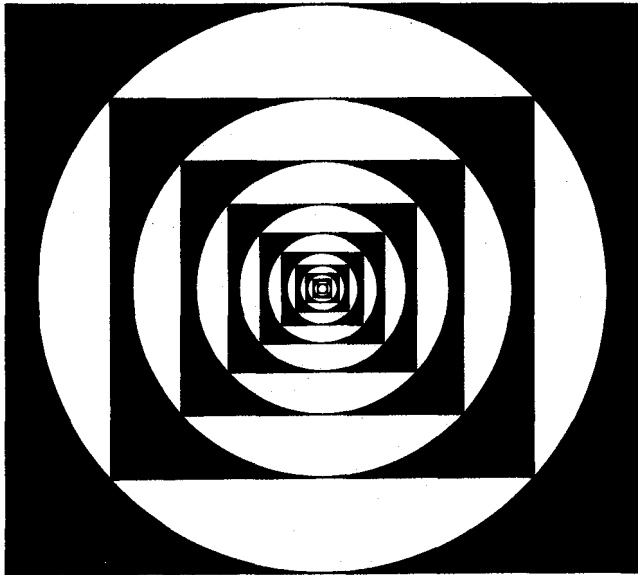
Spiritual Teachers always point upwards for each and every man and woman alive, not for just a few. They work not only in the visible realm for those immediately before them, but, as John reminds us, they come from above and work for all. They continually think of and love every being that lives and breathes, mirroring “the One that breathes breathless” in ceaseless contemplation, overbrooding the Golden Egg of the universe, the *Hiranyagarbha*. Such beautiful ideas enshrined in magnificent myths are provocative to the ratiocinative mind and suggestive to the latent divine discernment of Buddhist intuition. The only way anyone can come closer to the Father in Heaven — let alone come closer to Him on earth Who is as He is in Heaven — is by that light to which John refers in the first chapter of the Gospel.

It is the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world, which the darkness comprehendeth not. Human beings are involved in the darkness of illusion, of self-forgetfulness, and forgetfulness of their divine ancestry. The whole of humanity may be regarded as a garden of gods but all men and women are fallen angels or gods tarnished by forgetfulness of their true, essential and universal mission. Each man or woman is born for a purpose. Every person has a divine destiny. Every individual has a unique contribution to make, to enrich the lives of others, but no one can say what this is for anyone else. Each one has to find it, first by arousing and kindling and then by sustaining and nourishing the little lamp within the heart. There alone may be lit the true Akashic fire upon the altar in the hidden temple of the

god which lives and breathes within. This is the sacred fire of true awareness which enables a man to come closer to the one universal divine consciousness which, in its very brooding upon manifestation, is the father-spirit. In the realm of matter it may be compared to the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Any human being could become a self-conscious and living instrument of that universal divine consciousness of which he, as much as every other man or woman, is an effulgent ray.

Origen spoke of the constant crucifixion of Jesus, declaring that there is not a day on earth when he is not reviled. But equally there is not a time when others do not speak of him with awe. He came with a divine protection provided by a secret bond which he never revealed except by indirect intonation. Whenever the Logos becomes flesh, there is sacred testimony to the Great Sacrifice and the Great Renunciation — of all Avatars, all Divine Incarnations. The Brotherhood of Blessed Teachers is ever behind every attempt to enlighten human minds, to summon the latent love in human hearts for all humanity, to fan the sparks of true compassion in human souls into the fires of Initiation. The mark of the Avatar is that in him the Paraclete, the Spirit of Eternal Truth, manifests so that even the blind may see, the deaf may hear, the lame may walk, the unregenerate may gain confidence in the possibility and the promise of self-redemption.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Svati: ॐ W ॐ

MAHĀVĀKYĀNI

sarvaṁ khalvidaṁ brahma

All this is verily Brahman

ayam ātmā brahma

This Self is Brahman

prajñānam brahma

Wisdom is Brahman

tat tvam asi

THAT thou art

ahaṁ brahma āsmi

I am Brahman

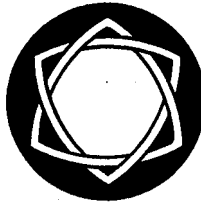
The Upanishads



ON BEHALF OF ALL

The Gāyatrī *mantra* must by its very nature be on behalf of all human beings, and the influx of spiritual forces which result from it must benefit all human beings collectively. In this utter absence of any selfish motive lies its tremendous spiritual power. The more free any prayer or worship is from the narrow selfishness which characterizes ordinary human nature, the greater is its power to penetrate into the inner realms of Divine Consciousness.

I. K. TAIMNI





THE PLEDGE OF KWAN-YIN

NEVER WILL I SEEK NOR RECEIVE PRIVATE, INDIVIDUAL SALVATION;
NEVER WILL I ENTER INTO FINAL PEACE ALONE; BUT FOREVER AND
EVERYWHERE WILL I LIVE AND STRIVE FOR THE REDEMPTION OF
EVERY CREATURE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FROM THE BONDS OF
CONDITIONED EXISTENCE.

KWAN-YIN



THE LUSTRE OF WISDOM

Learn from these facets of Nature: though trampled on by all, be firm in your adversity like the earth itself; from these mountains which hold their mineral and other resources for the welfare of the world, learn that you must live for others and not for yourself; like the wind, you must be able to pass through unhindered; all-pervasive, touching everything, yet itself untouched, the sky is verily the shining paradigm of the *Yogin*; you should be limpid, pure, purifying, pleasing and refreshing like water; effulgent with the lustre of wisdom like the fire that reduces to ashes all impurity; like the python, lie still and take only what comes to you, and when nothing comes, fast as the python does; like the sea, deep and unfathomable, neither be swollen by what flows into you nor be depleted by what is withdrawn from you; like the bee, take in little by little, and from good and bad alike, extract the essence even as the bee gathers honey.

SHRI KRISHNA

