



Asblesba: Q Y E

GENTLE SPEECH

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

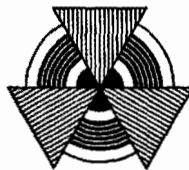
TIRUKURAL



HITTING THE MARK

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

ROBERT BROWNING





EQUAL TO THE GAME

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

RAINER MARIA RILKE



UNIVERSAL MAN

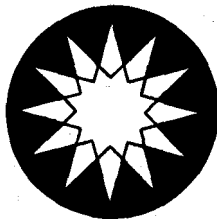
There was a time when we prayed for special concessions, we expected that the laws of nature should be held in abeyance for our own convenience. But now we know better. We know that law cannot be set aside, and in this knowledge we have become strong. For this law is not something apart from us; it is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

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

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

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

RABINDRANATH TAGORE





Magha: ॐ BI S

THE DHARMA DOOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

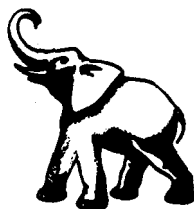
Vimalakirti Nirdesa Sutra



ALL ARE YOUR TEACHERS

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

Light on the Path





REJOICE IN THE GOOD

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

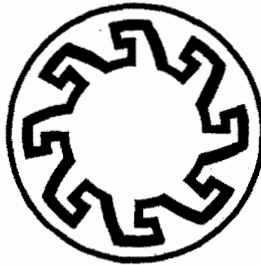
JOHN RUSKIN



ALL YOU CAN

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

JOHN WESLEY





Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A

THE CITY OF GOD

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

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

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

PHILO JUDAEUS



FORSAKING GOD

At midnight the would-be ascetic announced:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



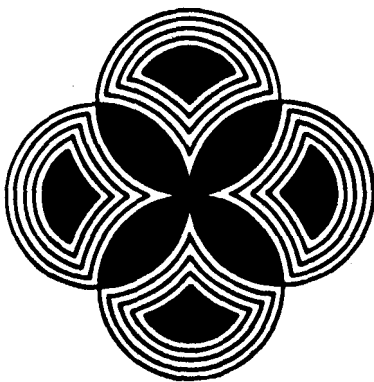
THE HOUR OF MEDITATION

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

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

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

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





THE HIDDEN WELL-SPRING

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

And it is well you should.

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

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

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

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

For Self is a sea boundless and measureless.

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

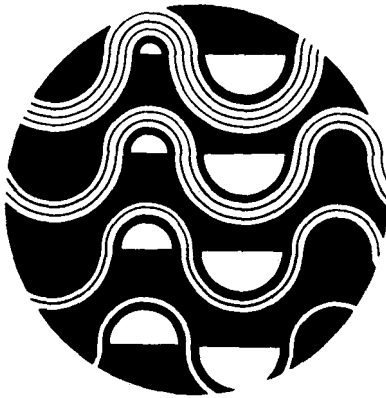
Say not, "I have found the path of the soul." Say rather, "I have met the soul walking upon my path."

For the soul walks upon all paths.

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

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

KAHLIL GIBRAN





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ 0 D

THE GOD WITHIN

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

MAHATMA K. H.



TRUE PERCEPTION

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

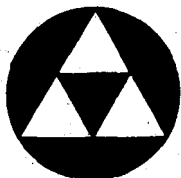
In occultism, Krishna represents the Christ Principle; the *Atma* of the Vedantins, or the seventh principle; the Logos of the Christians — the Divine Spirit, who is the manifested Son of the unmanifested Father. In the dead of night, that is, when there is complete physical and mental rest, when there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

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

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

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

DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR





IF ONLY

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

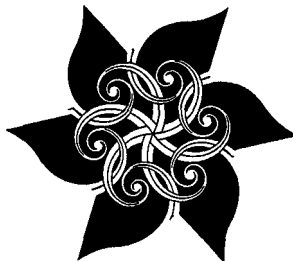
Hermes



THE WISDOM OF THE HEART

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

GEORGE SANTAYANA





Hasta: D V B

THANKFULNESS

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

WILLIAM PENN



AHIMSA YAJNA

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

Light on the Path



LEGEND OF THE NIGHT-FLOWER

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

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

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

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

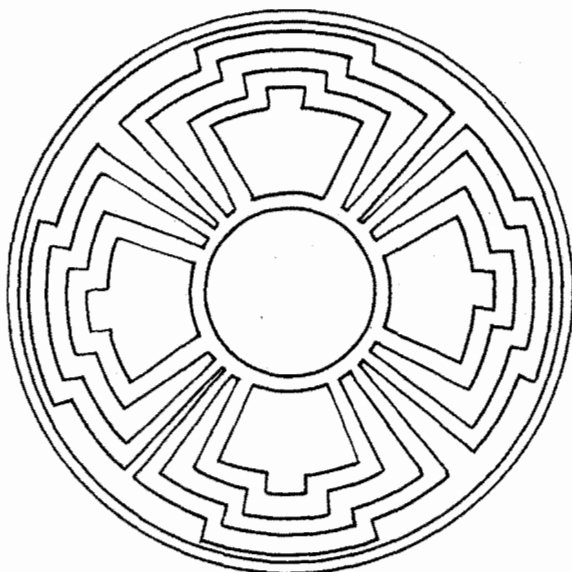
H. P. BLAVATSKY



REFINEMENT

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

W. HENRY CHANNING





Chitra: ♂ R C

HYMN TO PARUXTI

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

PAWNEE CHANT



THE ANGUISH OF LOVE

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

IBN AL-'ARABI



PRAISE AND BLAME

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dhammapada



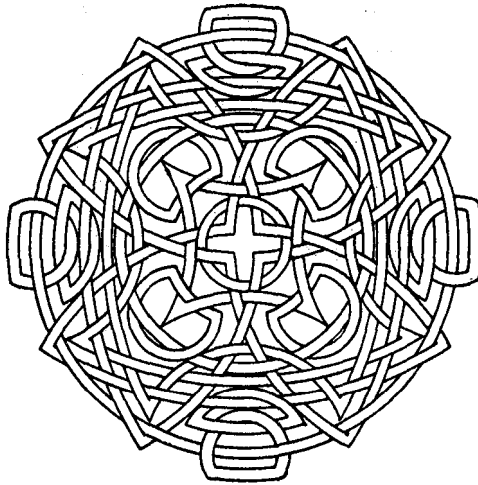


NON-RESISTANCE

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

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

HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET





Svati: Ω W O

REPENTANCE

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

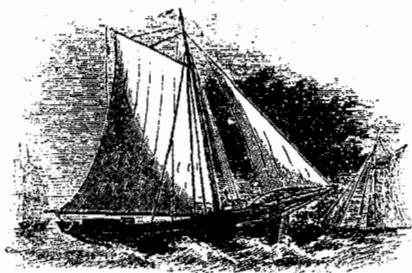
HIEROCLES



THE BEST YOU CAN

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

SIR THOMAS MORE

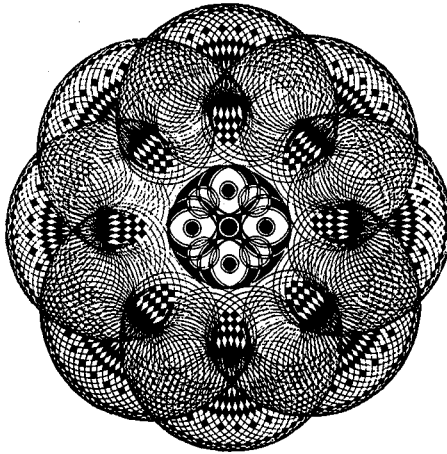




TO ALL I AM BOUNDEN

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

EDWIN MUIR





FORERUNNERS

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

RALPH WALDO EMERSON





Visvakṣa: ५ B G

THE QUINTESSENCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dhammapada





PATIENCE

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

E. B. PUSEY



WILL AND DESIRE

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

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



WORD AND BREATH

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

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

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

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

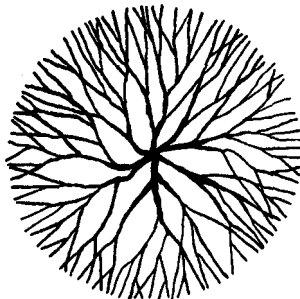
Grammar of fivefold rose and sixfold lily,
Spiral of leaves on a bough, helix of shells,
Rotation of twining plants on axes of darkness and light,

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

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

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

KATHLEEN RAINE





Anuradha: १ G F

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

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

Genesis

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDWIN MARKHAM



HOW TO BUILD

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

JOHN RUSKIN



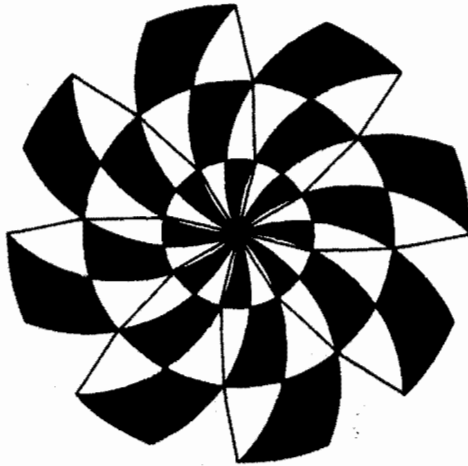
THE POWER OF THE INITIATOR

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

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

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

RAGHAVAN IYER





THE GUARDIAN WALL

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

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

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

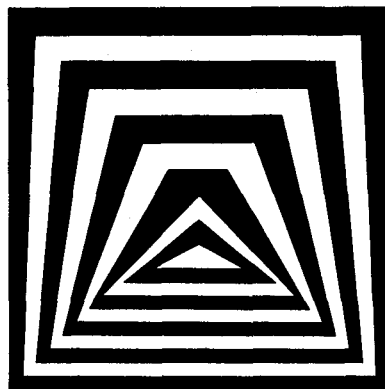
Alas! when once thou hast become like the pure snow in mountain vales, cold and unfeeling to the touch, warm and protective to the seed that sleepeth deep beneath its bosom — 'tis now that snow which must receive the biting frost, the northern blasts, thus shielding from their sharp and cruel tooth the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

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

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

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

The Voice of the Silence





Jyeshtha: ॐ Y E

GRATITUDE AND GOODWILL

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

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

Peace and prosperity.

Dina-i Mainog-i Kbirad



PROSTRATION

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

AL-A'RAF





UNIVERSAL PEACE

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

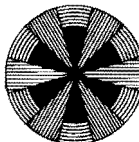
HARTLEY COLERIDGE



FOCUSSING OF RAYS

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

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL





Mula: ॐ B I S

THE CELESTIAL VOYAGE

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

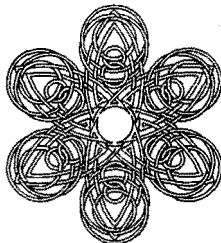
HIEROCLES



THE SONG OF THE SPHERES

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

JALALUDDIN RUMI





CONCORD CONSECRATES

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

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

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

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART



RELEASE THE BALM

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

Hermes





Purvashadha: Q I A

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



BRIEF SOJOURN

This world seemeth fair,
A garden gay with flowers:

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

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

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

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

NAZIR





EXTREME UNCTION

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

Pistis Sophia



NITYA PRALAYA

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

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

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

PICO IYER



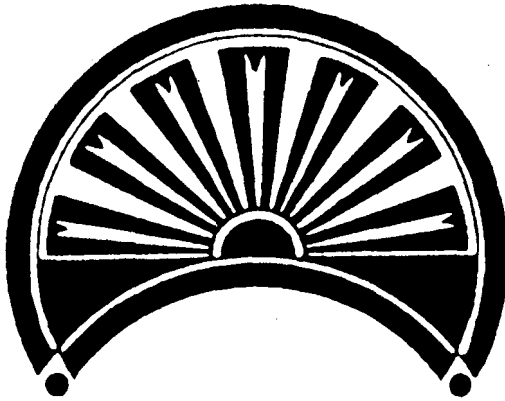


Uttarashadha: ☉ 0 D

PREPARATION FOR DEATH

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

PLATO





THE TRUSTING MIND

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

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

HSIN HSIN MING



BUNDLE OF FAGGOTS

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

JOHN NEWTON



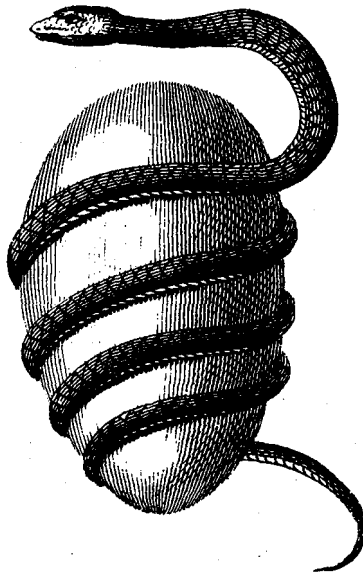
THEOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE

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

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

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

ROBERT CROSBIE





Shravana:) V B

THE MASK HAS FALLEN

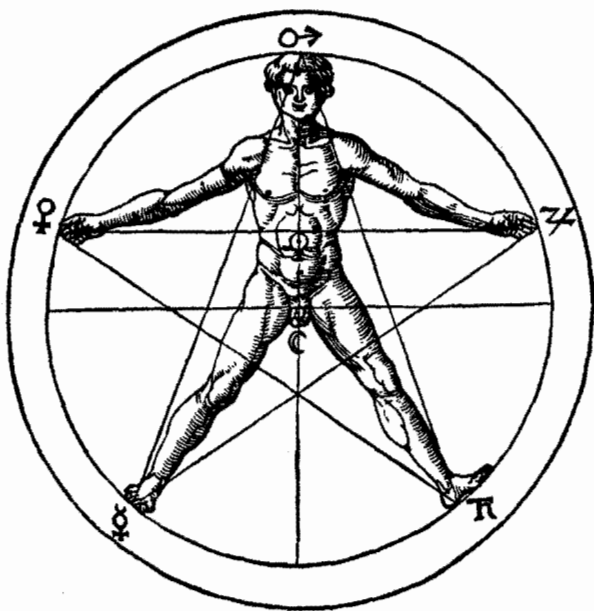
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
'All hope abandon ye who enter here';
None frowned, none trembled, none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

.

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

And those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man, —
 Which, under many a name and many a form
 Strange, savage, ghastly, dark and execrable,
 Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
 And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
 With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love
 Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
 And slain amid men's unreclaiming tears,
 Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was hate, —
 Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned shrines:
 The painted veil, by those who were, called life,
 Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,
 All men believed or hoped, is torn aside;
 The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
 Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
 Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
 Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
 Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
 Passionless? — no, yet free from guilt or pain,
 Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
 Not yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
 From chance, and death, and mutability,
 The clogs of that which else might oversoar
 The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
 Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY





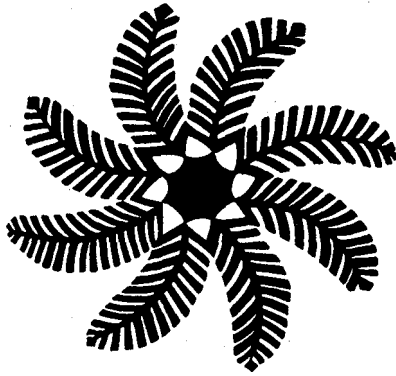
GANDHI'S TALISMAN

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

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

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

M. K. GANDHI





UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

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

RAGHAVAN IYER

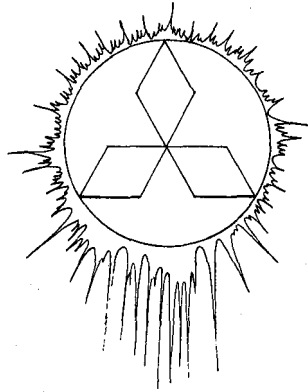




REFUGE

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

SHRI KRISHNA





SAGUNA BRAHMAN KHANDA

IMMANENCE

NON-BEING

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

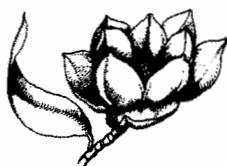
Tao Te Ching



FRAGRANCES

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

RAINER MARIA RILKE





Purva Phalguni: ♀ I A

THE LIGHT DIVINE

May the winds bring us happiness.
May the rivers carry happiness to us.
May the plants give us happiness.
May night and day yield us happiness.
May the dust of the earth bring us happiness.
May the heavens give us happiness.
May the trees give us happiness.
May the sun pour down happiness.
May the cows yield us happiness.

May my body become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.
May my mind become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.
May my self become pure.
May I be free from impurity and sin.
May I realize myself as the Light divine.

Salutations to Brahman.
Salutations to the God in the fire.
Salutations to the God in the earth.
Salutations to the God in the plants.
Salutations to the God in speech.
Salutations to the Lord of speech.
I offer my salutations to the
Supreme Being, the all-pervading Spirit.

Taittiriya Aranyaka



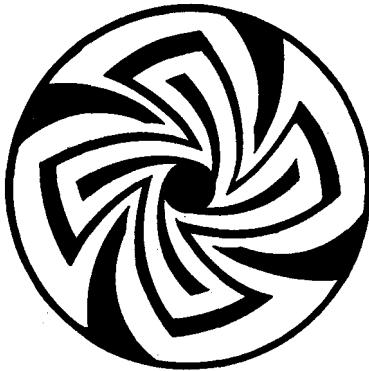


MOVING WITH THE EARTH

Now we all move, we're moving with this earth.
The earth is moving along, the water is moving along.
The grass is moving, the trees are moving, the whole earth is moving.
So we all move along with the earth, keeping time with the earth.

I am dancing, dancing earnestly to the Great Spirit,
And dance and dance till I can dance no more.

POTAWATOMI CHANT





SERVE THE LORD

Most high, all-powerful, all good, Lord!
All praise is yours, all glory, all honour
And all blessing.
To you, alone, Most High, do they belong.
No mortal lips are worthy
To pronounce your name.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through all that you have made,
And first my lord Brother Sun,
Who brings the day; and light you give to us through him.
How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his splendour!
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars;
In the heavens you have made them, bright
And precious and fair.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all the weather's moods,
By which you cherish all that you have made.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
Through whom you brighten up the night.
How beautiful is he, how gay! Full of power and strength.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our mother,
Who feeds us in her sovereignty and produces
Various fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through those who grant pardon
For love of you; through those who endure
Sickness and trial.
Happy those who endure in peace,
By you, Most High, they will be crowned.
All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Death,
From whose embrace no mortal can escape.
Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Happy those She finds doing your will!
The second death can do no harm to them.
Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks,
And serve him with great humility.

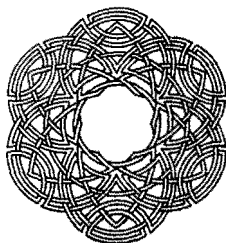
FRANCIS of ASSISI



BEAUTY AND LOVE

From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude of the unseen;
He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness to Himself.
He was both the spectator and the spectacle; no eye but His had surveyed the Universe.
All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of 'mine' or 'thine'.
The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings, was concealed in a single point.
The Creation lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence, like a child ere it has breathed.
The eye of the Beloved, seeing what was not, regarded non-entity as existent.
Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole in His own essence,
Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another mirror, And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest accordingly in a diverse form.
Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the life-giving garden of the world,
That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various perfections.
The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.
Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.
Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.
Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone.
They have always been together from the very first; never have they travelled but in each other's company.

NURUDDIN ABDUR RAHMAN JAMI





Uttara Phalguni: ☉ O D

THE ROOT UNDYING

I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is.

SHRI KRISHNA



THE SONG OF THE SOUL

Rise up, O sun, most glorious minister & light of day.
Flow on, ye gentle airs, & bear the voice of my rejoicing.
Wave freshly, clear waters flowing around the tender grass;
And thou, sweet-smelling ground, put forth thy life in fruit & flowers.
Follow me, O my flocks, & hear me sing my rapturous song.
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun.
I will call; and who shall answer me? I will sing; who shall reply?
For from my pleasant hills behold the living, living springs,
Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees.
I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren;
And you birds that sing & adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
I sing, & you reply to my song; I rejoice, & you are glad.
Follow me, O my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.
O how delicious are the grapes, flourishing in the sun!
How clear the spring of the rock, running among the golden sand!
How cool the breezes of the valley, & the arms of the branching trees!
Cover us from the sun; come & let us sit in the shade . . .
Here will I build myself a house, & here I'll call on his name,
Here I'll return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest.

WILLIAM BLAKE



THE VAST CHAIN OF BEING

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh, madness, pride, impiety!

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit — In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever IS, is RIGHT.

ALEXANDER POPE



TIDES OF JOY

The heart of the universe with every throb hurls the flood of happiness into every artery, vein and veinlet, so that the whole system is inundated with tides of joy. The plenty of the poorest place is too great; the harvest cannot be gathered. Every sound ends in music. The edge of every surface is tinged with prismatic rays.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



Hasta:) V B

THE MERCIFUL

In the Name of Allab, the Compassionate, the Merciful

It is the Merciful who has taught the Qu'ran.

He created man and taught him articulate speech. The sun and the moon pursue their ordered course. The plants and the trees bow down in adoration.

He raised the heaven on high and set the balance of all things, that you might not transgress it. Give just weight and full measure.

He laid the earth for His creatures, with all its fruits and blossom-bearing palm, chaff-covered grain and scented herbs. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

He created man from potter's clay and the jinn from smokeless fire. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

The Lord of the two easts is He, and the Lord of the two wests. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

He has let loose the two oceans: they meet one another. Yet between them stands a barrier which they cannot overrun. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

Pearls and corals come from both. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

His are the ships that sail like banners upon the ocean. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

All who live on earth are doomed to die. But the face of your Lord will abide for ever, in all its majesty and glory. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?

The Qu'ran



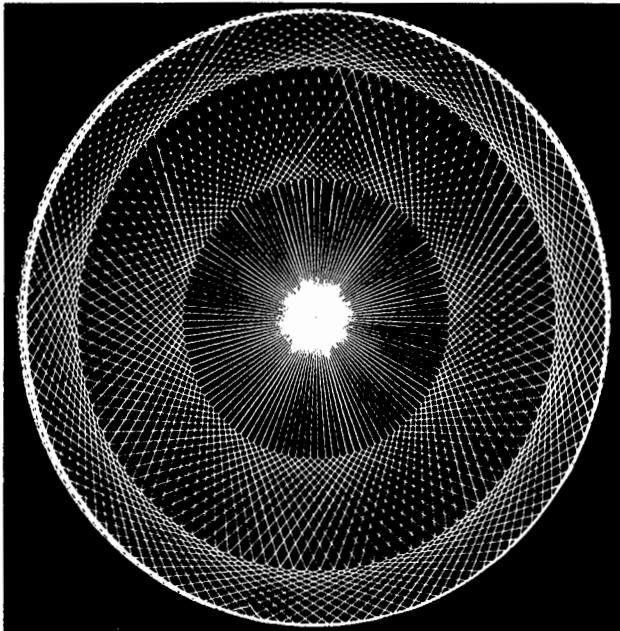


IT IS DAWNING

The sunbeams stream forward, dawn boys, with shimmering shoes of leather.
On top of the sunbeams that stream towards us they are dancing.
At the east the rainbow moves forward, dawn maidens, with shimmering
shoes and shirts of yellow, stream over us.
Beautiful over us it is dawning.

Above us amongst the mountains the herbs are becoming green.
Above us on the tops of the mountains the herbs are becoming yellow.
Above us amongst the mountains, with shoes of yellow I go around the
fruits and the herbs that shimmer.
Above us amongst the mountains, the shimmering fruits with shoes and
shirts of yellow are bent towards the Sun.
On the beautiful mountains above, it is daylight.

APACHE CHANT





MIRRORING THE UNIVERSE

I maintain that every substance involves in its present state all its past and future states and even expresses the whole universe according to its point of view, since nothing is so far from anything else that there is no relation between them. This expression would be particularly complete, however, with regard to the relations to the parts of its own body, which it expresses more immediately. Consequently, nothing happens to the substance except out of its own being and in virtue of its own laws, provided that we add the concurrence of God. It perceives other things because it expresses them naturally, having from the start been created in such a way that it can do this in a series of events, accommodating itself as called for, and it is in this agreement imposed from the beginning that consists what is called the action of one substance upon another. With regard to corporeal substances, I hold that mass, when we mean by this what is divisible, is a pure phenomenon; that every substance has a true unity in the strictness of metaphysics; that it is indivisible, ingenerable, and incorruptible; that all matter must be full of animated or, at least, living substances; that generation and corruption are only transformations from the little to the great, and vice versa; that there is no particle of matter in which is not found a world with an infinity of creatures organized as well as brought together.

G. W. LEIBNIZ



ANY POINT

From any point
A line reaches back
And attaches to a far distant centre.
There is no unconnected life in this world,
Nor a point in time
Unknown by any other point.
Nor a tear shed in a vacuum.

Hermes



Cbitra: ॐ R C

THE SELF AND THE WHEEL

'The Self is Peace; that Self am I.
The Self is Strength; that Self am I.'
What needs this trembling strife
With phantom threats of Form and Time and Space?
Could once my Life
Be shorn of their illusion, and efface
From its clear heaven that stormful imagery,
My Self were seen
An Essence free, unchanging, strong, serene.

The Self is Peace. How placid dawns
The Summer's parent hour
Over the dewy maze that drapes the fields,
Each drooped wild flower,
Or where the lordship of the garden shields
Select Court beauties and exclusive lawns!
'Tis but the show
And fitful dream of Peace the Self can know.

The Self is Strength. Let Nature rave,
And tear her maddened breast,
Now doom the drifting ship, with blackest frown,
Or now, possessed
With rarer frenzy, wreck the quaking town,
And bury quick beneath her earthy wave —
She cannot break
One fibre of that Strength, one atom shake.

The Self is one with the Supreme
Father in fashioning,
Though clothed in perishable weeds that feel
Pain's mortal sting.
The unlifting care, the wound that will not heal;
Yet these are not the Self — they only seem.
From faintest jar
Of whirring worlds the true Self broods afar.

Afar he whispers to the mind
To rest on the Good Law,
To know that naught can fall without its range,
Nor any flaw
Of Chance disturb its reign, or shadow of Change;

That what can bind the life the Law must bind —
Whatever hand
Dispose the lot, it is by that Command;

To know no suffering can beset
Our lives, that is not due,
That is not forged by our own act and will;
Calmly to view
Whate'er betide of seeming good or ill.
The worst we can conceive but pays some debt,
Or breaks some seal,
To free us from the bondage of the Wheel.

PAUL HOOKHAM



TAKE HEED

O youth or young man, who fancy that you are neglected by the Gods, know that if you become worse you shall go to the worse souls, or if better to the better, and in every succession of life and death you will do and suffer what like may fitly suffer at the hands of like. This is the justice of heaven, which neither you nor any other unfortunate will ever glory in escaping. . . . Take heed thereof, for it will be sure to take heed of you. If you say — I am small and will creep into the depths of the earth, or I am high and will fly up to heaven, you are not so small or so high but that you shall pay the fitting penalty. . . . And thinkest thou, bold man . . . that you needest not to know this? — he who knows it not can never form any true idea of the happiness or unhappiness of life or hold any rational discourse respecting either.

PLATO



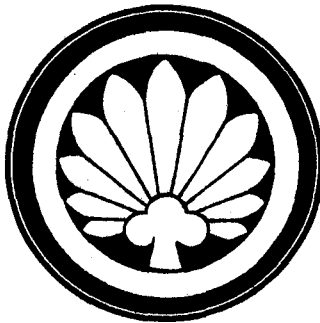


BONDAGE AND EMANCIPATION

Because the Soul exists in all times, therefore time is not the cause of bondage. Because the Soul can exist in any country or anywhere, therefore locality cannot be the cause of the bondage. Because age is the property of the body, and not of the Soul, therefore age cannot be the cause of bondage. . . . Because the Soul is independent of matter, therefore matter cannot be the cause of bondage. . . . Because the Soul which is by nature free is subject to so many desires, even that is not the cause of bondage. . . . The transmigration of Souls is not the cause of bondage. . . . Bondage is not caused even by the conjunction of the body and the Soul, but by wrong knowledge as to the nature of their conjunction and the proper functions of body and Soul. . . . The real cause of bondage is non-discrimination or misunderstanding the nature of the Soul and the body, and not finding the true purpose of life. Just as darkness is removed by its natural opposite, light, so non-discrimination is removed by true discrimination. . . . The seat of bondage is in the mind; it is by way of expression we call it the bondage of the Soul. . . .

The Soul's aim cannot be to destroy its own creation. Emancipation does not consist in the acquisition of property and wealth, for they are all perishable and non-eternal. Emancipation does not imply the absorption of the part in the whole. . . . Emancipation does not consist in getting superhuman powers. . . . The destruction of non-discrimination and its effects is emancipation. . . . It is only by discrimination and self-knowledge that emancipation is obtained.

KAPILA

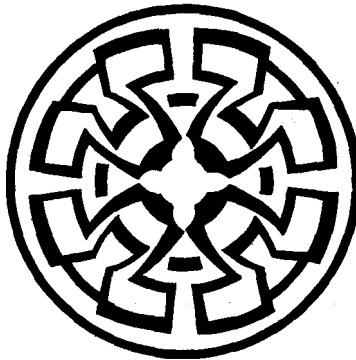




INTEGRATION

Life pervades the entire universe, whether slumbering in the atoms of dust or awakened to divine consciousness in a perfected Bodhisattva. Gradually, over the ensuing centuries and millennia, humanity will awaken to an Aquarian awareness of the fire of the One Life burning within its every unit. Meta-biology and meta-chemistry will flourish when particle physics is ensouled by unitary metaphysics and enriched by the ontological logic of integration and differentiation. The perception and comprehension of mankind will be progressively transformed by the power of Buddhist intuition, vivifying and brightening the sight of the now dormant Eye of the Soul. This cannot take place without the deliberate use of the powers of thought and self-consciousness to create new matrices of ideation and to break up and discard the calcified accretions of past ignorance which blind the soul. Microbic life can sustain itself by both aerobic and anaerobic processes, thus indicating the independence of the vital potency from external environments. Through each of its distributive units life builds and unbuilds, creates and destroys, every organic form from the most minute to the most macrocosmic. Integration and disintegration of form proceed hand-in-hand with the differentiation and synthesis of consciousness throughout all the octaves of manifestation from the formless worlds built up out of the divine elements to the shadowy realm of physical existence. All alike are impelled from within by the *Shabdabrahman*, the Divine Sound surrounded by the supernal light of the *Gayatri*, the immortal pulse in the secret heart — the Sound in the Light and the Light in the Sound.

RAGHAVAN IYER





Svati: Ω W O

ODIN

I know that I hung
On the windswept tree
For nine full nights,
Wounded with a spear
And given to Odin,
Myself to myself;
On that tree
Of which none know
From what roots it rises.

They did not comfort me with bread,
And not with the drinking horn;
I peered downward,
I grasped the runes,
Screeching I grasped them;
I fell back from there.

I learned nine mighty songs
From the famous son
Of Bolthor, father of Bestla,
And I got a drink
Of the precious mead;
I was sprinkled with Odrerir.

Then I began to be fruitful
And to be fertile,
To grow and to prosper;
One word sought
Another word from me;
One deed sought
Another deed from me.

Havamal





BEAUTY

Beauty in the absolute sense of the word belongs alone to the One who has no equal, the unique One who has no like, the eternal to whom none is similar, the rich who has no needs, the omnipotent who does what He pleases, and who judges as He will.

No one resists His decrees. No one postpones the execution of His judgements.

Beauty belongs alone to the omniscient, whose knowledge does not omit the weight of one little ant in the heavens or on the earth; the victorious, from underneath whose sovereign hand the necks of the proud will not escape. This sovereign hand will come down upon the Caesars and will seize them by the throat.

Beauty belongs alone to the eternal, whose existence has nothing before it, the eternal, whose duration will have no end, the indispensable by his being, round whose presence the possibility of not being does not flit, He who lives and maintains Himself in life of Himself, by whom every creature is maintained in life, the omnipotent master of the heavens and of the earth, the creator of the minerals, the animals and the vegetables.

Beauty belongs alone to Him who alone has power, who commands the cherubim that bear the throne, the unique, He who alone has the empire, the dispenser of all grace, of all majesty, of all splendour, of all beauty, of all power, of all perfection. He whose majesty dazzles the intelligences when they receive word of it.

AL-GHAZALI





UNFETTERED

There is a flame within me that has stood
Unmoved, untroubled through a mist of years,
Knowing nor love nor laughter, hope nor fears,
Nor foolish throb of ill, nor wine of good.
I feel no shadow of the winds that brood,
I hear no whisper of a tide that veers,
I weave no thought of passion, nor of tears,
Unfettered I of time, of habitude.
I know no birth, I know no death that chills;
I fear no fate nor fashion, cause nor creed,
I shall outdream the slumber of the hills,
I am the bud, the flower, I the seed:
For I do know that in whate'er I see
I am the part and it the soul of me.

JOHN SPENCER MUIRHEAD



DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at my end,
And at my departing.

Sarum Missal





Visbakha: 2 B G

THE ABIDING

In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate

Praise belongs to God, Who by His magnificence is veiled from the perception of the eyes, and by His glory and might is exalted above the attainment of the thoughts; Whose essence, being unique, does not resemble the essences of created beings, and Whose qualities are far removed from the qualities of creatures born in time. He is the Ancient Who has never ceased, the Abiding Who will never pass away: high set is He beyond all likenesses, opposites and forms. By His marks and signs He guides His creation to knowing His unity, and He makes Himself known to His saints through His names, attributes and qualities: for He brings near to Him their secret parts, and inclines their hearts towards Him; with His kindliness He advances upon them, and in His loving kindness He draws them unto Him, having cleansed their inward parts from the impurities of the flesh, and exalted their faculties above associating with the things that perish. He has chosen from amongst them those whom He wished to be His apostles, and elected those whom He desired to be His ambassadors and the recipients of His revelation: He has sent down upon them books containing His command and prohibition, giving promises to those who obeyed, and threats to such as disobeyed. He has made clear their superiority over all mankind, and raised up their ranks beyond the reach of every person of whatever consequence.

ABU BAKR AL-KALABADHI



HOLY MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Big Blue Mountain Spirit,
The home made of blue clouds,
The cross made of the blue mirage,
There, you have begun to live.
There is the life of goodness,
I am grateful for that made of goodness.

Big Yellow Mountain Spirit in the south,
Your spiritually hale body is made of yellow clouds;
Leader of the Mountain Spirits, holy Mountain Spirit.
You live by means of the good of this life.

Big White Mountain Spirit in the west,
Your spiritually hale body is made of the white mirage;
Holy Mountain Spirit, leader of the Mountain Spirits,
I am happy over your words,
You are happy over my words.

Big Black Mountain Spirit in the north,
Your spiritually hale body is made of black clouds;
In that way, Big Black Mountain Spirit,
Holy Mountain Spirit; leader of the Mountain Spirits,
I am happy over your words,
You are happy over my words,
Now it is good.

APACHE CHANT



THE DIVINE DANCE

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night:
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song,
With flute & clarion, with cups & measures fill'd with foaming wine.
Glitt'ring the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves . . .
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other & recede, to cross & change & return:
... thou seest the Trees on mountains:

The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksome sky,
 Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
 Of men These the Visions of Eternity.
 But we see only as it were the hems of their garments
 When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous Visions.

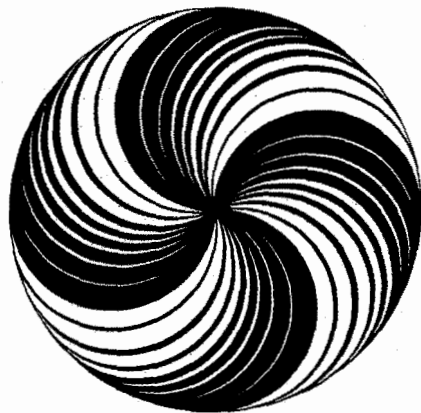
WILLIAM BLAKE



EXPANSION AND FECUNDATION

In cosmogony and the work of nature the positive and the negative or the active and passive forces correspond to the male and female principles. . . . The active is attracted by the passive principle and the Great Nag, the serpent emblem of the eternity, attracts its tail to its mouth forming thereby a circle (cycles in eternity) in that incessant pursuit of the negative by the positive. . . . The one and chief attribute of the universal spiritual principle — the unconscious but ever active life-giver — is to expand and shed; that of the universal material principle to gather in and fecundate. Unconscious and non-existing when separated, they become consciousness and life when brought together. Hence again — Brahmā, from the root “brih”, the Sanskrit for “to expand, grow or to fructify”; Brahmā being but the vivifying expansive force of nature in its eternal evolution.

MAHATMA M.





Anuradha: ४ G F

THE TWO BIRDS

As from a blazing fire sparks, like unto fire, fly forth a thousandfold, thus are various beings brought forth from the Imperishable, my friend, and return thither also.

Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

On the same tree sits man grieving, immersed, bewildered by his own impotence. But when he sees the other Self contented and knows his glory, then his grief passes away.

By truthfulness, indeed, by penance, right knowledge, and abstinence, must that Self be gained; the Self whom spotless anchorites gain is pure, and like a light within the body.

* * *

When a man's nature has become purified by the serene light of knowledge, then he sees him meditating on him as without parts.

THAT subtle Self is to be known by thought in that place where breath has entered fivefold; for every thought of men is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, the Self arises.

Whatever state a man whose nature is purified imagines, and whatever desires he desires for himself or for others, that state he conquers and those desires he obtains.

Mundaka Upanishad



THE ESSENCE OF THINGS

If you affirm only His transcendence, you restrict Him,
And if you affirm only His immanence, you limit Him.
If you maintain both aspects, you are exempt from error,
An Imam and a master in the spiritual sciences.
Whoso would say He is two things is a polytheist,
Whilst the one who isolates Him rationalizes Him.
Beware of comparing Him if you envisage duality,
And, if unity, beware of making Him separate.
You are not He and yet you are He:
You see Him in the essence of things both sovereign and conditioned.

IBN AL-'ARABI



FRAGMENTS OF THE DIVINE

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced — but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is a part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror. In that sense it is that I say to you — All those beings amongst whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it you will more readily recognize it around you.

Light on the Path



THE BANNER OF BECOMING

What a handful of dust is man to think such thoughts! Or is he, perchance, a prince in misfortune, whose speech at times betrays his birth? I like to think that, if men are machines, they are machines of a celestial pattern, which can rise above themselves, and, to the amazement of the watching gods, acquit themselves as men. I like to think that this singular race of indomitable, philosophising, poetical beings, resolute to carry the banner of Becoming to unimaginable heights, may be as interesting to the gods as they to us, and that they will stoop to admit these creatures of promise into their divine society.

MACNEILE DIXON





Jyeshtha: ☿ Y E

THE KING OF KINGS

I heard the passion breathed amid the honeysuckle scented glade,
And saw the King pass lightly from the beauty that he had betrayed.
I saw him pass from love to love; and yet the pure allowed His claim
To be the purest of the pure, thrice holy, stainless, without blame.
I saw the open tavern door flash on the dusk a ruddy glare,
And saw the King of Kings outcast reel brawling through the starlit air.
And yet He is the Prince of Peace of whom the ancient wisdom tells,
And by their silence men adore the lovely silence where He dwells.
I saw the King of Kings again, a thing to shudder at and fear,
A form so darkened and so marred that childhood fled if it drew near.
And yet He is the Light of Lights whose blossoming is Paradise,
That Beauty of the King which dawns upon the seers' enraptured eyes.
I saw the King of Kings again, a miser with a heart grown cold,
And yet He is the Prodigal, the Spendthrift of the Heavenly Gold,
The largesse of whose glory crowns the blazing brows of cherubim,
And sun and moon and stars and flowers are jewels scattered forth by Him.
I saw the King of Kings descend the narrow doorway to the dust
With all his fires of morning still, the beauty, bravery, and lust.
And yet He is the life within the Ever-living Living Ones,
The ancient with eternal youth, the cradle of the infant suns,
The fiery fountain of the stars, and He the golden urn where all
The glittering spray of planets in their myriad beauty fall.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



O BRIGHT ISHTAR

O Bright Ishtar!
Thy heart is afire,
Beaming from thy indigo robes.
Its warmth flows towards me,
Healing and quickening,
Releasing the Spirit within.

Hermes



ETERNITY IN AN HOUR

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour. . . .

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright. . . .

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine. . . .

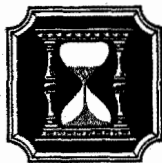
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity. . . .

The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore. . . .

He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out. . . .

God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

WILLIAM BLAKE

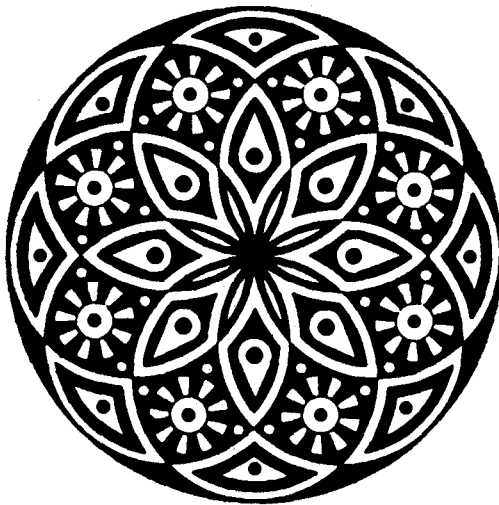




WE ARE SERVANTS

Without Him and but for us,
That which has become would not be.
We are servants truly,
And it is God whom we adore.
But we are His very Essence.
When I say Universal Man,
Do not be deceived by 'man',
For He has given you a symbol.
Be divine in essence and a creature in form,
And you will be, through God, a compassionate one.
Nourish all creation through Him,
As He has nourished us also.
All action is shared
Between Him and us.
He who knows by my heart
Revived it when he gave us life.
In Him we were existences, essences
And instances of time.
In us there is no permanence,
But it gives us life.

IBN AL-'ARABI





Mula: ॐ BI S

THE SALUTATION

These little Limmes,
These Eys and Hands which here I find,
These rosie Cheeks wherwith my Life begins
Where have ye been? Behind
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was? in what Abyss, my Speaking Tongue?

When silent I,
So many thousand thousand yeers,
Beneath the Dust did in a Chaos lie,
How could I Smiles or Tears,
Or Lips or Hands or Eys or Ears perceiv?
Welcom ye Treasures which I now receiv.

I that so long
Was Nothing from Eternitie,
Did little think such Joys as Ear or Tongue,
To Celebrat or See:
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,
Beneath the Skies, on such a Ground to meet.

New Burnisht Joys!
Which yellow Gold and Pearl excell!
Such Sacred Treasures are the Lims in Boys,
In which a Soul doth Dwell;
Their Organized Joynts, and Azure Veins
More Wealth include, then all the World contains.

From Dust I rise,
And out of Nothing now awake,
These Brighter Regions which salute mine Eys,
A Gift from God I take.
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the Day, the Skies,
The Sun and Stars are mine; if those I prize.

Long time before
I in my Mother's Womb was born,
A God preparing did this Glorious Store,
The World for me adorne.
Into this Eden so Divine and fair,
So wide and Bright, I com his Son and Heir.

A Stranger here
Strange Things doth meet, Strange Glories See;
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all, and New to me.
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That Strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

THOMAS TRAHERNE



THE VERB OF NATURE

What sort of dwelling, then, is this, for you, O Man, amidst all these objects which can manifest neither joy nor speech? And do you not see what the term of that imperious want of speech and joy you feel yourself must be, and what awaits you when you are delivered out of this prison of Nature, as well as what sort of office you have to fulfil in the world, if you still think of being its comforter?

Study Nature's universal perspiration; this oil of bitterness will teach you evidently enough, that all Nature is but a concentrated sorrow.

But, though Nature be condemned to weariness and silence, observe that it speaks louder by day than by night; this is a truth which you can easily verify, and your intelligence will show the reason; it will show you that the Sun is the verb of Nature, that when its presence is withdrawn, Nature no longer enjoys the use of her faculties; but, when it returns to restore her to life by its fiery word, Nature redoubles her efforts to bring forth all that is in her.

All the creatures which compose this Nature then strive which can best prove its zeal and activity, in glorifying and praising this ineffable source of light. They thereby clearly point out the work we ought to do in this cosmos, and what awaits us when we go out of this house of traffic, which is nothing but the grave of eternity, wherein our task is to exchange our foreign coins for the currency of our own country: death for life.

LOUIS CLAUDE de SAINT-MARTIN



DIVINE RAPTURE

I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,
But somehow felt and known in every shift
And change in the spirit, — nay, in every pore
Of the body, even,) — what God is, what we are,
What life is — how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways — one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is He!
With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory in full view; thus climbs
Pleasure its heights for ever and for ever!
The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask —
God joys therein! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanos come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame —
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride!
Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms
Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;

Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain — and God renews
His ancient rapture!

ROBERT BROWNING



LOVE'S MYSTERY

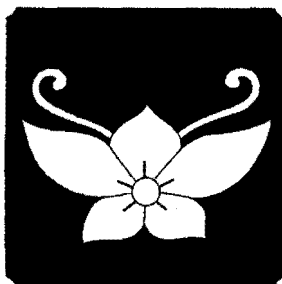
You, free thinker, imagine only man
Thinks in this world where life bursts from all things?
The powers within prescribe your freedom's wings,
But you leave the universe outside your plans.

Respect the mind that stirs in every creature:
Love's mystery is known by metals too;
Every flower opens its soul to Nature;
"Everything's sentient!" and works on you.

Beware! from the blind wall one watches you:
Even matter has a logos all its own . . .
Do not put it to some impious use.

Often in humble life a god works, hidden;
And like a new-born eye veiled by its lids,
Pure spirit grows beneath the surface of stones.

GÉRARD de NERVAL





Purvashadha: Q I A

THE UNKNOWN

This discord in the pact of things,
This endless war 'twixt truth and truth,
That singly hold, yet give the lie
To him who seeks to yoke them both —
Do the gods know the reason why?

Or is truth one without a flaw,
And all things to each other turn,
But the soul, sunken in desire,
No longer can the links discern,
In glimmering of her smothered fire?

Then why with travail does she yearn
To find the hidden mysteries?
Knows she the thing for which she burns?
Yet who will seek what he hath got?
Yet who will seek he knows not what?

How shall he follow the unknown?
How shall he find it, and when found
How shall he know it? Did the soul
Once see the universal mind,
And know the part, and know the whole?

Now sunken in the mirk of sense,
Not wholly doth the soul forget,
Still grasps the whole, lets go the part:
And therefore whoso seeks the truth
Shall find in no wise peace of heart.

For neither doth he wholly know,
And neither doth he all forget.
But that high thing which once he saw,
And still remembers, that he holds,
And seeks to bring the truth forgot
Again to that which he hath yet.

BOETHIUS



THE DISTRIBUTION OF WISDOM

Experience, in all ages, and in all countries, has demonstrated that it is impossible to control Nature in her distribution of mental powers. She gives them as she pleases. Whatever is the rule by which she, apparently to us, scatters them among mankind, that rule remains a secret to man. It would be as ridiculous to attempt to fix the hereditaryship of human beauty, as of wisdom.

Whatever wisdom constitutently is, it is like a seedless plant; it may be reared when it appears, but it cannot be voluntarily produced. There is always a sufficiency somewhere in the general mass of society for all purposes; but with respect to the parts of society, it is continually changing its place. It rises in one to-day, in another to-morrow, and has most probably visited in rotation every family of the earth, and again withdrawn.

As this is the order of nature, the order of government must necessarily follow it, or government will, as we see it does, degenerate into ignorance.

THOMAS PAINE



SONG AT DAWN

When they sang together, when my morning stars sang as the night was ending and light came up from all sides; when the night was ending, the darkness expelled, and my sun rose in the East; when my thoughts shook off slumber and my limbs woke from their sleep of night — then I sought to greet the dawn with music and to worship the morning with song. In my hands I held the lyre and the pipe, and my left hand moved skilfully over the strings. I tied the timbrel and the flute to my side and adjusted their loops, now tightening, now loosening them. Then I began to sing and improvise, to see if my instruments would answer my words, to see if they would comfort me in my wandering, in this land of exile which is my home. But though I sang, my flute did not answer, and even the birds did not raise their voices in mirth. O masters of mysteries, have you ever known a musical instrument that would not strike up when I sing — and the birds voiceless amongst the branches, the swallow songless in my house? Yet I wish them well, for with their silence they counsel me to hide my works, to hide my words from men, to conceal my secrets from all men with even greater care.

MESHULLAM da PIERA



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

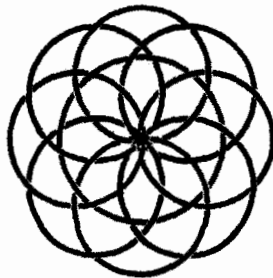
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
Mark the music.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Uttarashadha: ☉ O D

HOLINESS

Out of jewelled eyes
Silent and eternal, you gaze away
Over us late brothers.
Neither love nor longing appears to be known among
Your smooth gleaming procession.
Once, inconceivable, you walked, majestic
Brothers and sisters of constellations,
Among the temples.
Even today, holiness like the distant fragrance of gods
Drifts round your brows,
Dignity round your knees:
Your beauty breathes calmly,
Your home is eternity.

But we, your younger brothers,
Stagger godless through a confusing life,
Our trembling souls stand eagerly, opened
To all the sufferings of passion,
To every burning desire.
Our goal is death,
Our belief a belief in what perishes,
No great distance of time defies
Our fleeting faces.
Nevertheless, we also
Bear, burned into our very souls,
The sign of a secret affinity to the spirit,
We have a foreboding of gods, a feeling for you,
Images of the silent past,
A fearless love. Look:
We hate nothing that exists, not even death,
Suffering and dying
Does not horrify our souls,
As long as we learn more deeply to love.
Our heart is the bird's heart,
And it belongs to the sea and the forest, and we name
Slaves and wretches our brothers,
We still name with loving names both animal and stone.
So also the images
Of our perishing lives will not survive us
In hard stone:
They will vanish smiling,
And in the flickering dust of sunlight

Every hour to new joys and unhappiness,
Impatient, eternal, they will rise.

HERMANN HESSE



SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

So the lover of Earth obtains his reward, and little by little the veil is lifted of an inexhaustible beauty and majesty. It may be he will be tranced in some spiritual communion, or will find his being overflowing into the being of the elements, or become aware that they are breathing their life into his own. Or Earth may become on an instant, all faery to him, and earth and air resound with the music of its invisible people. Or the trees and rocks may waver before his eyes and become transparent, revealing what creatures were hidden from him by the curtain, and he will know as the ancients did of dryad and hamadryad, of genii of wood and mountain. Or earth may suddenly blaze about him with supernatural light in some lonely spot amid the hills, and he will find he stands as the prophet in a place that is holy ground, and he may breathe the intoxicating exhalations as did the sibyls of old. Or his love may hurry him away in dream to share in deeper mysteries, and he may see the palace chambers of nature where the wise ones dwell in secret, looking out over the nations, breathing power into this man's heart or that man's brain, on any who appear to their vision to wear the colour of truth. So gradually the earth lover realizes the golden world is all about him in imperishable beauty, and he may pass from the vision to the profounder beauty of being, and know an eternal love is within and around him, pressing upon him and sustaining with infinite tenderness his body, his soul and his spirit.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



THE SENSE OF WONDER

The sense of wonder certainly deprives the mind of those penultimate certainties that we had up till then taken for granted – and to that extent wonder is a form of disillusionment, though even that has its positive aspect, since it means being freed from an illusion; and it becomes clear that what we had taken for granted was not ultimately self-evident. But further than that, wonder signifies that the world is profounder, more all-embracing and mysterious than the logic of everyday reason had taught us to believe. The innermost meaning of wonder is fulfilled in a deepened sense of mystery. It does not end in doubt, but is the awakening of the knowledge that being, *qua* being, is mysterious and inconceivable, and that it is a mystery in the full sense of the word: neither a dead end, nor a contradiction, nor even something impenetrable and dark. Rather, mystery means that a reality cannot be comprehended *because* its light is ever-flowing, unfathomable, and inexhaustible.

JOSEF PIEPER





THE SEA-LIMITS

Consider the sea's listless chime:

Time's self it is, made audible, —

The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end: our sight may pass

No furlong farther. Since time was,

This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath

The mournfulness of ancient life,

Enduring always at dull strife.

As the world's heart of rest and wrath,

Its painful pulse is in the sands.

Last utterly, the whole sky stands,

Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,

Listen alone among the woods;

Those voices of twin solitudes

Shall have one sound alike to thee:

Hark where the murmurs of thronged men

Surge and sink back and surge again, —

Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach

And listen at its lips: they sigh

The same desire and mystery,

The echo of the whole sea's speech

And all mankind is thus at heart

Not anything but what thou art:

And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI





Sbravana:) V B

THE SELF WITHIN ALL

Well then, O Gautama, I shall communicate this mystery, the hoary Brahman, and what happens to the Self after reaching death.

Some enter the womb in order to have a body, as organic beings; others go into inorganic matter, according to their work and according to their knowledge.

He, the highest Person, who is awake in us while we are asleep, shaping one lovely sight after another, that indeed is the Bright, that is Brahman, that alone is called the Immortal. All worlds are contained in it, and no one goes beyond. This is that.

As the one fire after it has entered the world, though single, becomes manifold according to whatever it burns, thus the One Self within all things becomes manifold, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

As the one air, after it has entered the world, though single, becomes manifold according to whatever it enters, thus the One Self within all things becomes manifold, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

As the Sun, the eye of the whole world, is not contaminated by the external impurities seen by the eyes, thus the One Self within all things is never contaminated by the misery of the world, being Himself without.

There is One ruler, the Self within all things, who makes the One form manifold. The wise who perceive Him within themselves, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

* * *

The Sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When He shines, everything shines after Him: by His light all this is lighted.

Katha Upanishad



BREATH

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.

Those who are dead have never gone away.
They are in the shadows darkening around,
They are in the shadows fading into day.
The dead are not under the ground.
They are in the trees that quiver,
They are in the woods that weep,
They are in the waters of the rivers,
They are in the waters that sleep.
They are in the crowds, they are in the homestead.
The dead are never dead.

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.
Who have not gone away
Who are not under the ground
Who are never dead.

Those who are dead have never gone away.
They are at the breast of the wife.
They are in the child's cry of dismay
And the firebrand bursting into life.
The dead are not under the ground.
They are in the fire that burns low,
They are in the grass with tears to shed,
In the rock where whining winds blow.
They are in the forest, they are in the homestead.
The dead are never dead.

Listen more to things
Than to words that are said.
The water's voice sings
And the flame cries
And the wind that brings
The woods to sighs
Is the breathing of the dead.

And repeats each day
The Covenant where it is said
That our fate is bound to the law,
And the fated of the dead who are not dead

To the spirits of breath who are stronger than they.
 We are bound to Life by this harsh law
 And by this Covenant we are bound
 To the deeds of the breathings that die
 Along the bed and the banks of the river,
 To the deeds of the breaths that quiver
 In the rock that whines and the grasses that cry
 To the deeds of the breathings that lie
 In the shadow that lightens and grows deep
 In the tree that shudders, in the woods that weep,
 In the waters that flow and the waters that sleep,
 To the spirits of breath which are stronger than they
 That have taken the breath of the deathless dead
 Of the dead who have never gone away
 Of the dead who are not now under the ground.

Listen more to things
 Than to words that are said.
 The water's voice sings
 And the flame cries
 And the wind that brings
 The woods to sighs
 Is the breathing of the dead.

BIRAGO DIOP



DWELLING IN SPACE

Just get rid
 Of that small mind
 That is called 'self',
 And there is nothing in the universe
 That can harm or hinder you.

How delightful it is
 To make all space
 Our dwelling-place!
 Our hearts and minds
 Are perfectly at ease.

SENGTSAN

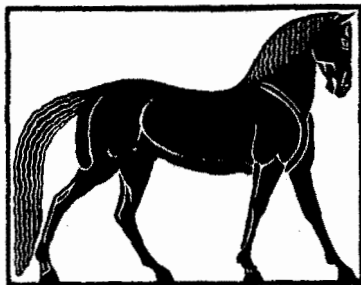


THE BLACK HORSE

My horse has a hoof like striped agate;
His fetlock is like a fine eagle plume;
His legs are like quick lightning.
My horse's body is like an eagle-plumed arrow;
My horse has a tail like a trailing black cloud.
I put flexible goods on my horse's back;
The Little Holy Wind blows through his hair.
His mane is made of short rainbows.
My horse's ears are made of round corn.
My horse's eyes are made of big stars.
My horse's head is made of mixed waters —
From the holy waters — he never knows thirst.
My horse's teeth are made of white shell.
The long rainbow is in his mouth for a bridle,
and with it I guide him.
When my horse neighs, different coloured horses follow.
When my horse neighs, different coloured sheep follow.

I am wealthy, because of him.
Before me peaceful,
Behind me peaceful,
Under me peaceful,
Over me peaceful,
All around me peaceful —
Peaceful voice when he neighs.
I am Everlasting and Peaceful.
I stand for my horse.

KIOWA CHANT





Shravishtba: ♂ R C

FIRE SERMON

Then The Blessed One, having dwelt in Uruvela as long as he wished, proceeded on his wanderings in the direction of Bodhgaya, accompanied by a great congregation of priests, a thousand in number, who had all of them aforetime been monks with matted hair. And in Bodhgaya, The Blessed One dwelt, together with the thousand priests.

And there The Blessed One addressed the priests: —

“All things, O priests, are on fire. And what, O priests, are all these things which are on fire?

“The eye, O priests, is on fire; forms are on fire; eye-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the eye are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the eye, that also is on fire.

“And with what are these on fire?

“With the fire of passion, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

“The ear is on fire; sounds are on fire; the nose is on fire; odours are on fire; the tongue is on fire; tastes are on fire; the body is on fire; things tangible are on fire; the mind is on fire; ideas are on fire; mind-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the mind are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, that also is on fire.

“And with what are these on fire?

“With the fire of passion, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

“Perceiving this, O priests, the learned and noble disciple conceives an aversion for the eye, conceives an aversion for forms, conceives an aversion for eye-consciousness, conceives an aversion for the impressions received by the eye; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the eye, for that also he conceives an aversion. He conceives an aversion for the ear, conceives an aversion for sounds, conceives an aversion for the nose, conceives an aversion for odours, conceives an aversion for the tongue, conceives an aversion for tastes, conceives an aversion for the body, conceives an aversion for things tangible, conceives an aversion for the mind, conceives an aversion for ideas, conceives an aversion for mind-consciousness, conceives an aversion for the impressions received by the mind; and whatever sensation, pleasant, unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, for this also he conceives an aversion. And in conceiving this aversion, he becomes divested of passion; by the absence of passion he becomes free; when he is free he becomes aware that he is free; he knows that rebirth is

exhausted, that he has lived the holy life, that he has done what it behooved him to do, and that he is no more for this world."

Now while this exposition was being delivered, the minds of the thousand priests became free from attachment and delivered from the depravities.

Mahavagga



BEYOND SUFFERING

The truth of suffering preached by Buddha
Is real without differentiation.
If there are any living beings
Who do not know the source of suffering,
Deeply attached to the cause of suffering,
And unable to forsake it even for a moment,
Buddha for the sake of them
Preaches the Way by tactful methods:
"The cause of all suffering
Is rooted in desire."
If desire be extinguished,
Suffering has no foothold.
To annihilate all suffering
Is called the third truth.
For the sake of the truth of extinction
To observe and walk in the Way,
Forsaking all bonds of suffering,
This is called the attaining of emancipation.
From what have these people
Attained emancipation?
Merely to depart from the false
Is called emancipation.
But they have not yet really attained
Entire emancipation.

The Lotus Sutra



BONDAGE

In truth only those are alive who have escaped the bondage of the flesh as from a prison, while that which you call life is in reality death. . . . Since it is clear that whatever is self-moving is eternal, who will deny that this power has been given to soul? Whatever possesses life is moved by an inner and inherent impulse, and this impulse is the very essence and power of soul. . . . Train it in the noblest ways! This journey it will make the swifter, if it looks abroad, while still imprisoned in the flesh, and if, by meditating upon that which lies beyond it, it divorces itself as far as may be from the body. For the souls of men who have surrendered themselves to carnal delights, who have made themselves slaves of the passions, and who have been prompted by lust to violate the laws of gods and men, wander about near the earth itself after death, and do not return hither until they have been driven about for many ages.

CICERO



MOURNING IN VAIN

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Sbatabishaj: ୫୭ W ୦

FITNESS OF TIME

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

The Book of Ecclesiastes



ALL RETURN AGAIN

It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from sight and afterwards return again. Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new strange disguise. Jesus is not dead; he is very well alive; nor John, nor Paul, nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle; at times we believe we have seen them all, and could easily tell the names under which they go.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



THE FIERCE WHIRLWIND

Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation, or decay;
That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,
Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,
Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe
In the dim newness of its being feels
The impulses of sublunary things,
And all is wonder to unpractised sense:
But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still
Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease;
And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly
Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes
Its undecaying battlement, presides,
Apportioning with irresistible law
The place each spring of its machine shall fill;

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No atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unnecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY





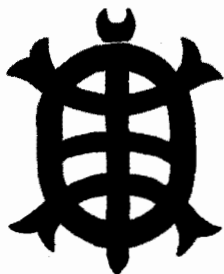
CONQUERING TIME

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, *there* we have been: but I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

The inner freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,
Erhebung without motion, concentration
Without elimination, both a new world
And the old made explicit, understood
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,
The resolution of its partial horror.
Yet the enchainment of past and future
Woven in the weakness of the changing body,
Protects mankind from heaven and damnation
Which flesh cannot endure.

Time past and time future
Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,
The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

T. S. ELIOT





Purva Bhadrapada: 4 B G

THE GREAT LAW

I

OM, Amitaya! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And *Brahm*, sole meditating in that Night;
Look not for *Brahm* and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift — but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow —
The same yet not the same — from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse — better — last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly!

II

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;

Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better — Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brother's tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than *Brabm* doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure. . . .

III

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right — it recompenseth! do one wrong —
The equal retribution must be made,
Though *Dharma* tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

IV

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn

Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good:

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

He — dying — leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto Nirvana. He is one with life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

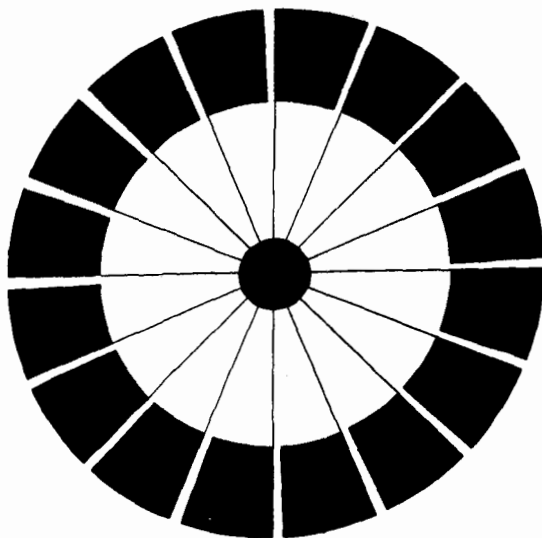
V

This is the doctrine of Karma. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am", "I was", or "I shall be",
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD





THE HEIR OF HEAVEN

All human beings go through a previous life in the sphere of Instinct, where they are brought to see the worthlessness of earthly treasures, to amass which they gave themselves such untold pains! Who can tell how many times the human being lives in the sphere of Instinct before he is prepared to enter the sphere of Abstractions, where thought expends itself on erring science, where mind wearies at last of human language? For, when Matter is exhausted, Spirit enters. Who knows how many fleshly forms the heir of heaven occupies before he can be brought to understand the value of that silence and solitude whose starry plains are but the vestibule of Spiritual Worlds? He feels his way amid the void, makes trial of nothingness, and then at last his eyes revert upon the Path. Then follow other existences — all to be lived to reach the place where Light effulgent shines. Death is the post-house of the journey.

A lifetime may be needed merely to gain the virtues which annul the errors of man's preceding life. . . . The virtues we acquire, which develop slowly within us, are the invisible links that bind each one of our existences to the others — existences which the spirit alone remembers, for Matter has no memory for spiritual things. Thought alone holds the tradition of the bygone life. The endless legacy of the past to the present is the secret source of human genius. . . .

The final life, the fruition of all other lives, to which the powers of the soul have tended, and whose merits open the Sacred Portals to perfected man, is the life of Prayer. . . . Silence and meditation are the means of following that Way. . . . It is thus that the separation takes place between Matter, which so long has wrapped its darkness round you; and Spirit, which was in you from the beginning . . . now brings noon-day to your soul.

HONORÉ de BALZAC





THE VASTY QUIETUDE

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primaeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL



PRE-EXISTENCE

"To others also," said the voice of the divine one who had thus saved me — "to others in the like state it has been permitted to see something of their pre-existence. But no one of them ever could endure to look far. Power to see all former births belongs only to those eternally released from the bonds of Self. Such exist outside of illusion — outside of form and name; and pain cannot come nigh them."

LAFCADIO HEARN



Uttara Bhadrapada: ४ G F

PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED

And he said unto them:

Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given. For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.

And he said:

So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

And he said:

Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it.

The Gospel According to Mark



THE SILENT WORK OF NATURE

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity,
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD



PAIN AND JOY

The most important lesson that man can learn from his life is not that there *is* pain in this world, but that it depends upon him to turn it into good account, that it is possible for him to transmute it into joy. That lesson has not been lost altogether to us, and there is no man living who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. . . . Man's freedom is never in being saved troubles, but it is the freedom to take trouble for his own good, to make the trouble an element in his joy. It can be made so only when we realize that our individual self is not the highest meaning of our being, that in us we have the world-man who is immortal, who is not afraid of death or sufferings, and who looks upon pain as only the other side of joy. He who has realized this knows that it is pain which is our true wealth as imperfect beings, and has made us great and worthy to take our seat with the perfect. He knows that we are not beggars; that it is the hard coin which must be paid for everything valuable in this life, for our power, our wisdom, our love; that in pain is symbolized the infinite possibility of perfection, the eternal unfolding of joy; and the man who loses all pleasure in accepting pain sinks down and down to the lowest depth of penury and degradation. It is only when we invoke the aid of pain for our self-gratification that she becomes evil and takes her vengeance for the insult done to her by hurling us into misery. For she is the vestal virgin consecrated to the service of the immortal perfection, and when she takes her true place before the altar of the infinite she casts off her dark veil and bares her face to the beholder as a revelation of supreme joy.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



THE SOUND OF SUMMER

Besides the singing and calling, there is a peculiar sound which is only heard in summer. Waiting quietly to discover what birds are about, I become aware of a sound in the very air. It is not the mid-summer hum which will soon be heard over the heated hay in the valley and over the cooler hills alike. It is not enough to be called a hum, and does but just tremble at the extreme edge of hearing. If the branches wave and rustle they overbear it; the buzz of a passing bee is so much louder it overcomes all of it that is in the whole field. I cannot define it, except by calling the hours of winter to mind — they are silent; you hear a branch crack or creak as it rubs another in the wood, you hear the hoar frost crunch on the grass beneath your feet, but the air is without sound in itself.

The sound of summer is everywhere — in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad-branching trees, in the grass as it swings; all the myriad particles that together make the summer are in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades — for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge — are drawing their strength from the atmosphere. Exceedingly minute as these vibrations must be, their numbers perhaps may give them a volume almost reaching in the aggregate to the power of the ear.

Besides the quivering leaf, the swinging grass, the fluttering bird's wing, and the thousand oval membranes which innumerable insects whirl about, a faint resonance seems to come from the very earth itself. The fervour of the sunbeams descending in a tidal flood rings on the strung harp of earth. It is this exquisite undertone, heard and yet unheard, which brings the mind into sweet accord with the wonderful instrument of nature.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

