DUMALKA

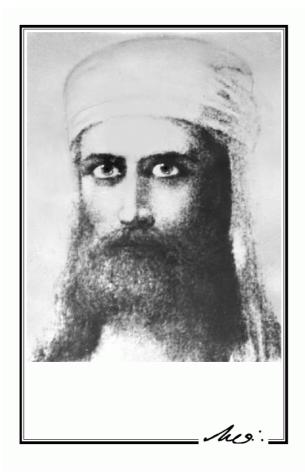
MESSENGERS OF LIGHT

by L. Dmitrieva

TO CHILDREN OF THE NEW WORLD

Master of Shambala: "What can we lay into foundation of great stairs? Truly, our hearts only."
Nikolai KonstantinovichRerikh, Messenger of Shambala: "The consciousness of beauty will save."

draw your dream-world draw whatever you like



"One must think each day of the tasks of the New World. One must strive to the New World as to something which already stands behind the doors. The care of the New World must not be left to another when it ought to be realized by every one of us."

"Allow children opportunity to think!"

So says Great Teacher Morya, the Master of Shambala, the Leader of the mysterious White Brotherhood of the Himalayas, in his books *Heart* (§ 132) and *Community* (§ 157).

The books transmitted by the Master of Shambala to humanity through his Messengers at the threshold of the Cosmic Century are known as the Teaching of Living Ethics, or the Yoga of Fire.

These books are part of the ancient treasury of the Secret (Innermost) Knowledge of Cosmos, Earth and Humanity, which is stored in the most inaccessible and mysterious recess of the Himalaya Mountains.

From time immemorial, this Ancient Innermost Knowledge has been open in its full only to several dozens of humans – the most ancient and honest, the noblest, wisest and mightiest people on the Earth, who have been long capable of traveling from world to world as easily as we can walk outside and then back inside.

These Messengers of Light are the Great Teachers of humanity. Throughout centuries, they appeared in all nations under different Names, which are now impressed in fire on the pages of the long history of humanity.

It is not for their own sake that the Teachers of Light use their knowledge and power. They selflessly grant their energy, wisdom and love to humanity, trying to teach people to live in such a way as to commit the least of reckless actions and mistakes that always turn back on them as sufferings.

The purpose of the Teaching of Living Ethics (Fire Yoga) is to help humanity, which already transcended the Earth, to realize that the most powerful cosmic energy is Thought, and hence the responsibility of every conscious person for every single thought is very, very high.

As people think, so do they live.



On the Most Ancient Innermost Teaching of the Himalayas

for children (with compulsory adult guidance),
for youth,
as well as for those adults
who are ready to perceive elements
of the Unique Secret Knowledge
given in the literary form
similar to parables

LARISA DMITRIEVA

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MESSENGERS OF LIGHT

Saint-Petersburg, 2004

On the most ancient Innermost Teaching of the Himalayas, intended for children of all ages (with compulsory adult guidance), for youth, as well as for a wide audience willing to perceive elements of the Unique Secret Knowledge given in the literary form similar to parables.

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From the Author to the Young Reader

Your heart is wide open to the World and the Sun. Let your imagination fly free and right away try building a beautiful future by the power of your thought. The Ancient Sages of the Himalayas would have surely said to you: "Believe us, friend, such work cannot be vain!"

From the Author to the Parents Who Are Willing to Discuss with Their Children the Contents of These Books

It would be nice if you treated every story — even the most incredible one — without skepticism, but as something more than mere fiction created by the author's imagination. You may succeed in finding in life around you and among your personal experiences some similarities to the thoughts and situations described in these books. Your involvement will be of much help to your children in their pondering on the stories they are going to read. It will also help the author to expand your children's vision of the World and Man — in the light of this small fragment of the Ancient Innermost Knowledge, which until recently has been open only to a cluster of Initiates.

From the Author with Gratitude to the Two Boys

My grandson, AlyoshenkaDmitriev, at the age of slightly more than 4 invented in a blink of an eye a new word, which in a couple of years became truly indispensable to me in my work. This word meant two things at once — the thing you think with and the thing you think about. This word is "thinkthing" ("dumalka", in Russian).

It is from this word that this book started.

The opportunity to publish "Thinkthing" should be owed to VitalyBuzdugan – a humble young man from Bucharest who donated his savings for this purpose.

From my own part, it would be utterly wrong and unseemly if I forgot to express my hearty gratitude to these boys.

August 12, 2004 Chisinau (Kishinev), Moldova



ON THE YOGA OF FIRE

The word inscribed is *Fire*, but the meaning is *Mind*

The circle depicted on the left page means (symbolizes) eternity and infinity of the evolution of life, mind and consciousness. The word *Agni* written in Sanskrit inside it means *Fire*, but it should be interpreted as *Mind – Fire-Mind*.

Why Fire? And what does Mind have to do with it?

From time immemorial the Teachers of the Great White Brotherhood of the Himalayas have known that every kind of energy is fire. And forms of fire can be very different. Thunderstorm lightning and the cold glimmer of a lightning bug are fires of a different nature. Or candlelight, or flames of a forest-fire, and a sinister conflagration of an A-bomb, which consists of dazzling visible fire and the invisible fire of radiation – to mention but a few. There is also the incredibly powerful fire of the Sun – star fire.

There also exists the ever more powerful Fire, though indiscernible to the eye, and we shall spell it capitalized. In fact, the space that surrounds us on the Earth, as well as the cosmic space, where the Earth, the Moon, the Sun and all the planets and stars of the Cosmos revolve, are also Fire – that of the subtlest spiritual nature.

And still, the most powerful energy of the Cosmos is mental energy, that is, the Energy of Thought. Therefore, Thought is the most powerful Fire ever. Everything in the Universe is created by Thought – the whole of the Cosmos and everything in it, without exception.

And if greatly astounded by these words, we ask any Teacher of Light from the Great White Brotherhood of the Himalayas: "Is it true that everything in the world is created by the Fire-Mind?" he will answer: "So it is."

Man and Cosmos

The Cosmos is not just the world people can visually observe, not even the furthermost space visible through a telescope.

The Cosmos also embraces worlds, invisible to us, and such worlds are numerous, indeed.

The Great Teachers of humanity told their disciples: "Man is the Microcosm." To date, modern science has supported this postulate.

But unlike modern science, the Ancient Science of the Great White Brotherhood claims that the microcosm is similar to the Macrocosm. Just as each drop of ocean water contains the same elements as the whole, so eachperson incorporates all the energies of the Universe. And this means that human body is considerably more complicated than modern science can imagine.

Man consists not only of visible organic components forming his physical body (including the brain, of course). In addition, man has a number of bodies made up of invisible energies. And we've already come to know that thought is the most powerful cosmic energy. Surely, some thoughts can be as weak as the glimmer of a lightning bug or candlelight.

But in the Cosmos, there are thoughts as powerful as the energy of the Sun, without which no life on our Earth could have everbeen possible. Ability to think isn't granted only to humans. Man is but a mere beginning of conscious thinking in the Cosmos...

What Does the Happiness of Humanity Depend On?

Man as a rational being thinks continuously, even when he is asleep. And both the beauty of life on the Earth and the happiness of all humanity depend upon the purity of his aspirations, the generosity and beauty of his thoughts.

The New World will begin only when people – though not all of them, yet many – come to realize this great wisdom of Life.

So say the Great Teachers of humanity, the Teachers of Light, revered in all nations. All of them are members of the mysterious Great White Brotherhood of the Himalayas. Whenever Messengers of Light appeared in different nations and whichever language they spoke, they were always communicating to men fragments of the Unique Knowledge, which they drew from their common boundless treasury. This treasury is the Common Source of Knowledge on our planet.

How Can You Become a Member of the Great White Brotherhood?

Of course, we are curious: what is one expected to do to join this mighty and mysterious Great White Brotherhood?

In the first place, one must study and work a lot, but that alone is not quite enough. It appears also that we must learn to understand and love the whole world in such a way as to promote its evolution and enrich its beauty. And we must work in such a way that each single life, each day and each moment of it would be spent to common benefit. And most importantly – in such a way that not even the slightest impulse should ever arise in our hearts to turn these great efforts to personal advantage.

Our Great Teachers

Before you proceed to the tales offered to you by the author of this book, you are welcome to speculate upon certain ideas which are not mere fiction. This is necessary for a deeper insight into the forthcoming narratives, the genre of which the author herself has not as yet defined. They might be called short stories, or parables, or conversations of a kind about some inmost laws that bind visible life with life invisible – those very laws which throughout centuries have been patiently revealed to humanity by the wisest of people, the Great Teachers of humanity...

And very few they are, indeed. Many of the Teachers actually left the rest of humanity in their progress so far behind that the gap can be best described if we tried to compare a genius with a lap-dog wearing a bow between the ears. These perfect individuals already represent the population of the higher planets – the population of the **far-off worlds**. Long ago they could have already left for another planet, more beautiful and advanced, where in the heavenly environment they could pursue further evolution and thus attain to a higher level of mind and consciousness. And yet they chose to stay on the Earth. Why? To help us to comprehend the meaning of human life – the life of the rational being. To save us from our persistent urge to be worse than we are in reality. To help us to achieve the same high degree they have reached through all their efforts.

THE NEW WORLD WILL START FROM CHILDREN FILLED WITH JOY

The hymn to Light sung by the children of Earth owing to the Herald from a distant world – the Messenger of Light.

Ancient legend

Once, according to an old legend, there came a messenger from a distant world to give people equality, brotherhood and joy. Long since had people forgotten their songs. They remained in a stupor of hate. The messenger banished darkness and crowdedness, smote infection, and instituted joyful labor. Hatred was stilled, and the sword of the messenger remained on the wall. But all were silent and knew not how to begin singing. Then the messenger assembled the little children, led them into the woods, and said to them: "These are your

flowers, your brooks, your trees. No one has followed us. I shall rest—and you fill yourselves with joy." Thereupon, timidly they ventured into the forest.

At last the littlest one came to a meadow and sighted a ray of the sun. Then a yellow oriole sounded its call. The little one followed it, whispering. And soon joyously he sang out, "The sun is ours!"

One by one the children gathered upon the meadow, and a new hymn to Light rang out.

The messenger said: "Man has again begun to sing. Come is the date!"

No Single Legend Is Lying!

Present-day people are sure for a reason that **legends**, as well as **myths**, are mere fiction invented by ancient nations, something like Is legend just fairy-tales for little children and naive adults! Therefore they fiction? assume that nor legends, nor myths can be part of the true

history of a nation or the whole humanity.

But the Great Sages never thought so, and never they will. Throughout numerous past lives they have developed in themselves a vision so subtle that

have They developed themselves spiritual vision, or the socalled "third eye".

their spiritual eyes can see, without any instruments, things invisible to ordinary people. This spiritual vision can penetrate through space and time. The Great Sages say that only those know the true History of humanity who developed in themselves the inner sight and can see not only the visible, but the invisible as well.

The Sages know: what is going on in the visible world is just the **outer** side Does the egg-

shell resemble the chicken that has pipped from the egg?

of events. But the outward form and what is hidden inside it are not the same. For instance, does a sunflower seed look like what's been hidden inside it by Nature or what it'll grow into? The root, stalk, leaves and flower do not resemble the seed at all! And would a teacher of biology be right to teach that a chicken looks exactly like the outward form of the egg

- its shell?

The Sages also say that it is not the outer, the visible, but the invisible that plays the main part in people's life. Why? Because only the invisible is the true cause of everything which then leads to the effect, that is, the visibleevents.

One of the ancient methods transmittingknowledge.

The Ancient Sages invented many different methods of transmitting theinmost, or secret, mysterious knowledge to people. They were used to pass on to them the history of humanity, which is

concealed from their eyes. So Legend is the name they gave to one of their methods. "No single legend is lying," so say the Sages of all nations.

Who Told the Legend We Have Read? And Who Transmitted It to People?

Let me tell you, just a couple of things for a start, about the Abode of Light, or the Stronghold of Knowledge – the mysterious White Brotherhood of the Himalayas, the Brotherhood of Great Teachers, and about their Messengers. In a little while we'll have to go back to the above-told legend in order to find out in the next conversation the answer to the question: why does human life sometimes get so awful that many people seem to lose everything human about them?

Why do dark times all of a sudden fall upon the Earth? What will the first sign be to announce the beginning of the New World of Light? Why couldn't the people in the legend start singing by themselves?

Why would it happen so that suddenly such times fall upon the Earth when minds of many people seem to plunge into horrible darkness? Not only they start acting inhumanly. The infection contaminates others, and they also indulge in bad habits and unseemly desires until they deaden in hate, just as the legend has it.

In such terrible times many people on the Earth

completely forget what **equality** and **brotherhood** are, what **the songs of Joy** and **the hymn to Light** sound like.

There are exact answers to these whys, though hidden as yet from human minds. They are kept concealed because even at the beginning of the 21st century human science, and hence humanity at large, could not understand **the reason** for the invasion of such hard and dark times. Nor did it know what was to be done to prevent the invasion of such times in future. Nor – what can be done to make people look and act more like friends and brothers than like foes and beasts.

The legend told us whatthe first sign will be signaling that life on the Earth is turning for better and that brotherhood of people is not a castle in the air. The first sign of the New World will be the day when the smallest children understand that they are the inseparable part of nature's beauty. And this understanding will fill their hearts with such joy and elation that they will sing a hymn to Light.

But, reading the legend, let us ask ourselves two more questions: "Why couldn't the children fill with joy by themselves? And what could have happened to the people who were ridden by the psychic infection and whose hearts had deadened in hatred, had the true Savior not come to their rescue, a wise, kind and mighty dweller of a Far-off World, the Messenger of Light?"

The beautiful and mysterious ancient legend we have read can be found in any bookshop – in the book which is called *Community*. It is one of the 14 books (rather small in size) on **Fire Yoga**, or the **Yoga of Fire** (Agni Yoga), also called **the Teaching of Living Ethics**.

What is the Teaching of Living Ethics, or Agni Yoga (which is translated from Sanskrit as Fire Yoga or the Yoga of Fire)?

Fire Yoga was initially intended for the minds of the most cultivated people on the Earth. But all, including a common peasant and even a teenager, can find in the books on Agni Yoga many things that can improve their lives and clarify a lot of things which still haven't been explained by traditional science.

It's the first time this Teaching has been granted to mankind by the Himalayan Stronghold of Knowledge. It integrates all the great ancient Teachings (Yogas), which were previously transmitted by the Teachers of Light. Those Yogas focused on a small minority of people living in a peculiar environment, which average working people, especially city-dwellers, do not have at their disposal. (It should be noted here that the well-known Hatha Yoga does not belong to the higher Yogas. Besides, it is dangerous for present-day people.)

Though Fire Yoga is the synthesis of all the higher Yogas, it is not intended for a selected minority only. It is for everyone.

Fire Yoga doesn't demand any special conditions of life. And above all, it is completely harmless. Why? Because it's not at all harmful for anyone to develop an accurate, beautiful and responsible mode of thinking, but, on the contrary, it's utterly necessary.

Another reason why this Yoga is harmless is because one can never draw from it a single bit more than his brain and — what's most important — his consciousness can "digest". But if consciousness broadens in the process of reading, one will see in the books things formerly hidden from his mind. As soon as one "digests" the next portion, he comes to see more. And so, infinitely it goes on.

But in order to "digest", or to accept (the scientific word is "to assimilate"), this inner KNOWLEDGE to his consciousness, one must not only memorize the high laws of life listed in the Teaching of Living Ethics, but strictly follow them in his life. This is the main condition for those willing to use the higher Yoga of Fire for their benefit.

Fire Yoga, or the Teaching of Living Ethics, is given not only for intellectual development, but in the first place, for spiritual evolution.

Merely reading books on Fire Yoga will broaden your outlook, which is useful for your **intellectual** (brain) **development**.

But bare reading and brain-perception are not enough for **spiritual** development, that is, **for the evolution of the heart** (the throne of spirit which evokes all the beauty, love, selflessness, devotion and yearning for heroic feats).

The main purpose of Fire Yoga is to help the **heart**awaken, kindle **its highest, spiritual fires**. And this is possible only through the **proper development of thought**. In the whole world there is no other force capable of making man more spiritually conscious except for **the thought which is properly developed**; the thought that is **bound for beauty**. A man of high spirituality would never be called ill-hearted, or having a heart stupefied with hate. So the ancient legend tells about the times of **terrible spiritual**

Why is this Teaching called the Teaching of

Fire?

Why is the Teaching of Living Ethics called the Yoga, or Teaching, of Fire? That's because in the process of thinking man radiates into space the energy of thought. And every energy by essence is fire in different forms, both visible and invisible. The energy of sun-heat is

degradation. Such times are very hardand dangerous.

contained in a wooden log and can be released – and then fire will break out.

When an atom nucleus is split, fire bursts out too, but it is not the fire of a wooden log. That fire is of monstrous force. As to thought, it is said in the Innermost Teaching of Living Ethics: in the whole world there is no fire more powerful than the fire of thought because thought is the most powerful energy of the Cosmos! That is why one must always think with the utmost caution and responsibility. That is why human mission is to direct all thoughts to beauty, virtue and love, but not to hatred.

The books on the Teaching of Living Ethics are given to mankind by **Great Teacher Morya**. **Teacher Morya** is one of the mysterious Himalayan Sages

Who decided that time had come to grant the Teaching of Living Ethics to mankind?

who has headed their community for a long time. This community of Sages is located in a secret place in the icy silence of the Himalaya Mountains. The members of the community call it **theWhite Brotherhood**, or simply

theBrotherhood, or Shambala.

It is the Brotherhood of Light, Good and Wisdom.

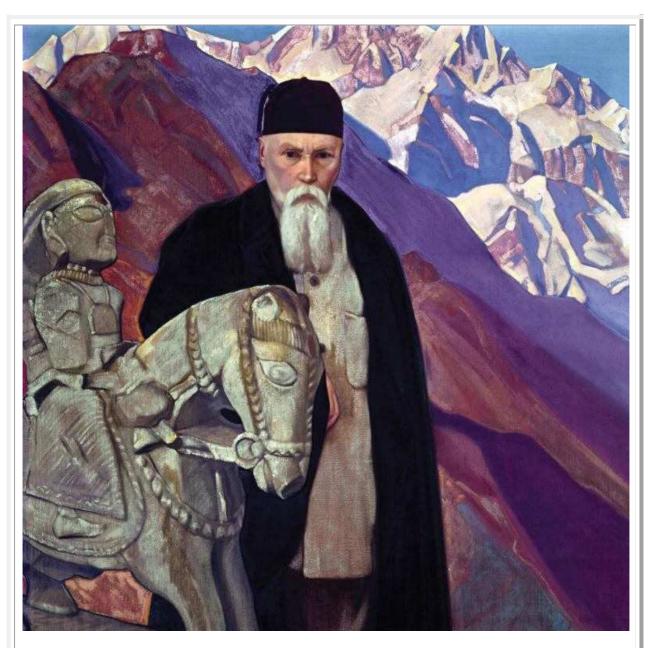
The Brotherhood is the place where the Great Encounters take place.

Teacher Morya is the Leader of the White Brotherhood of the Himalayas, the Master of Shambala. He transmitted the Yoga of Fire to humankind through the Agents of the Brotherhood, the Messengers of Shambala – perfectly honest, well-educated and highly spiritual persons who had been long and well known in the Brotherhood. Namely, they were Nikolai KonstantinovichRerikh, the world-famous painter and scientist, and his wife Helena IvanovnaRerikh. In India, where the Rerikhs lived since 1923, everybody called N. K. Rerikh"Guru"

(Teacher) and "Maharishi" (Great Saint), while H. I. Roerich was called "Urusvati" – Light of the Morning Star.



S. N. Roerich. Portrait of mother – Helena Ivanovna Roerich, philosopher and President-founder of the International Institute of Himalayan Studies (Kullu Valley, India). It was through her that the Master of Shambala transmitted to mankind the Teaching of Living Ethics.



S. N. Roerich. Portrait of father – Nikolai Konstantinovich Roerich, academician, world-famous painter and scientist, the author of the Pact of Peace (Roerich's Pact) on Culture protection, signed in 1935 by all the countries of the American continent including the USA.

Who wrote down the words of the Himalayan Sage and then published the books on the Teaching of Living Ethics?

Helena Ivanovna was the first human being on the Earth who was able to master the most powerful cosmic Yoga of Fire as a whole and managed to stay alive in her physical body (the Fire didn't burn her down)! Helena Ivanovna volunteered for this highly dangerous experiment carried out by the Teachers of Shambala, and truly, the feat of a cosmic scale it was. That is why she was rightfully called by the Teachers the **Mother of Agni Yoga**. She paved a fiery path, which we are going to tread some day in order to make headway in our endless journey through the Cosmos...

The feat unbeaten by humans on Earth.

And now, let's get back to the legend and search for answers to the questions posed in the title of our next conversation.

Could we possibly answer them without that inmost knowledge which throughout centuries the Teachers of Light have been communicating in various ways to men – the very knowledge we are going to touch upon right now?..

How Can Such Things Happen?

How could it have happened that people were seized by infection, forgot all their songs and deadened in hatred? And why does joy come to the planet only when the smallest children start to sing hymns to Light?

To understand why things like that sometimes happen on the Earth we'll discuss the mysteries of the visible and invisible worlds, just in the way the Teachers of the Great White Brotherhood of the Himalayas educate.

First Mystery

The visible world is but a small part of the world where man really lives.

The Ancient Sages – the Teachers of Light – knew that **there exists a world visible to human eyes**, and there is a world **invisible** to ordinary people. **Thevisible world is not equal**

to the whole world. So they teach, century after century. But humans will be humans: first they remember, then it suddenly slips their memory. So they forget, and start to live again in a way as if there was just the world they can see with their eyes and just the ground they tread on.

But this world – the **world** where men walk on their feet and work with their hands – is just a part, and a smaller one at that, of the cosmic space in which they really live and act while living on the Earth.

Being on the Earth, in the visible world, man lives at the same time in the world invisible. And it is in this invisible world that he continues to exist after he has once again finished his visit to the Earth, in other words, just another earthly life.

Can our intentions or thoughts become visible before they are expressed in words, or written down, or manifested in an act,

or turned into some effect?

The laws both the invisible and the visible worlds are to obey are totally different. And still those worlds are inseparably connected with each other. They cannot be parted, just in the same way as a visible man cannot be separated from his invisible thoughts, desires and feelings, up to the moment they are

expressed as ordinary, earthly activities – deeds, actions and things.

Whatever goes on in one world will inevitably take place in the other one.

Whatever people think about on the Earth takes place in the Higher, superterranean world. Everything that appears in the Higher world will take place on the Earth.

And herein the great mysteries are rooted, which modern science was completely unaware of – up to the beginning of the 21st century.

The first mystery goes as follows: though the two worlds, visible and invisible alike, need each other in the same way as the heart and the pulse do, yet the invisible is superior to the visible. And here is the explanation:

everything first takes place in the invisible world, Where is the beginning? and only then – in the visible one. (If we concentrate on our life, we'll notice that first an invisible wish and thought appear – just before we perform an action.) All achievements of mankind, all human joys and sorrows are but the gradual manifestation of events going on in the invisible world. So we can say that everything that is invisible now will become visible in the course of time. All events gradually manifest themselves, similar to a picture which appears on a sheet of photographic paper (or film) when it is developed in chemical solution. And this is the *First Mystery*.

Second Mystery

But how do events which are further projected on the Earth get into the invisible space?

Thought and action. Which comes first?

Everything that happens in the invisible world, and then is reflected in the visible world and shows on the conduct and destiny of individuals and the whole nations, is in its

turn gradually created by all those people, their thoughts and intentions.

Every person produces thoughts and wishes without a stop! We create them even when we are asleep.

Hardly has one thought about something, and this very moment a new entity is born in the invisible world named thought. It resembles a robot which aims at the one target – to fulfill by all means the program implanted into it.

On the Earth, though, that is, in the visible world, one has to wait for a while, be it an instant or a millennium, before his thoughts and intentions get expressed as **his feelings** and subsequent actions (deeds, occasions, events). **In the invisible world, it is quite different**: **mental energies** radiated by

people **begin to work immediately** – as soon as they are eradiated.

Hardly has one thought about something — and lo! — this "something" has already appeared here ... in the invisible world!

Herein lies the second mystery – that of man and the invisible world.

Third Mystery

The third mystery reads that **thoughts, feelings and wishes** experienced by a person and sent to space never work **alone**.

What does it mean? Well, let's have a look at the sky. It may be cloudy or

How do clouds form in the sky?

cloudless, but the air contains the invisible substance that clouds generally consist of. It is water vapor of very low density which makes it totally invisible to the eye. But we

know that these invisible tiny water drops can fuse and turn into visible clouds,

Right says the proverb: birds of a feather flock together.

which further condense, grow heavier and pour onto the Earth as rain. Similarly, different thoughts, feelings and wishes of every person fuse in space with the same (analogous) thoughts, feelings and wishes of all other people thus forming mental clouds. In the same way,

such clouds grow heavier and pour down, but surely not as rain. In what form, then?..

Fourth Mystery

Before we get from the Ancient Sages the explanation of the fourth mystery, let us ask any little boy or girl who has barely learnt to put letters together into

What would develop on photo paper if you, for instance, took a picture of a flower? words: "Suppose your mom or dad or anyone else took a picture of a tiger in the zoo. Can then a little bird develop on the film **instead of the tiger**, or maybe a beautiful flower – anything that wasn't anywhere close by when the photo was taken? And if

we take a photo of a flower or a bird, can we then get the image of a tiger on it?"

Each thought in the invisible world has its peculiar image and task. And if both the image and the task are ugly, what can we expect for ourselves when millions of such mental robots merge into one?

Most probably, we'll get correct answers to these questions. And they demonstrate another mystery of human life.

The point is that invisible mental clouds pour upon the Earth with the very substance they consist of. And it's easy to guess what they are made up of: these are not drops of water, but identical

human thoughts drawn to each other.

Therefore, when a lot of dark, evil-born thoughts accumulate in space, they start to eradiate those dreadful energies upon people, causing in some of them something like a mental eclipse. Such men act out of their minds and forget that they are human beings. That's why in suchlike periods evil, envy, cruelty, selfishness and other unworthy and inhuman qualities rage on the Earth. And innumerous disasters befall people.

And when such mental showers last too long, it gets dark on the Earth, even on sunny days. In ancient India these times were named **Kali Yuga**, which means *theDark Age*. This is the time when our planet is swayed by forces seeking to push as many men as possible into a state improper to a rational human being. So many a man start to live like unconscious creatures, some of them to the point of resembling wild beasts.

Actually, the legend we read tells in its beginning about one of such periods, which is a real disaster for humanity – when a lot of people's hearts deaden in hatred . Dark thoughts of these people attract from space similar destructive thoughts, like a magnet attracts dispersed iron filings. Even children forget how to sing songs in such horrible times.

But when a lot of beautiful, bright and powerful thoughts are eradiated into When does the Age of Light begin? space, they fight against hordes of dark thoughts and destroy them.

And the Light of Joy reradiates onto the Earth from heaven. Conflicts between nations cease completely. People become friendly and find again a pleasure in helping each other, and suffer a lot when they learn that someone has been unintentionally hurt. Love and happiness come to every family. Even the smallest children try to copy legendary heroes and start to sing sacred hymns to Light and Beauty.

In ancient India, such blissful times on the Earth were called **Satya Yuga**. This can be translated as **the Light Age**, or **theAge of Light**. And this Age isn't that far away!

As night is followed by day, so the Light Age always comes after the Dark

Can a man drowning in the storming sea save himself?

Age. There were many Dark Ages in the history of humanity, and those were periods when the spirit of people drooped, just like a flower droops and can even die without life-giving water. And just like a

flower withering on the dry soil cannot find the water of life all by itself, so humanity would never have found **all by itself** the way out of any of the past Dark Ages.

To save itself from perishing in the Dark Age, when it is drowning in the

We can't say that we are not taught how we should adjust our thinking in order to escape perishing. abyss of its own evil, which always leads to madness, humankind needs the help of friends who are wiser and more powerful than ordinary people. Without such help during those dark periods, humanity would have suffocated in poisonous evaporations of all sorts of evil thoughts, feelings

and desires.

And if people said that such misfortunes occur on our planet only because there is no one to tell them about the laws and properties of thought and the invisible world, it wouldn't be true. If anything, it would neither excuse human malice, nor relieve their suffering.

Even in the times of light and half-light, the more so in the times of darkness,

Since the very moment of the awakening of mind on the Earth we are taught the right mode of thinking. humanity has always been guided by wise and very patient Teachers – the true Messengers of Light and Saviors of Mankind. The long human history, though written by unsophisticated historians, contains many of their names.

All the Innermost Teachings and all religions, as well as legends, traditions and myths of all nations demonstrate what heroic lives all the Teachers of Light had, and how great, hard and dangerous their work for the sake of people was.

The Teachers of Light were always ready to face anything from humans, so often disobedient and self-opinionated: disrespect and all kinds of humiliation, insults and mean slander, betrayal and even death in torments. They were ready to stand it for the sake of human salvation. Teaching kindness to people is truly the work for Titans – very patient and loving humankind more than themselves! Many are still unwilling to hear anything like that. They say: "All these talks about mysterious Messengers of Light and some secret Brotherhood of Teachers of humanity are nothing but legends and kid's fairytales."

Can people help their Saviors and Teachers?

Yet there have always been such people on the Earth who know quite well what those legends really are. Their hearts know about the Teachers. They cherish a hope to meet them some day and prepare for this meeting all life long. They look for

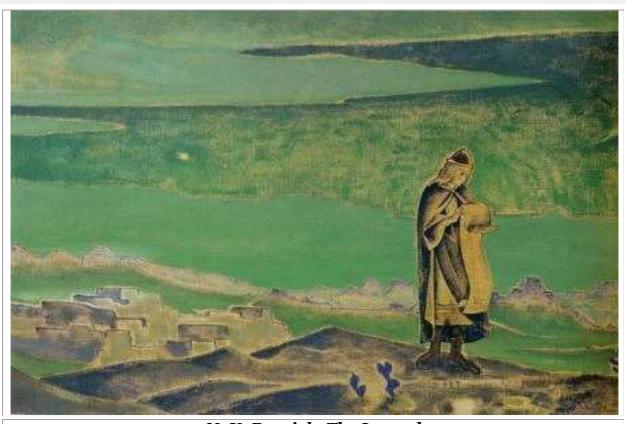
the Teachers neither to ask them to perform some wonder, nor to teach them to work miracles. These highly conscious people look for the Teachers merely to help them in their hard and noble work for the sake of humanity, at the limit of their abilities.

Members of the Brotherhood know about such people. Wherever they may

The Brotherhood, the most beautiful dream of humanity glorified in legends, long ago became a reality on the sacred Peaks of the Himalayas. be, the Teachers see all their intentions with their spiritual eyes and know whether they are truly sincere and unselfish. These selfless and gifted persons are welcomed as helpers of the Great Brotherhood.

Teacher Morya, Leader of the Brotherhood, who presented Fire Yoga to mankind, states in the

book *Brotherhood* (§§ 204, 2) that legends are not fiction. He says: "Gradually it will become known, that the legend is the true history; then documents will be found...



N. K. Roerich. The Legend

Since myths live on, then too the history of the Brotherhood will acquire authenticity. It can be noted that information about the Brotherhood is especially suspected. Many circumstances are accepted quite easily, but the existence of the Brotherhood has a particularly striking effect. People are prepared to encounter an unknown hermit, but for some reason it is difficult for them to picture a society of such hermits. There exists an order of truths which meets with special opposition. It is not difficult to understand who is against the concept of Brotherhood. These creatures know perfectly well about the existence of the Brotherhood, and they tremble lest this knowledge reach the people.

But all is accomplished in due time..."

"Harkening to all the songs about Brotherhood one perceives a wondrous poem of the dreams of humanity."



N. K. Roerich. Treasure of the Mountains.

(Though many paintings of the great artist are amazing in their enigma and mysteriousness, they reflect nothing but reality. And this reality of our world surpasses all human dreams and fantasies.)



Helena Ivanovna Roerich at age 10

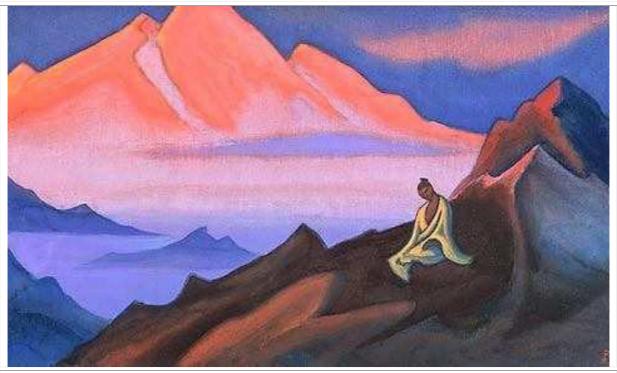
THE GIRL'S HEART RECOGNIZED!

From the reminiscences of Helena IvanovnaRerikh, who was a Messenger of the White Brotherhood of the Himalayas and a disciple of Teacher Morya, Master of Shambala.

"Very early the girl began to see significant dreams and even visions*. At the age of six the girl had an unusual experience that impressed in her heart for the whole life almost without losing its original vividness and strength of sensation. It happened in the end of spring. Her parents moved to a country-house at Pavlovsk, and the very first morning the girl woke up earlier than usually and ran into the park, to the small pond where golden fishes lived. It was a wonderful morning. The air seemed like trembling and sparkling in the beams of

^{*} Being very modest, and unwilling to attract much attention to herself, Helena Ivanovna, while writing down her autobiography, narrated from the third person as if telling about somebody else

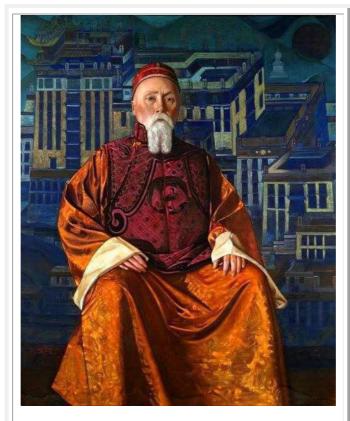
the sun, the nature itself looked like wearing its holiday garments, and the colour of heaven was unfathomably blue. Standing on a landing-stage, the girl was imbibing the beauty and joy of life with all her heart and soul. Her eyes dwelt upon a blossomed apple-tree that was growing on the opposite side of the pond, and standing near it she saw a tall man dressed in white clothes. A recollection of the Teacher of Light living somewhere very far immediately rose up in her mind. The girl's heart trembled and her joy grew into rapture. All her entity turned towards that distant beloved and Beautiful Figure."**



N. K. Roerich. Thought (AUM)

* Yelena Roerich.On the Threshold of the New World.(Dreams and Visions.)International Centre of Roerichs and Master Bank, Moscow, 2000.

Helena Ivanovna wrote down her autobiographical notes at the suggestion of the Master of Shambala. Several pages included into these unique memoirs are dedicated to her dreams and visions, which turned to be prophetic and related not only to her present life, but to her past lives, as well.



S. N. Roerich. Portrait of N.K.Roerich.

SERVANT OF BEAUTY

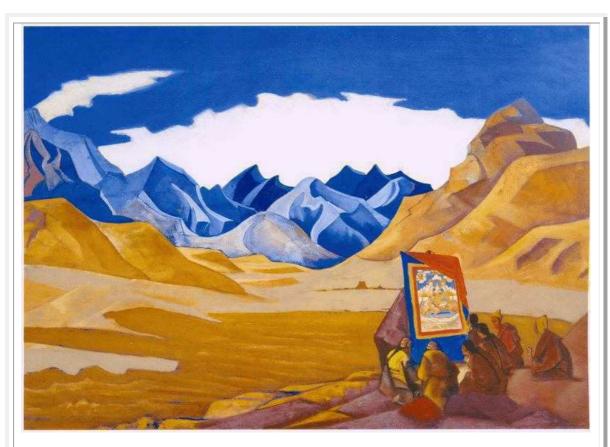
From the collected verses *Flowers of Morya*, written by Nikolai KonstantinovichRerikh, who was a Messenger of the White Brotherhood of the Himalayas and a disciple of Teacher Morya, the Master of Shambala.

To Him

I found at last a hermit.
You know how difficult it is
To find here on earth a hermit.
I asked him whether he would show me
The path and would he accept
Graciously my works?
He gazed a long time and asked:
What is the most loved that I have?
"The most beloved?" I answered.
"Beauty it is."

"The most beloved
Thou must leave."
"Who commands it?" I asked.
"God," answered the hermit.
"Let God punish me –
I shall not leave the most beautiful
That will lead us
To Him."

1920



N. K. Roerich. Banner of the Future.



Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in London.

"... YOU MAY DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS."

From the reminiscences of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky,* who was a Messenger of the White Brotherhood of the Himalayas and a disciple of Teacher Morya, the Master of Shambala. The reminiscences were written down by Ch. Johnson.

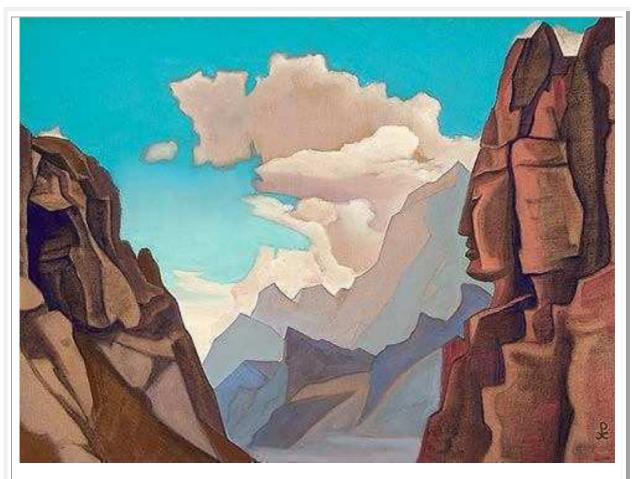
" – This is my Master whom we call Mahatma Morya, ("Mahatma" in Sanskrit means a "Great Soul". – L. D.)said she, (Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. – L. D.) I have his picture here.

And she showed me a small panel in oils. (It was a portrait of Teacher Morya made by H. Schmichen. You saw it at the beginning of the book. – L. D.) If ever I saw genuine awe and reverence in a human face, it was in hers, when she spoke of her Master. He was a Rajput by birth, she said, one of the old warrior race of the Indian desert, the finest and handsomest nation in the world. Her Master was a giant, six feet eight, and splendidly built, a superb type of manly

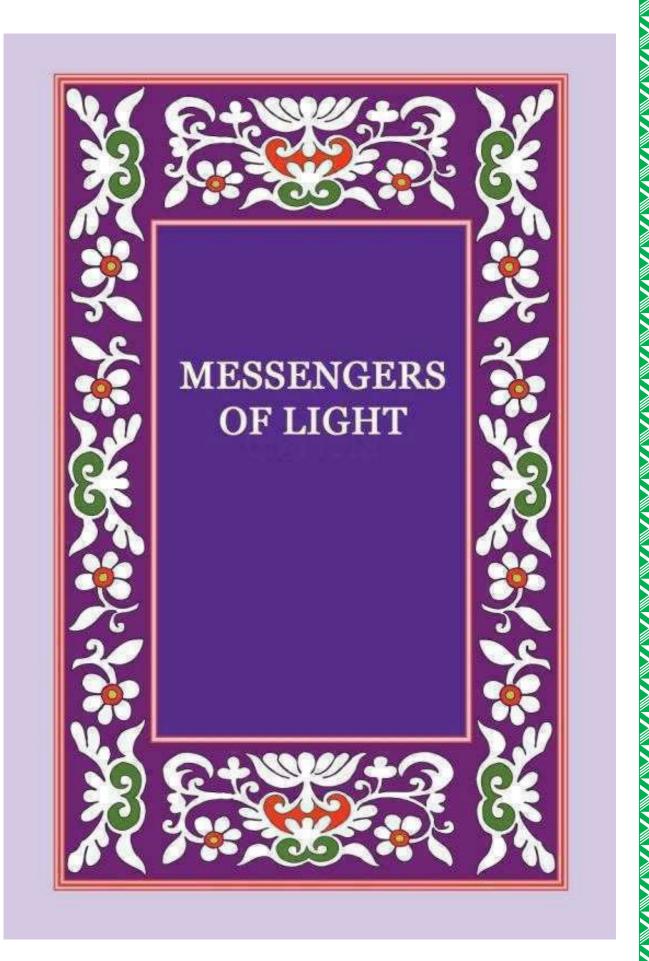
^{*} This is an extract from the reminiscences of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky written by Ch. Johnson, London, 1887. It can be found in the collected memoirs The Occult World of Madame Blavatsky composed by D. Coldwell, "Sphere" Publishers, Moscow, 1996.

beauty. Even in the picture, there is a marvelous power and fascination; the force, the fierceness even, of the face; the dark, glowing eyes, which stare you out of countenance; the clear-cut features of bronze, the raven hair and beard—all spoke of manhood strength. I asked her something about his age. She answered:

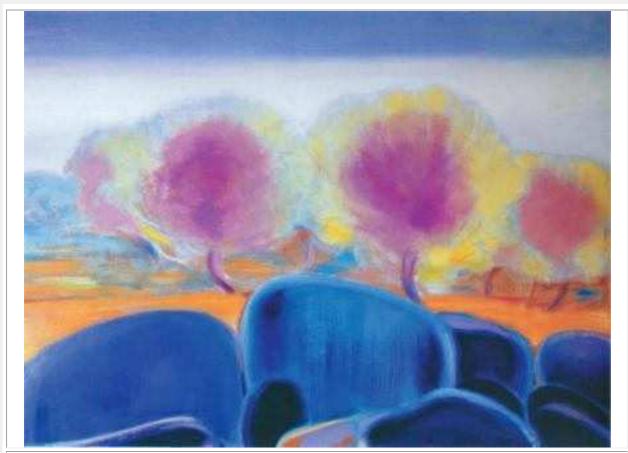
– My dear, I cannot tell you exactly, for I do not know. But this I will tell you. I met him first when I was twenty – in 1851. He was in the very prime of manhood then. I am an old woman now, but he has not aged a day. He is still in the prime of manhood. That is all I can say. You may draw you own conclusions."



 $\it N.~K.~Roerich.~The~Great~Spirit~of~the~Himalayas.$



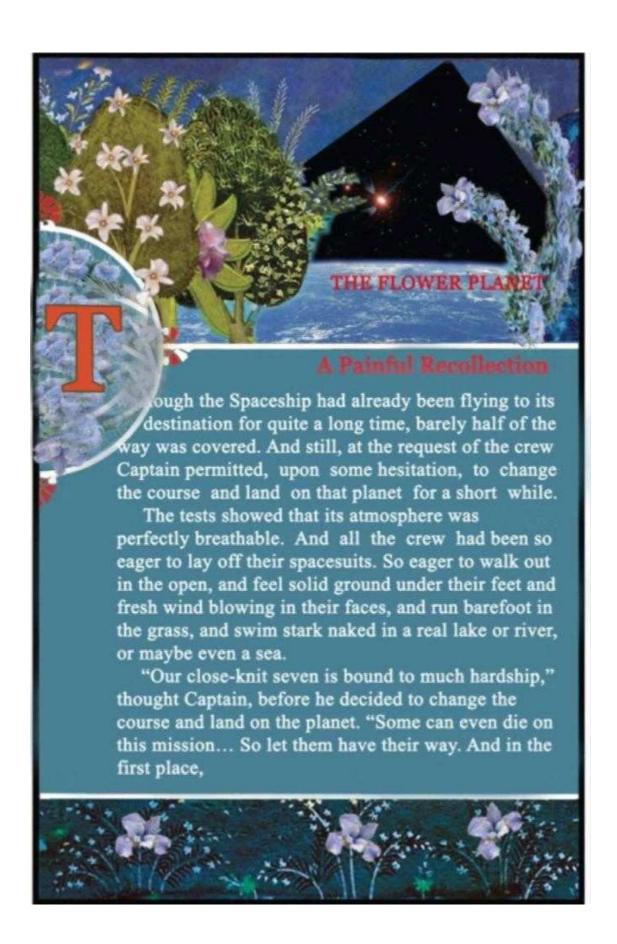




S. N. Roerich. Linaloe.



S. N. Roerich. Landscape.



I'm doing this for the youngest on the crew. The service of these two teenagers has been irreproachable. In fact, when we took off, the boy was only three months old, and the girl was just a toddler. They wouldn't know what it feels like taking a run on the ground. We are going to change our route and land on this planet. So, let's go ahead!"

The scenery that opened to the eyes of the space voyagers when they came out of the spaceship was beyond any expectations. Their delight was immense. It was clear that they landed on a planet of flowers! So right away, they called this Cosmic Beauty, whose atmosphere was fragrant up to the highest strata, the Flower Planet.

Those were the flowers of extraordinary, fabulous beauty. They grew everywhere: on the ground and underground, on the water and underwater. They varied in size, up to gigantic specimens. Such a flower could give shelter from rain or sun to the whole crew, while others could be seen only through a powerful microscope, but that by no means diminished the beauty of their form and color palette. Also, the astronauts saw lengthy garlands of various flowers that were spirally rising so high that their tops disappeared in the blue sky.

Three mild suns illumined the Flower Planet, while the fourth sun, the smallest bluish-tinted star, was just starting to rise over the skyline. The astronauts had barely walked a hundred feet in the direction of a small lake, when it started raining. It was a kind of rain typically known as a sun shower on the Earth, that is, rain through sunshine. And then they saw something incredible: the whole atmosphere of the planet flowered, from ground to sky.

That's right, the flowers on the Flower Planet blossomed even in the air!

These floating, heavenly beautiful creatures grew without any roots people are used to seeing in plants. Their hues were so delicate and transparent that they looked ephemeral, that is, almost illusory, like holograms projected into the air. Alas! The life of these botanical wonders turned out extremely short. As soon as the rain stopped and the humidity of the atmosphere decreased, the air flowers began to fade away as if they were melting. But dissolving, they emanated wonderful waves into the air, which the astronauts could sense as a slight breeze, its fragrance being more than just delightful.

When this scent filled the lungs, it created a feeling of elation, joy and ... satiation! Oh, yes! The people could sense not only the exquisite aroma, but also an unusual and delicious taste, as if they were really eating ripe and juicy fruit. The one difference was that the inhaling of such magic food did not leave one surfeited, as it usually happens with familiar physical foods.

And on top of all, this fragrance-composed wonder-food showed miraculous recovery properties. Captain was the first to notice this. Pointing at his Assistant, he said:

"Just check out this brilliant bald head... Something's going on with it, and I bet it's all due to the air."

Assistant's head, until recently as smooth as polished copper and quite handy to be used as a looking-glass, however bulgy, was now covered with thick reddish bristle.

However, the crew barely glanced at Assistant's renewing hair. All of them, including the former bald-head himself, were staring, their mouths wide open, at their elderly Captain, who just an hour ago had been exactly 197 years old.

None of them had ever seen or could even imagine their Captain in his youth. But now he looked no more than 50 and was still getting visibly younger. The process of body regeneration stopped only on reaching the point of 25 years old. All the crew stood dumbfounded, viewing a very tall and quite dark-skinned lad with huge deep blue eyes, slightly slanting, whose face features and athletic figure were absolutely perfect.

The astronauts were so shocked with this transformation, that they did not even notice that all who were over 25 grew younger, with the exception of the two crew members who still hadn't reached 12.

"In any case, in an hour and a half we must leave this wonderful planet," said Captain.

And the astronauts hurried to the lake.

All of them were experienced travelers, insightful researchers, courageous fighters and selfless rescuers. They knew there was a planet waiting for them, a stern and severe one, and its salvation was the target of their mission. But now they could turn into children, all embarrassment aside. They raced with each other around the picturesque lake, somersaulted and fun-wrestled in the soft grass, and sang their favorite songs at the top of their lungs. Much noise, but great fun with it. They swam, and splashed, and dived admiring the underwater flowers, which slipped out of their hands like jellyfishes and floated away. They had no roots just like the air flowers and were like real jellyfishes by touch. And they floated like jellyfishes, moving their petals, that's why the astronauts first mistook them for species representing the local water fauna...

The astronauts could feel the planet breathing, and truly, the breathing of joy it was.

Surely, no one wanted to leave this wonderful planet so soon. But sacred is the duty of a rescuer. *Live for the sake of others, not for yourself!* – that was their motto and law.

Within about 60 feet from the Spaceship, at the most, the girl picked a flower and handed it to Captain.

"It's from all of us," she said, "and thanks for the joy, Captain!"

"Thank you for the flower," answered Captain.

And then, something incredible happened.

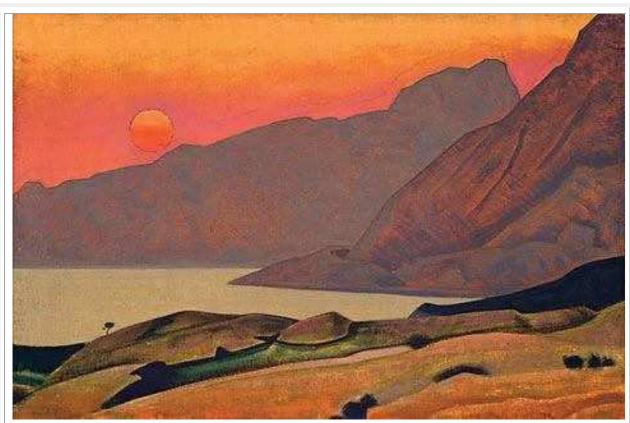
The fabulous multicolored variety of the valley started vanishing rapidly, just around the astronauts.

Within a couple of seconds, the magically beautiful plants curled up, and withered, and bared the land up to the skyline.

In a blink of an eye the fragrant valley turned into a grey desert swept by whirlwinds –first feeble, but flinging fiercer every minute.

A wild dust-storm broke out. Dust mixed with the dry remnants of the plants clouded the sight, clogged the mouth, nose and ears. The wind whistled so loud that the crew couldn't hear each other. The intensity of the storm escalated so rapidly that the astronauts struggled through the last few feet to the Spaceship.

When the hatch was shut to, the Spaceship right away shot up to the sky, which turned dark with dust, and rushed to the Space, where there are no earthly roads...



N. K. Roerich. Monhegan

The World Is an Integral Whole

"Teacher," whispered the girl, deeply impressed, when the Teacher was finished with his sad story, "did you understand at once what had happened to the Flower Planet?"

"If I had figured it out then, right on the spot, would I have thanked for the murdered flower?.." said the old Teacher with a heavy sigh. "We realized, what

we had done, only after the tragedy we witnessed, the tragedy that we – the space rescuers – ourselves initiated."

And the girl added sadly: "Just one flower!.. Oh, Teacher, how could it be? Could it really be like this?"

"Yes, it can," came the quiet answer, "and I'll tell you why."

He took from the shelf several boxes filled with plastic plates, which resembled dominoes. Then, without a word, he set them vertically on their shorter edges in a row on the table. The gaps between them were a little less than their height. Finally, the plates stood lined up, beautifully curving into a composite pattern.

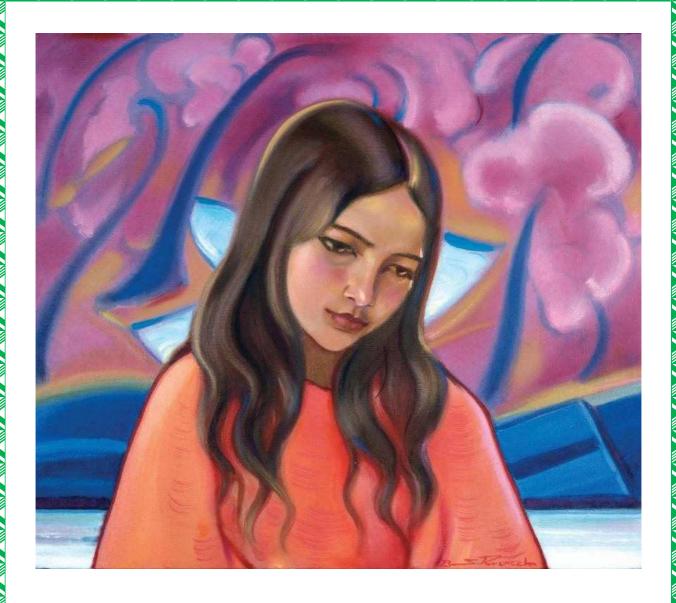
"Now look!" said the Teacher and slightly pushed the first plate in the row. And then something happened that looked very much like what had burst out on the Flower Planet. The first domino-like plate, falling, struck the next one, which pushed the next, the third plate knocked down the fourth, and so on and so forth ... In the twinkling of an eye all the plates, just recently lined up and weaving in a complex unbroken figure, collapsed in a mess.

The girl was agape with astonishment.

"Now, you see what happened?.." asked the Teacher in a quiet voice.

"It's so scary!" whispered the girl.

"Yes," said the Teacher. "Everything is inseparably linked in the nature of every planet. Everything is interdependent."



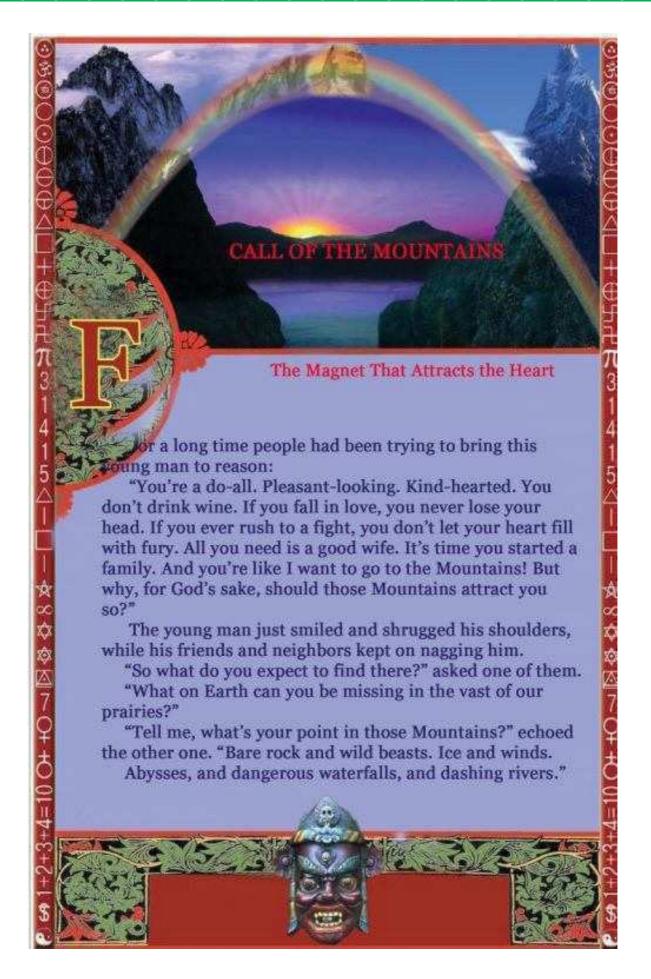
The Teacher hove a heavy sigh and after a short silence went on: "Yes, then we seemed to have murdered just one flower, but it was so closely connected with everything that composed the nature of the planet that we must have killed ... all the life existing on it."

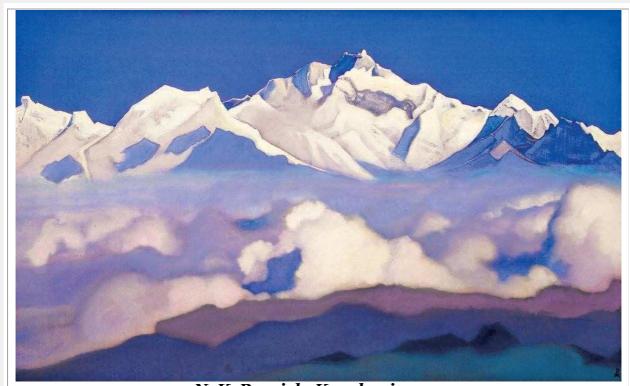
- "Teacher, why is Beauty so defenseless?" asked the astounded girl.
- "That's because Beauty can neither get angry, nor fight, nor kill."
- "And what can it do then?"
- "Just one thing. Beauty can love!"

Man Is Involved in Everything That's Going on Around Him

Teacher Morya says in his book on the Teaching of Living Ethics, *Supermundane* (§ 310):

"Every earthly action is linked to all of existence... It is therefore necessary to goad humanity into participating in all aspects of life."





N. K. Roerich. Kanchenjunga.

Накой те он грозный и даже ситращноващый этот Лог Кангенднеанга, гто означает Лать вохровищ Великих Снегов. Может быть, это чора дала свое Имя Богу-охранитель ей Сопровиц. И Сопровинуа эти - не золото, не алиязыбриминаниты, изумруды, сапфиры и прогее. моге. Это-Мудросий, гранимая в самом таннейвенной саман охраняемам, самон заповерным месте Тималаев которое называения Шамбала, им Община Великих Мудренов, которые вольше всего в низни осотели оп, гловы Люди выстрее умнем, добрем и, беззаветно мобя свого планенту, всё пое знами, чито это-мения одна из остановох на бесконегнам коснигеском пути самоусовершенетвования. Всё, жи владеет Мамбала, она гоптова оптдать селовечентву и дия этого посылает к нему раз в ситолетие своих Вестичнов. И всегда, кандое меновение посызаей в мир свой Зов, Призыв к кандому гистому огненному, самонтверженному сербуу! Найти такое сербу для Угителей Шанбалы рабочить непередаваемая! Но для индей, не готовых к подвигу, к суровым испыцаниям, не епособных к любви и миненных кувейва прекрасного и веры в космическое предназ начение человека, Дог Нангендтанга напаливает на себя эту уенгращающую маску только ради Люден Легкомысленных и самонадеянных, думающих, чиго онч, не будути <u>Лигно позванными Шамбалой</u>, проник-нут в нее. Они мишь почибнут спеди ледяного безмольия. Но уельгиавших 306 Бог Кангендтанга охраняет!

"They say," recollected the third man, "one can wander for a whole month in these Mountains and not meet a single soul. I bet you'd howl with loneliness. Or would you rather learn to beast-talk?"

"That's true, the Mountains are not prairies," agreed the young man. "And maybe you are right. But whatever I do and whatever I think, my heart still calls me to the Mountains. So how can I live with this?"

But the friends and neighbors wouldn't give up: "What do you need there? And what's your point there?"

"I don't know," smiled the young man. "I just hear the call of the Mountains."

"And what do they tell you?"

"They do not talk. They just attract like a magnet. They don't say anything, but attract your heart with great force. It flies to the Mountains as if on wings. While my feet are still here, in the prairies. So I feel like being half here half there. How can one live like this?! It's sheer torture."

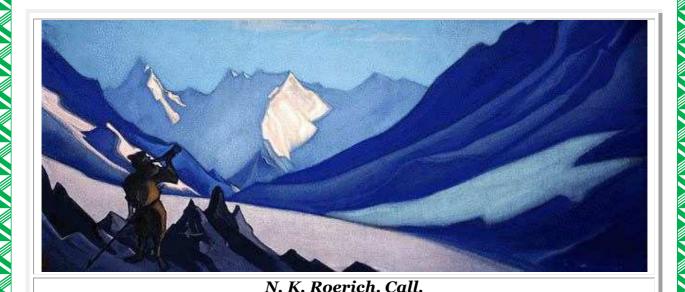
The friends shrugged their shoulders, but, on second thought, agreed with him. Each one tried to imagine his life for a moment, as if the legs, arms and body were in one place, and his heart and thoughts – in a different one, far away from home. It seemed that it would really be very hard to live like this.

Finally, a day came when the young man left the prairies. And long after, people kept on wondering and gossiping.

"Mountains aren't people, are they?" inquired some of them, shrugging their shoulders. "Only people can call a person somewhere, but not the Mountains. They are just very big rocks that bulge out from the heart of the earth and rise up, hiding their pointed peaks in the clouds."

Others asked, puzzled:

"But what can those Mountains want from a man, when they call him? Why do they want him? What do they need from him? Or, are they going to give him something? Take our prairies and valleys. It's quite different with them. They give us food. And they will give food to our grandchildren and great-grandchildren. What can one sow in the rocks? Only lichen can grow there."



People felt confused and kept guessing. They realized that the young man who had left for the Mountains was a dreamer. But they were in no way scornful, or mocking at him, for all of them sometimes gave in to dreaming. Each one had

dreams and, among them, the most cherished one.

But the dwellers of the prairie settlement were realists, and they couldn't afford to dream of anything unreal and unreachable, the more so, of the weird things which had nothing to do with their lives.

Still, many of them tried to understand how one can happen to hear the call of the Mountains. If anything, rocks don't have any voice at all, neither human, nor that of birds or animals. In a while, however, people quit discussing it, quit wondering and gossiping. And little by little, they forgot about the young man who had left for the Mountains...

The Disappointment

Years passed. A big city with high-rise buildings, factories, trams and parks grew up on the place, where the small prairie settlement had once stood.

And once the news swept through the outskirts of the city: the man who had once left for the Mountains came back. Safe and sound.

All his friends and neighbors from his past life and even those who had merely heard about him came in crowds to the wanderer and flooded him with questions: How was it? Did he reach his Mountains? What did he see there?

What did he do? Who did he meet? And after all, wasn't he disappointed? The man was glad to see his fellow-settlers again, but scarce were his words. He said that he had been wandering in the Mountains for a long time. He felt very lonely. And worn out. And scared. And desperate.

The listeners were very attentive, but they were longing to hear something out of the ordinary – which would finally make it clear why the man had stayed in the Mountains so long.

"I often had to ramble through rime-fog. Almost all the time I was hungry and freezing in the snow," admitted the wanderer. "But I must tell you that neither the cold, nor the hunger, nor the darkness did me any harm. Just on the contrary, they came right to my benefit. They froze out my bad habits forever. I've got no more to tell you, really."

The traveler felt somewhat guilty as he could tell his listeners little more of what his heart had been to.

But the compatriots wouldn't leave him alone. Day after day they came and demanded of him something thrilling. He felt embarrassed, shrugged his shoulders and said that for the most part he had spent all these years reflecting on his life.

Once he said: "Thinking in the Mountains is very different from thinking in the valleys."

But obviously, this was of no interest to the people. They wanted something special. He recalled that once he had slipped down into an abyss and broke his leg and arm.

"I learnt how to conquer pain, though. As you see, I am alive."

Such terseness of the highlander vagabond was disappointing to the listeners, but they still bore a hope to drag something out of him.

"You'd been more on the chatty side before you left," they reproached him. "Those anecdotes you told... Those jokes of yours that had us in stitches. And now you're just beating about the bush, and nothing really to turn us to your Mountains."

Then the wanderer told them that once a snow leopard had chased him for several days.

"Finally, he attacked," remarked the man abruptly. "He thought he'd flung at me, but missed, right into the abyss. I got round him."

"Forget the leopard!" said his friends. "Give us a real thrill, you know..."

Day by day, the listeners grew more and more disappointed in the Mountains. And they grew stronger in their conviction to stay away from them and mind their own business. There appeared to be nothing special in those Mountains. The only time they seemed stirred up was when the traveler, in response to their nagging, told them about an accident amongst the ruins of an ancient monastery, where he had stopped for the night. A gang of robbers hunting for money shot at him. But as he hadn't a bean, they left him amongst the ruins bleeding and escaped on their horses.

"That time I really thought that I wouldn't escape death," confessed the man.

"But the moment before I fainted I saw an old man approaching me. I owe my life to him. When I was on my feet again, he said: 'Let's go!' And we went up to the Mountains." Finally, the listeners looked intrigued.

"That old man was a great sage, who was acquainted with the Spirit of the Mountains," said the traveler. "He said it was up to me to find a cave near his dwelling, where I could live for some time, by his side. So I did, and lived beside him until he died."

And then there was silence. The listeners' eyes lit up in anticipation of a miracle-tale. They urged him:

"So what wonders did you learn from this sage, who was acquainted with the Spirit of the Mountains?"

"No miracles," answered the highlander wanderer. "Well, not that I ever asked him for any."

"So what on Earth," exclaimed all the listeners, in utmost surprise, "have you been doing in your Mountains all those years?"

"I just lived by his side. Together we gathered herbs. Together we stocked up firewood. Together we listened to the rumble of mountain rivers and waterfalls." "Is that it?... Nothing more?!" exclaimed the listeners in a choir.

"Every morning," said the man, "I brought him a jug of fresh spring water and shook out his sleeping-mat."

What hue and cry these words sparked! All talked loudly, vying with each other in indignation.

"Couldn't that old man shake out his mat himself?" asked some of them, infuriated.

"See that ancient wretch!" joined the others. "That old mat was for sure his only property! No better than those exploiters!"

"Aren't you a do-all?" cried out the rest. "And you volunteered to serve as a mat-shaker? Or did he force you?"

The man watched his agitated friends in silence. He felt guilty for not stopping these undeserved insults hurled at the one whom he worshipped as his Teacher. How could he possibly explain to them that shaking out the Teacher's mat had been the least of the services he was ready to do for the honor to be close to him?

"Nobody compelled me," he responded mildly, "and I tried to do it in secret. All I wanted was to be of some help to him, just in anything. I guess, the Teacher was totally unaware of it. Once I even decided to sleep right at the entrance to his cave. I thought: 'Be it a leopard or a snake, let them first fling at me...' Do you see what I mean?"

Again, there was silence. All were shocked by the purposelessness of the deed.

"Now it's clear," said the men to each other, "why that sage from the Mountains didn't share his secret knowledge with our mate, even on his deathbed. A true sage, he could not be wrong about the one who lived beside

him! And really, who would ever entrust secrets of wisdom to a strong and sturdy man, who takes it as an honor to shake out a mat?!"

Soon, everybody got disinterested in the man who had returned from the distant Mountains, the man who, having spent so many years by the sage, not only failed to learn wonder-working, but to make it worse, had even lost his male dignity.

Finally, when everybody left the highlander alone, he felt neither insulted, nor upset. He just got down to work, as there was plenty to do in the abandoned and neglected house.

Soon he found a job merely to let him make both ends meet. As usual, he worked from dawn till dusk.

People didn't care much about the man, offered neither their company, nor friendship to him. They had their own work and families to run. In fact, he didn't impose himself upon anybody, either. After the years in the Mountains, he loved solitude. He thought that very few people had the rare opportunity to meditate in solitude about life as being the greatest wonder. He learnt from his Teacher to think so.

The Holiday in the City Park

One day there was a holiday in the city. In the park, festivities rolled in full swing from early morning. There was music all around. A whole bunch of bright balloons and kites were floating in the air.

Suddenly some boy lost hold of his kite-string. Free as a bird, the kite whirled and spun in the upcoming air flows, rising higher and higher. The little boy burst into tears and listened to no consolation. His mother took him in her arms and stroked him, but the boy wept bitter tears, reaching out his hands to the sky.

The entire city watched the fleeing kite, and all the people and especially children sympathized with the wailing boy.

Suddenly, the figure of a man appeared in the sky.

He was flying without any special devices, dressed in plain clothes: trousers and a loose white shirt, which had come out from under his belt. His hands were stretched towards the whirling kite, and the sleeves of his shirt were flapping in the wind like the wings of a bird.

Some onlookers at once recognized in the flying figure the wanderer, who had left for the Mountains many years ago and then returned, as people said, having obtained nothing at all. It was the wanderer who had faced danger not once, until he finally met a real sage, but the only "miracle" he had to work day by day was to shake out in secret the sleeping-mat of the old hermit.

The man flew still higher, up into the sky, watched by thousands of people's eyes. In an instant, the human hubbub hushed. In all the parks and gardens music stumbled and ceased halfphrase as if guided by the binding wave of a conductor's baton. All the attractions were stopped at the demand of the visitors.

All the cars in the city came to a unanimous standstill. All the rock-fans stalled the engines of their bikes and froze, their faces turned upwards. All the buses, trams and trolleybuses were brought to a halt on all routes, and their passengers flooded the pavements. The whole city was watching the sky, and felt like daydreaming.

Meanwhile, the man seized the lost kite and, artfully maneuvering amongst the floating kites and balloons, landed right next to the boy and handed his favorite toy to him.

"Now, hold it tight, will you," he said.

Hugging the kite tight, the happy boy pleaded: "Take me to fly with you! Oh, please, take me!"

The man looked embarrassed.

"I don't know, Little, if I can do it again... You see, I don't even know how it happened. It came all of a sudden. I was squaring the roof timbers and suddenly heard you crying so bitterly..."

But the boy's mother said quietly:

"Such things never happen by accident."

"Buy me an ice-cream!" demanded the boy, clutching at the hand of the kite-rescuer. He decided for himself that he would never let go of his new friend.

And the man responded quite readily:

"Sure. Let's go and buy it right now, whichever you pick."

The kite-rescuer felt in his pocket, looked at the boy's mother in utter embarrassment and said, confused:

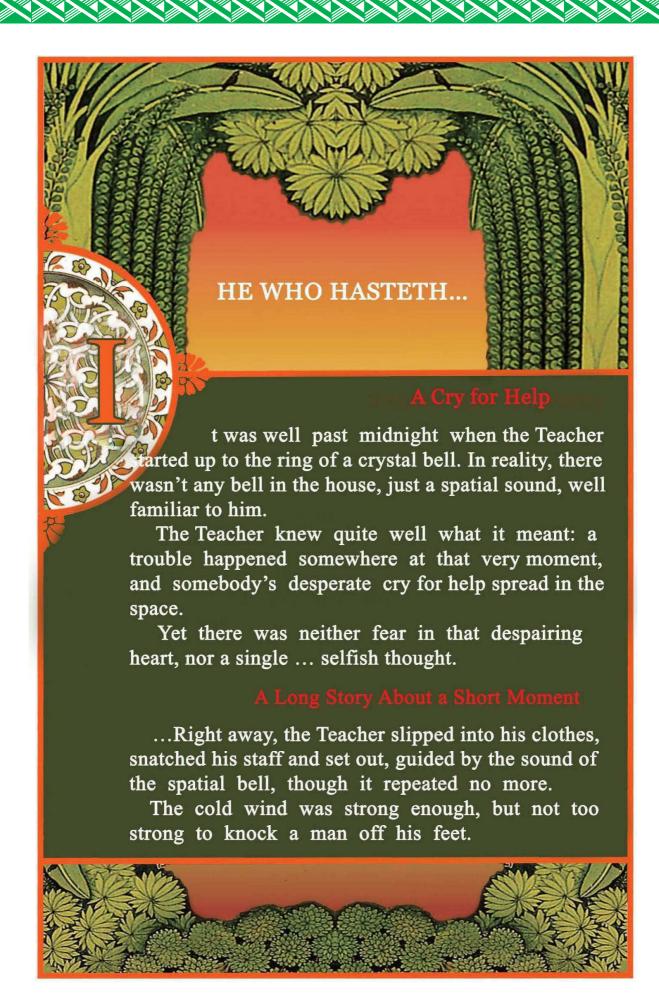
"Got no money on me... You see," he explained, "I'd been squaring the timbers before I flew up... It simply didn't occur to me how I'd be coming back. If I've got to walk, it'll be through the whole city. If I get on a tram, I'll have to stow away... But in my age, it doesn't appear quite appropriate... Would you be so kind as to lend me some money till the evening? I've promised to buy an ice-cream for your Little..."

The young woman nodded in agreement. She was smiling, because, unlike the kite-rescuer, she saw people mobbing quickly around them. And everyone was stretching out his hand in the hope that the flying man would take from him, not anybody else, the money to buy the tram ticket and the ice-cream...

There Are No Minor Things in the World

In his book entitled *Heart* (§ 508), Teacher Morya says:

"It will be asked how to feel the influence of the Teaching in the midst of daily life. The answer is – by the smallest things, by each action, each touch."



The mountain path was icy, and steep, and winding. To make things worse, the moon seemed stuck in the heavy clouds.

One had to be very careful not to fall into the abyss. But the Teacher knew every crook of the path and every stone on it, and he could put his foot firmly on the ground.

To cut the way he decided to cross the glacier, whose long icy tongue was gently sloping to the mountain lake. That lake never froze, even in the hardest of frosts, because of the hot springs spouting from the lake bottom. A solidly built boat and a firm oar were always set out ready for him on the lake shore.

The Teacher climbed aboard, and in a while he hit the opposite side of the lake.

His further way lay along the rocky riverside. He crossed it in the narrowest place, stepping from rock onto rock. And hardly had he done it, when suddenly heavy rain broke out. The little river swelled up, overflowed and was roaring threateningly.

The wind got stronger, the rain turned into a cold shower, and its streams lashed against the Teacher's face, filling his eyes.

In the valley, however, the downpour subsided into drizzle. Approaching the village he intended to cross, the Teacher even felt somewhat warmer, though a rainstorm in fall is all the same nasty and unpleasant. Besides, now the Teacher had to plant his boots in the thick squelching mud of the unpaved road instead of the rocky ground, so his way was much harder than on the mountain path. People looked out of their windows, puzzled.

"Where on earth is the man going in such awful weather?"

Others poked their fingers out of the windows and laughed:

"Just look at this weirdie! A good master wouldn't turn his dog out of the house in such a rainstorm! And he fancied a stroll! Why not stay indoors till it clears up?"

"Nonsense! He's just a hobo," said the rest. "So he wouldn't care about where he's going and when."

Only one woman looked out of the window and said to her teenager son:

"Poor man, where is he bound for on such a nasty day?.. Sonny, run and bring this man here to let him get warm and dry. It's so easy to catch a chill in a fall rainstorm."

The boy rushed out and overtook the man, but then returned alone and said to his mother:

"This man answered 'My heartiest thanks to you, but I am in a great hurry.' "

"Then run, Sonny," said the mother, "and give him this bag that I filled with food. Tell him that it'll come in handy on his way."

The boy obeyed, but then brought the bag back home.

"He thanked me again," he said, "but told me he was in a hurry to help a man. And when you are in a hurry you should go unladen. So he said and took nothing from me."

"God help this man!" sighed the mother. "And still I ask you again, dear: run after him and tell him to take off his wet cloak. Give him your father's waterproof raincoat instead. Otherwise, there's no way he avoids a chill."

When the boy talked to the traveler again and passed the mother's words, the man smiled and finally agreed to change his drenched cloak for a hardwearing raincoat. In a while, his figure dissolved in the grey shroud of the rain...

The Moment Goes On

...Night fell. On that rainy fall day the old bridge across the river – the one that had already been on the verge of crashing down for several years – was finally smashed and carried away by the streams. It happened right at the moment when a car that was passing the bridge just reached its middle. Going at full speed, it plunged into the dark water and started sinking. The driver tried several times to open the door, but all in vain. And finally, when he almost choked, somebody suddenly opened the door of the sinking car from the outside.

A swimmer, who occurred by some miracle to be right by his sinking car, unlocked the door and pulled out the half-choked driver on the river bank – right at the moment which the poor driver deemed the last in his life.

The rescuer turned out to be the traveler who had been hurrying to his destination through rain and wind.

He helped the saved driver to come to his senses and then covered him with the raincoat to keep the man warm.

"Don't worry, you're safe now," said the Teacher to the rescued man. "You are past the worst. A bit of rest for you, my friend, and you can go home. Well, you've got no car to ride back. But you're alive and unhurt. Isn't that great?"

They took the road to the village. The rain stopped. The wind was rapidly sweeping the clouds northwards. The sky was clearing up. The sun was about to rise.

"Thank you for the life, friend," spoke the rescued man, after a long silence. He seemed finally to have regained the ability to speak after his miraculous and totally unexplainable salvation.

"If I tell anyone about it," he went on "who will believe such a thing could happen!.."

"Still it could," smiled the Teacher.

"I keep thinking all the time... And still I can't make it out how you happened to be there, in the water? Well, no one would explain it, I guess! Who would ...go for a swim in the river by night, especially in such a storm?! God himself must have sent you to my rescue... But how should I deserve it? By

God, I have no clue. Honestly, I'm not a paragon, nor a saint at all. Nor a hopeless sinner, though. But I've got an angel of a wife! If one can be of pure gold, she is!"

"Yes, your wife's heart is of pure gold," echoed the traveler's voice.

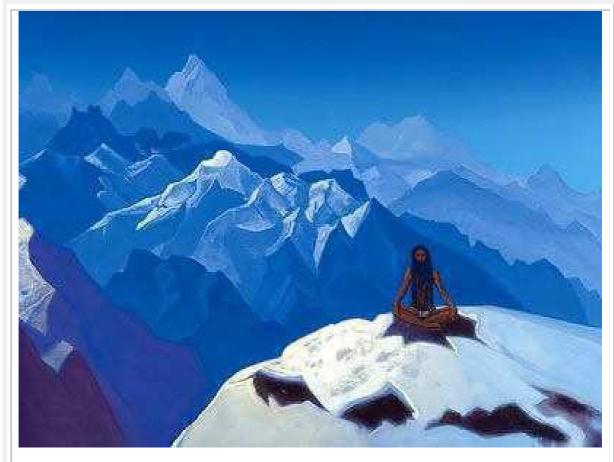
"If I'd died this night," went on the saved man, "she'd have gone mad with grief! Poor dear, she'd have suffered so much that I'd never forgiven myself for my early death! So I owe you till my dying day not so much for my saved life, as for the peace of mind of my beloved wife... But tell me finally, my friend, how come you appeared just in the nick of time, all of a sudden, in such a storm?"

"It was in the mountains that I heard your cry for help," answered the Teacher.

"Don't pick on me, good man!.. That makes it a whole two-day walk!" exclaimed the rescued man.

"But for one's thought it's a mere moment..." said the Teacher.

"What does thought have to do with it?" asked the driver of the sunken car, in utter surprise. "Did a thought save me? You saved me, with those hands of yours. It was you who saved me, you – a man of flesh and blood! And what is a thought? It's neither a rope, nor a ring-buoy. Can you throw it to a drowning man? Does it have hands, legs or muscles? So how could a thought save me?"



N. K. Roerich. On the Mountain Peaks. Tum-mo.

"Yes, it could," said the Teacher. "Thought can do everything!"

"Everything?!" asked the rescued man in surprise. "You don't mean it can even save a stranger, from a distance, do you?!"

"Yes," agreed the Teacher, "thought can do it from any distance. Unfortunately, it can also kill from any distance, if it's evil-meant. Human thought, I must tell you, just like any human desire or feeling, is by no means shapeless and lifeless. A person should know that every thought, every feeling and desire is a creature of a special kind. They are similar to invisible programmed robots, created by people in the process of thinking. The bodies of such entities don't consist of blood, bones and muscles, but of energy."

A Talk on the Properties of Thought

The rescued man listened to his bizarre companion with fascination and full trust. After what had happened to him earlier that night, he was ready to believe every single word of his, and besides, above all, he wanted to get an explanation for his miraculous life-saving.

"Trust me or not," went on the Teacher, "but a strong thought can obtain the image of the person whose heart created it... When you were drowning, you were thinking about your wife, weren't you?"

"Oh yes! Nobody else but her and my son!" confessed the man. "No thought of the lost car and even my own life, nearly lost as well. No fear and no sorrow for myself. I could think only about my wife and my son! It seemed the whole of myself focused into this single thought!"

"Most sure it was just like this," said the Teacher. "In moments of such intensity, like the one you went through, there's usually one thought which gets especially strong. It forces out all other thoughts and flies directly to its object. It obtains the image of the person, in whose heart it was born. In such moments the man himself seems to turn into this single thought. So I won't be surprised if your wife tells you that she saw you clear in the moment of danger..."

"How could it be that she saw me?!" exclaimed the man. "I was here, that's for sure! How could I've been here and there, at the same time?"

"That's right, you couldn't have been here and there at one time in your **physical** body," agreed the Teacher, "but you could appear before your wife in your phantom, or **illusory** body. To distinguish it from the physical body of a person, they also call it the **subtle body**."

"So I would appear before my wife as a ghost?" asked the man, his astonishment escalating.

"Well, close to it," said the Teacher. "In any case, you understand quite well there was absolutely no way you could have appeared before your wife in your physical body."

"You bet!" agreed the man at once. "At that moment, my physical body ... was drowning here!"

"The ancient sages of Orient," added the Teacher, "called in Sanskritthis mental double of man **mayavi-rupa**. It means the **'illusive form of a living man'**. It gives the full impression of seeing a real living man before you. Still, it's just an illusion."

At Lightning Speed

The rescued man looked at his companion intently. Then softlytouched his hand. Then slapped him on the back and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What do you mean by 'illusion'? You are not an illusionist, are you?"

"No. I'm not an illusionist," smiled the Teacher.

"Neither are you... a ghost!" said the saved man with confidence.

"No. I'm not a ghost," admitted the Teacher.

"I swear you are not an illusion!" insisted the rescued man. "You don't look like a man. You *are* a real man!"

"I am real," agreed the Teacher, "but not quite."

"How could it be 'not quite real'?" asked the confused man.

"In fact, every person consists of several people, or bodies," explained the Teacher. "The **physical** man of flesh and blood is a visible body. But in reality this body **is a sort of outer clothing for the other, invisible** bodies. The visible body walks on his feet. And if I'd been now in my dense, or physical body, I couldn't help you at the best of my will. I simply wouldn't have enough time. It would have taken me nearly two days to get here. But being in my subtle body, I appeared here immediately. The mental body moves at the speed of thought.

And the speed of thought is the speed of lightning. People are still unable to separate their dense bodies from the subtle ones **consciously**. But in our Mountain Abode, we knew how to do it long ago."

"You are not fooling me, are you?" asked the rescued driver warily and touched the shoulders of his companion again.

The Teacher smiled.

"No reason I need to fool you. We are able not only to separate intentionally and **instantlyour mental** bodies from **our physical** selves – that is, to separate and then again join our **subtle and dense bodies. We** also know how to condense our subtle body. And it can be condensed to such a point that **the invisible mental double becomes more than just visible**. A ghost can be visible too, but it usually resembles haze..."

"But... how can something invisible be made visible?" the rescued man was puzzled.

The Teacher said:

"It's like water vapor, which is invisible in the air: it can be condensed and turned not only into fluffy clouds floating in the sky, or into liquid water, but also into soft snow and even hard ice. Similarly, the invisible subtle body of a person can also be condensed and made visible. It can be condensed to such a degree that no one would ever tell this double of the man from his real physical body, even by touch."

The man, rescued by the mental double of the Teacher, could not utter a word, so much confused he was. And the Teacher, seeing his confusion, patiently went on with his explanations:

"You see me right here, don't you?.. Grip my hand, once again. Do you feel my handshake?"

"Most sure I do," said the saved man, responding to the firm clasp of the hot and sinewy hand of his savior.

"But actually," continued the Teacher, "my real self is still there where I was when you sank into the water."

"Th-th-there?" the rescued driver was hopelessly lost. "What do you mean by 'there'? Where on earth is 'there'? Do you mean you weren't near the bridge when I sank?"

"Right you are. I wasn't there," said the Teacher. "I was in the mountains then. Even now, I'm still there. And it is high time, my friend, for me to get busy with something, and I've been kept here chatting with you. It's high time for you

to go home. They've been on tenterhooks waiting for you... And you may keep my cloak as a memory."

"Your cloak?" said the puzzled man. "What are you talking about?"

"They'll tell you at home," smiled the Teacher. "Your wife must have dried it already. The appearance of this cloak in this house will be another riddle for you, not less miraculous than your rescue. Now it's hard to say whether you'll manage to solve it in this life or not. But your son is already eager to comprehend that the visible and invisible worlds are inseparably linked. It's time all people admitted this truth, whether they are sinking or not... Good bye, my friend..."

And the Teacher vanished. Only his fading voice still resounded in the air:

"And your wife is pure gold indeed. I saved you to spare her gentle heart from suffering..."

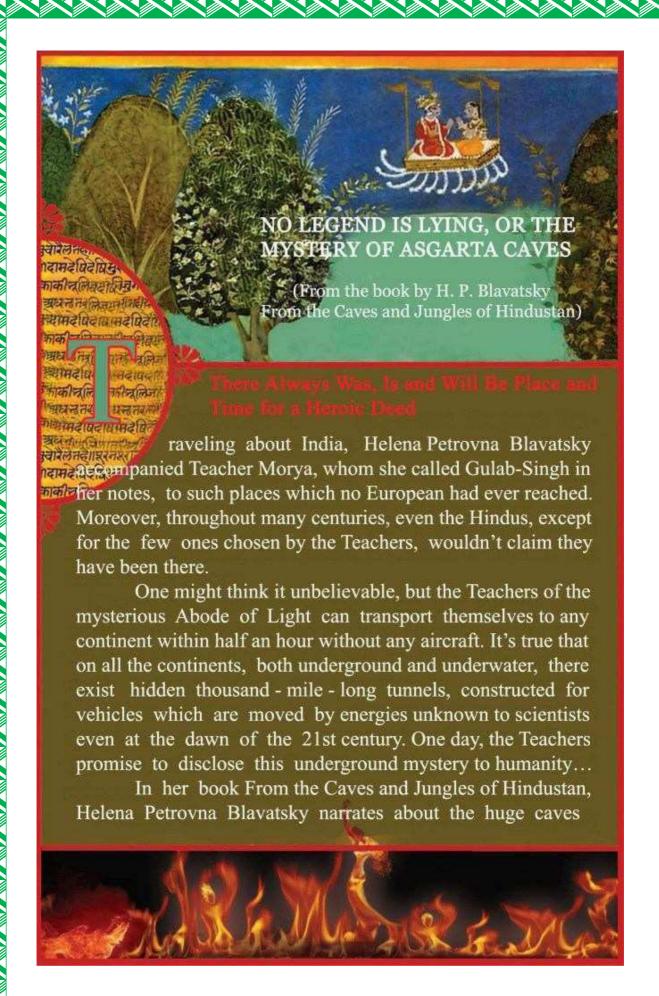
The astounded driver looked about for some time. But no sign remained of the man, who had pulled him out of the dark raging river that night, for the sake of his kind-hearted wife.

In the Invisible World, Where Thought Lives, Time Doesn't Exist, Because Thought Covers Any Distance in No Time

When man thinks, he immediately connects through his mental energy, of which his subtle body consists, with one of the invisible Worlds of the Cosmos – the World of Thought, or the Mental World.

Teacher Morya says in his book Brotherhood (§ 291):

"It is especially difficult to perceive the instantaneousness of action of the subtle body. People have so bound themselves with the conventional concept of time in its earthly sense, that it is impossible for them to get away from the idea of lengthiness of time."



in the temple of Jajmou, which are mentioned in the Puranas – the ancient Indian legends.

Up to the end of the 20th century scientists, with a minor exception, treated ancient legends and stories as mere fiction and fruits of imagination. But we already know what the Teachers of Light think and say about legends. When they assert that no single legend and no ancient tale is lying, they do know **what** they say.

So the caves described in the thousand-year-old legends are by no means fictitious.

The Teacher brought Helena, his disciple, to the place where only an Initiate could be admitted. The Teacher allowed her to describe in her book just a part of her experiences and impressions — only those which in no way could break the mystery of the caves location.

Whether the European and Russian readers would believe the legend about the mournful end of the ancient Indian city of Asgarta was the least of the Teacher's concerns.

In short, this is what one of the chapters of the book *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* tells about.

...Two men ruled the Indian city of Asgarta: Sudasa-Rishi, who was the spiritual leader of the people, and his brother Agasti, the great kingwarrior. When they both were away, the kingdom was ruled by maharani – the great queen, who once had been a Sun-Virgin in the Temple of the Sun called in Sanskrit Surya-Nari.

The king of Himavata was enchanted by the beauty of the Sun-Virgin and decided to marry her, but this cruel man aroused nothing but repulsion in her. She preferred to make herself a sacrifice on the altar of the sacred fire rather than to marry the person she despised.

No one could dissuade the great priestess of the Sun Temple to burn herself alive. Only one man was able to do this – king Agasti himself. Only the king could exercise the right to reverse the decision of the Sun-Virgin.

King Agasti saw the Sun-Virgin right at the moment when she was ready to immolate herself. King Agasti was fascinated by the beauty of the Sun-Virgin and demanded her as his wife. She agreed.

But the king of Himavata wouldn't forget the insult and swore to take revenge.

Many years passed and once, when king Agasti was in the war on Lanka, the king of Himavata raided into Asgarta.

The queen fought for her city bravely, but the enemy's troops were overwhelming, and the city was seized by attack.

So the queen took her children, and summoned all the Sun-Virgins from the temples, and all the wives and daughters of her subjects, and all the maidens of Asgarta. She ordered them to go down to the caves under the Temple of the Sun, where all the treasures of the city had already been collected.

The great queen said that she preferred to burn in fire, but would never surrender to the hateful enemy. And then she asked all the women and maidens: were they ready to follow her?

"Those of you who are not ready may leave," said the queen.

But all the 69,000 wives and maidens of Asgarta answered:

"We are ready to burn in the fire with you. We are not to surrender to the hateful foe!"

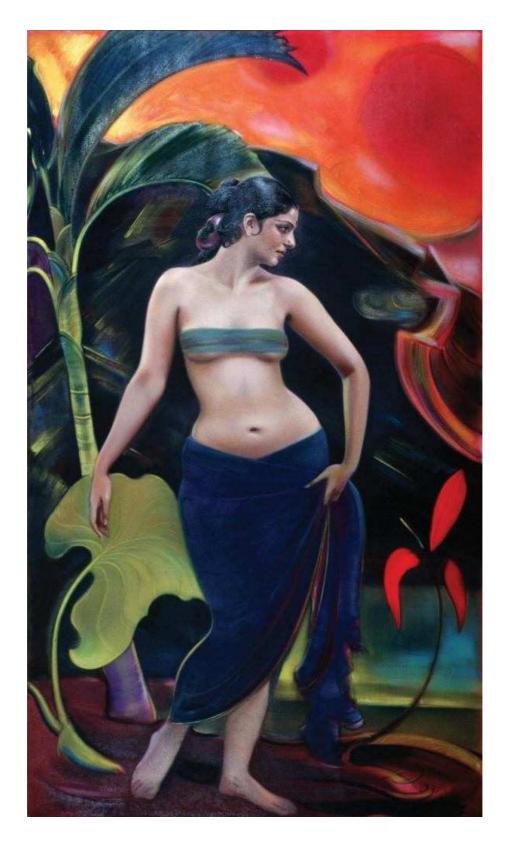
So the women of Asgarta performed this heroic feat. They preferred death in anguish to shame and slavery.

When king Agasti came back and faced the tragedy that had happened, he chased the army of the king of Himavata, and defeated it, and took the king and the 11,000 enemy warriors as prisoners.

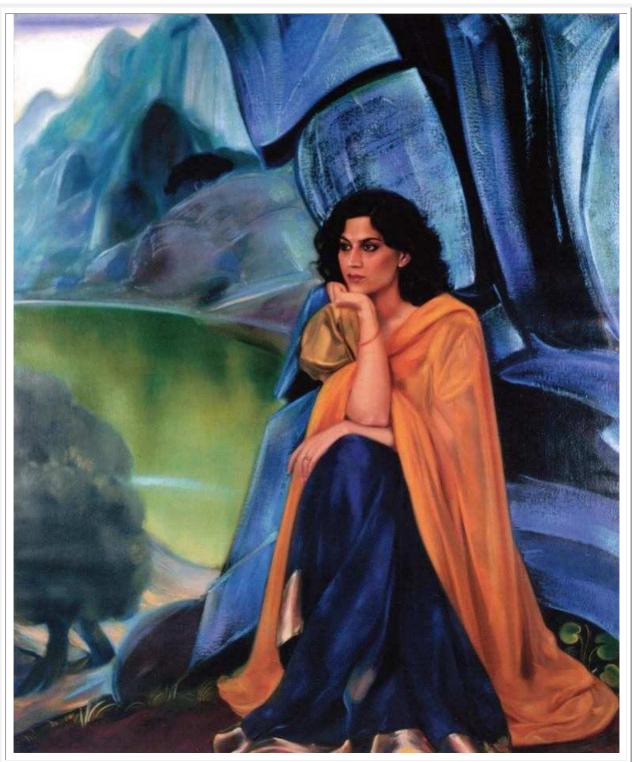
When he returned to the ruins of his city, he forced his prisoners to rebuild it anew – into an ever more beautiful city.

When the city was reconstructed, the widowed king ordered to set up a tremendous fire in front of the Temple of the Sun. And there, on that fire Agasti ordered to burn down the king of Himavata and all his 11,000 warriors

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S. N. Roerich. Dancer RoshanVajifdar.



S. N. Roerich. Portrait of AsgariQadir.

Humanity Will Never Be Given Anything Before Due Time

"According to tradition and ancient chronicles," writes in her book Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, "the cave that we had passed as well as the one that we were to pass through, on the other side of the catacombs, were just those underground chambers of the Temple where the queen had burnt herself down. That mild ground that I had at first taken for finest black sand was in reality the ashes of 69000 women and kumarikas (virgins)!

- "...I can't give more detailed account of this underground journey for many reasons the main of which is a complete obscurity of this place for everybody. And besides a lot of things we heard and saw there was so weird that I hardly can find proper words for a more accurate description. There exist also other catacombs: for instance, those of Amber near Jeypoor where no European, except us, had ever been; or subterranean tunnel leading far off under the sea bed from Elephanta where we nearly choked with the Parses who accompanied us having penetrated for somewhat about two miles into it...
- "– Would you mind, asked Helena Petrovna from her fellow-traveler Gulab-Singh, if I make a description of these Jajmou caverns for Russian public?
- "- Nothing at all, answered the *Teacher*, if you can rely upon your memory...
 - "– And what if they (Englishmen) conduct a search and find it? Gulab Singh slyly narrowed his eyes...
- "-...nine chances from ten that having read your description Englishmen would take it for another fairytale concocted by you. These people are too proud and self-asserted to admit that there exist any places in their domain they've never heard about and haven't yet posted their sentinels in...
- "– And what if a card number ten would be accidentally pulled out from the pack... what then?
 - "- Then they will set out for a search, but they will find nothing."

In Two Places at One Time

Further on Helena Petrovna offers another suggestion. What if the Englishmen, she says, and their spies, who prowled over the conquered India, found out somehow, that the Teacher had visited Kaunpuri and Jajmou? And what if they force him into showing the way to those

mysterious caves, and use all possible methods... all **to make** him disclose the mystery?..

"What would you do then?" she asked her Teacher.

The Teacher laughed, and his laughter was quiet, almost inaudible.

"Don't worry," said he, "for **this will never happen**. And if even they try to 'bother' me... I'll say nothing at all in my defense. In this case I'll appeal to the collector of my district and to all its inhabitants who know me, and mister B., the collector, will report that since the 15th of March up to the 3rd of June 1879 I... never did leave the territory of my own 'raj'! Moreover, he was visiting me personally twice a week. And all the nearby inhabitants – all of them Englishmen, by the way – will certainly confirm this...".

The passage refers not only to the well guarded mystery of the caves of legendary Asgarta. It also alludes to the secret known to the Teachers, who are well aware of the inmost structure of the human body and have long ago mastered the power of thought. A powerful and disciplined thought, along with a powerful and disciplined will, allows the Teachers to perform things that we take as miracles.

The Teachers are able to... **double themselves**. And this ability gives them an opportunity... to be in **different** places... **at the same time**.

The Himalayan Teachers of Light still think it is too early to reveal many things to humankind, and such mysteries have been guarded so strictly throughout thousands of years that no one has had any luck so far or will ever succeed in trying to obtain the secret knowledge of the Himalayan Stronghold by force.

Helena Petrovna in her book asks her Teacher questions not because she wants to break the sacred rules of the Himalayan Abode of Light. This she would never have done, even in the face of death in agony! Being a Messenger of the Teachers of Light, she knew perfectly well the answers to all her questions. But it was on purpose that she put them in that very form, in which they could be asked by an ordinary reader.

Investigating Miracles, Not Denying Them

Being a Messenger of the mysterious Teachers of Light, Helena Petrovna was their Initiate. Guided by the Teacher, she spiritually transformed her body to such a degree that she could demonstrate amazing abilities called miracles by common people.

Even the proud Brahmins (the superior Hindu caste) in India and Sri Lanka, many of them well-educated people and experts in ancient teachings, worshipped this wonderful woman and called her the White Yogi.

But Helena Petrovna did not demonstrate such miracles in public. Some of her **higher** psychic abilities she exposed only to the closest friends and companions as a pleasant leisurely divertissement. But at the same time, Helena Petrovna pursued another hope, the more so as she had prominent scientists and researchers among her friends and followers.

Helena Petrovna cherished a hope that every phenomenon that her friends could observe with their own eyes would spark some thought about the hidden, that is, the innermost aspect of man and nature. This side of nature was then unknown to materialistic science. Moreover, it was denied and, as a result, never studied.

Miracles Differ

Those who witnessed the phenomena manifested through Helena Petrovna were greatly impressed. But she never admitted a single thought of being superior to other people, or getting any material benefit from her way-out psychic abilities. Just on the contrary, she always said to her friends that miracles were impossible. She said they just witnessed the demonstration of a few psychic abilities which would be available to every man in due time, for they already exist in every person, though yet unawakened. In the course of time, when people get rid of their selfishness and rush for profit, they will become **highly spiritual** and their **higher psychic abilities** will unfold **naturally**.

Superior psychic qualities can develop only in a natural way. Similarly, a human embryo develops in the mother's womb, gradually and naturally passing all the successive stages throughout the nine months. If try and extract it from the maternal womb after only three or five months, the embryo will not survive. Moreover, at a certain stage the natural evolution of the superior psychic qualities can progress only under the guidance of a Teacher of Light, and this process is called the fiery transmutation of the body. To prepare for this transmutation one must first learn to live in such a way as to completely get rid of all unworthy thoughts and actions: selfishness, greed, hypocrisy, vanity, irresponsibility, malice, hatred, envy, rush for revenge, susceptibility, inquisitiveness and so on.

However, the **lower** psychic qualities can develop relatively quickly with the help of different artificial methods, special exercises known as black art. Any nosey and irresponsible person can develop them, even a spiritually ignorant individual, selfish, evil-minded and cruel.

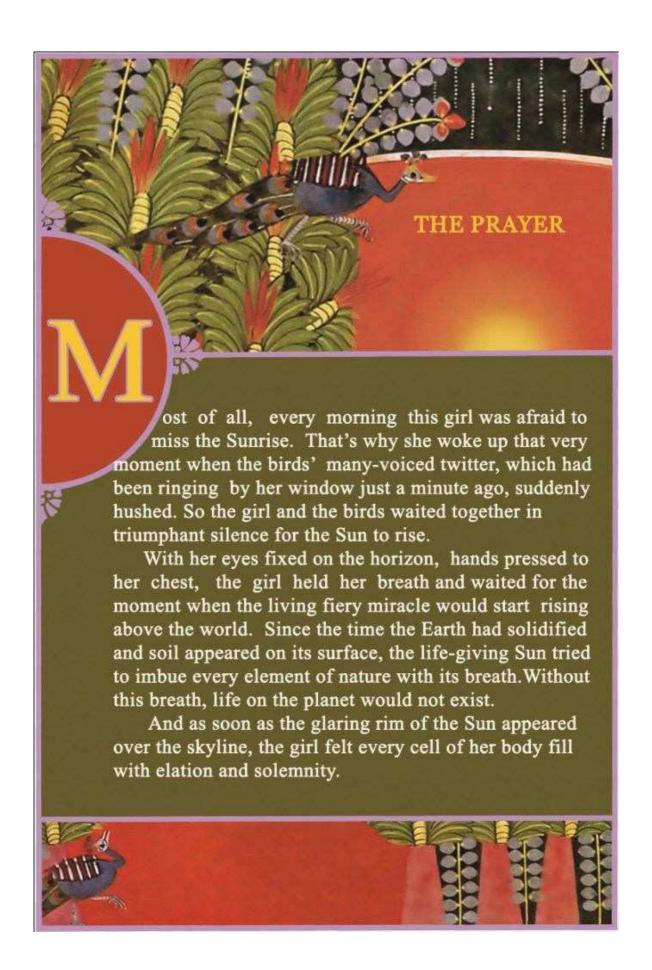
God save us from a light-minded attitude to miracles of this kind. Those are **black art** practices. They will inevitably lead one to irretrievable trouble. He can lose his mind and go mad. Or he can be quickly destroyed by the fiery

disease. Or, the outcome can be still worse: he can become a dark magician or a slave to a black magician.

Certainly, such a seeker of the rapid evolution of his hidden psychic qualities will be able to perform some miracles. He can even acquire hypnotic abilities, which would allow him to influence others, both visibly and invisibly, and subject them to his evil intentions.

But for such people, the higher forces are far beyond reach!





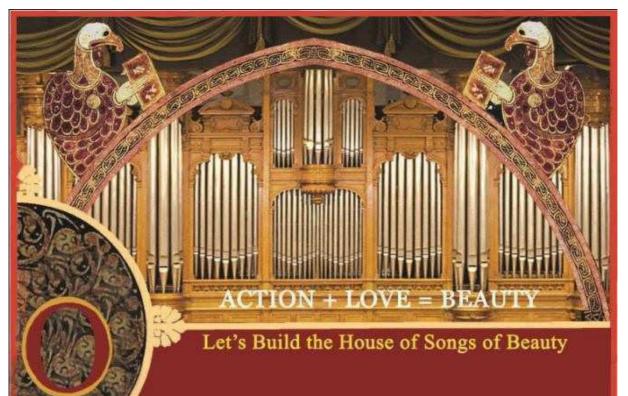
All outside objects and sounds quickly vanished in this stringing solemn silence. It happened as the girl stepped into the mysterious silence of her heart. And in this silence the heart appeared a thousand times greater inside than perceived from the outside. Moreover, it was like a door leading into the boundless space of Cosmos where the Earth, the Moon and other planets turned round the Sun, and there was still enough room for the countless stars. If anyone called out the girl's name at this moment, she wouldn't respond. She felt dissolving in the remarkably fragrant atmosphere, where amazingly beautiful flowers glared with fire-blossoms, and time didn't exist.

When the fiery Star started rising above the skyline, the girl's lips whispered: "Lord Sun! Look, here is the purest chalice before you! This is my heart. Fill this living chalice with that light of yours. Some day, I'll encounter my Teacher. And then I'll ask Him to let me water from this chalice the flowers of the Sun in his garden."

The girl composed this prayer to the Rising Sun all by herself. She recited it every morning, as soon as the Sun started rising above the horizon...

Many people refuse to believe that there are no accidental things in our life. But this is the way life is. Neither our birth-day, nor our death-day is accidental. Even our names are not given to us out of the blue, though nowadays parents don't always realize this when they choose a name for their baby. But when people spoke about this girl, who was named Sun-Worshipper, they always remarked in surprise:

"The girl and her name are a perfect match, indeed! That's simply amazing! She had hardly been born, when they could foresee it! Could it be by accident?"



nce the girl called Sun-Worshipper was walking along the street and saw a group of workers almost finished demolishing quite a new house, while nearby, the foundation for another building had already been constructed. Brick and other necessary materials were being delivered, and a team of bricklayers were ready to set to work.

The girl stopped as she couldn't understand why those men were taking down a well-maintained house, which could have served to the common good for centuries.

The girl asked the master bricklayer what they were doing.

"We're building the House of Songs," answered the master.

"But you've just demolished the House of Songs!" exclaimed the girl in surprise.



"Yes, we did," agreed the man, "but the songs people learned here didn't just sound boring. The clatter of a tearing horse-herd would be far more pleasant to hear than the music which sounded here."

Still the girl couldn't understand why it was necessary to pull down a firmstanding building. Couldn't they just sing new songs in it?

All the materials were delivered, all the workers were on call. But the bricklayers wouldn't start. They all were in their working places, trowels in their hands, but stood as if waiting for something. They were waiting, silent and somewhat detached. They looked like orchestra musicians who froze before the wave of a conductor's baton.

The girl wondered about what was going to follow. When would the bricklayers finally start working?

But suddenly, the bricklayers' wives, daughters and granddaughters came to the construction site. Those who were young and yet unmarried saw their brides. They were all beautifully dressed, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, green twigs in their hands. They formed a circle, surrounding the bricklayers, and started singing.

Direct your eye like a falcon into the distance. Through Beauty will you approach. Understand and remember.
I have entrusted you to pronounce Beauty.
I bid you pronounce Beauty.

You, my daughter, said – Love.
And you, my son, said – Action.
And you, both, said – Beauty.
If you desire the Gates to be opened to you, useMy Sign.
I said Beauty, in combat and victory.
I said Beauty, and failure was covered by Beauty.
Mountains blossomed with Beauty.

And the bricklayers set to work.

They worked very diligently and beautifully.

The singing of their beloved wives, daughters, granddaughters and brides was harmonious and heartfelt. And a fascinating rhythm of creation was born in this smooth unity of laboring hands inspired by a wonderful song.

^{*} These lines are taken from the book by Teacher Morya, the Master of Shambala, Leaves of Morya's Garden. The Call. It is compiled from the Teacher's statements, taken from his conversations with his disciples, Nikolai KonstantinovichRerikh and Helena IvanovnaRerikh. The quoted passage is dated July 26, 1924. This book opens the printed series of the Teaching of Living Ethics (Agni Yoga). It was first published on March 24, 1924. To date, the books of the Teaching have been republished many times.

This rhythm transferred secret wisdom and beauty right to the place where the hands of men and the hearts of women did their work. And the Light of the Higher World descended on the Earth.

Beautiful Feelings and Thoughts Clean out Ugliness and Filth from Space

The girl saw golden glow flowing upwards from the site ground and mingling with a similar flow of light streaming from the sky. And the strained air of the place, which just recently quivered like a bed sheet in the wind, calmed down in this alliance of the earthly and the heavenly. The dissonance (discord) of spatial currents gave way to harmony, and the world around seemed to take on breathing freely.

The girl observed the miracle of purifying the surrounding space with the beauty of joyful, spiritually inspired labor.

She watched in astonishment, as if through some peculiar inner vision, raging sinister black whirlwinds, invisible to the physical eyesight, being eliminated, and disgusting grey slime, which waved and wandered over the ground, disappearing, nearly dissolving in the sunshine.

Sun-Worshipper could both hear and at the same timesee the sounds. She saw the harmonious and pleasing sounds of the women's voices and watched the tunes of their songs penetrate into the cement mass in marvelous opalescent waves. And the grey cement solution, which was used to mortar bricks and came across as quite uncomely to the ordinary eye, looked perfectly alive, radiant and iridescent with heavenly colors. This cement was the major, inmost-born component of the construction. It bound the bricks together, irradiating them with invisible light. As it hardened, the cement lost its opalescence, but remained glowing and phosphorescent.

The beautiful female voices seemed to liven the air, and it vibrated with joy at every sound of the human voices. Many passers-by stopped, first admired the nice singing and then eagerly joined the choir. Even the girl herself missed the instant when she humbly joined in a song.

The work on the construction site stopped only at dusk. And the girl thought: "What was it? Routine work?Or an inspired hymn to labor? Or rather, was it a prayer?"

On her way back home Sun-Worshipper finally realized why those people had decided to build a new House of Songs in a totally different place.

The walls of the demolished House had been erected in a completely different atmosphere. The previous workers had viewed their work neither as a

hymn to spirit-inspired labor, nor as an art meant to bring joy to people, and least of all, as a prayer. They toiled and didn't think about beauty. They thought that their hard and dirty work was low-paid. They did it and cursed their employers, and used a lot of swear-words while talking to each other. Most of all, they wished to call it a day, knock back a glass of beer or wine, go home and lie down on a sofa to stare into the TV-set.

Things turned for the worse, when the House of Songs finally opened. The clatter of a tearing horse-herd would be far more pleasant to hear than the music which sounded there. The voices of singing men and women were hoarse and hysterical. The more so, amplified by the powerful loudspeakers, they shattered not only the air, but also the ground, and provoked an increase in the number of nervous disorders.

Pretty soon the House of Songs soaked and teemed with rough sounds and coarse lyrics. The energies emitted by every brick in it were extremely harmful for human body and the surrounding space as well.

But time passed, and life changed a lot. People came to know that human energies irradiate everything whatever their thoughts or hands touch. Every cobble-stone in the pavement, every brick in the house, and every object created by man bear an imprint of human thought and mood.

A Song for the Teacher

The next day the girl came across an unusual advertisement in the newspaper: "Bakery is seeking a worker to knead dough and sing at the same time. Highest salary. Major and invariable requirement: the songs must be beautiful, and the singing should be heartfelt and sincere."

Sun-Worshipper smiled happily.

"Now I know what I'll give my Teacher as a present on the Day of Great Teachers. I'll give him my song as a present, the one I've composed lately." And she started singing quietly.

Let me become Your bird.
I'll take wing at daybreak.
I'll take wing from your palm
To fly high in the sky
Singing songs of the Sun
And to die on the sharp rocks
If ever You need
To prolong for a moment,
For one single moment,
Your life on the Earth.

"When you learn no Songs, you have nothing to talk with"

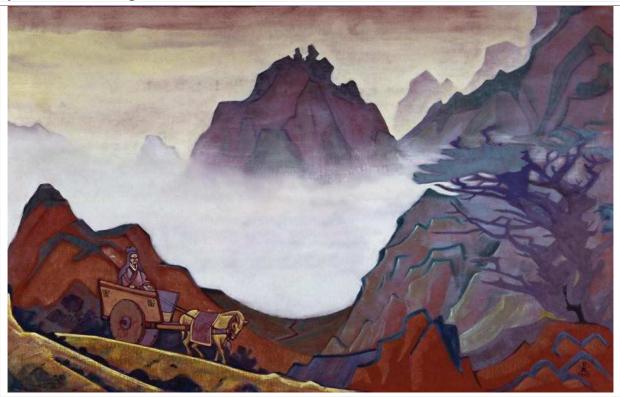
Teacher Morya, the present Master of Shambala, says in his book *Brotherhood* (§ 17): "...verily, work can be accompanied by both joy and inspired thought."

Further on, in the same book (§ 92) the Teacher warns:

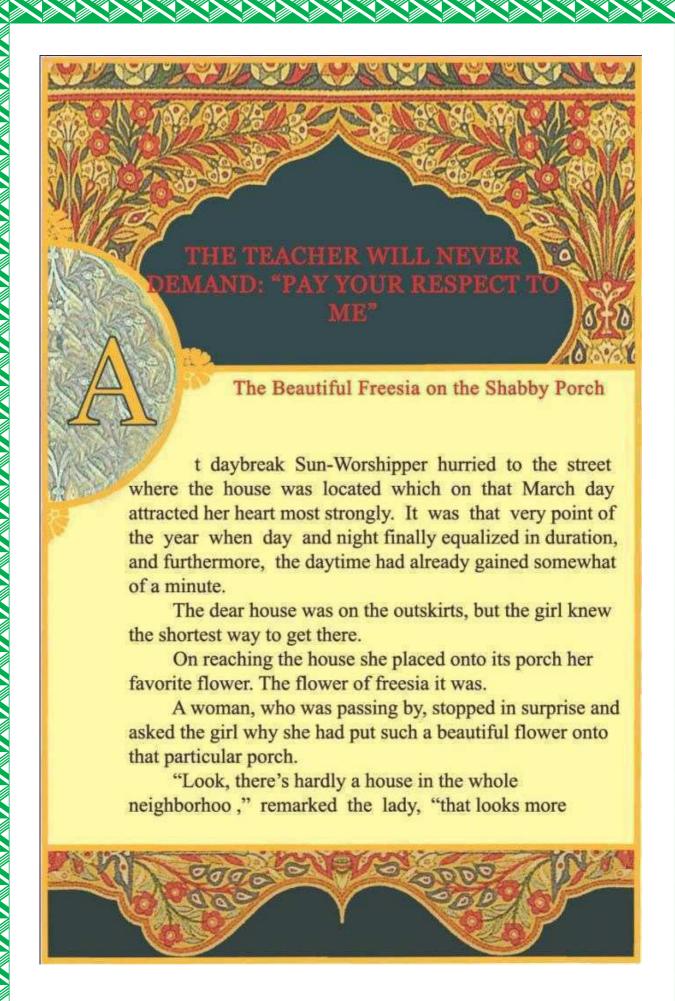
"Detested labor is not only a misery for the unsuccessful worker but it poisons the whole surrounding atmosphere. The discontent of the worker does not permit him to find joy and to improve the quality."

"Teach the inheritors – teach them beauty," he says in the book *Leaves of Morya's Garden. Illumination.*(Part 1, I; 3.).

The great sage of ancient times, the previous Master of Shambala, had been the First Educator of Ancient China in one of his former lives. It was more than 2.5 thousand years ago, K'ung Fu-tze (Confucius) was his name. Once he told his disciples, what he had heard by chance in some house. A man asked his son, who was running idle about the yard: "Do you learn any Songs?" "No!" answered the son. Then the wise father said to him: "When you learn no Songs, you have nothing to talk with."



N. K. Roerich. Confucius the Just One.



unattractive and neglected than this one."

And she was right. The windows of that house were not only lop-sided, but also very dirty, as if they hadn't been washed for a couple of years or even more. The plaster on the front wall had come off in spots. The porch was half-rotten. In addition, everybody knew that an old grumpy woman lived alone in that house.

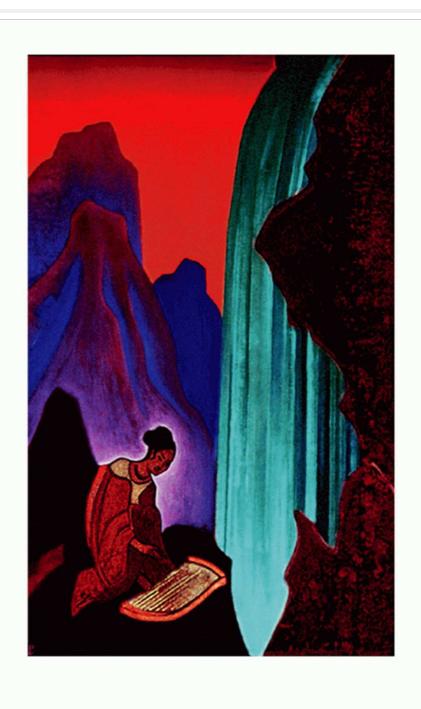
"You must admit," said the woman, "that this marvelous fragrant flower on the porch of such a house looks like a diamond brooch pinned on the filthy old rags of a tramp."

The girl had never seen a diamond brooch in her life, that's why she explained to the woman why she had placed her favorite freesia onto the porch of that ramshackle hut.

"I heard a legend that once, a very-very long time, maybe a hundred or even two hundred years ago, one winter night the dwellers of this house sheltered a wanderer, who had got nearly frozen in the heavy snow-storm. That man in his threadbare clothes was tired and cold and barely dragged his feet, but people wouldn't let him in, as if he was a stray dog. But the owners of that house, though poor themselves, didn't turn out the stranger. They welcomed him in their house, made him warm and soothed with kind words. They fixed some hot water for the half-frozen man to warm his feet, and treated him to tea with raspberry jam and a cake. And then they let him sleep on the only bed in their house, on a brand new bed-sheet..."

"Did I miss the point?" wondered the woman, though she quite liked the girl's story. "What's the reason to put such a wonderful flower onto the porch of this house, a hundred years later? It is neither a monument to a famous person, nor a sacred place!.."

"It all depends, but for me this place is truly sacred," confessed the girl. "And it doesn't matter at all that the plaster has come off. And the windows are dirty. And the porch is rotten. And one corner might crash down at any moment. In this place, my heart starts beating in a special way. And I feel such joy inside!.."



N. K. Roerich. Song of the Waterfall

Awaiting. Or the Legend About the Messenger of the Sacred Mountains

The woman liked the girl who was looking at her with eyes so radiant that their light filled the heart with harmony and tranquility.

"So what is sacred about this place?" asked the lady. She wanted to hear what this wonderful girl had to tell her.

And Sun-Worshipper went on with her story.

"Actually, the dwellers of this house were not quite ordinary people. That was because they believed, unlike other people, that some day the Messenger of the Sacred Mountains would knock at their door and show them the way to the Teacher of Light. They didn't know for sure when it could happen. They even admitted that it might not necessarily happen in this life. And still, they lived in constant wait. They didn't know about those sacred books which say that the Teacher of Light and the Messenger of Light would never demand: 'Pay your respect to Me.'*

Those people didn't read such books. But their hearts were always filled with love to the Messenger of Light. And any minute they were ready to pay him their heartiest respect. They didn't know why, but they were well aware that the Messenger of Light would never say: 'Give me shelter and board, for I am the Messenger!' That's why they listened for every knock at the door and kept a new cup ready for the Messenger, which hadn't been drunk from, and a new bed-sheet to make the bed for him... They didn't know for sure when he would knock at their door. All their lives they just slept very light, and listened for every tap, and opened the door to every wanderer. 'What if he is the Messenger?' thought those kind-hearted people. And they poured him water into a new cup, and made his bed with a new bed-sheet, and peered into his eyes with hope... And so years passed. Decades flashed past. But the Messenger wouldn't come. Or maybe he had already been at their place and gone. They didn't know. So when the weather turned bad, they would spend the night half-sleepless... A long time ago they had lost count of the visitors they'd let in during their life! No count of those they'd welcomed! No count of the cups they'd bought! No count of the new bed-sheets spread on the bed!.. And each time they thought: what if this wanderer is the Messenger? Or maybe, that one? Or that one? They never asked. There was no point. No Initiate would ever say that he was an Initiate, just as no Messenger would ever say: 'I am the Messenger!' They just listened keenly to the stories that their guests told them and looked into their eyes with undying hope."

"Just fancy what they say!" went on the girl. "The hearts' wait of those noble people wasn't vain. Who do you think knocked at their door on that nasty night I

^{*} The Signs of Agni Yoga, §119.

told you about?.." exclaimed the girl and pressed her hands to her chest, joyfully.

"Was it the Messenger?!" cautiously supposed the woman. "The Messenger of Light?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the girl. "The Messenger of Light!Nobody else but the Great Teacher himself!"

"But how did they know it?" wondered the woman. "Did he uncover himself? Or did they ask him anyhow?"

"No," answered the girl, "they asked him nothing, and nothing did he say."

"Then how could they know that he was the Teacher of Light?" said the puzzled woman.

The girl smiled.

"Don't you know that one can recognize the Teacher without even asking? So those people simply understood who came to them. As soon as that half-frozen man entered the room, they knew him at once!"

"But how did they understand this?" insisted the woman.

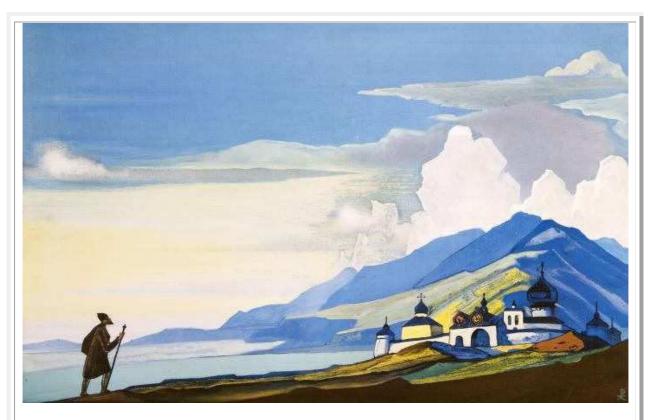
The girl pressed her hands to the chest again, and her eyes looked ever more beaming.

"All at once they felt very warm in their bosom!" said the girl, her voice filled with joy and excitement. "Even hot! And such joy they felt! No words can describe that joy! They thought: 'So that must be the rapture of spirit! One's heart can greet the one person with such delight, and that is the Teacher of Light only! The heart recognized!"

The girl paused for a while, as the story she'd been telling made her overexcited. And then she said:

"Today is the 24th of March. This is the Day of the Great Teachers of humanity. On that day I always put a flower on the porch of this house. For the foot of the Teacher had once trod it."

"Thank you for your story, little," said the woman, grateful to the girl. "Now, every year on March 24, I will bring here, too, the most beautiful flower."



N. K. Roerich. Messenger of the City of Light

The Heart Remembers

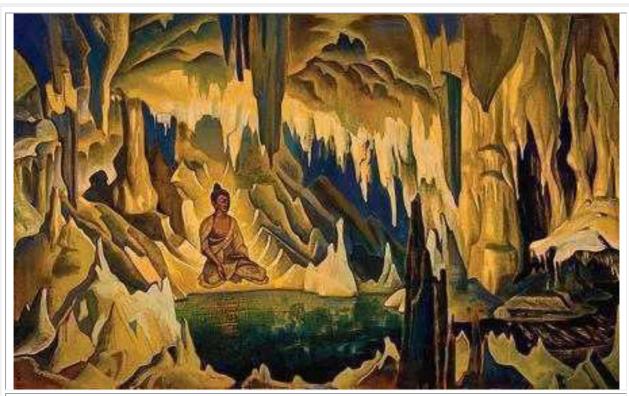
...Afterwards, wherever the girl called Sun-Worshipper lived and whichever places she visited, recollections of that old house always filled her with the utmost delight.

And what happened in that house on that memorable winter night showed to her as vividly as if it had happened... to her: as if she lived in it a hundred years ago, as if no one else but she herself poured hot water into the tub on that chilly winter night to warm the frozen feet of the wanderer, who appeared more dead than alive, as if she herself rubbed his ice-cold hands with hers and breathed on them trying to warm him.

This vision arose so distinct in the girl's mind that she could even picture the Teacher's face, every line and wrinkle, though his looks weren't even mentioned in the legend...

With her eyes fixed on the horizon, hands pressed to her chest, the girl held her breath and waited for the moment when the living fiery miracle would start rising above the world. And as soon as the glaring rim of the Sun appeared over the skyline, the girl felt every cell of her body fill with elation and solemnity. And as usual, she confided to the Sun in whisper the dearest inmost secret.

"Lord Sun! Look, here is the purest chalice before you! This is my heart. Fill this living chalice with that light of yours. Some day, I'll encounter my Teacher. And then I'll ask Him to let me water from this chalice the flowers of the Sun in his garden."



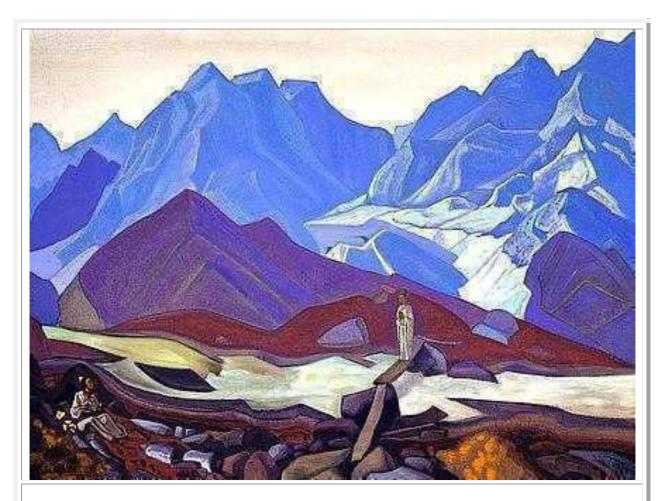
N. K. Roerich. Buddha the Winner.

The Great Star was rising over the horizon, waking up everything alive from its sleep. It reminded every human being, every animal and plant to resume their affairs, which had been put off for a time since yesterday.

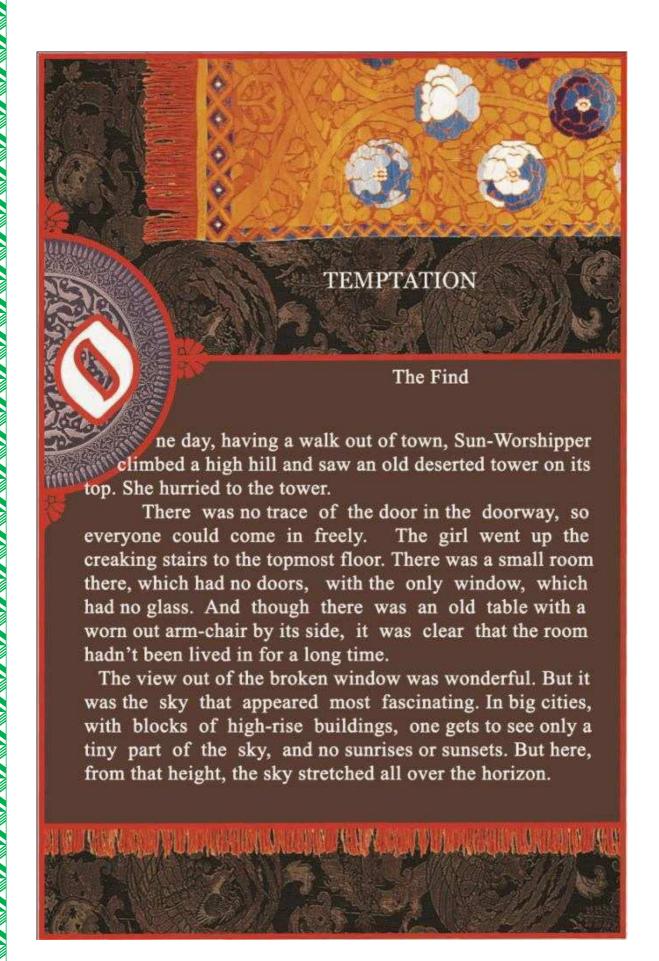
And on severe winter nights, just before falling asleep the girl pictured Lord Sun in her imagination and addressed It in her fervent prayer:

"Lord Sun! Let me encounter the Teacher on my way! Send me the Teacher, as I want to be a mitten on his hand to protect his fingers from freezing in the winter cold!"

Every evening, going to bed, she sent her silent prayer into space. And distance didn't matter, for she was absolutely sure that no distance could separate a human heart from the heart of the Teacher.



N. K. Roerich. Therefrom.



The tower seemed to be standing in the center of a huge circle. It embraced the whole town, which was half-surrounded by the river on one side and half-encircled by the forest and fields on the other.

As the girl was fond of meditating in solitude, her discovery turned out to be a real joy for her. In the upper drawer of the table covered with a thick blanket of dust the girl found a leather tube-case. She opened it and gasped at what she saw: there was an old spyglass inside – the object of her dreams. She carefully lifted the spyglass to her eyes.

And right at that moment she saw wondrous things happening in the sky: the Sun was setting on one side of it, on the opposite, the Moon was rising into the sky, still light blue. Craters on the Moon could be seen through the spyglass, as well spots on the Sun and its corona.

Then the first star sprang up in the goldish-blue sky. That was the girl's favorite star – Venus, the queen of heaven. As the Sun was setting, none of the stars and planets dared to appear in the sky – all of them were waiting for the one, their only queen. And only in a while, the stars started to show in the black of the sky.

That night the girl watched the stars through the spyglass till she fell asleep in the arm-chair, overwhelmed with happiness and tightly clasping the precious find to her bosom.

It's Nobody's

In the morning Sun-Worshipper realized that her happiness was coming to an end: she had to part with her precious treasure.

"But actually, why should I?" a thought flashed through her mind. "Why should I leave it here if nobody seems to have cared about it for a long time? If it had been otherwise, this spyglass wouldn't have been left here, in an old table on the top of an old, half-ruined tower!"

And still, the girl was in two minds. She asked herself if it was herwho had put into the table drawer this priceless thing. And the answer was: "No, that wasn't me!" Then she asked herself again: was she absolutely positive that the owner of the spyglass would never come back for it? And again she had to confess: "No. I cannot be sure of that."

But on the other hand, the girl still clasped her treasure to the chest and kept persuading herself: after all, was the tower locked? Were there any signs of anybody's presence? So who would blame her if she kept the spyglass she had found in an ancient uninhabited tower with broken windows? After all, many people dig out treasures buried long ago by others. Are they ever blamed? And what about people who find money dropped by somebody on the pavement, toys abandoned on garden benches and ball pens left in public phone booths?

"And after all," she said out loud, "is it so necessary to tell anybody and everybody that I found this spyglass in a deserted tower? Did anybody actually see me here?"

But the girl had been taught by her family since early childhood: "If it wasn't you who has put a thing somewhere – you can't take it!"

After all these distressing thoughts and doubts, Sun-Worshipper put the object of her dreams back into the drawer, sighed deeply and went home. She decided that she would come back in a week. If the owner of the spyglass hadn't showed up by that time, she would take it, as nobody seemed to want it.

Next week the heavenly treasure was still in its place, to her great joy. And again, she delighted in the view of the Sun, Moon and stars. And again, she could but regret having to part with her find. But this time, the feeling of regret was not so acute.

Another week went by. Once again, in the tower, the girl pulled out the drawer of the ancient table. The spyglass was exactly where she had left it the week before.

A month passed. The next one was about to close. Every time, when the girl hurried to the tower, she thought, worrying: what if her spyglass wasn't there this time? And every time she sighed with relief and was happy to find it right in the place where she had left it. The spyglass seemed to wait for her like somebody else's dog that got attached to a new master.

Weeks flew by. And now, the girl traveled to the old tower at her ease and without haste. And no more did she feel tempted to take the spyglass away.

Companions

Once, early in the morning the girl went up the steep and squeaky stairs and saw through the open door a teenager boy, who was dressed in washed-out jeans and a T-shirt with a portrait of a movie star. He was looking at Venus through the spyglass.

When the girl came in, the youth looked up at her in surprise and asked: "And what are you doing here?"

"I've been coming here for the whole year already," said the girl, not a bit embarrassed, "to look at the stars."

"Really?" drawled the teenager, obviously with respect. "Then how come you didn't take this spyglass away?"

"First I wanted to, very much," confessed the girl, "but then something inside me ordered: 'You didn't put it here – you can't take it away!'"

Then she asked the boy pointing at the spyglass: "So is it yours?"

"No," he said, "it's nobody's. I just come here to look at the stars. I've been doing this since childhood."

"Since your childhood?!" exclaimed the girl. She sounded deeply amazed, for the guy looked quite adult.

"Well," he specified, "I guess, that makes it about thirteen years."

The girl paused, her mouth half-open with surprise. Then she repeated, cautiously:

"How long, you say ?Thirteen years?!"

The teenager did his mental calculations once again and confirmed:

"Yes. That's right. Thirteen years."

"And you never felt like taking nobody's spyglass with you?!"

"I sure did, at first," he said. "Once I even carried it away. That time I was about as young as you are now... So I brought the spyglass home, but then I felt something stir right here," and he touched the centre of his chest, "and it ordered: 'You didn't put it there – you can't take it away!' And next day I took the spyglass back."

Then the teenager turned back to the window again and directed the spyglass at Venus.

The Heart Simply Knows

"Truly, not the one is honest who dares not take others' property just because it is beyond the law, thus he is afraid of it. Truly, he is honest indeed who **couldhave** taken somebody's property, and nobody would ever know. But he didn't do it."

"This... Did you say this?" asked the girl, addressing the teenager.

He turned to his new friend in surprise and said:

"No... I thought you said it. I heard it and thought: 'Mind you! Such a little one and knows such wise words! It's like *Wow*!..'"

"But," said the girl cautiously, "the voice I heard was much like yours."

The boy looked confused.

"And the one I heard was much like yours!" he said. "I swear!"

"What do you think?" asked the girl gingerly. "Could it be our heart... that said it?.. You know what I noticed? The heart can speak. But not... in words." "Yes," agreed the youth, "I know what you mean. Sometimes you get a feeling in the heart... something you can't quite explain, which tells you where to go, what you should do and what you shouldn't. Maybe, it's what they call the gut feeling, or the inner voice, or intuition. Where does it come from? How is it created? You can neither understand, nor explain it. Now, I'll close my eyes..."

The teenager closed his eyes and said:

"I can't see you now."

Then he opened his eyes.

"Now I open my eyes. And I can see you again. Come on, do it now."

The girl first closed her eyes, then opened them.

"Can you **feel**," asked the boy, "**how** exactly your eyes see? What's going on inside them? I mean, what processes take place there?"

"No," answered the girl, "I feel no processes. I just see everything I set my eyes on. That's it."

"The eye is a living optical instrument," he said. "The way it produces images of things has been thoroughly studied and explained. But when we look, we *don't feel* in what way our eyes manage to perceive what they see. When we open our eyes, *we simply see*, and that's it! It's the same with the heart: it *simply knows* – that's it!"

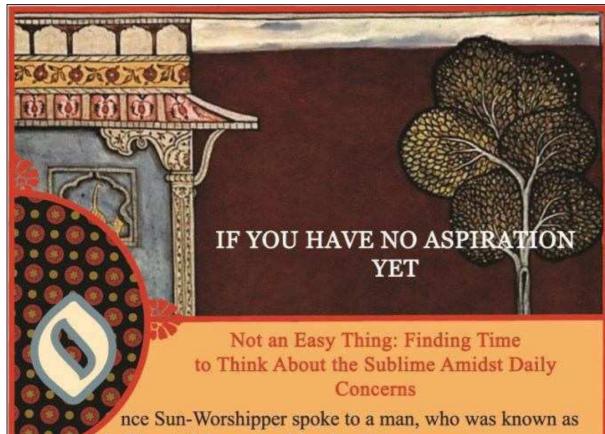
The girl nodded and added:

"And it always knows right!"

"I'll never forget this spyglass," said the boy, "and you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because it helped me to realize that every victory that's won over yourself enriches ever more the knowledge your heart possesses."



a kind-hearted, honest and hard-working person.

"You asked me to tell you about the Teacher of Light and his Teaching, didn't you?"

"Oh yes, I did," replied the man, "I'd be very curious to know who those mysterious people called the Teachers of Light are. What are all their precepts about? And what advice do they keep for us to improve our life?"

"So you asked, and here I am," said the girl. "Certainly, I still know very little about them. But if you say you know nothing at all, I'll be glad to share with you what I already got to learn."

But right at that time the man hurried to the market for foodstuffs, so he said: "Is it all right if we talk in the evening? You see, I've got to take my wife to the market now.



Then she'll cook dinner, and I'd better fix the roof, you know, before rains set in. But I swear to you: I'm really very curious to know what they write in that Teaching of Light!"

"All right," said the girl eagerly, "then I'll come in the evening."

When dusk fell, the girl hurried to the man, who wanted to know about the Teacher and his Teaching, but his wife said that her husband was absolutely exhausted after working all day and even stretched his back.

"Let's give him a break," she said. "I've just applied some ointment to his back. Now he is lying on the sofa watching his football on TV."

"That's clear," said the girl. "I happened to see your husband pulling a heavy log all by himself and thought: 'How can he manage it all alone? After all, he is not an elephant!"

The next morning that man met the girl in the street and apologized:

"You must have come yesterday? Well, you see, my back hurt so much that I had my wife rub some ointment into it... But when we won, the back got better!

As soon as I fix the roof, we'll talk about the Teaching of Light."

"That's all right," readily nodded the girl. "Just tell me when you are free. I'd always be pleased to come."

"Hey, then why not make it tomorrow!" he suggested. "I'm sure to find a spare hour tomorrow. Come right in the morning. It'll be great to treat you to some fresh milk, by the way."

So the girl came in the morning. The man's wife treated her to freshmilk, but said that her husband's back had been keeping him sleepless all night long, so now he was off to see the doctor.

"He was very upset that againhe had to miss the conversation you had appointed," added the woman, but the girl protested:

"But it's not his fault, is it? The sooner he gets well, the better. That's what really matters. Just look, we're in for rains pretty soon, and your roof is still unfixed!"

When the Heart Bears No Wish Yet

A couple of days later the man showed up at the girl's house and said:

"Here I am, finally. The roof is fixed. Listen, I've got an idea: what if we take a walk to the place where the Teacher had spoken to his disciples in the past. I want to touch the stone the Teacher used to sit on. I want to bow my knees to this holy place. I guess it'll be much easier for me to grasp the Teacher's wisdom there."

"That's a great idea!" echoed the girl in joy. "You'll see that even the grass looks greener and feels softer near that stone! And the flowers there grow brighter and more fragrant. Everybody in our surroundings says: 'That's because the stone emits some kind of unusual radiation. It has a special aura!""

They set off. But within several steps from the sacred stone, where the Teacher had sat in the past speaking to his disciples, the girl's companion met his buddy. They greeted each other. The man told his friend that he had found a job, which in a short time would let one earn enough money to buy a car. The girl's companion flooded his friend with so many questions that he missed the sacred stone and didn't even care. He got so involved in the new business that he didn't even notice that the girl fell behind and finally left. And soon, she lost sight of the man, who was discussing business and the new car...



1929. USA. New York. 29-storied building of the Nikolai Roerich Museum. The grand opening of the Museum took place on October 17, 1929.

The first art exhibition of Nikolai KonstantinovichRerikh in America took place in New York in 1920. By 1923, the works of this great Russian artist, who revealed to Americans a totally new world, had been already displayed in 28 cities of the USA.



2000. Museum of N. K. Rerikh in Moscow

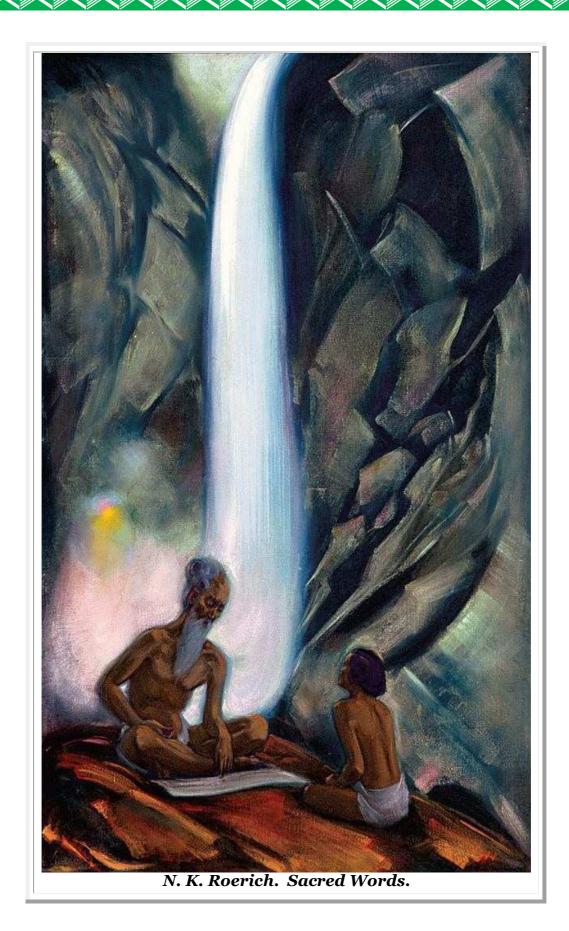
Meanwhile, the girl came to the sacred stone. It was quite big, but felt warm, as it had been exposed to the summer sun the whole day. As always, the girl once again read the words of the Teacher, quoted from his talks with the disciples and carved by them upon that stone many centuries ago:

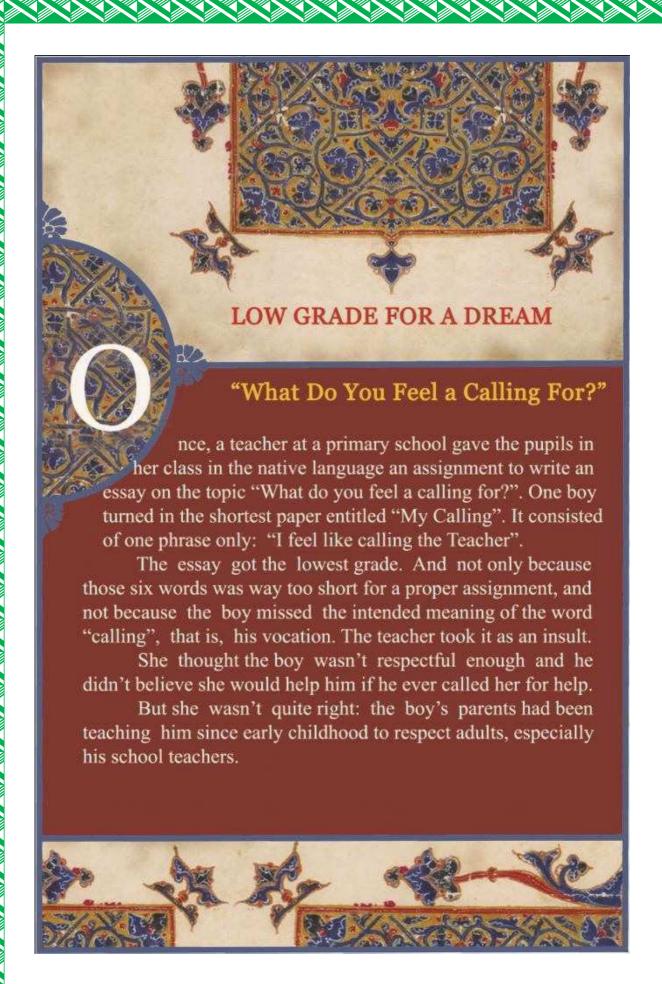
The basic principles of the Innermost Teaching are like bread and milk – simple and healthy food. And one must take in the Teaching in exactly the same simple way, in order to fill with it every single day. Day by day, we eat, and without food we call the day unhappy. But our spirit can perish without food, too. And nourishment for spirit is beautiful thoughts. Whatever a person does, however modest his work and however short his leisure can be, he must find a beautiful thought every day and in everything. A day without a beautiful thought is like misconduct, like theft, like murder. But this principle can't be imposed on anybody – it won't work then. A person must form a wish for lofty and beautiful thoughts in a natural way. Must turn this wish into a daily need – more acute than a need for bread and water.

Certainly, the girl wished that not just one man, but as many people as possible learned about the Innermost Teaching, which was meant to make their hard life better.

And though it's plainly stated in the Teaching that human life cannot be improved without beautiful thoughts, the Teacher warns all the same that the innermost knowledge can never be forced on anybody, be it a poor or a rich person. Such knowledge would be no good.

The girl memorized fast the following words: "The Innermost Teaching warns against forcing the heart which as yet doesn't aspire to the Teacher."





Actually, that was a different Teacher the boy was willing to call. The teacher's mark didn't upset him. He just confessed that his heart was calling the

Teacher. It sent its call in every direction: eastwards, westwards, northwards and southwards, even to the far-off planets and stars. The boy knew that the Teacher existed for real. He believed that some day the Teacher would certainly hear his call.

Still, he couldn't understand why his dream had occurred to the school teacher so vain that his essay was graded the worst. He asked his Mom. She believed that the school teacher just wouldn't know that he was calling the Teacher of Light.

Like a Bridge Between Heaven and Earth

Mom knew quite well what kind of Teacher her son had been dreaming about. She had also been dreaming about such a Teacher all her life: **the Teacher who could be not only visible and seen, but also Invisible.** The Teacher who could speak with words, as well as without them, that is, through the heart – and not only when you were close by, but also through worlds and time.

The Teacher of their dreams was actually not one of those teachers respected in society. Such teachers typically get degrees in colleges and universities and then pass on the acquired knowledge about the visible material world to their school pupils and students, who specialize in various fields. Some of them, for example, mastered the profession of a primary school teacher and then taught little children to read and write, while others teach somebody to bake bread or to make clothes. There are teachers, who educate in math, physics or astronomy. Some give IT classes; others teach singing, or painting, or operating an aircraft. There are teachers basically for all activities under the Sun, be it spelling, architecture, spaceship construction, foreign languages, skills needed in surgery or agriculture, and what not...

But the mother and her son dreamt about a special Teacher. Mom had a university degree and kept on learning. She read loads of books, but still failed to answer many questions her son regularly asked. For instance, he asked: "Where was I when I didn't exist?" Or: "Is the Earth alive or not?" Or: "What is a soul, and why hasn't anybody drawn its portrait yet?" Or: "Why can people be mean and cruel?"

However hard Mom and her son tried, they couldn't integrate the earthly with the heavenly without the guidance of the Teacher of their dreams. Only the Teacher, whom their hearts craved for, could become the one solid Bridge of Light for them. That was the strongest belief and aspiration they shared together.

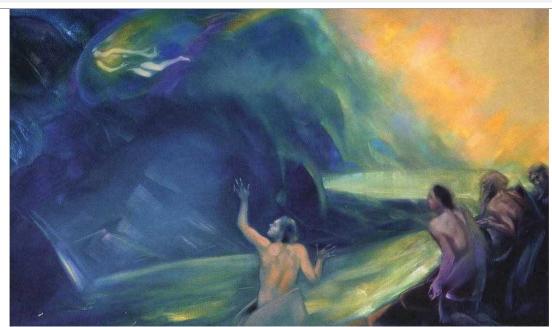
Questions Which Schools Yet Leave Unanswered

The boy who wrote in his essay "I feel like calling the Teacher" actually did it because first he thought that his school teacher could be the Teacher he had been looking for. So once he asked her:

"Miss, please, could you explain to me, why I can fly in my dreams and why I can't fly when I wake up?"

"That's because human body is much heavier than air," she said. "That's why we can't fly like birds."

"But I do fly in my dreams!" exclaimed the boy.



S. N. Roerich. Hope.

"So what? I flew in my dreams, too, when I was a girl. I guess, everyone does," answered the teacher.

"Then in what body do we fly when we are asleep?" persisted the boy.

"When we are asleep, we just sleep and relax. Both our mind and body are having a rest then. A dream is just a dream! It's something that doesn't exist in reality!"

Such an answer left the boy disappointed. He couldn't make it out: how can something not exist which really exists?!

Next time he asked his teacher:

"Miss, where had you been, and me, and all the people – before we were born on the Earth? Mom can't tell me."

"Before we all were born on the Earth, you, me and all the people hadn't existed at all," stated the teacher. "It's the way science has it."

No doubt, the boy wouldn't dare to contradict science. Still he thought that all the people must have existed somewhere before they were born on the Earth. Then why call every single person born *a newborn*?

So he questioned his school teacher again:

"Miss, if a man hadn't existed at all before he was born on the Earth, why do they call him 'a newborn'?"

The teacher maintained that it was just a common custom to call a baby "a **newborn**" since the moment of birth and up to the end of the first month.

But the boy wouldn't leave her alone.

"So wouldn't it be more correct," he said, "to call a baby 'a recently born'? But if it's called 'a newborn', could it possibly mean 'born anew'? Could it be the next, that is, a new birth of a person? And if it's the new birth, doesn't it mean that there must have been the old one, before it? Maybe, it means that the newborn, or the manborn anew, had lived somewhere before and then had been born anew?"

The school teacher sighed deeply.

"Listen you, Mr. Philosopher, give us both a break, please, will you? You'd better learn the meanings of the word 'calling' first." And then she added in a tired voice: "Sorry, but I still have a pile of your assignments to check."

A Flower in the Heart

The more the boy thought, the more questions arose in his mind. Yet the more reluctant he felt to ask his school teacher.



1947. India. Selected paintings by Svyatoslav Nikolayevich Roerich are being loaded onto the airplane, specially commissioned by the Soviet Government to deliver them to his anniversary exhibition in the USSR.

"Mommy," he said once, "my classmates will sure laugh at me if they know that, whenever I dream about the Teacher, a flower of unimaginable beauty blossoms out here, inside me (and he pressed his hands to his chest)!"

"Well, you see, they can make fun of you," agreed his mother. "But it's easy to understand them. You just compared your feeling to the Teacher with a wonderful flower. But your friends are not going to see this flower, because it doesn't exist in reality. That's why they..."

"But Mom!" interrupted the boy, obviously hurt. "Why do you say there's no flower? I didn't imagine it, the flower does exist!"

"So you want to say it's real?!" the mother sounded truly astonished.

"Yes! But it is!" said the boy. "Whenever I dream about the Teacher, I can feel its wonderful scent!"

Mom looked at her son, quite amazed, but she had hardly uttered a word when Grandma entered the room. She stopped right in the doorway, overwhelmed with surprise. Then she closed her eyes, smelled the air and whispered in elation:

"Oh, my God! What a heavenly aroma! Must be the scent from the Garden of Eden! I've never smelled anything like that in my life! Where did you buy this divine perfume, dear?" she asked her daughter, the boy's mother.

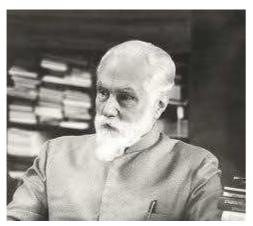


1975. January, Leningrad. **Tens** thousands of people visited the anniversary exhibition of Svyatoslav Roerich's paintings. It was accommodated in of the greatest Museums of the world the Hermitage.

The mother shifted a puzzled look from Grandma to her son and back. Her astonishment grew as she felt the heavenly aroma fill her own lungs...

"Let our craving for Beauty become our everyday prayer"

Helena IvanovnaRerikh writes in her letters to the coworkers: "Of course, the only true Teacher is an 'Invisible' Teacher. But can there be a lot of those who may be granted an immediate access to such a Teacher? This doesn't mean that the Teacher is inaccessible. No, indeed, He is the closest. But this closeness can be withstood only by a few. And it can be revealed without detriment only to those who kept the Teacher's Image in the inmost recesses of their hearts for many centuries. It's difficult to perceive the rays, eradiated by 'Invisible' Teacher, without this century-old accumulation and establishing of magnetic connection... For invisible rays are very powerful and sometimes produce even stronger influence than radium does."

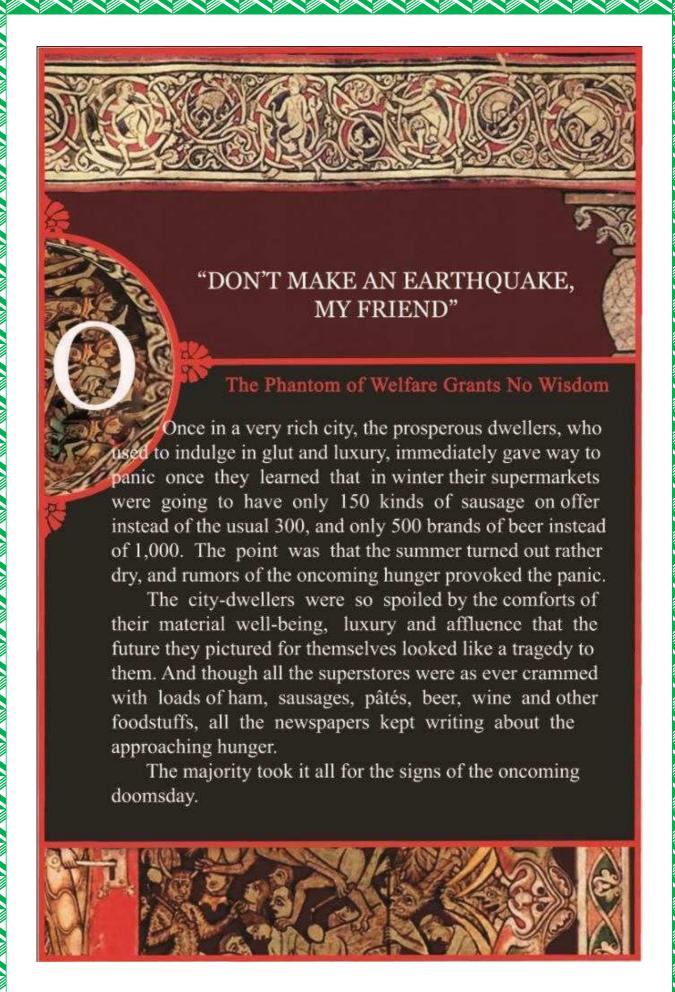


Svyatoslav Nikolayevich Roerich. 1984.

S. N. Roerich – the youngest of the two sons of Nikolai Konstantinovich and Helena Ivanovna – was an outstanding artist and humanist of the 20th century. He is also known as a remarkable expert in Tibetan and ancient Indian medicine, an ornithologist and prominent public figure. For the great contribution to the culture of India, which was his second homeland, he was awarded with the highest Civil Order – "Padma"

Bhushan".

Both sons of Helena Ivanovna had dreamt about the Teacher since childhood and prepared themselves to meet Him. The path to the Teacher was a thorny one, but it was the one of Beauty. Turning adult, Yury and Svyatoslav shared this Beauty with humankind – in the form of science and art. Svyatoslav used to say: "Let's carry the message of Beauty to every house, to every heart. Let our craving for Beauty become our everyday prayer... The quest of Beauty is that very thing that will bring men together and save the world. One must think of Beauty in arduous moments of his life."



To flee from fear and despair they plunged into gross entertainments. In addition, they got even more arrogant, deceitful and ever more scornful to the suburban residents – people with scarce earnings, whose life ambitions were far from getting rich and pursuing continuous entertainments. They truly believed that the most precious treasure of every person is a wise and feeling heart. They lived and helped each other, and tried to keep their area free from rows and fights so that nobody would ever feel offended or deprived of food and shelter. If they learnt that a neighbor's old house was on the verge of collapse, all the people joined their efforts to help. In a couple of days they built a new house and made a housewarming party.

But the well-off citizens didn't even care about how quickly their hearts chilled. They would neither care about their children, nor would they bother to foster in them the feeling of compassion, or conscience and shame, or the sense of beauty. They didn't try to teach them any lofty ideals, just on the contrary, they claimed that money was the meaning of life because money could provide one with everything.

Since early childhood kids and teenagers plunged into all sorts of adult activities. In primary school they started smoking, and not just tobacco, but dope as well.

Teenagers and young men were not only into easy money, they used all means imaginable to get it, even bank robberies.

Teenagers had active sexual lives, just like adults. In their turn, therapists and school teachers, instead of telling them about the harmful effects early sex has on the young body, especially with girls, advised parents to buy contraceptive pills for girls and condoms for boys. Just like adults, kids sought gross means to relax. They swore with the same words adults used, and had bloody fights against each other, just like in violent scenes in adult action movies, and had their hands in crimes, going as far as murder.

The Teachers of Light say that the phantom of welfare grants no wisdom. At the same time, there's a threat of going insane, which sounds very real – as soon as children start craving for easy money and turn to crime. When such things happen, it means major trouble for humanity, much more dreadful than any hunger could be.

Gone Insane

The heat escalated day by day. And the fear of the citizens to see the former enormous abundance around them reduce gradually turned into furious anger. That rage swelled up inside them, forcing everybody to look for a victim to splash it out on.

One day Sun-Worshipper, who lived on the outskirts, came downtown to view mobs of madmen, armed with heavy sledgehammers and crowbars, roaring

in anger and trying to crash into pieces rather a big rock. It was the favorite stone of the Teacher, upon which he had sat in the past and talked to his disciples.

But was it really the stone that had caused the outbreak of the citizens' violence?

Certainly, the reason for it was quite different. The citizens seemed to have finally found the "major culprit" to blame for all the nature's disasters, which had ruthlessly befallen their city that year. Throughout winter they had been fighting with heavy snowfalls, followed by a devastating flood in spring, and both the old-timers and meteorologists couldn't recall a spring flood like that. After the flood, destructive hurricanes swept the city over and over again. And finally, the summer turned out so sultry and dry, that not only the surrounding fields and forests were burning, but also some downtown buildings now and then caught fire.



The crowd that seemed to have gone mad hurled their damnations and all their rage... at the Teacher and his Teaching. Everybody tried to strike the rock so hard that sparks flew from under the steel crowbars and sledgehammers.

So what was there, in the Sacred Teaching of Light that stirred up such wild fury in those people?

In fact, that Teaching explained to people the main reason for all their troubles, including natural disasters. The reason was in their own evil thoughts!

But the people wouldn't admit the fairness of this Ancient Wisdom. They burnt down all the Teacher's books, wherever they managed to find them, and beat up those who refused to do that.

Outraging mobs took their turns trying to crash the rock. The sledgehammers struck out fountains of sparks. But the stone wouldn't yield. And the longer it resisted the more fury it provoked in those gone insane.

Only the next day the rock showed some cracks. The people kept tormenting it day and night, without a break. They took turns, their rage urging them on. Anger and hatred disfigured their faces so much that some of them resembled beasts.

It's easy to guess what could have happened if the Teacher, not the rock, had fallen into their hands. They'd have torn him to pieces right on the spot. At best they'd have sentenced the Teacher to death and had him electrocuted. At worst, to take pleasure in his sufferings, they would have crucified him in the main square, just as once in the past some madmen had crucified the Teacher of Teachers on the Scalped Mountain.

Anticipation of Evil

The girl watched the volley of heavy blows fall upon the sacred rock, and her body flinched as if she was being whipped herself. Silent tears streamed down her cheeks. But in any case, she could do nothing to stop this outburst of madness.

Another reason why the girl cried was because she felt a disaster condensing over the city, which was far more dangerous and dreadful than all the previous floods, hurricanes and droughts. She could see human violence spin in space like a wild dark vortex, right above the sacred stone.

That ominous vortex, still invisible, was made from evil human thoughts. It kept expanding and had already reached the size of a giant tornado, which sucked in similar evil energies from all directions. Like black snakes, they fled out of the windows of houses, even the farthest located.

They crept out of banks and gambling-houses, factories and military headquarters, movie theaters and TV-towers, stores and markets, various offices and restaurants, cars and trams – every single place occupied by people.

The air was getting thick with this dreadful energy, while the people couldn't get it why it was all of a sudden so hard to breathe.

A Small Gem

Endless mobs kept smashing the stone night and day. The whole city seemed to have gone insane. Virtually everybody took it as a duty to add to the destruction of the rock, which had already collapsed into several pieces.

The people didn't stop even when they reduced it to a pile of small fragments. They crashed the debris until they turned to grit. The mobs, obsessed with rage, stomped it down into the soil with their shoes and jackboots, and spat on it. They kept smashing it with their sledgehammers, even when the grit was basically ground to dust and completely tramped into the ground.

Finally, when the crowd broke up, the girl managed with some difficulty to dig out of the hard rammed soil a small fragment of the rock, which had by some miracle remained uncrushed. She scratched it out, breaking her nails and grazing her fingers to blood. She took it home and washed it with water. That was all that remained of the sacred stone.

The next day the girl asked a craftsman to drill a hole in the stone to wear it on a string. Then, she put it on and slipped the plain uncomely piece of rock under her dress and right upon her chest. Since then, the stone had been her greatest treasure, a sacred relic...

The Evil Hits Back!

When the rock was demolished, all headed for their homes, silent and powerless, and resumed their daily duties. The outbreak of violence appeared to have calmed them down. The burst of anger abated. And insanity seemed to have left their fevered minds.

Yet it was only in the visible life of the people that everything looked smooth and still.

One of the ancient Teachers of Light once pointed out to his disciples that human evil, unlike sour milk that curdles on the fire, never turns in immediately. It generally takes a while for the evil to return to the one who has committed it. Whatever one lets out into space returns to him. It comes back without fail, and much stronger. This is the inmost law of how the balance of justice is preserved in life. If you don't want to suffer – don't be evil-minded. This rule is easy to grasp. All the Teachers of Light preach it...

The evil committed and the crude lifestyles of the city residents had long attracted similar crudeness and evil from everywhere. One would shiver with horror if he chanced just to glance at the atmosphere over the city, after the mad citizens had splashed out their malice on the Teacher, who had lived there several centuries ago. One would cry out: "But how can you breathe with this stuff? Where's the air here? There's nothing but snakes everywhere!"

Sooner or later, this evil starts to condense – just like water vapor, which is invisible in the air, suddenly shows in the form of clouds.

And so the sky over the city, which swarmed with outraging hordes of citizens gone insane, was turning dark with a sinister black thundercloud. It flashed with bolts of lightning of unseen power and threatened with thunders unheard of on the Earth since its surface had solidified.

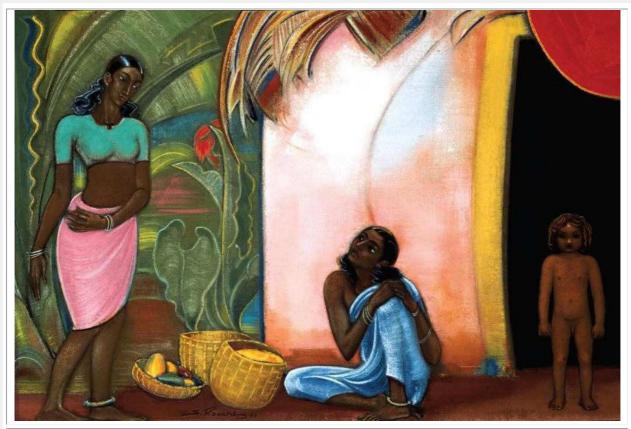
Doomsday

So one day, at the climax of the carnival, when the air over the whole city was shaken with the roll of drums, the howling of saxophones, electric guitars and the voices of singers, all of which amplified to such a degree that the eardrums hurt; at the very peak of that fun the sky suddenly filled with dust and then turned completely black. And then split into pieces, torn by thousands of thunderbolts. The earth shook at the rolls of thunder and cracked in many places.

It shook enormously, as if the entire city was loaded onto a giant truck rushing empty along a bumpy road. The city was located on the banks of a picturesque river. The bridge that joined the two parts together – a real masterpiece of engineering – rose up and cracked like a match. Hundreds of cars that were crossing it fell down into the river. High towers of sky-scrapers came down in solid blocks of concrete as if cut down by a huge invisible scythe, and piled in hills of concrete, metal and glass wrecks, all wrapped in smoke and fire. Buildings constructed from concrete blocks tumbled down like houses of cards. The streets which had been just recently so brightly decorated turned into debris of burning wreckage in a blink of an eye. Factories, tank-cars with oil, liquefied gas holders and missiles in ammunition dumps – everything that could explode was exploding – gas-pipes, petrol depots, filling stations, petrol tanks of the cars, even the small gas bags of pocket lighters. Crowds of distraught people were rushing chaotically about the city, clashing, and merging, and breaking up, and trampling those who had fallen. Their faces and clothes were covered with concrete dust, soot, mud and blood. Some of them were still wearing funny carnival masks. Many had their masks half off their faces, which made the whole scene look even more horrifying and tragic...

The Blessed Suburbia

Only the suburban streets, including the one where Sun-Worshipper lived, stayed miraculously undamaged. *The doomsday* passed by without touching them. For a reason, the destructive forces of nature had passed round. Humble laborers, who inhabited the area, in their turn, enjoyed having a good time with their families and friends. But their holidays hardly looked like those celebrated in the downtown. And their entertainments scarcely resembled the unruly splash of passions preferred by the well-of dwellers of the affluent districts. That's why none of them felt like traveling downtown on the day of the tragedy. They simply lived their everyday lives and kept on working, just the regular way it happened every day.



S. N. Roerich. My Neighbours.

The people from the outskirts couldn't even fancy the awful tragedy that happened in the heart of the city. Their narrow streets were as clean, green, serene and peaceful as usual. Cats basked on the roofs of their small cozy cottages. Kids had fun, splashed in the fountains and rafted paperboats down the brook. Senior ladies sat on benches in a small quiet park, listened to birds chirping and knitted woolen socks and mittens to give their grandchildren in winter. The girl's neighbor shook his waist-belt as a threat to whip the boys who had once again stolen into his garden, and pull their ears when he caught them. Actually, he was a good man and didn't mind them picking his apples. He was indignant only because the boys occasionally broke the branches of his trees during their apple-raids.



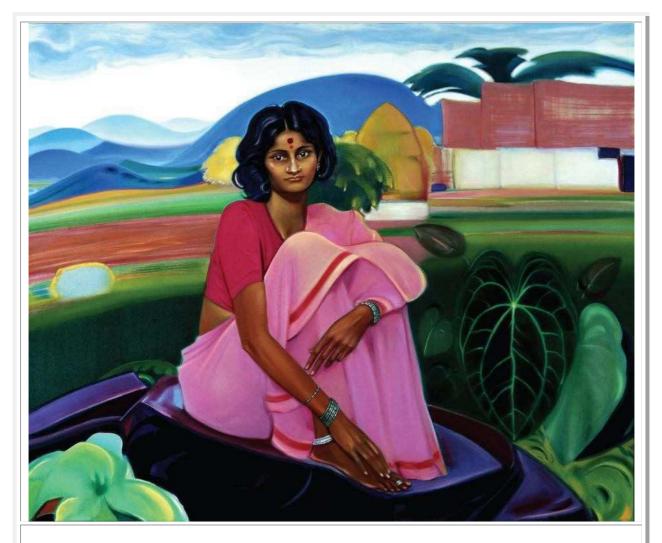
N. K. Roerich. Woman from a Gaddy Tribe.

But as soon as the suburban dwellers heard about the tragedy in the city center, the common shock was so great that even the birds quit singing. The women cried when they knew that more than a half of uptown residents had died a terrible death. All the men loaded their cars with everything that could help those who were lucky to survive: tents, sleeping-bags, clothes, medicines, food and water.

Two young men talked quietly while loading a little old truck with all the things brought from every house by their neighbors:

"You know," one said, "when I first read in the Innermost Teaching the Teacher's words 'Don't make an earthquake, my friend!' I believed for a while that it was just for effect."

And his companion confessed that he had similar thoughts.

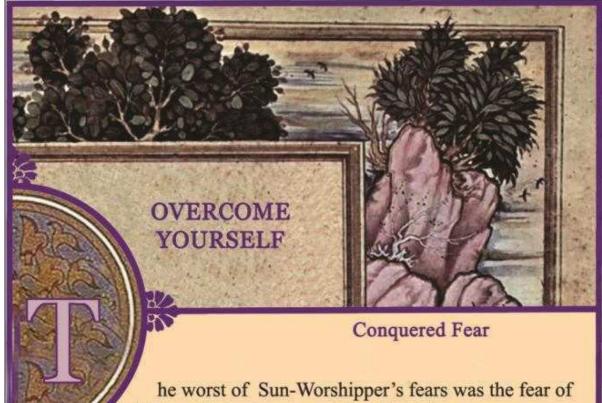


S. N. Roerich. My Country is Perfect.

"I also believed," he said, "that the Teacher had it that way for a greater effect, wishing to make it sound more expressive. I thought: well, how could people start a real earthquake with their evil thoughts and actions?! And what an awful earthquake, indeed! But now I see they can."

An elderly neighbor, who helped them with the packing, heard their conversation, took a deep sigh and said:

"Oh, that's a true grief, no doubt. Lord waits long, but hits strong. Yet who is to blame if not ourselves? They say: 'My sin has but found me.'"



heights, which always made her feel dizzy.

Once she was wandering in the Mountains. And suddenly she looked up and... didn't believe her eyes! In some distance she saw the One she had always been yearning for.

She saw the Teacher!

He sat on a mountainside absorbed in his thoughts. The girl's intention to reach him was next to impossible, as the bottomless abyss separated them.

The girl called out in despair:

"Teacher! Teacher!"

She cried as loudly as she could, but her weak voice drowned in the noise of wind and the roar of the mountain stream. Tears of despair down her cheeks.



But suddenly, through her tears, she noticed a suspension bridge extended over the precipice. To be honest, however, what she saw was not a bridge in the full sense of the word: rather a narrow rope weaved from dry grass, with two thin woven string-railings hung dangling in the wind.

Trembling with fear, the girl sprawled on the ground and slowly crawled to the edge of the precipice. She peeked down into the damp dark of the abyss, which made her sick with giddiness. The second time she looked down made her nearly faint.

Frozen with fear, she groped for a stone, grasped one, flung it into the abyss and started to count.

"One, two, three... fifteen... twenty..." Not a sound to be heard. The stone was still falling.

The girl slowly crawled back, farther away from the edge, and burst into tears. Her fear obviously had prevailed over her. Yet nobody would blame her, because nearly every person has some fears: those of height, or depth, and many other things...

But suddenly the girl saw that the Teacher was leaving.

He was quickly striding away, his raincoat flapping in the wind. The girl jumped to her feet in despair. Barely glancing underfoot, she quickly stepped on the woven grass-bridge and rushed to the opposite side of the precipice as swiftly as she could.

In a moment, the fear to lose sight of the Teacher forced out her fear of the height. The girl was running along the narrow wicker walkway, which was swaying above the abyss, and her heart thumped so quickly, that it seemed to be racing ahead, right in front of her.

She was approaching the Teacher's, closer and closer, and finally... ...the girl woke up.

Dreams and Reality

The girl woke up, very upset.

"So it was nothing but a dream!" she thought, still half-asleep, her eyes still closed. And tears dropped from under the pressed eyelids. She buried her head in the pillow and gave to silent weeping.

It was still night. Bits of her wonderful dream still ran through her mind, and she didn't want to let them go. She wanted to get back into her dream.

But suddenly she heard a quiet tender voice at the head of her bed call out her name. And then she felt somebody's big warm hand gently stroke her on the head. The girl held her breath.

"No need to cry so bitterly!" spoke somebody in a hushed voice. "There is no reason for distress. Dreams are a form of life, too. Not usual life, though, which is so much like and at the same time so much unlike the earthly reality. Still, it is just as real as life on the Earth."

"So does it mean that everything is for real in dreams?" whispered the girl.

"Everything is absolutely for real," confirmed the voice of the invisible man. "In dreams, a person acts in the same way he would do while awake. So when we do a good thing in our dream, it means good for all the people. And when we wake up, we may as well repeat that good deed. On the other hand, when we do a mean thing in the dream, it's bad both for ourselves and others. In this case, we must right away order ourselves to stop."

"The point is, I was afraid of the height in my dream as badly as I'm scared in reality!" confessed the girl. "I was so scared to fall into the precipice that I nearly fainted with fear!"

"No wonder, you were scared," said the invisible man, "but you have conquered your fear."

"But that was just a dream," said the girl sadly. "I don't know what I would have done in real life..."

The invisible soft hand stroked the girl's head again, which seemed to soothe her finally.

"In dreams," went on the voice of the invisible man, "the spirit of a person often meets different hardships which are a kind of test situations to be passed. They are as complicated as those we face in reality. To overcome them one needs as much courage as he would need in reality. I'll give you a keepsake as a proof that it was something **more** than just a dream."

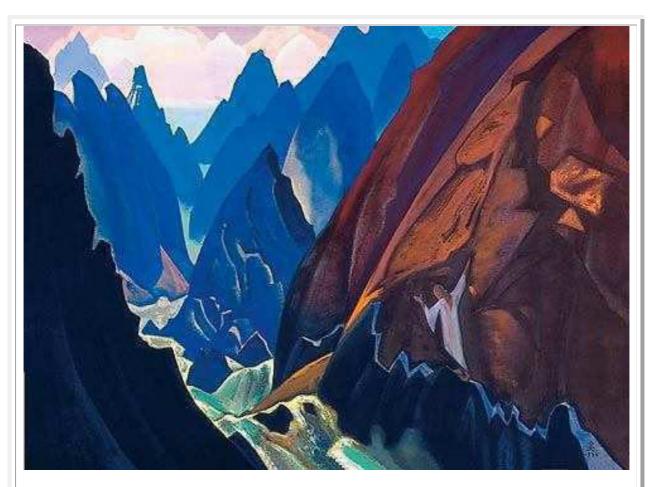
That very moment the girl jumped up and switched on the light.

"For sure, that wasn't a dream! I'm not asleep!" she exclaimed. "Teacher! Is that you?! Are you here?!"

But the room was empty. And it was still dark outside.

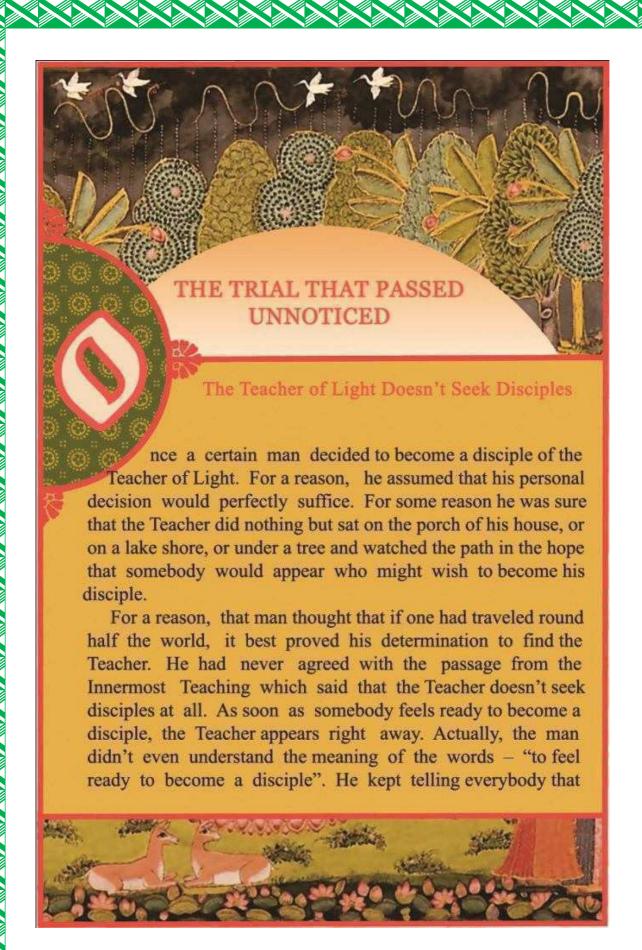
The girl got out of the bed and searched every corner and inch of her room. But she found no proof of the thing her invisible guest had promised to give her. She went back to bed. Though she had found nothing, her heart overfilled with joy. That meeting with the Teacher in the Mountains, his touching her head gently and that conversation with him could be just a dream, she thought, but it was the greatest dream in her life!

When the girl woke up in the morning, she found out that her sacred relic, a small fragment of granite with a tiny hole, specially drilled to pull a string through it, which she had been wearing on her chest since the last year,looked and felt remarkably polished.

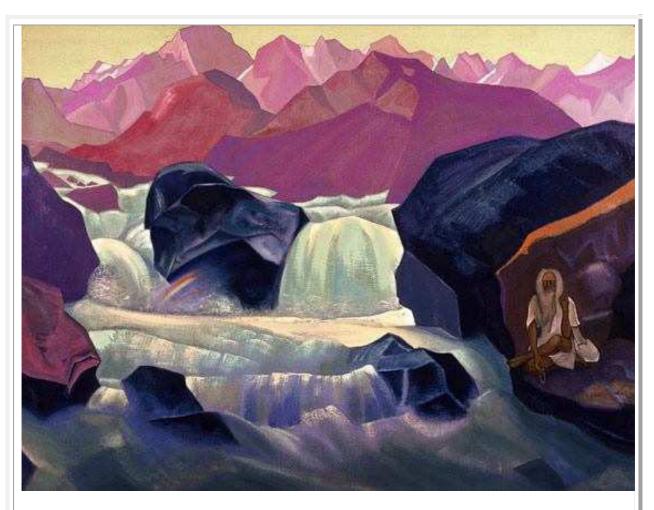


N. K. Roerich. The Path.

Yet, that alone wasn't the greatest surprise and wonder. A plain little piece of rock had been shaped into a heart, and fourteen beautifully colored rays fanned out from the small hole drilled in its center. Divided in two wings of seven, those rays skirted the rims of the stone on both sides, merged again in the hole on the reverse, forming two shining rings, two tiny round rainbows. The rainbows flickered as if stirred by breeze, and it filled the girl's heart with joy. Sun-Worshipper had never seen such beauty before. Just fancy, only a day ago it was a plain little piece of grey granite...



he was ready to sacrifice everything for a chance to become a disciple of the Sage from the Sacred Mountains. He didn't realize that both the Teacher and the Teaching demanded no sacrifices from anybody, just because the Teaching was intended to give, but not to take away. It was granted to humanity to serve for common benefit and to bring the greatest joy to all who comprehended it and used it in everyday life.



N. K. Roerich. Santana.

A Meeting by the Waterfall

The man traveled much and trod different roads. Once, an old hermit showed him the place the Teacher had often visited. And finally, the man met with the Teacher.

The Teacher was sitting by a small mountain waterfall. He was aged enough, but his back was upright. He held an open book in his lap, but his eyes were closed. He appeared deeply absorbed in thought, maybe even in prayer contemplation.

The man rushed to the Teacher and yelled in joy, trying to outvoice the roaring waterfall:

"Oh, Teacher! I found you, finally!"

The Teacher opened his eyes as he felt a stranger shake his hands and heard him gabble:

"I'm so happy! I've been looking for you so long! I want to be your disciple!"

The Teacher fixed his eyes on the man, then, without saying a word or even moving, he closed them again and resumed deep meditation.

The Teachers of Light say to people in the book *Supermundane* (§ 157): "Because the heart is very tensed during the dividing of the spirit, it is dangerous to disturb the body during these absences... But people pay little attention to these conditions and can sometimes cause much damage."

Had he read these words before, he would have probably acted otherwise. Though, it was very unlikely.

Shattered Pride

Such disregard from the Teacher deeply wounded the traveler's pride. He felt upset and insulted, to put it mildly.

The man was disappointed! Moreover, he was indignant! He had been striving to find the Teacher, and whom should he find, in the end?!

All his joy from meeting the Teacher, all his delight vanished in a moment, for the image of the Teacher in the mind of that man had been totally different. He assumed that the Teacher must welcome everybody who wanted to become his disciple, thus he believed that the Teacher would welcome him, just in the way he had been glad to see the Teacher. The man was sure that the Teacher would invite him to his dwelling, would lay the table for him and then start asking him this and that. And then the Teacher would surely share with him the secret knowledge, which was hidden from ordinary people. He would show a lot of tricks and miracles and would teach the man some wonder-working.

In reality, however, the Teacher turned out to be not so kind-hearted and hospitable as the man had thought him to be.

"He is not just unfriendly," thought the man, who had just recently dreamt of becoming the Teacher's disciple, "he is very inconsiderate to people. I'd rather say, he's indifferent... This old man seems to be awfully arrogant about being called the Teacher! He'll soon explode with pride! Otherwise, how can I explain being totally ignored by him, while I've been seeking after him for so many years?!"

Proud Man in Doubt

The traveler started to doubt if it was the real Teacher there, sitting in front of him? Could the hermit have made a mistake? Or maybe, it was just his joke?

Now, he eyed the motionless figure of the old man without any respect. He doubted whether he should really stay there, especially after such an impolite and unfriendly reception. Maybe, it would be more reasonable just to turn round and take off immediately and so express his attitude to the man who had been called the Teacher evidently by some mistake.

"Well," he said to himself, "I'll stay a little longer. Maybe, a miracle will happen and the old man will come to reason?"

While the man is waiting, we will get to know what road we should take not only to meet the Teacher, but also to become his disciples.

The Only Way That Leads to the Teacher of Light

Those who practise self-perfection typically demonstrate truly admirable features of the character. Without any instructions, such qualities naturally spring from the very depth of a genuinely sensitive heart.

To make his heart even more feeling, one must tread the road of self-sacrifice. This is the road of devotion to Good and Light. But such good should not be self-oriented, it should serve its utmost to make other people's lives easier. It is by no means an easy path. It's rather thorny and long, apart from other things. And only a few have as yet expressed an earnest wish and determination to follow it. Many people still live in such a way as to turn all the good that comes their way to their personal benefit.

But only the road of **self-denial** can give one a hope to meet the Teacher and to be accepted as his disciple.

Crude Heart

A couple of hours passed. The man had a bite first, then took a nap in a cozy place. He barely glanced at the Teacher who sat motionless as before.

The sun had reached its peak and was slowly descending towards the skyline when the rambler finally ran out of patience. Now, he looked at the old man by the waterfall with outright dislike.

Quite aware that the Teacher could hear him, without a shadow of embarrassment, the man called him a stone dummy. No reaction followed. So the traveler dared to raise his voice.

"So they call you the Teacher?! They must be kidding!" he jeered scornfully. "I beg your pardon! I wasn't seeking for a frozen dummy! I've been striving for the wisest of all the people. And what good can one learn from an old rotten stump, which is totally dumb to other people and to the entire world?"

But the Teacher remained motionless.

More minutes passed. The man, who had craved to become a disciple, finally exploded.

"Who could ever call this dummy the 'High Spirit'?! Well, it's all right. I'm going to open their eyes, however the truth hurts! When I come back, I'll raze to the ground this stupid legend about the Teacher! Just check this old stump sleeping like a baby to the noise of the waterfall!"

The man came up to the Teacher, grabbed his shoulders and shook him violently, for that man no longer inspired him with respect.

"Hey you, oldster!" he called. "At night... I mean, what are you going to do when night falls?.. If I were you, I guess I'd have died long ago. But anyway, it doesn't matter, so live if you wish. Just tell me how I can cut the way out of here!"

Suddenly the Teacher opened his eyes and, remaining wordless, pointed to an almost invisible path. Then he shut his eyes again.

"Is he deaf-and-dumb, by any chance?" thought the man.

This time the Teacher wouldn't open his eyes and just remarked quietly:

"No, I'm neither deaf nor dumb. But you'd better hurry up. Night falls fast in the mountains. And the path is steep. And the mountains are hard to climb. Good luck!"

Selfish Heart

When the traveler reached the house of the hermit, he was blazing with rage and flung words of reproach at him:

"Who did you send me to, old man?! Was I meant to meet an ancient rotten stump? A day with a wooden pole would have been of more use!.. Such a long way to make! I spent so many nights awake, dreaming about how I'd meet the Teacher! I sacrificed everything I had, my home, my wife, my children – just to become his disciple in the future..."

The hermit sighed deeply.

"Both the Teacher and the Teaching neither demand, nor accept any sacrifices from their disciples," he said. "And by the way, it wasn't really yourself that you sacrificed to your aspiration."

"Who was it then?"

"You sacrificed the others, that is, your wife and your children, who need you desperately. Only selfish people act like this. The Teacher would never accept such a sacrifice! In the first place, you are obliged to fulfill your responsibilities to those, to whom you had given birth, whom you had promised your support, whom you should protect. On your way home ask your heart: does it know the real meaning of the words 'selflessness', 'self-sacrifice' and 'self-oblivion'?"

"You don't mean to say that the old man sitting by the waterfall had a heart like this?" sneered the man.

"There's one thing I know for sure," calmly answered the hermit. "The heart of the Teacher of Light embraces the whole world. Everything that takes place in the world immediately echoes in the Teacher's heart, as it demands attention and help. A disciple is a faithful and selfless helpmate of the Teacher, who assists him in his labor. But first he must pass through many trials in order to learn to be a helper, not a hindrance. Some of them look like unimportant trifles, but some come quite unexpected, and very stern with it. Very few manage to stand up to even the early trials, generally the easiest."

The traveler frowned.

"I wouldn't say a word, if this dried pod had tried me with heated iron! But he slumbered all day long near the waterfall, and that's it!"

The hermit gazed fixedly at the man.

"And are you sure that it wasn't... a trial?"

"Enough with your jokes, jungle man," laughed the rambler. "I'm not a kid. And I am neither blind, nor deaf. I tell you, I spent the whole day with a dummy!"

No Movement Made, No Question Asked...

The hermit tried to persuade the man:

"Don't you think that the trials can go unnoticeable? That's right, the Teacher was motionless and silent. But look, how many qualities of your own nature have you revealed due to this? Calm down, and you'll see that you acted like a self-important, vain person, who is hurt and even indignant whenever he gets no attention. Do you see my point?"

The man rose to object, but the hermit stopped him with a hand-wave and went on:

"And besides, you proved prone to make hasty and unreasonable conclusions. And people like that are generally unfair, if you see what I mean, my friend. Moreover..."

"And what would you do if you were in my shoes, father?" interrupted the man abruptly, but the hermit continued as though he had heard nothing:

"Moreover, you proved irritable, hot-tempered and rude. And these qualities, as well as your arrogance, egoism, self-assurance and vulnerability are unacceptable in a person who craves to become a disciple! Also, you'd better bear in mind that irritation and wrath produce a poisonous substance which is accumulated in the nervous canals of the human body. This poison is still a mystery for the present-day medical studies, but very soon it will be discovered.

The Teachers call it '*imperil*' *Imperil*' makes holes in the invisible protective net of our aura. And all kinds of malicious spirits from the lower strata of the invisible world creep in through these gaps. These creatures are brute and dangerous. Any rude human thought, word or action attracts them like a magnet, and they make a person more brutish. And rudeness destroys in people their sense of beauty."

The man lost his temper and cut the hermit short again:

"Look here, father! I'm not a cover girl, you know, so quit your lectures on beauty!"

"I'm not lecturing," said the hermit, "I just want you to realize something: whenever the Teacher wants to see the **true** colors of the person he meets, he doesn't need heated iron to test him. As you see, he can do this, making no movement and asking no question."

"Does he recruit only saints, or what?" asked the rambler.

In fact, he didn't care in the least about the answer. He stood up ready to leave. He had already made his own conclusions, and no one would make him change his mind. He was sure that the old man by the waterfall was no Teacher! He was going back home to smash that liar-legend to pieces! And the sooner he left those Mountains, he urged himself, the better!

"Good bye!" he said to the hermit.

"You'd better hurry up," said the hermit. "Night falls fast in the mountains. And the path is steep. And the mountains are hard to climb. Good luck!"

The rambler left and didn't even notice that he had already heard these words a little earlier – by the waterfall, spoken by the Teacher.

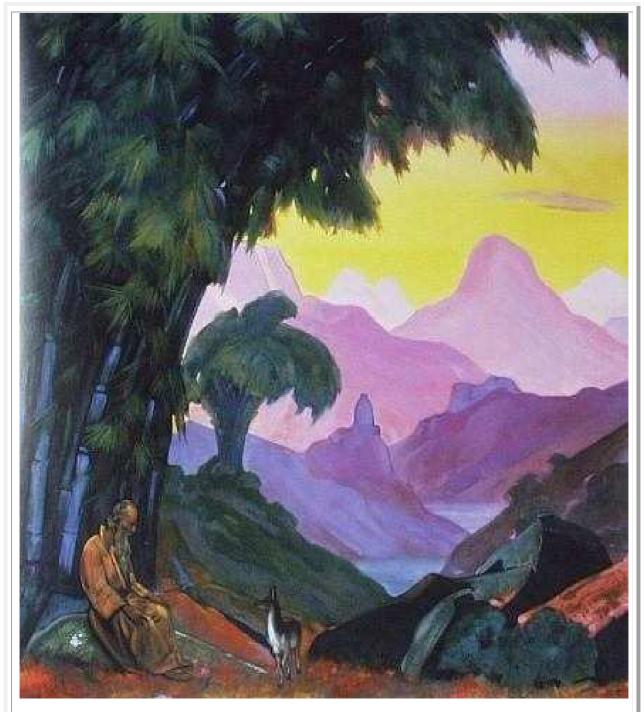
When the Heart Is Blind...

The hermit was sitting near his hut when a young deer approached him.

"Where are you going, brother?" asked the hermit softly.

The little fawn peered attentively into the man's eyes, came up to him and fondly put its beautiful graceful head upon his knees. Stroking the deer's head, the hermit said:

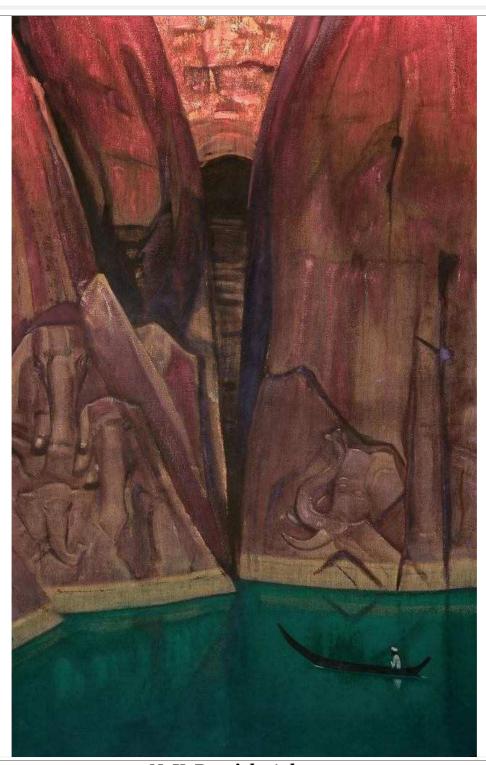
"You see, my brother, another imprudent human heart has gone away... This man's heart didn't recognize me the first time, when I sent him to the waterfall... Neither did it recognize me the second time, near the waterfall, where I tested him... And now, he's been right back to see me once again. And once again, no luck. And you see, my brother, the only thing I did to change my looks was just to take my hat off..."



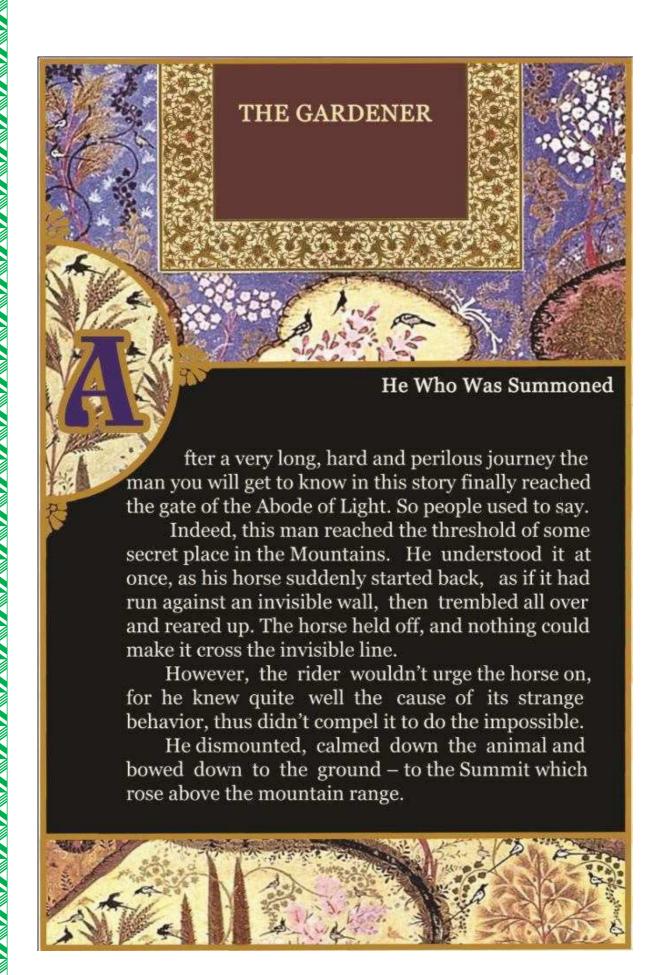
S. N. Roerich. Where Are You Going, Brother?

The young fawn liked the gentle touch of the warm and tender hand of the man. It even closed its eyes with pleasure. And the Teacher meanwhile went on with his quiet talk:

"But who knows, maybe in due time this man will finally realize that his very long journey hadn't been in vain..."



N. K. Roerich. Ashram.



"I know," he said humbly, "that not a single one who hasn't been summoned will ever cross this sacred border. And he who is not prepared will not be admitted to the Teacher and allowed to become his disciple. I've been flying here all my life on the wings of spirit. And yet I know that the road of spirit is paved on the earth. I trod many arduous earthly roads, but I dare not judge whether I stood up to all the trials..."

Nobody would claim for sure, even now, what happened after that. The man never spoke about it. But people kept talking that one day on a mountain path he encountered the Teacher from the mysterious Abode of Light.

Whenever they asked him to tell them about that Teacher of Light, mainly, where he lived and what he occupied himself with in the Abode, he only sighed in reply: "You don't even know what you are asking."

Whenever they asked him, what paths and roads the Teacher took on his way down to the valleys, just in case they chanced to come across him some day, the man said:

"You need not climb the Mountains in order to meet with the Teacher," and added the words that didn't quite hit home to his listeners. "You must be prepared to meet him. As simple as that. The sages of Orient say: 'As soon as one is prepared for the encounter, the Teacher will come."

He Painted in Colors a Hymn to Beauty

The only thing the man disclosed once was when he confessed that he had seen Beauty that could be called Supermundane, or unearthly.

"But how can I describe that which can't be put into words?" he added.

"Why don't you try to draw it?" advised his listeners.

So the man who had been to the sacred Mountains tried to express the sense of beauty in paintings. In fact, he opened in himself the abilities of a real artist, and a remarkable one, by the way.

He made his own color mixtures to paint with, but nobody knew their composition. He blended them in a special way, not like other artists did. Before he started merging the mixture, he used to leave the city and secluded himself in the forest for several weeks in complete silence and prayer contemplation.

Then he came back and prepared the colors, some at dawn, others when the sun was at the highest point. Certain colors were to be merged at sunset, some by the light of the full moon, while other demanded moonless nights. And every time he had to make sure that certain constellations showed up in the sky and the planets formed up combinations known only to him.

When people looked at the paintings of this artist, the first thing that impressed them were incredibly pure and bright colors that seemed

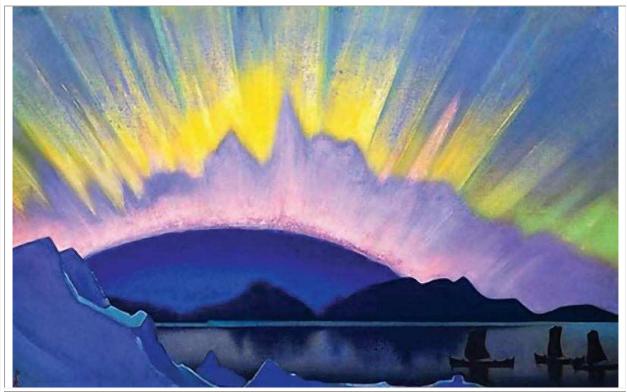
phosphorescent. No other artist had ever displayed such a fascinating palette, or combined such contrasting colors together, or reproduced such fabulous tints.

"It looks like his paintings are shining," remarked art critics with admiration, "as if the colors were illuminated from within."

And ordinary visitors just exchanged opinions:

"These pictures shine with the light of joy."

School-teachers brought their pupils to his exhibitions and instructed them: "Look at these and teach your eyes to see beauty in color and mystery."



N. K. Roerich. At midnight (Northern Midnight). Light of the Shambhala.

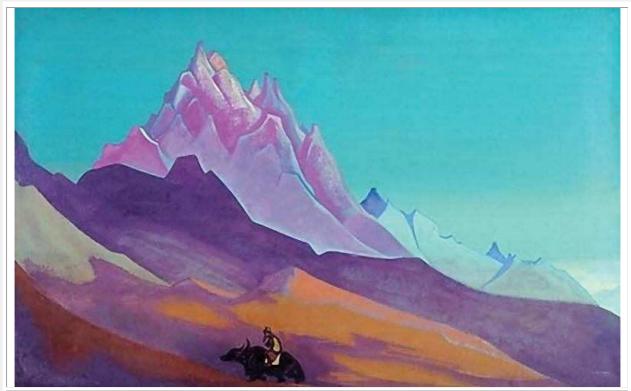
Doctors admitted right away that the emanations (radiations) of those pictures had a healing effect and advised their patients to visit exhibitions of that painter.

Scientists examined the weird and mysterious plots of those paintings and arrived at the conclusion that their author was a truly unique figure in the history of humanity.

"He is not only an outstanding master of fine arts," they said, "but a prominent scientist, as well. His paintings were not merely produced by his imagination. They are documentary proof of what he saw. Look at those lights shining over the mountain peaks. They are not bare fiction. Quite recently

researchers have reported exactly the same radiance in these Mountains. But the nature of this phenomenon is as yet undiscovered."

Poets exclaimed in elation: "These canvases are a true hymn to beauty! And this artist is the only singer of the Abode of Light on this Earth!"



N. K. Roerich. Pilgrim

Only some painters, who favored faded and joyless hues and used gloomy and smudgy colors in their works, sneered, trying to conceal their envy:

"Where did he see such colors in nature?! There is no sky like this! There can be no such Mountains and no such ground!"

However, astronauts turned down these accusations. Looking at the paintings, they remarked in astonishment and admiration:

"We observed our planet from Space and we saw exactly the same fascinating colors. But has the painter ever been to Space?!"

And only those envious of the man kept grumbling at any opportunity:

"It's no art. These drawings would do only as candy wrappers."

Meanwhile, the elderly janitor of the picture gallery had been listening to the scornful comments of the jealous painters until they made him exclaim in indignation:

"Some look at paintings as if they were stains on the wall! The envious heart won't even get a clue that they are a true miracle!"

But the jealous painters pretended that his words were not aimed at them.

Then a day came when all of a sudden this great artist quitted painting. The jealous triumphed, but all the friends and numerous admirers of his talent were upset.

"Master," they inquired, "but why did you stop painting? You're a true genius. Your paintings bring joy to people. Your art embodies beauty."

"I'm desperate," confessed the artist and sighed sadly. "I vainly hoped to depict the Supermundane Beauty, which overfills my heart, on coarse canvas with the help of crude earthly colors. These paintings of mine are but a faint and feeble echo of that Beauty."

He Embodied in Sounds a Hymn to Beauty

The master, who could feel the Supermundane Beauty, then sought to express it through music. So now he appeared to reveal the gift of an outstanding composer.

His melodies were so beautiful that people changed while listening to them. Their faces lit up, their eyes looked kinder and their minds, usually wanting this and that and lots of other things at the same time, could rest from all the fuss and troubles.

When people listened to those enchanting sounds, all their thoughts concentrated in their hearts and transformed to joy, which then escalated to the elation of spirit. They listened to the music, and it made them hold their breath.

Afterwards, on their way home, whenever they happened to recall the unworthy thoughts that had often occurred to them and the swear words they had often used, these memories made them shudder, as if they had touched something slimy, filthy and disgusting.

When the music of this composer resounded through the city, even the heaviest clouds dispersed in the air and the sun started shining again.

But then a day came when the honored master quitted composing music. The admirers of his talent asked him with anxiety what was wrong.

"My heart is overwhelmed with grief," he replied, "for I found it totally impossible to express the harmony of the Supermundane Beauty that overfills my heart with the help of primitive earthly musical instruments! The sounds you can hear are but a faint, feeble and coarse echo of this Beauty. There's nothing I can do about it, and this drives me to despair!"

He Planted a Fabulous Garden

And the man who could sense the Supermundane Beauty decided to put his hands to gardening.

He planted a big garden out of the city.

He planted and watered every tree with his own hands and treated them all with such care and love, as if they were children.

Time passed, the trees grew up, and wonderful flowers of unseen beauty bloomed on them. Moreover, from year to year the flowers were superseded by the ones, different both in color and form, and they never repeated.

All the citizens, old and young alike, looked forward to springtime as the greatest holiday or the greatest wonder. All hurried to the garden.

But that was not all. There was another miracle in the garden.

All the trees in it were of the same kind, but each tree bloomed with flowers of different shapes, as if they belonged to completely different species. What is more, each branch of every single tree had flowers of a diverse coloring. In the morning, the colors and hues of the flowers were light and mild, almost transparent. At midday their palette grew unusually rich and bright. And evenings were typically the time when the garden changed completely.

Still, the third miracle was ever more incredible. As soon as the first star appeared in the sky, every flower, every leaf and every twig in the garden started gleaming with a kind of unusual colorful shine. Yet, it would be far too rough a comparison, if one tried to compare that luminous garden with, let's say, the illuminated glitter of the Christmas Tree.

By night the trees in the garden shone in a pearly shimmer, which one wouldn't see anywhere on the Earth, and looked airy-light. The garden seemed to be floating over the ground and filled the air with its divine fragrance.

To crown it all, at any time, whether in spring, or summer, or fall – always by full moon – a rainbow appeared in the dark velvet sky over the garden. However, it was not like the usual, daytime rainbow, which bows like an arch. Mildly phosphorescent, the moon rainbow hanged above the garden in a huge circle.

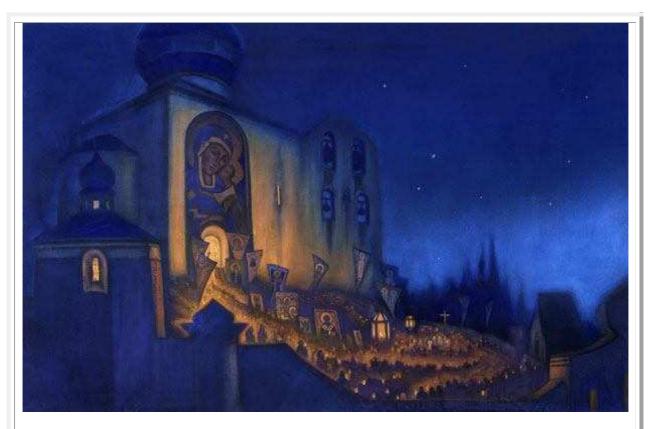
Actually, there was the fourth miracle in the garden.

From the time the first star appeared in the sky and up to midnight, soft music filled the garden. But it was not like the music that could be played on any earthly instrument.

On the whole, it wasn't even easy to tell if it was music or singing. The charming melody was as subtle as the fragrance of the flowers. And just like the aroma of the flowers, it permeated the space around. When a visitor entered the

garden, the divine sounds wafted on him from all sides. The enchanting music appeared to reach heavenly heights and descend underground.

It was the singing of the flowers.



N. K. Roerich. The Cross Procession.

The Sacred Place Where the Transformation of the Heart Took Place

It turned out that the enchanting harmony of colors and the delightful scent of the flowers could become sounds, equally harmonious and enchanting. No musical instrument and no singer's voice on the Earth could ever reproduce the voice of a singing flower. The best orchestra in the world could by no means repeat the tune of this marvelous choir.

People came into the night garden as if it was a sacred place – barefoot and with an air of solemnity. They were neither instructed, nor expected to do this. It was their own decision. They inhaled the cool scent of the flowers and felt every cell of their bodies resonate to the heavenly melody of the singing garden, the singing skies and the singing earth.

When it struck midnight, the melody slowly dissolved in space and the people went back home, stepping softly; they were silent and happy, their hearts

were filled with love to each other and to everything that made up the world. Everything that existed in that world, from distant stars, the sun and the moon to earthly seas, mountains and clouds, and even up to the tiniest bird and the thinnest twig – everything was an integral whole and, at the same time, a part of their own individual Self.

The sense of Beauty, which had penetrated into the people's consciousness, dramatically changed their thoughts and lives, as it filled their every day with joy.

Beauty Is Boundless

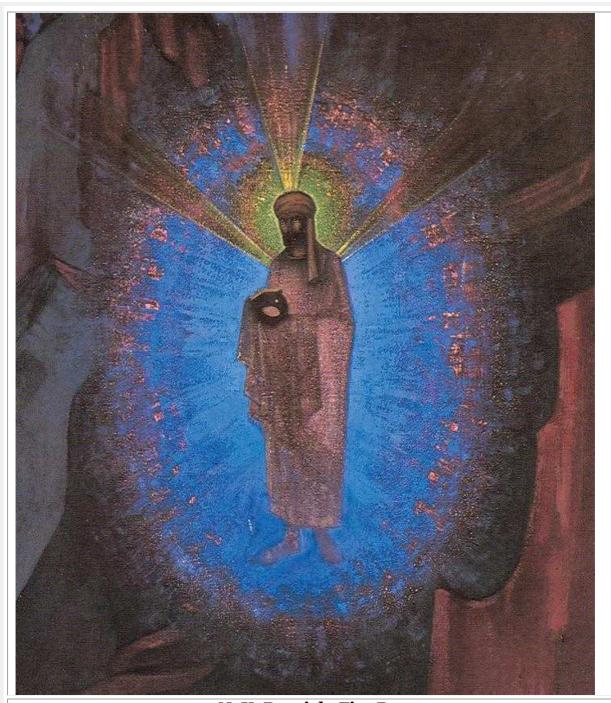
Since the garden blossomed, no crime was committed in the city, not even a minor theft. People didn't bother to equip their cars with alarm systems and the doors of their apartments, shops and storehouses with tricky locks. The citizens committed no improper action to be reported to the police. Swear-words, frequently used in conversations before, were forgotten and extinct. The times when the city-dwellers cheated, fought, offended each other and took offence themselves fell into oblivion. For everybody didn't just believe that the world, as well as mankind, was an integral whole. More than that, the whole city lived as one friendly family, in which all the people were eager to help each other.

"And yet, my friends," said the old gardener one day, sadly, "even the beauty of this garden, which changed the life of our city so much, is far from genuine Beauty."

"Then, what is true Beauty, if this isn't?!" exclaimed the amazed city-dwellers.

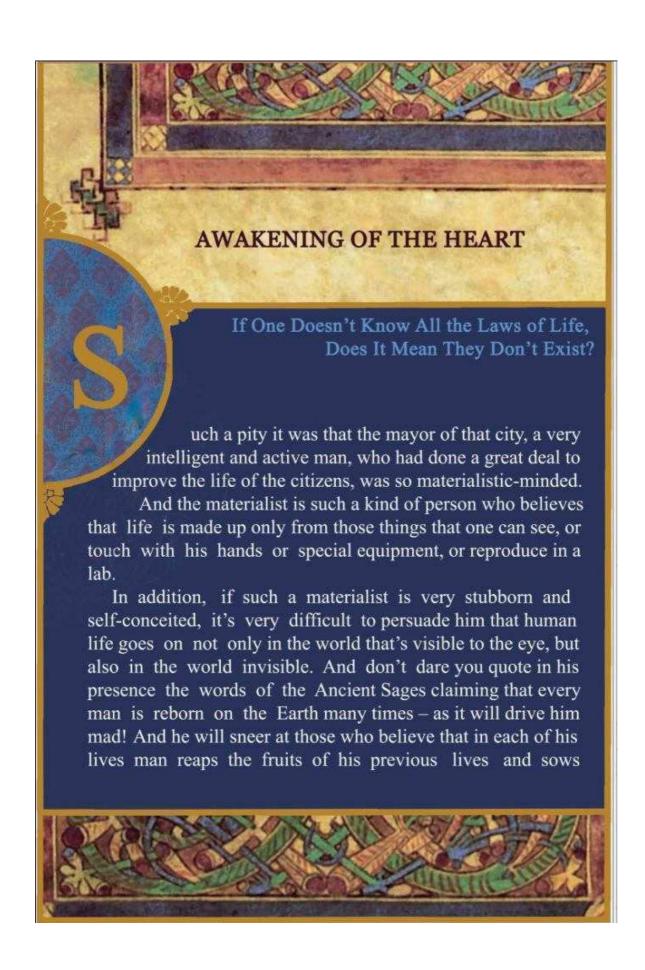
"No, this isn't," answered the gardener. "Even this miracle is but a dim reflection of the genuine Beauty which I saw in the splendid divine light of the Teacher."

"But could the Teacher show us true Beauty?"



N. K. Roerich. Fiat Rex.

"Even the greatest of all the sages on the Earth, whose spirit can fly amongst the stars and at the same time be here in the human body, wouldn't be able to express genuine Beauty," said the gardener. "The great Teacher would grieve and regret even more than me, if he tried to show to you the sacred Beauty, which he had watched in the Light of his Teacher. Beauty knows no limits in the Universe, just as perfection knows no bounds...



the seeds for the life to follow.

That's why the mayor's mind, extremely acute but unshakably materialistic, flatly refused to accept the doctrine of the Ancient Teachers, which said that there are some events in the life of every person which cannot be avoided.

But if one doesn't know all the laws of life, does it mean they don't exist?

And one of the principal cosmic laws reads that there are certain events a person cannot avoid in his present life, however hard he tried.

Why is it so?

It happens so because the seeds that caused these events were sown in the previous life. And now he is fully dependent on the effects of those reasons. Figuratively speaking, life offers everybody to eat the fruits of the seeds sown once in the past.

And what if he sowed seeds of bitterness? How can he expect these seeds to bear fruits of delicious sweetness in his future life?

When the fruit is ripe, nothing can be done about it. It's about as good as trying to turn a red hot chilly pepper you're eating into sweet raspberries.

"What you have sown," says the fate to every one of us, "that's now ripened.

You must eat the fruit, whether you like it or not! There exists a ruthless law in Cosmos which cannot be altered even by God!

In the ancient sacred books of the Hindus this law is called KARMA: you will reap what you have sown!"

To Accept? Or to Reject? Which Is Better?

It's not a good thing when a man allotted with great power and authority is obstinate, and self-assertive, and **unwilling to admit** the existence of things which are **at present** beyond his **personal** arrogant consciousness. And what if tomorrow the knowledge that's vigorously rejected today proves right, useful and as necessary as breathing?

Just recently, many sciences were deemed false. Not long ago, some materialist scientists spoke about computers in such a way that now makes them blush. They said that computers, as well as cybernetics at large, were nothing but bourgeois toys, nonsense and useless gadgets, invented by mercenary scientists to please the capitalists. All the talk about computers and all sorts of robots was allowed at best to science fiction writers.

It's easy to deny and forbid. It's considerably more difficult, yet more appropriate for an educated person to think the whole thing over and **admit** that there are always things in life which he is completely unaware of.

When One Has Power and Authority to Forbid...

Once the mayor we'd like to tell you about bought one of the books of the Sacred Teaching. He carelesslythumbed it through and then threw it into the wastepaper basket with an expression of outright disregard on his face.

"It's written here that we keep on living after death!" he snapped out scornfully when somebody asked about his opinion on the book. "It's nothing but stupid superstitions of ancient people as well as present-day savages, by the way! Besides, this book says that we live many times! And it's sheer nonsense! Because it's impossible!"

The mayor sent for the chief censor and ordered him to ban the publication and sale of the Sacred Teaching series. He possessed power and authority, and he used them as he considered appropriate.

"How can we allow anybody to stuff the heads of our citizens with such non-scientific nonsense?!" he exclaimed in sincere indignation. "Science asserts that man is born on the Earth only once! And when he dies, nothing is left of him but the cold and lifeless body. And that's it! That's the way people are – once born, then gone! His memory and consciousness dissolve in the air like mist or smoke. Everything he dreamt about, everything he loved or hated – all is gone forever! Isn't it the way our science has it?" he addressed the chief censor of the city. "Yes, it is," echoed the censor.

"But it was you who let this book go! Still I won't let out such rubbish to disturb the minds of my fellow-citizens!" cut short the mayor. "Right tomorrow I'll issue an order to have all publications of this sort removed from all the bookstores and destroyed. And you, publishers, should be prosecuted for distributing such harmful books. And all the newspapers and TV-channels should launch a campaign to disclose the true nature of life and death!"

A Weird Dream

The working day was drawing to its close when the mayor decided to visit one of the city's building sites and took his assistant with him. They both sat on the back seat of the car. All of a sudden, the mayor noticed a young man dressed in the 18th-century-style clothes, who was escorted by two policemen out of the city court building. At first the mayor thought about some movie being shot there. The young man was shedding bitter tears. Waving his arms, he cried frantically:

"You condemned the innocent one! I'm not guilty! Not guilty!"

The assistant whispered right into the mayor's ear:

"Just fancy, this man is truly innocent. He didn't commit the crime he had been accused of."

The mayor sounded surprised and disapproving:

"How could it be?!"

"Well, things happen..." came the reply of the confused assistant.

And then weird things happened. Though the car kept on riding at full speed, all of a sudden the convicted man appeared sitting right on the front seat by the driver.

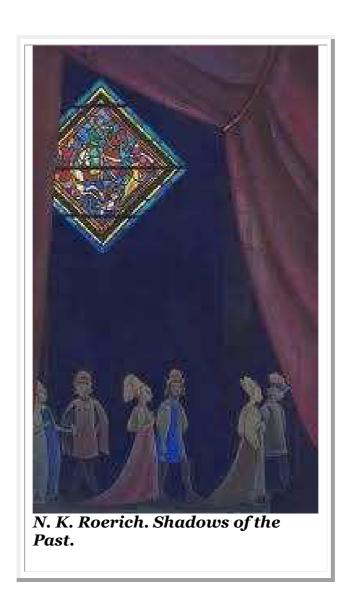
When he turned to the mayor, his face was distorted with suffering.

"Don't you recognize me?" he asked the mayor and sighed heavily. "I am you in one of your past lives. And I was unfairly convicted, as I'm not guilty.

You know why? That's because in my previous life I nearly burned down alive the Teacher of Light who insisted that the Earth revolves on its axis."

"You mean Galileo?" asked the mayor sternly. "You, scoundrel, dared to accuse the great Galileo?! So that was you who burned him down alive?"

"Yes, that was me. You, I mean. In a word, our companions from the Holy Inquisition!" agreed his weird passenger. "Are you of the same opinion, by the way?"



"You mean my opinion on Galileo's case? Are you serious?" the mayor was beside himself with anger. "Every kid knows as ABC that the Earth is round, and it revolves on its axis! But I didn't live in the times of Galileo! So I couldn't have convicted him! If I had lived then, I would have remembered! As I remember nothing of that kind, that means I couldn't have been there!"

"You're not quite right," objected the stranger from the front seat in a friendly voice. "After our death we come back to the Earth again and again. We are reborn here many times. But every time our soul creates a new body to live in. It's like a tree that changes its foliage every year. But the brain of the new body certainly wasn't involved in the previous life of the soul, and that's why it has nothing to recall. But the soul remembers everything. Alas, it can't speak through the physical brain."

"So what does it speak through?" asked the mayor.

"Only through the heart," said the stranger. "And the memories of your soul won't leave you alone, trust me! Neither asleep, nor awake... Now you're not quite fair trying to accuse another Teacher. You say that his teaching related in his books is false. But your injustice will turn back on you, and you will be treated in the same way. However, while you're alive, you have a chance to change your dismal future fate."

"Get out of here!" screamed the mayor. "How dare you teach me?!"

"Who are you talking to, sir?" asked his assistant in surprise. "Me?"

The mayor opened his eyes and stared at his assistant, just as surprised.

"Did I say something?.. Looks like I've been dozing off," said the mayor with evident relief.

"Actually, you have, but it wasn't for long," confirmed the assistant. He noticed his boss press his hand to the chest close to the heart and asked:

"A heart thump?"

"My heart is all right," grunted the mayor gloomily. "Just a bit tired, that's all!"

But in reality, his heart was beating so violently that it felt like jumping out of his breast.

In His Present Life Man Reaps the Fruits Sown in the Previous One, and at the Same Time He Sows Those to Be Reaped in the Next Life

"How could a stupid dream distress me so much?" thought the mayor, still trying to check the feverish beating of his heart with his hand.

But at this moment the driver hit the brakes so abruptly that the mayor and his assistant nearly tumbled over onto the front seats.

The driver did this to escape knocking down a man. It wasn't his fault, though. The man suddenly rushed to the highway, right into the flow of speeding cars. It was an old tramp – dirty, barefoot and scabby. His grey beard was disheveled and resembled wisps of dirty cotton wool.

The driver jumped out of the car and yelled at the old man that it was up to him whether to care about his own life, but he, the driver, wouldn't go to prison because of the old mad idiot!

The tramp didn't appear to hear the driver swearing and only rolled his wild eyes, giggled and made faces at the driver and the crowd of idle onlookers.

The mayor came out of the car.

"Leave him alone, that poor old man!" said someone from the crowd. "Can't you see, he is out of his mind!"

"They say," added another one, "this poor man was very rich and famous in our city when he was young. You'd never tell by his looks now."

"Oh yes," agreed an elderly man standing next to the mayor. "I remember the time when he was young and handsome. He and his wife were the most beautiful couple in the city. And the happiest one with it."

The mayor was curious to know more:

"And what happened then?"

"Then," sighed the old man, "misfortunes befell their family, one after another. Their little son, their consolation and treasure, was kidnapped by a band of vagabond Gypsies. His beautiful wife soon died of grief. His friend, who was also his companion in business, betrayed him and took hold of all his property by fraud. His lost his house as he had to pay off the debts. All these troubles ruined his health and he lost all his interest in life. To make it worse, once in winter he slipped on the ice and hit his head against a concrete garbage container, which caused a severe injury."

"Why on Earth should this man deserve such a terrible lot?" asked someone sympathetically.

"As the proverb says, every man creates his own fortune," answered somebody in the middle of the crowd, "but this means that every man creates his own misfortunes, as well."

Everybody agreed with this statement right away.

"But we'll never penetrate into the mystery of our fortunes and misfortunes," spoke the same man from the middle of the crowd, "until we learn the lessons the Teachers of Light give us. And they preach that people leave the Earth only for a while to think over their past lives and to make conclusions. Then they are reborn on the Earth once again, where they gradually reap all the good and evil fruits that grew from their previous thoughts and actions. Doing this, they create new thoughts, which are like seeds of the new fruits we'll reap some day."

"The Sacred Teaching says that noble thoughts and deeds always bear beautiful fruits," echoed a young girl. "But unworthy thoughts and deeds yield sad and bitter ones."

The mayor would like to stay and listen a little more, but it seemed to him that everybody could hear his heart's throbbing, so loud it was. And he was a man who wouldn't expose his heart to anyone...

Once Man Was Perfectly Sure the Earth Was Flat. Now He Says: "Only a Perfect Fool Could Say It!"

Once man was perfectly sure that the Earth was flat. Now he says: "Only a perfect fool could say it!" Now he goes on, obstinate as ever: "A person cannot be born many times!" But in due time he will inevitably admit: "Only a perfect..." and so on.

...That night the mayor woke up because his heart knocked several times at his chest with such vigor as if to make the whole house hear it. The mayor had a dream: he saw himself among the inquisitor judges who had accused Galileo, the great astronomer, of his statement that the Earth revolves.

"My poor heart!" sighed the mayor and reached out for a pill. "Those stupid dreams will do you... And that Galileo again! Well, he was convicted. Not that he was guilty, though. No doubt, the judges were awful ignoramuses! But what do I have to do with all this?!"

The mayor recalled the details of his nightmare and sighed heavily.

"Well, I must admit, I acted like... a perfect idiot in this dream!" he chuckled. "It was awful when I persisted that the Earth couldn't either revolve or have a round shape, for in this case all the people would have fallen off!.. Thank God, it was just a dream! Hard to believe now, but such pages are a true disgrace to the history of our civilization!"

It would be curious to know whether that self-important mayor, who didn't care a bit about the sacred laws of life, would believe somebody who might address him throughout centuries: "The truth is, it was really you among those ignorant inquisitor judges who several centuries ago humiliated and unfairly condemned the greatest astronomer, though his only fault was his knowledge of the celestial mechanics! How much has human science been suffering in the course of its long history because of such judges like you?!"

It would be curious to know whether that stubborn mayor, who now denied the teaching of repeated rebirths of man on the Earth as vigorously as he had once denied the fact that the Earth is round and revolves, would believe if a clairvoyant sage, who could read the aura like an open book, said to him: "You have paid off in full for your dreadful blunder made in the trial over great Galileo. Haven't you suffered enough? In one of your lives you were imprisoned for the crime you... hadn't committed, weren't you? Or do you want to go through all the hardships once again?"

It would be curious to know what that man would do, if he was told: "Listen to your heart and ask it why it is throbbing so violently in your chest today. Maybe it wants to tell you, that deniers have always been called the extinguishers of the fires of mind! Your heart is already awake. But it cannot get through to your mind! That's why it decided to show you in dreams various pictures from your past."

The Heart Got Through

It looked like the mayor's heart finally got through to his mind, self-assured and stubborn beyond measure.

When he showed up at his office unusually early the next day, he did something that was quite different from what he had planned to do the day before.

On his way to work he already knew that he wouldn't sign the order to have the books of the Teacher confiscated from the bookstores and destroyed.

"Hope it won't be like in the case with Galileo," he grunted to himself while going to his room. "It's unbelievable, some four hundred years ago the schools taught that the Earth didn't move and was as flat as a pancake! Such crass ignorance!"

In fact, he came so early to make sure that he would be alone and nobody would see him enter the closet, where he found a large garbage container which the office-janitor used to store the wastepaper she collected from all the garbage baskets in the office. The mayor climbed into the container and searched through it for a while, until he found the book he had thrown away.

"Thank God, they haven't sliced it up for recycling," he said in a pleased tone, getting out of the container.

He straightened his necktie, wiped paper dust off his suit, combed his rumpled hair and went to his room. He sat down and began to turn over the pages of the book on Fire Yoga. And the more he reflected on the things he read, the slower he turned the pages. Now he obviously felt like carefully weighing every single line he read.

Other Things the Mayor Learnt That Morning – After He Looked Through Fire Yoga – Just Before His Working Day Began

From the book *Heart* the mayor learnt that every man has two minds: one manifests itself through the brain, while the other – through the heart.

Human brain is much proud of its capability to perceive and examine the Universe. And nobody is going to take this wonderful ability away from it, so it can develop further.

But it is the human heart that possesses far greater knowledge, which is in addition always accurate and instantaneous. But the proud and stubborn brain is yet unwilling to admit it and constantly seeks to push the heart away from human activities. And moreover, the greater its progress the more it belittles and confines the heart.

But the heart always knows before the brain does. The Teacher says: "The heart will be first to thrill, the heart will be first to quiver, the heart will be first to discern much, before the judgment of the brain dares to reflect. Without undermining the tortuous path of the brain, can we disregard in silence the most direct attainment of the heart?.."

Scientists are aware of this ability of the heart and call it **intuition**. Yet they do not dare to call it **the intellect of the heart**, or **the spiritual mind**, and least of all, the *Thinking Fire*, that is, the Fire, whose way of thinking, however, is quite different from that of the brain.

Since the Yoga of Fire, or the Teaching of Fire, is intended to develop the heart in the first place, thus its second name is **the Teaching of the Heart**. It is meant to urge the people of the New World to start using actively in their lifenot only the abilities of their brain, but also the abilities of the heart, in contrast to the inhabitants of the old world.

In other words, the time has come which demands from people to use not only the outstanding capacities of their **lower intellect**, which manifests itself through the brain. It's time to start the development of one's **higher**, **or spiritual**, **mind** (intuition), which is manifested through the heart.

However, the old world is reluctant to surrender, and it keeps resisting. In his book *Heart* (§ 454) the Teacher says that even savages knew that the greatest mystery and power is contained in the human heart. Though in a very peculiar manner, yet they worshipped the heart above all other organs of the human body.

"But our era," said the Teacher in the early 30s of the 20th century, "has completely forgotten and rejected the Teaching of the Heart. The heart demands new understanding. One must be prepared to find that purely scientific facts about the heart will arouse a special accusation of superstition... thus, one must realize that the battle for understanding the heart will be especially severe. Thus

will the dark forces defend the brain, setting it counter to the heart. This, of course, will create only distortion. The leg has important functions, but it is not necessary to carry food into the mouth with one's foot."

The mayor checked his watch. He had a few minutes left to the beginning of the working day. Once again, he opened a random page. It happened to be § 389 from the Teacher's book *Brotherhood*:

"Man deems himself the creator of the New World," he read aloud the words of the Teacher, "contemporary leaders think that they are building the New World, but it enters no one's mind that their New World is a grimace of the old. The New World proceeds by new paths"...

"Actually," thought the mayor, definitely satisfied with the unexpected piece of luck, "one couldn't think of a better introduction for my tomorrow's report on the new ideology and the New World that humankind entered at the dawn of the new millennium."

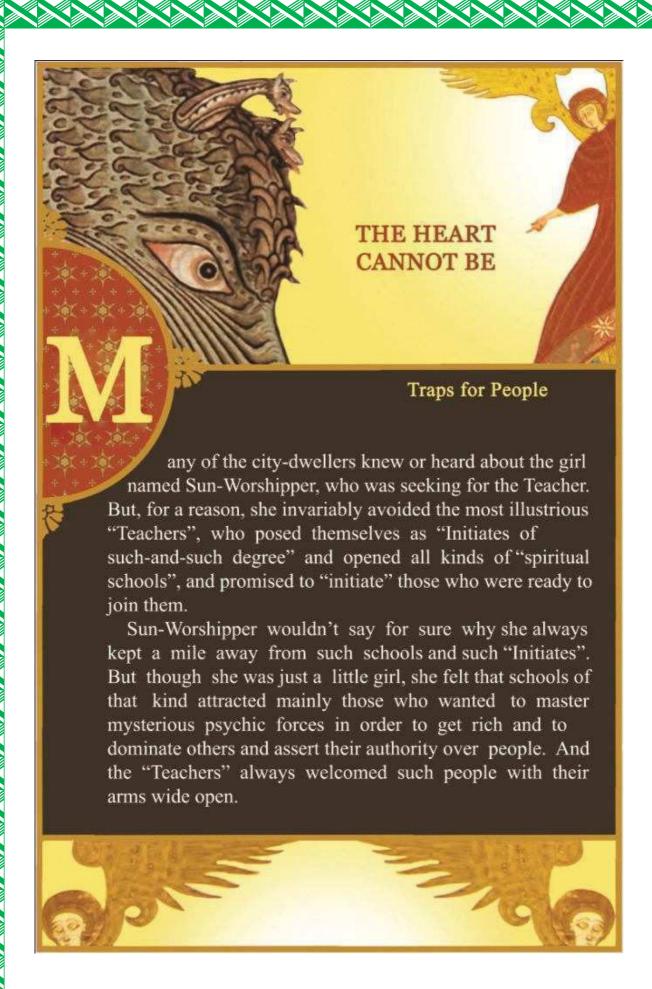
The mayor quickly put this phrase down into his daily planner. Then a second one followed, and another one. He didn't even notice his assistant enter and greet him. Only when some worker came closer and wondered about the book his boss had been absorbed in since early morning, the mayor answered with the phrase he had saved for the next day's conference:

"I've been reading the recommendations and revelations of one mysterious Himalayan Sage telling people what they can and must do daily to make the life on the Earth worthy of the rational being and to make people happier, so that we could say at last: 'We are building the New World!'"

It's Never Late to Learn

In his book *Fiery World* (§ 434) Teacher Morya says: "We cannot pride ourselves on our cognition so long as the Invisible World does not grow in our consciousness."

These words were said in 1933. And 2.5 thousand years ago Confucius, the previous Master of Shambala, whose name we already mentioned in this book, said: "Those who are born with knowledge are the highest. Next come those who attain knowledge through study. Next again come those who turn to study after having been vexed by difficulties. The common people, in so far as they make no effort to study even after having been vexed by difficulties, are the lowest." (Lun Yu – The Analects of Confucius.)



Their aspirations sounded alien to Sun-Worshipper, as hers were totally different. She wanted to acquire as much knowledge and skills as possible, so that when she grew up, she could help other people and the Teacher, whom she hoped to meet some day. She had been preparing herself for that meeting since early childhood, and she did her best every day to keep her heart pure. As soon as an unseemly thought penetrated into it, she swept it out at once and told herself off for such carelessness.

The girl was right assuming that those "Teachers" couldn't be related to Light. But until the Dark Epoch is over on the Earth and superseded by the Epoch of Light, the so-called "Teachers" will lure crowds of disciples willing to learn the methods of a truly devilish science – black art, which is fatal for a person. The disciples of those schools got what they wanted – power over people and easy money. But at the same time, they were turned into obedient servants of black magicians and joined the ranks of the dark forces. And that is why evil flourished on the Earth.

Vain Hope of the Dark

But even in the Dark Age there were a lot of people on the Earth who found reliable protection from black magicians in their pure hearts, as well as in their beautiful and noble thoughts. However hard those enemies of humanity tried to entrap such people, they failed.

The dark mob of the enemies of humanity hated them to death, for people with pure hearts always presented mortal danger to them.

All adults grow out of children, so the black magicians had been working hard to do harm to people from an early age. They tried to catch children at some mistake or fault, or anything inappropriate. They sought to make such flaws habitual and aggravate improper thoughts in people to the point of making them evil. Then it would be easy for them to ensuare a person.

Of course, our life is arranged in such a way that only those make no mistakes who do nothing at all – neither work, nor study. But many people who make mistakes, be it in actions or thoughts, try to correct them right on the spot, which makes them perfectly immune to the dark forces.

The Hunt That Failed

Once the Prince of darkness himself, the Head of all the dark forces on the Earth, learned about the girl named Sun-Worshipper. None of those who had many times tried to approach her, the servants informed him, managed to entrap her.

"Mind it, she is growing up," said the servants to their Prince, "and such girls often grow into true warriors of Light, who present great danger to us. We

thought, she'd be easier to deal with while she is still little. No way! No luck, time after time. It's hard to squeeze into her heart. It's overfilled with light and her dream about the Teacher."

When the Prince of darkness heard that all his servants couldn't do away with a little girl, he roared with laughter.

"You may be sure, tomorrow I'll hunt her down, and you'll see her right ensnared!" he promised and turned out his black magicians.

The next day, when the girl was passing by the place where the sacred stone had been (that very stone the Teacher used to sit on while talking to his disciples), she saw an unknown wanderer. He looked much like... the Teacher, as she had seen him in the pictures and in her dream. He stood, his head hung in sadness, right on the spot where the sacred stone had once been.

The girl halted. Her eyes lit up with joy and she ran up to the wanderer.

"Teacher!" she exclaimed.

All of a sudden, she stopped. She glanced at the wanderer and apologized:

"I am sorry, sir," she said, blushing, "I mistook you for another person. I just had a vision..."

She cut her phrase in the middle and walked on.

"Hey!" cried the Prince of darkness as he caught up with the girl. "It wasn't a vision. I am the one you've been looking for so long, the one who visits you in your dreams. I am the Teacher! Don't you wear as a sacred relic that small piece of my stone round your neck?!"

The girl stopped, peered into the man's eyes and spoke in an unexpectedly firm voice:

"I don't know who you are. But you're telling lies! And that stone isn't yours! You are not the Teacher!"

And she left.

Another Failure

Next time the girl saw a wanderer in the rainstorm. Dressed in poor clothes and drenched to the skin, he was knocking at all the gates, one by one, but nobody would open.

When he reached the porch of the house, whereupon the girl used to put a flower of freesia on the day of the Great Teachers of mankind, he hammered violently against it. Yet, it didn't open, as well.

And the girl at once recalled the old legend about a wanderer, who couldn't find shelter on a rainy day in fall, just like that man. And that wanderer had happened to be the Teacher himself.

The girl hurried up to the poor man to lend him her umbrella and invite him to her house. But scarcely had she touched his clothes, when some impulse forced her to withdraw her hand.

"My dear child," said the wanderer with a sweet smile, "weren't you going to take me to your house?"

"I was," answered the girl, "but I changed my mind, for you are not the one you pretend to be."

"Who do you think you are?!" yelled the wanderer. "How dare you, a spoilt kid, talk like that to me – the Teacher of Light?! I'll hurl you right into that huge tree over there! And leave you wailing there till morning!"

"You see, it didn't take you long to drop your mask!" said the girl scornfully.

"You're a shameless pretender and liar!"

And she walked away.

Danger

Once the girl woke up in the middle of the night to view streams of weird-looking light flood her room. A marvelous fragrance was flowing in through the window. And in the center of the room... stood the *Teacher*, smiling at her gently. He was magnificent. And the fabulous light he emanated looked unearthly.

"My dear child," spoke the *Teacher* softly, "now all your trials are over, finally. You stood up to the cunning tricks of the Prince of darkness himself. You've been searching for me so long, and you see, here I am. Now I can have you as my disciple."

The girl gaped at the *Teacher*, wordless with awe. She rose up from her bed and came up to the *Teacher*, eager to press her cheek to the hand she loved so much. But suddenly... she stepped back.

"What's the matter with you, my dear child?" wondered the *Teacher* and gazed intently into her eyes, as if trying to hypnotize her.

"What's wrong?" he insisted, stretching his arms to her.

"I don't know," answered the girl in a whisper, "I am sorry. But... but you don't seem to be the Teacher who lives in my heart."

"I don't actually like the cold way you're greeting me!" said the *Teacher*. "If I go away now, it'll be forever!"

The girl cast down her eyes and said quietly:

"You are not the true Teacher... Please, go away! I must wake up to school early tomorrow. And I want to sleep!"

Dark Prince Unmasked

The Prince of darkness exploded. The room filled with a scarlet haze and then shook as if shattered by an earthquake. The girl was scared, but tried to stay calm. The Prince of darkness pulled off his mask as he flew into a rage.

"Do you always mistrust your own eyes and ears, stupid girl?!" he roared in a frightful voice out of the scarlet fog.

"I believe them. But not always," whispered the girl. Though her voice was trembling with fear and she was choking in the thick scarlet fog, she tried to hide it.

"So tell me, why didn't you believe your eyes this time?!" the horrid voice thundered so loud that the girl couldn't help trembling all over. "I am the Prince of darkness and I've been easily deluding packs of people, especially when I use this unearthly shine!"

"Yes," agreed the girl, "the glare was truly beautiful... It can really befool anybody, that's true. I used to think before that the Prince of darkness couldn't shine at all. But now I should know that he can **imitate** even the shine whenever he needs."

"I can do everything! I'm the mightiest of all!" the voice rumbled so loud that even the walls of the room cracked.

But the girl retorted:

"You are not. The Teachers of Light are truly the mightiest."

"You dare argue with me?!" screamed the Prince of darkness as his wild fury rocked the house, wrenched the panes out of the window and crooked all the doors in a flash-like thrust.

Dark Forces Will Never Squeeze Into the Heart Filled with the Teacher of Light

"You are going to regret it, nasty kid!" the Prince of darkness growled like a wild beast. But the girl's fear had already subsided, and she asked him in a calm voice:

"I'll ask you something, and please tell me if it was true or not. Were you, Prince of darkness, that stranger standing right on the spot where the sacred rock had once laid which had been crushed by the mad crowd?"

"Yes, that was me!" snarled the Prince of darkness.

"I think, you also pretended to be the wanderer I met on that rainy day by the house the Teacher had visited once, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did!" roared the Prince of darkness, with growing frenzy.

"Do you want to know why all your cunning tricks failed?" said the girl. "Even the meanest one you tried to play tonight?"

"Go ahead, tell me! Why?" the Prince of darkness was beside himself with savage rage.

"It's because you can deceive only those eyes and ears that are on one's head. But every person has eyes and ears of a different kind, which are quite unlike the usual ones. And they are never mistaken!"

"Are you kidding?" grunted the Prince of darkness with irritation as he quit his frightful roaring.

"The Teachers of Light keep persuading everybody: 'Learn to see with the eyes of your heart', don't they? That's what I'm doing. And you can see it yourself, actually. You can dim the eyes on the head, but not the eyes of the heart. And you know why?"

"Why?" barked out the Prince of darkness.

"Because that heart of mine..." the girl tightly pressed her hands to the chest, "is overfilled with the Light of the Teacher... And I'm doing my best to make it like a chalice. Magic.Golden. Diamond-pure... You know why I imagine my heart as a magic chalice?"

"Why?" gravely grumbled the Prince of darkness.

"Because I live and dream that someday the Teacher will allow me to water the flowers of the Sun in his garden."

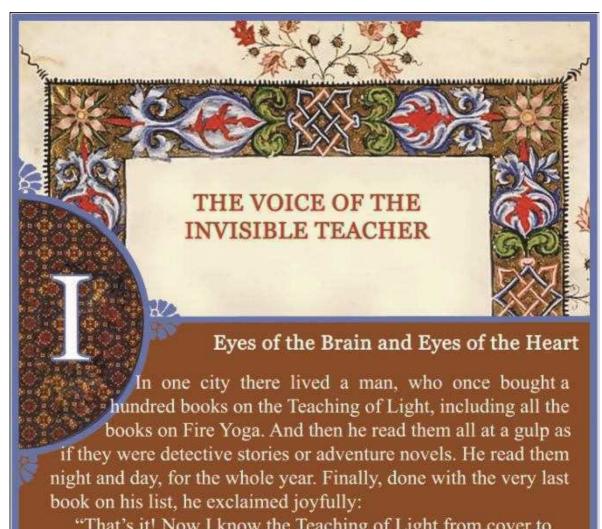
And the Prince of darkness suddenly realized that he hadn't the slightest chance to squeeze into this heart, so overfilled with the Teacher of Light it was. And the Prince of darkness should know like nobody else that Light always conquers darkness.

Once more he outraged with powerless anger and... disappeared.

The Armor of Light as the Means of Recognition

Teacher Morya, the Master of Shambala, says in his book *Brotherhood* (§ 28): "Enough is known about the existence of the Brotherhood of Good and the Brotherhood of Evil. It is likewise well known that the latter strives to imitate the former in the means and methods of action. The ignorant inquire, "Is it possible for man to distinguish, in the approach, this or that Brother?" If the appearance and words be identical, then it is not difficult to fall into error and to accept advices which lead to evil. Thus will reason the man who does not know that the means of discrimination are contained in the heart... Not without foundation is such discrimination called the armor of Light."

Helena IvanovnaRerikh, who was the disciple of the Master of Shambala, wrote in one of her letters to her friends and coworkers: "So send your thought to the Teacher and let the Teacher enter Your heart. Otherwise it would be darkness in the empty heart without the Teacher... Fill the heart with Teacher so that the enemy wouldn't squeeze into it."



"That's it! Now I know the Teaching of Light from cover to cover!"

This enthusiastic remark rose into the mental space and reached the Teacher in the distant Mountains. The Teacher heard it and thought sadly: "And that is human self-conceit! This man read the inmost meaning, which is hidden inside words and letters, using only the eyes of his brain. He left idle the eyes of his heart. And the only thing he learned was the looks and form of that grain of Sacred Knowledge he had happened to find on the road of life. But in reality, he is still unaware of the nature of

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this seed. He still doesn't know what kind of plant it will bear – whether a grass-blade, or a flower, or a tree. And he still has no idea of the beauty of flowers that can bloom on this tree, and of the value of fruits that it can give. Those who have let the light of the Teaching not only into their eyes, but also their hearts, know perfectly well that **thewhole** Teaching of Light can never be related in books in full! People will ask, why so? It's just because the Great Life could never be crammed onto leaves of paper, even if we had covered the whole Earth with them in three layers."

Doldrums

The wife of the bookworm husband once saw him sitting in the garden plunged into deep sorrow and asked him sympathetically what he was grieving about.

"I've nothing more to read," he answered despondently.

"Well, then you can sit here and think over the things you've read about!" advised the wife in a friendly manner.

"So that's what I'm doing: sitting here and thinking that I'm out of books to read."

"Sounds like your books are caviar to the general," said the wife with a smile.

"Just look, the pot calls the kettle black!" sneered the husband with a note of offence. "I haven't actually seen you open a book that often!"

The woman took no offence and replied calmly: "When one thinks that he has nothing to read, he resembles our billy goat, who keeps raiding the neighbors' kitchen-gardens."

The husband darted an infuriated look at his wife, but she went on:

"Whenever one just devours books like these, he is merely a reader. But if he reads a small piece of the text and then keeps pondering over it day and night, then he is not simply a reader, but a thinker, a true philosopher! A 'mere reader' is of no more good than milking a billy goat, you know. But the thinker can be of benefit to the whole world."

And the woman handed to her angry husband one of the books of Fire Yoga. "I've read it already!" he sharply pushed her hand away.

The woman offered him another book of the Teaching.

"And this one, too!"

When the woman showed him the next book of the Teaching, he freaked out and jumped to his feet:

"Can't you hear me, I've read all of them!"

Not saying a word, the wife went into the house and returned with the very first volume of Fire Yoga. She placed it on a small table under the apple-tree, right before the husband's eyes, pressed it firmly with her hand and went away in silence.

The husband frowned, and sat down, and stared at the book for a long time. Then he picked it up and reluctantly opened the first page.

With the Eyes of the Heart

The next evening the wife asked in a friendly tone:

"Reading?"

"Reading."

Knowing that her husband was a quick reader, she inquired a couple of days later:

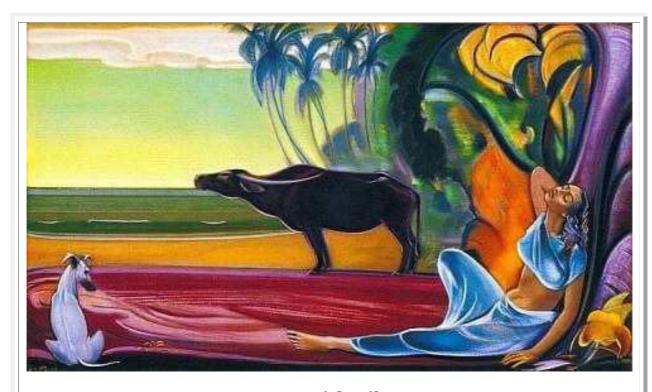
"Finished with this one?"

"Not yet," answered the husband, a little less hostile this time.

In a fortnight the woman asked again:

"That must be another book you are reading?"

"No," answered the man, "it's actually... the first one."



S. N. Roerich. Silence.

A couple of months passed. One day, when the wife saw her husband get down to reading and looked over his shoulder, her eyes lit up with mischievous sparks.

"My philosopher is still doing the first book, cannot get through such a small and thin booklet?!"

The husband gave no answer. Most likely, he didn't hear her question at all, so deep in thought he was.

And the wife stopped picking on him.

Only a year later she inquired carefully:

"So how many books have you read so far?"

"Well, almost through with the first one," said the husband in a calm voice.

"Are you serious? Could it be still the first one?"

And the wife burst into laughter, but it was so well-wishing that the man took no offence this time.

Bottomless Depth

Another year passed.

The wife wondered once again what her husband was reading and reflecting on.

"What am I reading now?" he echoed, deep in thought. "What am I reading, you say?..The first page of the very first book. And you know, my dear adviser, that the more I ponder on **each sentence from the book of the Teaching** the more knowledge it seems to disclose."

Half a year later, the wife inquired once again what her husband was reading, and he answered with delight:

"You won't believe it, but I am still reading the first page of the first book. And you know, my wise instructor, the deeper I try to penetrate into **every word of the Teacher** the more wisdom it appears to unfold."

Half a year later, the wife wondered once again what book her husband was reading and thinking over. What made him look so concerned? Why was he so grave and sad?

"You see, I've moved no further than the first page," he said and gave a deep sigh. "And you know, my precious friend, the more I think over the things I read the greater my astonishment. Just fancy, how many mysteries are hidden not only in every sentence, in every word, but **every letter of the Teaching!** I suspect that I won't be through with the first book till my dying day!"

"Is that what makes you sad?"

"Yes," nodded the husband and added in a low voice, "but now I understand why the Great Teacher who had given Fire Yoga to us said once that no Teacher of Light, who has ever brought to mankind the Sacred Knowledge of the world and man, ever said or would ever say, even millions of years later: 'Here is the Teaching which is all the Knowledge.' Now I understand why the Teacher says that no Teaching of Light could be complete. Every completeness means some kind of an end. But Knowledge is endless! Knowledge has no bounds. That's what fills me with sorrow."

"Please, don't be sad," said the wife. "It's true that Knowledge has no bounds. And our ability to learn is endless, as well. But our consciousness can also absorb any amount of knowledge, without any limitation. For our consciousness is as boundless as Knowledge. And it can expand infinitely. The whole of Cosmos can be accommodated in our consciousness, and it will take no more room than our planet does in the Universe. And our planet, in comparison with the boundless Universe, is less than a speck of dust compared to the whole Earth."

Inaudible.Invisible. Unspeakable

"How come you know all this?" asked the husband with utmost surprise.

"From the Teacher, of course."

"From whom?!" he repeated. "From... the Teacher?! Did you see him?!"

"No, I didn't," said the wife.

"But if you know so much, why have you kept silent all this time?" asked the confused man.

The wife answered:

"They say that one Teacher of Light once pointed at a bee and said to his disciples that bees buzz only when searching for a flower with nectar. But when the bees suck the nectar, there's actually no buzz heard. Such nectar can be compared with something that cannot be put into words. So one can hear words uttered by the Teacher with his ears. But the sense hidden **inside** the word is inaudible to the usual ear. It can be heard only by **theears of the heart**, and then it can't be expressed in words. The same can be said about the written words of the Teacher. One can read these words with his eyes. But it's impossible for the same eyes to look inside the word and to see its **inner sense**. You can see it with **theeyes of your heart** only, but then you'll be unable to express it in words. You may divide the word into letters, but your brain won't help you to penetrate into the **inmost** sense of these letters."

Can You Hear the Grass Growing?

"But what could be hidden there... inside a letter?" asked the man, his voice filled with hope.

The wife answered:

"Silence... That's what is hidden there. Such silence exists nowhere on Earth. And only in this silence you can hear the voice of the Invisible Teacher if he manages to get through to your heart."

The husband asked:

"And what does it sound like – the voice of the Invisible Teacher?"

The wife said:

"Can you hear the grass growing?.."

The man listened.

"Can you hear it?" asked the wife.

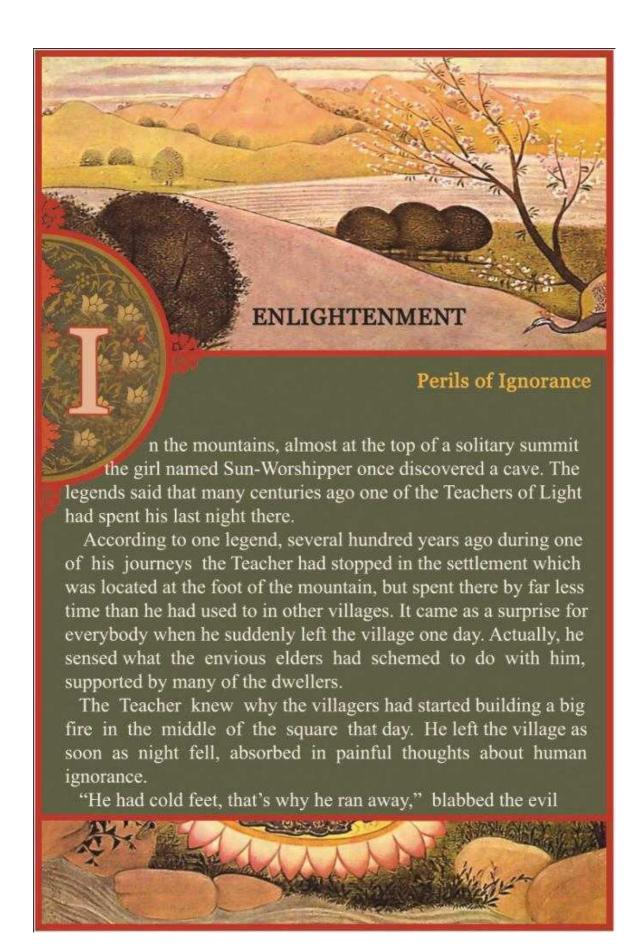
"No."

"But it is growing."

"I know it..."

"So, the voice of the Invisible Teacher addressing somebody's heart is ever quieter than the sound of growing grass. But everyone can hear it. One just needs to clean out thoroughly all the rubbish from the ears of his heart..."

"And you..." asked the husband discreetly. "Have you ever heard this voice, just for once?" But his wife only smiled at him just in the way a mother would smile at her child.



tongues. "The Teacher is a coward! If man be really immortal, as he preached, why on Earth was he so scared? Why did he flee in secret? It's because he is afraid of death. Thus, all his words are untrue!"

"Outright freaking lies!" echoed those who had been collecting firewood.

Only the oldest man in the settlement dared to object to the malicious mob:

"The Teacher didn't run away, mind you, blockheads! He just left. It would be stupid of a sage to die at fools' whim! You never really comprehended the Teacher's words, that is, when people pass away in the earthly world, they don't actually die. The Teacher tried to explain to you," went on the old man, "that when people die, they just pass from one world to a different one. When our earthly life is finished, we keep on living in the invisible, supermundane world. In a while, we are born again on the Earth. And then we pass away again – just to be reborn one day. Every person is like the Sun, which rises every morning and sets every evening – just to rise the next morning once again. And you, dumbheads, wanted to burn the Teacher alive. What for? To see whether he would rise from the ashes right to your face? Or whether he wouldn't?!"

Of course, the reason why the Teacher had left was not because he was scared. He knew that there would be a great deal of other settlements on his way, and their inhabitants would greet him with better understanding.

The chief purpose of his life was to explain to people the basic laws of life and to share with the few most gifted his skills in crafts and arts, which he himself had mastered to perfection.

Where Fathers Had Wanted to Burn the Teacher Their Sons Erected a Temple

When Sun-Worshipper discovered the cave, she walked down to the village and went from house to house, trying to encourage people to join her. Her voice was ringing with joy and elation:

"Come on! There, in the mountains, I'll show you the cave where the Teacher had stopped in his last journey!"

But there was neither joy, nor elation in the voices she heard.

"But why on Earth should we need this cave? We built a magnificent temple to honor the name of the Teacher who had once visited us. Why don't you go and have a look at it!"

"Well, I saw it. The temple is truly beautiful," said the girl, evidently upset.

"The dome is dazzling with gold. But if that's what you did to honor the place on which your fathers had been so rash to burn the Teacher alive why don't you see to the cave then?"

"But why on Earth would we need this cave?" wondered the villagers.

"The Teacher must have been thinking about you and praying for you when he stayed there..." said the girl. "But many centuries passed, and the cave is nearly buried under a layer of grit... The entrance is way too small to get in, even for me. It would be good to clear all the pathways of rock fragments and get the gravel drifts out of the cave."

But the people answered, puzzled:

"Good for whom? You don't mean the wind, do you?"

Others shrugged their shoulders and said:

"You must have a bee in your bonnet about that cave! It's too far and high away. Few would manage the whole way up there."

"You are right," agreed the girl. "The cave is located high in the mountains. Almost at the peak of the highest one. You know," she smiled, "I invented a name for this mountain. Your guesses!"

The puzzled people shrugged their shoulders again.

"How should we know?"

"The Teacher's Mountain!" exclaimed the girl in delight.

"Well, it's up to you," uttered the girl's listeners. "The name is good, let's leave it. We'll call it 'the Teacher's Mountain' then."

A Temple to Honor Themselves

When the girl saw that no one was willing to follow her to the mountains, she decided to leave the village. She knocked at the nearest door to ask for a spade to clear the cave by herself.

"I haven't a small spade that would fit you. And a small girl like you won't handle a big one," said the owner, "but you are welcome to have it, if you wish."

The owner's father, as old as the hills, heard the dialogue between his son and the girl and grunted gloomily:

"We keep on bragging that we raised the temple to honor the Teacher! Nothing of the kind! We did it to honor ourselves! To show the whole world how devout and generous we are, and how piously we serve the memory of the sages!"

"Grumbling again, grandpa?" asked his grandson, but the old man took no notice of the remark and shuffled out to the barn. He groused:

"Words! Words! Nothing but rattle! Rumbling like a dried-peas-rattle, asmall kids' toy..."

The old man pulled a spade out of the barn and a grab-basket to take the gravel out of the cave. He tied them together, loaded the tools on his back, groaning, and turned to the girl:

"Let's go, my child! Don't mind my having one foot in the grave. But mind what I'll say to you: 'There is nothing better for me than to die at the work that you are calling me to.'

The Teacher's Mountain

The sun was already setting when the girl and the old man left the village. They walked for the whole night and had to make frequent stops to have rest, and even slept for a couple of hours. It was clear that the road was way too long and hard for a child and an oldster.

But when they reached the mountains at daybreak, the air there was fresh and pure. And that's why the old man walked sprier, though the road upwards turned steeper. The girl realized it was easier to walk and quickened her pace, too. And the higher they climbed upwards, the fewer stops they made: the girl rushed forward as if carried on wings, and the old man seemed to restore his youthful vigor.

It was far into the night when they finally reached the cave on the Teacher's Mountain. The sky of black velvet was studded with bright stars.

The cave glowed with bluish shine.

"Do you... see this?" whispered the old man, pointing at the cave. "Or is this light just a vision, my child?"

"Yes, grandpa, I see it, too," replied the girl in a hushed voice.

"It's a miracle!" said the old man in awe.

"It's a miracle!" echoed the girl in awe.

The old man started to clear off the entrance quickly. After so many centuries, it was almost completely covered in gravel, soil and grass, which made it impossible to creep in, even for the girl.

As soon as the hole was wide enough, the girl crawled in. The old man still didn't dare to put his bearded head inside, but his impatience was so keen that he peeped in.

"Holy mackerel!" he exclaimed, enraptured, as he viewed through the narrow hole rather a spacious and dry cave. "It's glowing inside, too!.. It's like pie in the sky here! No way I'm going back... I'll die here! And by God's will, I might live a little longer in this sacred place!"

And the old man dug with renewed fervor to make the entrance wide enough to climb in.

"Grandpa!" cried the girl from inside the cave. "Something is scratched on the wall, some words."

The bearded head reappeared in the hole.

"So what are you waiting for, my child?" he said impatiently. "Go ahead, read them!"

"Grandpa, it goes like 'Teaching joy you cannot be mistaken'."

Teacher carved them here! The Teacher liked to repeat these words. I heard it from my grandfather!"

"Teaching Joy You Cannot Be Mistaken"

The girl crawled out of the cave, and upset was her voice when she spoke to the old man:

"I don't understand these words, grandpa... What does it mean: 'Teaching joy you cannot be mistaken'?"

"Think about it for a moment," said the old man.

"It seems to me," supposed the girl cautiously, "that the Teacher was greatly upset when he was writing these words. Maybe, he was thinking: 'I have been teaching, and teaching, and teaching these people to live in joy. I cherished a hope that they'd improve, finally. But alas, what should they do but build a fire. They decided... to burn me alive as if I was a piece of mutton for them! Are they totally insane, or what? Too bad for them! How could I be so mistaken teaching people joy?!"

"Not really, my child," said the old man softly, "I think you are mistaken here. Maybe, the Teacher was grieving. And he could be mourning bitterly over the cruel hearts of the people he had encountered in our valley. And yet, teaching people joy, he knew he couldn't be mistaken!"

"Did he really know it?" asked the girl with hope.

"Yes, he did," answered the old man. "The Teacher was strongly convinced that teaching people joy and beauty, not mean things and cruelty, from early childhood, would inevitably stir and awaken their hearts. And such hearts would respond with generous thoughts and deeds."

"And when will human hearts awaken?" asked the girl.

"I wish I knew..." sighed the old man heavily. "As every sower, the Teacher certainly knew that only a part of the seeds one sows will sprout. Some seeds of wisdom, joy and beauty may fall into unfavorable soil, which is like a country road, and everything that falls upon it is swept away by the wind. Some people do have such hearts, my child. And some hearts are like blackthorn. There are even hearts which are as barren as a rocky desert."

"But in such a desert no seeds of wisdom and joy would ever sprout!" concluded the girl sadly.

"Of course, such seeds won't sprout..." first agreed the old man, but then encouraged the girl. "But the Teacher said that many seeds fall upon the favorable and fertile soil of noble hearts. And they will sprout for sure."

"But when, grandpa?"

"Their time will come!" said the old man confidently. "No doubt they will sprout! Once I heard on the radio that scientists had found seeds of wheat in the tomb of Egyptian pharaohs. How long do you think the seeds remained there? Thousands of years! But the scientists planted them and..."

"And the seeds sprouted?!" exclaimed the girl. "After thousands of years? And they didn't die?"

The old man nodded:

"They did sprout! When I heard this, I said to myself: 'Good Lord! What power of life have you hidden inside a wheat seed?! But man is not a seed. And the power of life hidden in him must be even greater!"

Suddenly the old man broke off. He said to the girl, pointing downwards:

"Look here, my child!.. I can't believe my eyes! Or is it just a vision?"

The girl turned her head, following the old man's hand.

"Oh no, grandpa!" cried the girl and jumped with joy. "It's not a vision!"

At some distance below, in the deep violet dark they saw a thin, but lengthy fiery chain moving slowly. This was a long string of people carrying torches. They were trotting upwards along the narrow mountain path.

The people still had a good deal to walk, so none of them could be recognized. But the old man could swear that he was able to make out in the golden flame of the torches the familiar faces of all the villagers...

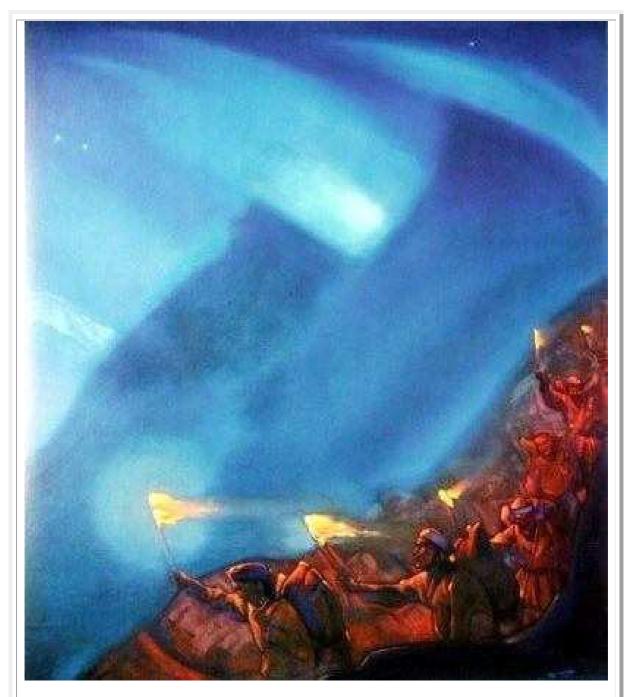
The girl gazed at the fiery chain, which was slowly ascending the Teacher's Mountain through the dark, and jumped with joy.

"Grandpa! Now I know!" cried the girl cheerfully. "Now I understand what the Teacher meant by saying that one cannot be mistaken teaching joy!"

The old man saw that the girl finally grasped the meaning of the Teacher's words.

"The Teacher certainly knew that people are imperfect," he spoke, "that they possess both good and bad qualities. But he believed in all the best in them! And he sought to awaken these best qualities by teaching people joy."

The girl hopped around the old man and cried out into the starlit sky in elation: "Yes! Yes! Yes! The Teacher knew that the best in people would awaken some day! And he couldn't be mistaken believing this! No, he couldn't! No! And how could one be mistaken teaching people joy?!"

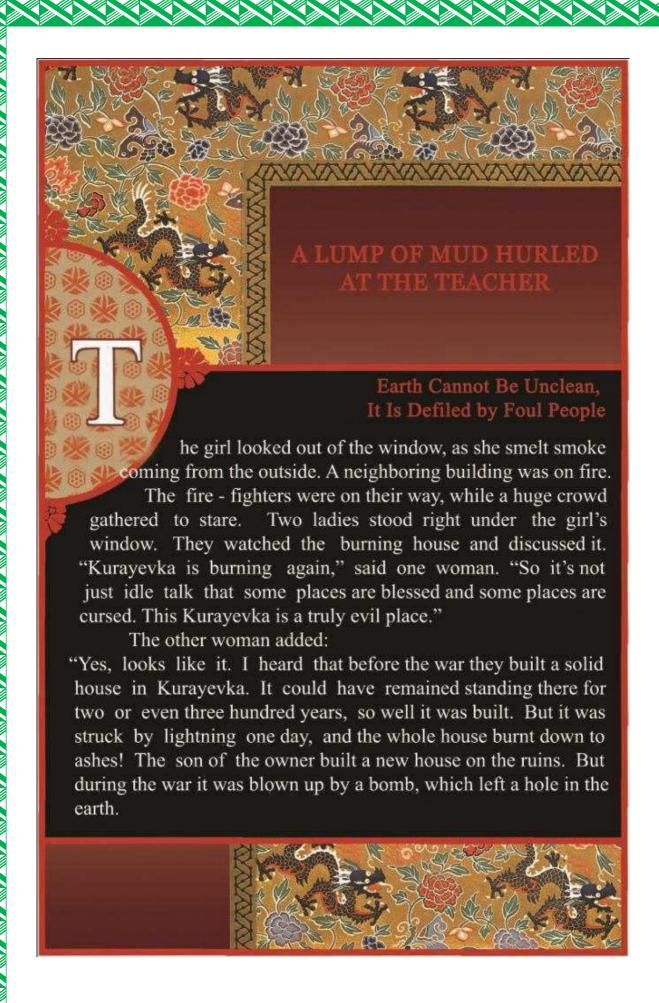


S. N. Roerich. Fires of Efforts.

The Signs of Honoring the Teacher Must Flower All by Themselves

Teacher Morya says in the book *Signs of Agni Yoga* (§ 119), that each display of reverence to the Teacher, as well as to the place where he worked, will serve as proof of our devotion.

"But these signs of attention cannot be prompted. These signs must by themselves flower in the consciousness. The Teacher will not demand, 'Pay your respect to me!'"



And the next day another bomb fell right into that hole, though they say two shells never hit the same spot... When we settled here, Kurayevka was a waste area used as a junkyard for many years. People were afraid to build anything here, even garages or barns. But when the plot was put up for sale, some bigwig bought it for a song and erected a grand palace there – three floors, an underground garage, a beautiful swimming-pool and automatic gates. But hardly a year had passed, when somebody set it on fire one night. The owner raised a new house – even more magnificent than the previous one! And what?! The domestic gas system exploded by accident! The house was razed to the ground, like an explosive depot. And now somebody built here a gambling house, that's, a casino. It opened yesterday. And look! It's on fire!"

"They say that corrupt places attract foul people, don't they?" said the first woman.

"Could be," answered the second lady. "But I think that the main reason is in the person who makes this place corrupt. Earth is the same everywhere and has nothing to do with it."

"Well, it makes sense," agreed the first woman. "If they say that it's not the place that ennobles a person, but the person ennobles a place, it means that an evil-minded individual can befoul any place on the Earth. Everything that surrounds people gets saturated with their energy. Even the earth."

The first speaker kept silent for a while and said:

"I can't say whether it's true or not, but when I was a child, my grandma told me a legend about the Great Teacher who was passing through our city in one of his journeys. It was long ago. He looked like an ordinary traveler. But in reality, he was a saint man."

And the woman told the story.

The Legend AboutKurayevka, the Cursed Place

...Once on a cold rainy night in the fall, the Teacher, who was wet through, knocked at the gate of a house and pleaded to let him stay overnight. The owner was a shabby-looking shorty with fishy eyes and a thin beard, who reeked of wet dogs' hair. His last name was Kurayev. He was pretty infamous in the neighborhood and often compared with... a mad dog. People preferred to keep a mile away from him and sometimes joked: "You'd better call on Mr. Kurayev when his dog is in the house and the master is leashed outside."

"I'm soaked to the skin," said the wanderer to Kurayev. "Would you be so kind as to let me in for the night, brother? I dare not ask for a room, I don't mind sleeping by the doorway. That would be a great favor."

"D'youhave cash on you?" asked Kurayev.

"No, I don't," answered the wanderer.

"Then get out of here, you tramp!"

"Please, let me at least stay in the barn," pleaded the traveler, "or in the haystack in your yard."

Shaking his thin beard, Kurayev broke into abuse and curses:

"Get lost! You, dirty tramp, may you get crumped and bumped, crashed and smashed!"

To make it worse, he picked up a big slimy clump of mud from the ground, flung it at the Teacher and then reached down for another one.

"Did I insult you somehow that you are throwing mud at me now?" asked the Teacher and slowly walked away from the house and its hostile owner.

But a new clod of mud hit him on the back, promptly followed by another one. The Teacher speeded up, he was on the verge of running. But Kurayev was infuriated. He chased the Teacher and pelted him with lumps of mud.

And the Teacher stopped. He tried no more to flee from the muddy clumps hitting him. He drooped his shoulders and hung his head, which was covered with dirt. He said quietly, his heart heavy as stone:

"Poor man! Don't you know that evil always returns to the one who has done it? And it always brings great suffering to the evil-doer. When rage like yours turns on its originator, it's a disaster, a tragedy. Today is the day when all your anger and wrath, accumulated in this life, as well as in the previous one, was supposed to turn back on you. But just one kind action would have been enough to ease your lot. The reason why I came to your house in this rainstorm was because I wanted to help you. But now, I can do nothing..."

The Teacher stepped back on the road, leaving Kurayev alone to face his shameful lot.

Screaming out curses and shaking his wet beard, Kurayev kept on chasing the wanderer who was dragging in the rain. He picked up mud lumps and pieces of rock and shot them at the Teacher's back.

But suddenly something unexpected happened. Each clod of mud on the wet clothes of the Teacher turned into a powerful spurt of flame. These fiery arrows rushed to Kurayev's ill-fated house as if they were directed by some invisible strong hand.

The Teacher tried desperately to prevent the tragedy and covered with his hands one muddy spot after another. But as his clothes were stained from head to foot, it was absolutely impossible to stop the flame-firing.

Seeing his house on fire made Kurayev blind with rage. His bate and hatred exploded and flooded the rest of his mind. Truly, whoever God wants to punish He deprives of his mind.

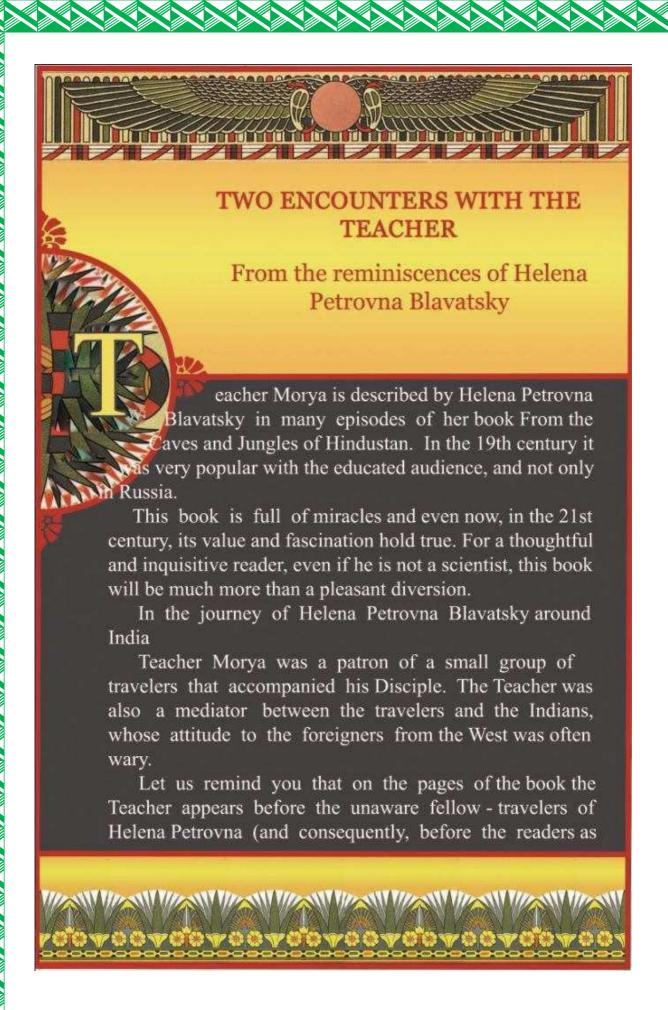
So it was with Kurayev, who chased the Teacher and wildly showered him with mud, instead of running to his house to save his family and belongings.

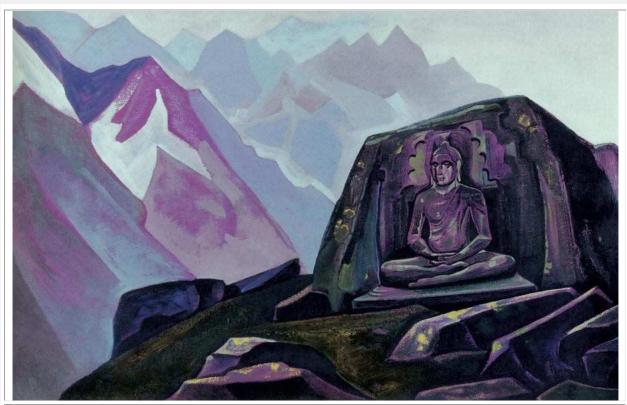
But all lumps of mud, even those that couldn't reach the Teacher any more, shot back as fiery arrows.

One of those arrows struck Kurayev, and his clothes blazed up at once. Terrified to death, he flopped down into the puddle. Mad with fear, he rolled in the mud and squealed, as if he was a pig, not a man.

His house was ablaze, and even the downpour couldn't stop the fire.

But Kurayev couldn't make a step closer: whenever he tried to creep out of the puddle, flames enveloped him and wouldn't let him go...





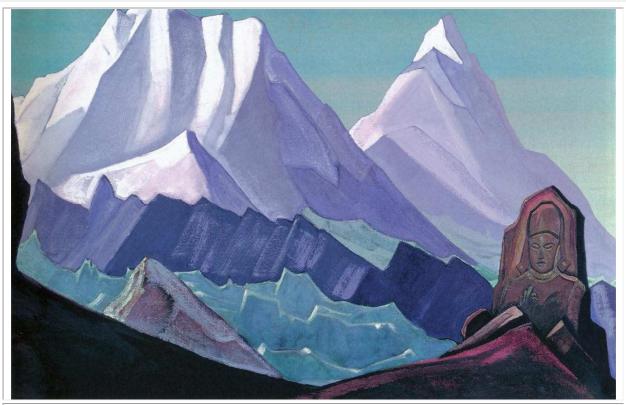
N. K. Roerich. Maitreya

well) as a Raja, a well-off takur, or thefeudal chief of a district, named Gulab-Singh.

The Teachers know their selected disciples – whose number is less than that of the fingers on one hand – for more than a hundred and even a thousand years. Unseen by ordinary people and even by the disciple himself, his Teacher keeps an eye on him, protects him in each of his lives since the day of birth and discreetly directs the run of his life.

But there comes a certain year, day and hour when the Teacher meets the chosen disciple in a certain place.

Those unaware would see nothing special in such a meeting. At times, it produces an impression of a casual encounter. However, at that very instant the disciple often receives either a direct indication of his zealot mission or at least... a hint at it.



N. K. Roerich. Maitreya

There is a chance that the disciple can pay no heed to the hint that is dropped to him. Yet such a hint is generally missed only by the ears on his head, but not the ears of his heart. And the heart keeps it in secret until it is due time to reveal it.

Here are the reminiscences of such a meeting with the Teacher, narrated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. This "unexpected" meeting took place on August 12, 1851 in London (UK), right on the day when Helena turned 20.

When Helena Petrovna was nearly fifty, she described this important meeting in one of her books:

A good while ago, more than twenty-seven years, I met him in the house of a stranger in England, whither he came in the company of a certain dethroned Indian prince. Then our acquaintance was limited to two conversations; their unexpectedness, their gravity, and even severity, produced a strong impression on me then; but, in the course of time, like many other things, they sank into oblivion and Lethe.

About seven years ago he wrote to me to America, reminding me of our conversation and of a certain promise I had made. Now we saw each other once more in India, his own country, and I failed to see any change wrought in his appearance by all these long years. I was, and looked, quite young, when I first saw him; but the passage of years had not failed to change me into an old woman. As to him, he appeared to me twenty-seven years ago a man of about thirty, and still looked no older, as if time were powerless against him. In England, his

striking beauty, especially his extraordinary height and stature, together with his eccentric refusal to be presented to the Queen – an honour many a high-born Hindu has sought, coming over on purpose – excited the public notice and the attention of the newspapers. The newspapermen of those days, when the influence of Byron was still great, discussed the "wild Rajput" with untiring pens... *

(At that time India was a British colony. For ages England was pumping out of this ancient country countless amounts of gold, the world best diamonds, emeralds and pearls. – L. D.)

And then she met her Teacher again. That time – in India. The Teacher invited his disciple there for special talks and affairs. Helena Petrovna was on a mission neither her friends, nor the readers of her book *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* were allowed to know about.

...The Teacher appeared unexpectedly one morning. The fellow-travelers of Helena Petrovna took it for a lucky coincidence, for he came to them as a rich and influential takur.

None of her companions understood how he had come across them, what his purpose was, and what his real motives were. They just wondered why this noble Indian decided to offer all kinds of assistance to a group of European travelers.

The companions of Helena Petrovna were Englishmen. And they were lost in guesses: was it just a noble demonstration of peaceful disposition towards the white-skinned colonialists, a favor of a well-educated and influential takur? Or was it a mere whim of a young and well-off raja? Or was that tall and very handsome native not just rich, but also very kind-hearted? Maybe he anticipated that the Europeans were going to face a lot of strange and unusual things in their journey around his native country, rich with miracles and hazards, and there would be nobody there to explain them.

What concerns Helena Petrovna, this meeting was long-awaited and had been planned long before. She describes it as follows:

It was only a few hours since he appeared to us in the morning, and yet what a number of strange ideas, of puzzling occurrences, how many enigmas his presence stirred in our minds!.. "What does all this mean?!" I exclaimed to myself. "Who is this being whom I saw so many years ago, jubilant with manhood and life, and now see again, as young and as full of life, only still more austere, still more incomprehensible?! After all, maybe it is his brother, or even his son?" thought I. "No! There is no use doubting; it is he himself, it is the same face, the same little scar on the left temple. But, as a quarter of a century ago, so now: no wrinkles on those beautiful classic features; not a white hair in this thick jet-black mane; and, in moments of silence, the same expression of perfect rest on that face, calm as a statue of living bronze. What a strange expression, and what a wonderful Sphinx-like face!"

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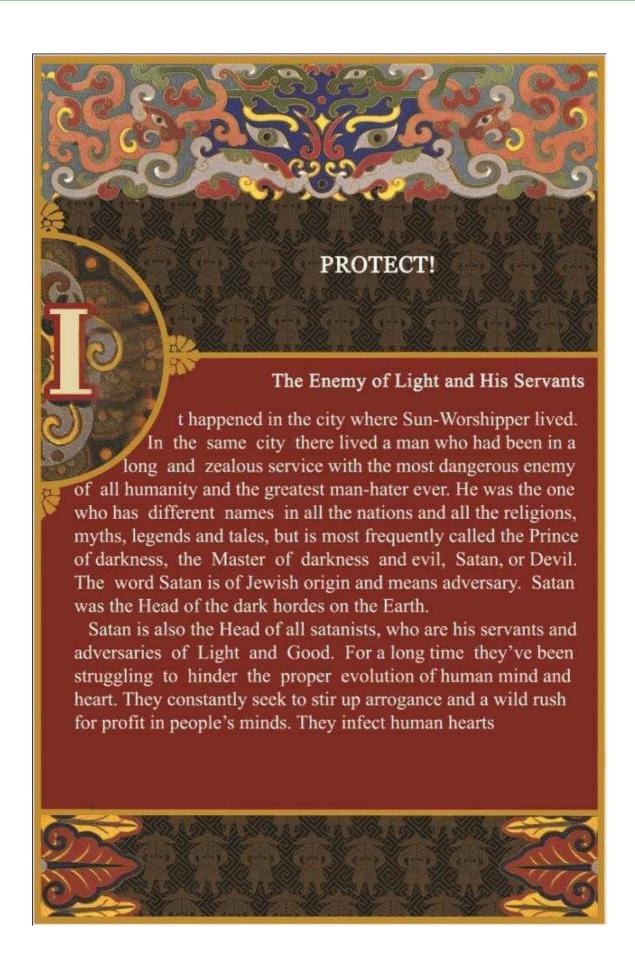
^{*} From the Archives of the Theosophical Society – Adyar (India).

"Not a very brilliant comparison, my old friend!" suddenly spoke the Takur, and a good-natured laughing note rung in his voice, whilst I shuddered and grew red like a naughty schoolgirl. "This comparison is so inaccurate that it decidedly sins against history in two important points. Primo, the Sphinx is a lion; so am I, as indicates the word Singh in my name; but the Sphinx is winged, and I am not. Secondo, the Sphinx is a woman as well as a winged lion, but the Rajput Singhas (*Singh* means "a lion" in the Punjab language. – L. D.)never had anything effeminate in their characters. Besides, the Sphinx is the daughter of Chimera, or Echidna, who were neither beautiful nor good; and so you might have chosen a more flattering and a less inaccurate comparison!"

I simply gasped in my utter confusion, and he gave vent to his merriment..."



Dancing Shiva. 11th century. Southern India.



with envy, hatred, wrath and other dangerous feelings and then nourish and aggravate them. They corrupt people with crude and gross passions, and then recruit those who most easily absorb all these loathsome qualities.

Servants of Satan blindly hate all the Teachers of Light and they've always sought to destroy them. And whenever they fail to do this, they begin to slander the Bearers of Light, both while they are alive and after they pass away, trying to avert people from them. In the Dark Age the power is usually concentrated in the hands of dark forces. The satanists often persecuted the Bearers of Light, humiliated them, deprived them of their daily bread, exiled from their native lands, threw them in prisons, subjected to tortures and even murdered them cruelly. The Dark Age is indeed a hard period for Light and its Bearers!

Beasts in Human Bodies

Every satanist looks like an ordinary man. In other words, this scum of the human race have usual people's appearance. They live with other people and lead quite regular lives.

But in fact, they are beasts in human bodies. They're often very smart, very cunning and absolutely ruthless man-beasts. Some dogs that first live with people, but then turn wild, are more dangerous than wild wolves. Similarly, those animals on two legs that once were human beings are more dangerous than real beasts of prey.

In the Dark Age hordes of satanists rapidly increase in number, just like rats or cockroaches. They know the secrets of black magic, that's why many of them get easy access to money or power. Sometimes they even become heads of different countries.

Those hard times test the health of human minds, that is, their common sense. A mind deprived of this ability makes a person go mad.

Another reason human hearts are put to trial in those restless times is to find out what prevails in them: stupidity or wisdom? Cruelty or compassion?Self-interest or unselfishness?

And those who seek for the Teachers of Light in the hope to become their disciples and assistants in their noble labor to the benefit of mankind are tested in the first place for their devotion to their beautiful dream, as well as for their devotion to the Teacher.

Looks Alive, but Has No Living Heart

The servant of the Prince of darkness we are going to tell you about looked like an ordinary person, just like all the rest of the satanic flock.

But the few human qualities he had once possessed were already burnt to ashes by the fury and hatred he flung at the Light and its Bearers.

The **only** heart that survived within this being, which was already inhuman, was the **physical** one. But such creatures do not have a **spiritual heart** any more, which is also called **human soul**. That's why they are sometimes called **soulless creatures**. And their physical heart is nothing but a pump that drives their blood through the vessels of their physical body.

Soulless creatures cannot bear a mere thought about the Teachers of Light and their Mountain Abode. It makes satanists fly into wild fury, making them truly dangerous.

Defenders of the Human Heart

The Teachers of Light protect human souls from destruction and save human hearts from turning numb and insensible. If it was not for the Bearers of Light, certain individuals, as well as all humanity, would have turned into stupefied slaves, pitiful puppets controlled by satanists.

One can find the names of the Great Teachers on the pages of human history, known as the wise and powerful rulers of nations, outstanding military leaders and thinkers who transformed human consciousness, famous as brilliant scientists and skilful masters of different arts. They are honored by nations as the founders of the world religions, venerable saints and great prophets.

The Teachers of Light are the true Saviors of humanity. But they could save many more if people themselves helped them in that severe battle against the hordes of satanists.

If human minds had more beautiful thoughts, it would be of more help to the Teachers.

But we'll be surprised to know what serves as the greatest support for the Teachers in their struggle.

It actually comes from the person who tries to... **protect the Teacher with all his might**. And it doesn't matter in the least whether the Teacher is in direct danger or not. The Teacher can be even far away, in the place where nothing seems to threaten him at the moment.

However, even the protection of... the Teacher's Name is not an easy task at all. It demands as much devotion and courage as a real battle in defense of the Teacher, which is a true feat one performs to save him.

Hatred Devours Its Begetter Alive

This is another story that once happened to the girl named Sun-Worshipper.

Once, by pure accident, she ran across that very terrible man, who was already mentioned before. Of course, the girl didn't know that he was a servant of the dark forces and a malignant satanist. She also wouldn't know that his hatred was so savage that he could neither sleep, nor eat, nor drink, for he knew that the Teacher of Light was out of his reach. Meanwhile, the Dark Age was coming to its end...

That satanist was literally going mad with his hatred turned against the Teacher of Light. However hard he tried, he couldn't take the Teacher's life by ordinary physical methods, and the black fire of unquenchedfury and unslaked desire caused that servant of the Prince of darkness terrible sufferings. This fire devoured him from the inside, and that pain was driving him insane. His own hatred devoured this malicious creature alive, day after day.

And he decided to kill the Teacher with the help of sorcery. He had been preparing for many months, accumulating evil mental energy from all his black fellows. Then he used black art, magnetized a bullet with this dreadful dark power, found somewhere the Teacher's portrait, nailed it to the tree trunk as the target and aimed his rifle at it...

Right at this moment Sun-Worshipper appeared under the portrait. It's hard to say how she turned up there. Most likely, she was simply walking down that deserted street and saw the Teacher's portrait nailed to the tree. She turned round to see the man with a rifle. He was aiming at the Teacher's portrait.

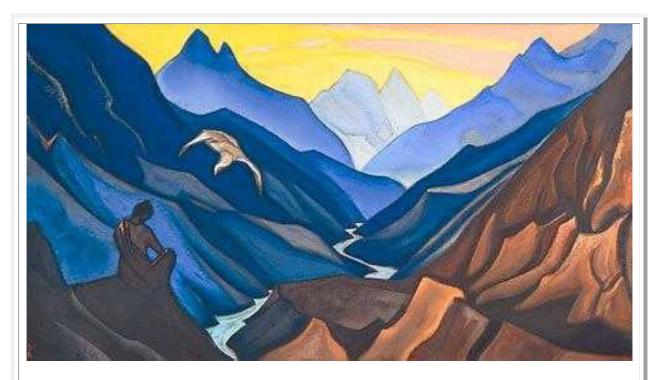
The Fight with the Beast

The girl shot a glance at the man with the gun and stopped motionless, as if paralyzed. Then she trembled all over, as if an electric current was running through her. She saw a pair of hideous eyes staring at her with ferocioushatred. They pierced her with jets of black fire and radiated the force of Satan himself.

However strong the shock was, she felt at once who that man was and what his intentions were.

Without a moment's hesitation Sun-Worshipper rushed to the Teacher's rescue.

And it made no difference to her that it was just a portrait that the servant of the Dark Prince was going to shoot. Furthermore, quite recently the girl came to know that photos of people were not just sheets of paper with images or imprints on them. She learned that photos capture some fraction of those depicted on them, a fraction of their psychic energy, their aura, and they are mystically connected with those people. That is why black magicians can freely use human portraits to carry out their malicious plans.



N. K. Roerich. Teacher's Behest.

Sun-Worshipper was ready to protect the Teacher, even at the cost of her own life. But there appeared to be an obstacle to it which filled her eyes with tears. As it turned out, the girl was too small to reach the Teacher's portrait to shield his image with her body.

So she stood on her tiptoes, stretched her arms upwards and covered with her little palms that very place on the portrait where the Teacher's heart was. She faced the satanist, lest he thought she was scared. She pressed herself against the tree so strong that her back seemed to grow into the trunk. Her unblinking eyes wide open, she watched the satanist. "Let the foe see that I won't make a single step out of here!" thought the girl.

Her heart was throbbing so violently that the whole tree seemed to resonate.

"Get out of here!" yelled the satanist, his face black and distorted with rage. "Get away, you, nasty kid! Or I'll nail your hands to the tree with bullets!"

But the girl stood motionless and silent, her hands uplifted. She just turned white and shrank with fear when she imagined how painful it would be to have a bullet pierce both her palms, for she placed one hand on top of the other over the Teacher's heart, to be on the safe side.

"Out of here!" shrieked the madman. "Or I'll kill you! You'll drop dead! And then I'll kill Him, all the same!"

The girl uttered no word and just clung to the tree ever more tightly.

"No way I'm going to fall down!" she thought. "No one will tear me away from this trunk now! Now we are a single whole – the tree and me... If he thinks that his shot will knock me down, he will have to uproot this solid tree!"

The satanist lifted his rifle and screamed again:

"Your last chance!Out of here!"

"The Teacher says that hatred always returns to the one who generated it," said the girl quietly. "Your hatred will turn on you and tear you to pieces! The Teacher says it's always like this!"

The two-legged beast couldn't stand the mention of the Teacher. It was the last drop to fill the cup of his anger.

"You'll die!" he roared, aimed the rifle at the girl's heart and pulled the trigger.

A bang followed. The girl instinctively shut her eyes. Bitter tears rolled down her cheeks.

But suddenly...

Why the Girl Burst Into Tears

But suddenly something incredible happened!

The bullet didn't hit the girl. Hardly had it approached her chest, as it hung in the air for a moment, then made a loop and rushed back. It flew like a boomerang fixed right at the shooter.

The satanist dropped the rifle and took to his heels, his eyes wide open and filled with wild terror. But the bullet was buzzing like a wasp, it chased him and finally hit him.

The satanist fell down on the road, his face sinking into dust.

The girl took the Teacher's portrait off the trunk of the tree and, clasping it to her breast, warily approached the man lying flat on the road. He was dead.

The ambulance arrived, but the doctors failed to identify the cause of his death, however closely they examined the body sprawled on the dusty road. Surprisingly, there was not a scratch or a bruise on the body, nothing to say about a bullet wound.

"The bullet exploded inside him," said the girl to the doctors, but they missed her words.

"That's true," insisted the girl. "He was killed by the bullet of his own hatred."

The doctors just smiled at this remark and took the dead body of the two-legged beast to the city morgue. They'd never believe that in that violent fight of hatred and evil against love and devotion it was love and devotion that won. The doctors made a post-mortem examination of the body to identify the reason of such a mysterious death, but they found nothing.

Only when the girl was on her way home, pressing the rescued portrait of the Teacher to her chest, she realized how terribly scared she had been when that humanlike beast pointed his rifle at her heart. But she had burst into tears not because she changed her mind or she was afraid of death. The reason was quite different. And it was as follows.

Every morning the girl ardently pleaded Lord Sun to fill her heart with his life-giving light, as if it was a golden chalice! "Fill this living chalice with that light of yours," prayed the girl every day. "Some day, I'll encounter my Teacher. And then I'll ask Him to let me water from this chalice the flowers of the Sun in his garden."

The girl dreamt about the Teacher, and every day she added a drop to the light of love and pure devotion that was stored in her heart. She hoped to perform her personal selfless feat for the Teacher's sake when she was grown up.

And only when the shot was fired, a thought flashed through her mind that her dream would never come true. It was this very thought that she would never be able to water flowers in the Teacher's garden that made her cry. Even granted He permitted her to do this every day — it would have been too late for her! Nothing to say about the feat she craved for...

But the situation had taken quite an unexpected turn...

The Sacred Law: the Teacher of Light Will Never Defend Himself!

The Great Teacher of the White Brotherhood named Hilarion said to his disciples, who were studying the Innermost Teaching of Shambala, in his book *Teachings of the Temple*, which was published in the early 30s of the 20th century (Lesson 32):

"The first law of Occultism is defense of a Master or Teacher. (And we should bear in mind, that the Latin word occult means sacred, hidden, mysterious. – L. D.) The Disciple who can stand supinely and silently by, and make no effort to defend such a Master or Teacher, will have no occasion to seek far for the cause of the closed door which will inevitably meet his eye when he attempts to enter the "Hall of Learning". For the same law which renders it impossible for a Teacher of occultism to defend himself or herself, renders it obligatory upon the Disciple to stand at that portal of Knowledge, which the Teacher represents and is, and hold it against all intruders – the law of self-protection.

Mysterious and Mighty Energy of Self-Defense

Great Teacher Morya appealed to his disciples Nikolai and Helena Rerikh about at the same time as Teacher Hilarion, his Brother in spirit: "Try to shield my Name."

These words, which were said on January 2, 1922 and later included in the first volume of the Teaching of Living Ethics, may sound strange to some people.

Some might suppose that the mysterious Master of Shambala pronounced this phrase "Try to shield my Name", because he worried a lot about his reputation.

Others can even assume that it's extremely important for a Great Teacher of Light that nobody, nowhere and never should say a bad word about him – meaning not only words of slander, but those of disrespect, as well.

If we share such views, it means that we try to measure the Teachers of Light by our own yardstick!

The character of the Teachers of Light, who are perfect and highly spiritual people, selflessly devoting all their power and lives to the benefit of humankind, is devoid of many qualities we possess.

Perfect people prove to have not a bit of those dreadful agonizing negative qualities from which all of us, as yet utterly imperfect human beings, are doomed to suffer. They thirst neither for fame, nor wealth. They are alien to self-conceit, self-praise and self-admiration. They are free from pride, envy, arrogance, touchiness, feeling suspicious or rancorous, and a hundred more qualities like these, in addition.

And least of all the Teachers care about what people can say about them. Their work is for the benefit of the whole humankind, and they expect and demand no gratitude in return.

But in reality, there exists a great mystery in the demand of the Teachers of Light when they ask from their disciples, both present and future ones, to protect not only their life, but also their name, and when they ask to make this demand the principal law.

The key to this mystery is concealed in... **the nature of thought**, in those mental energies, which form our character.

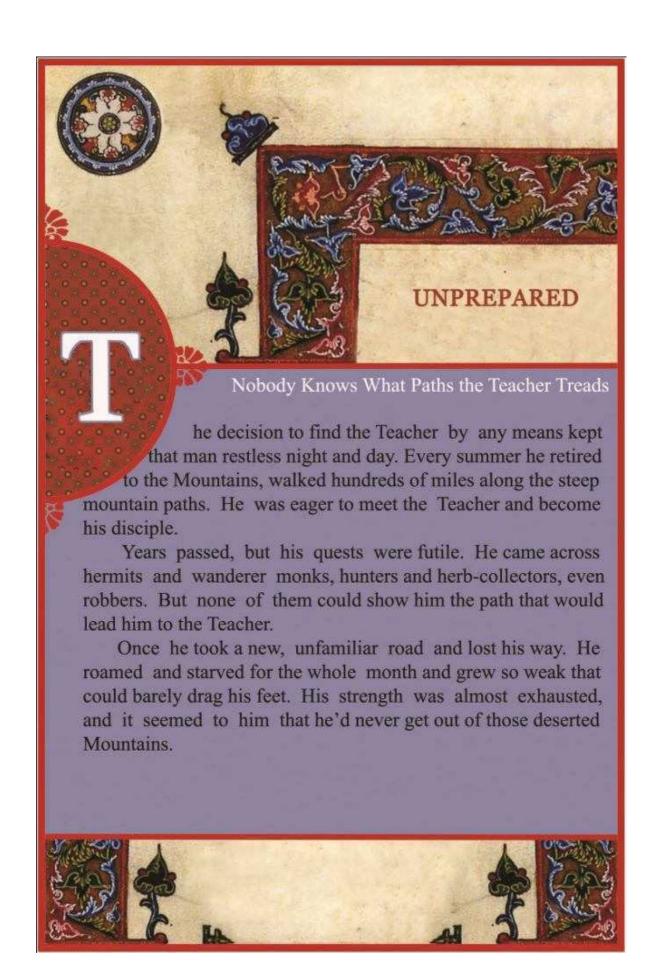
As a matter of fact, such human qualities as **genuine devotion**, **selflessness**, **striving for supreme beauty and wisdom**, **willingness to defend ardently the bearers of this beauty and wisdom** belong to the superior, spiritual nature of man. These energies are different from those produced by our sober and rational mind, the intellect. These are the properties of the fiery and heroic human heart, of the human soul.

And all the **spiritual** qualities of a person prove to be extremely powerful protective energies.

Treachery always starts with infidelity. And this is the energy of dark. It immediately attracts like a magnet a great number of similar black energies, such as hypocrisy, lies, meanness, envy, arrogance, self-conceit, greed, malice, cruelty and so on. And all these energies are basically forces of human self-destruction.

On the opposite, and we know it already, that the energy of selfless devotion to the Teacher of Light, like all the other spiritual qualities, is a protective energy, that it, a powerful energy of self-defense.

So when the Teacher says to his disciples "Try to shield my Name", he isn't guided by self-concern. He is anxious about the life and dignity of the disciples, selfless warriors of Light and true heroes.



But one night he saw a hermit's hut just within walking distance.

The old hermit was glad to have a visitor in. He encouraged him with a promise to show the way to the valley, but offered to have rest first to get somewhat stronger.

"I'll make some herb potion for you. It'll make you better by tomorrow morning," said the hermit. "Now I'll get some water from the spring. It's not far from here. Keep an eye on the fire, while I'm away, will you?"

He took the jug and went out.

Feeling at Home. Even with the Owner's Things...

The guest had a feeling that the hermit was away too long. As he was bored, he decided to have a look about the humble, even miserable dwelling.

His attention was attracted by a walking stick with an ornate handle that rested against the wall by the doorway. He stepped to the fire to examine it closer and discovered that its handle could be turned off. So he undid it and saw the stick was hollow inside. He turned it upside down and shook. Something like ash or dust spilled out on the floor. The guest shrugged his shoulders, puzzled, and scornfully threw the stick back to the entrance, as he had lost all his interest in it.

Further viewing the interior, he saw an open book on the table by the window. He stepped to the fire to examine it closer. It was written in an unknown language. He turned the pages for some time and then closed it with a disappointed slam.

"Did he get lost, or what?" he grudged. "I think I saw a spring right near the cabin!"

The guest sat for a while by the fire, bored, but then he skimmed over the hut for something that could let him clock away the time. Yet there was nothing to catch his eye, except for the walking stick, the book and the shelf with crude kitchen utensils.

Time crawled, and the visitor, having no occupation, came to the shelf with simple kitchenware: a mug, a clay bowl and a clay pot. No doubt, these were of no interest to him. The only thing that seemed to stir his curiosity was a small plain clay bird he found behind the pot. The guest was quite surprised to discover that it was a kids' toy-whistle. He blew, and a harsh sound pierced the silence.

Curiosity

"Here I am," said the owner, as he entered the cabin with a big jug full of water. "Do you like the whistle? You can have it if you want."

"Well, I don't need it," laughed the guest. "And what do *you* need it for, I wonder?"

"Me?" echoed the hermit. "I don't need it at all. And this stick, too, by the way." He picked up the walking stick from the floor, fastened the handle and leaned it against the wall by the doorway. "In fact, I don't need the book, either," he added.

"I thought you had been reading it," said the guest.

The hermit looked at him intently and asked:

"So why did you close it?"

"Well, just a matter of habit," the visitor shrugged his shoulders.

"Habit, you say... But does it belong to you?" asked the hermit.

The guest took it as an insult and exploded with indignation:

"Hey, listen. What's the big deal here?" he asked the hermit with irritation. "I'm no kid to tell me off like that! You're not very hospitable to your guests, as I see."

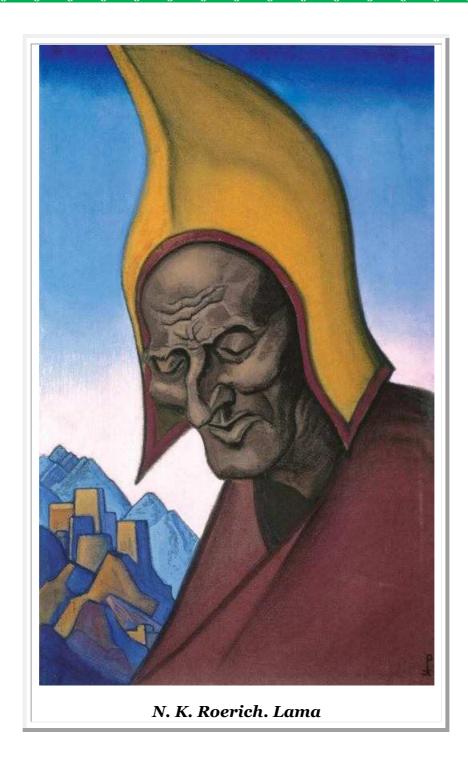
"That's all right. Forget it," said the hermit in a conciliatory manner. "I just spoke my mind."

"Not that I care a bit, actually!" grumbled the guest, making no effort to suppress his grudge. "But honestly, you're so ancient that you could be more tolerant to your guests. I really doubt that you have many people drop in on you here, in the middle of nowhere!.. What a crime, I closed his book!"

"Well, forget about the book," spoke the hermit in a soothing tone. "Don't be mad at the old man. Let's leave it! I'm going to make the potion for you. Herbs will quickly restore your strength. And then we'll bake bread. You might find this food scarce. But the bread will be cooked with joy, and with joy shall I give it to you."

At the mention of food the guest suppressed his annoyance, but at the back of his mind he called the hermit a boor and a useless wretch.

Two days later, when the man restored his energy, he left the hermit's dwelling.



Years passed, and no wonder his reminiscences of the hermit, who had actually saved him, starving and roaming about the Mountains, gradually faded away. In fact, they left in his memory a trace not more noticeable than childlike joy he had felt once, when his parents presented him a pair of new boots, or childlike grief he had experienced when he found the boots slightly tight.

He Sought. He Found. But De Didn't Recognize

Years went by. And the man aged and finally lost his hope to find the Teacher, for his poor health hindered him from roaming in the Mountains.

And if anybody told him that his quest had been a success and he had already met the Teacher he wouldn't believe!

Yet this was absolutely true: he had encountered the Teacher. He spent two days at his place, ate the bread He baked with his own hands and drank the healing potion made of herbs He had picked with his own hands. But he was not ready to become his disciple, as his heart hadn't recognized the Teacher. His heart couldn't discern the Teacher in the old man who suddenly appeared in the deserted highlands at the crucial point of his life, when his strength nearly deserted him and he could easily fall a victim to a hungry beast.

Trifle Things?..

This seeker refused to believe it when somebody remarked in a talk that, despite his life-long aspirations to become a disciple of the Teacher, he failed the first and simplest trial the Teacher had given him in the mountain cabin.

"What trial are you talking about?" grumbled the seeker, but he got the following answer:

"The trial the Teacher arranged with the help of the book, the walking stick and the kids' whistle!"

"If he was a Teacher, as you say," objected the man without a shadow of doubt, "why did he test me with such trifle things? Did he want to test my wits or education? Or maybe, he tried my stamina? Or my courage, perhaps? Or my ability to keep my mouth shut? Maybe, my honesty? Or generosity?"

"Well, right you are," agreed one of his like-minded friends, "that hermit was no Teacher, that's for sure! The Teacher wouldn't care for such trifles! Just think: did this man do anything indecent? Touched some things in his cabin?! So what of that?! He didn't break them, after all, did he?"

Many of the listeners supported the man. Interrupting each other, they rattled on:

"And what things they were, mind you! Museum rarities or treasures?!"

"Mere trifles! Some penny whistle of clay, a book and a stick with dust inside!"

"So what if he blew into the whistle just once, anyway, he didn't break it! Didn't even slobber it! And it's the same with the walking stick!"

"Just listen, he slammed the hermit's book! Big trouble! If the old guy had been really reading it, he'd find the right page in no time! The Teacher would never try one with such trifles!"

But there will be people, as well, who feel that it wasn't the value of the articles that really mattered, but the manners of a person who entered somebody's house. For this behavior would expose his true nature, which in this case meant he was totally unprepared to become a disciple to the Teacher.

The revealed weak point in the character of the man who sought to become the Teacher's disciple wasn't so despicable and dangerous as, for example, selfishness or treachery. Or malice.Or vindictiveness, cruelty, envy, cowardice, greed, laziness, inclination to gossip, theft, ill-meant complicity etc...

But still, the Teacher of Light saw in the man's character some quality which should make him not yet ready to be a disciple...

The Teacher of Light and the Disciple He Accepts Become a Single Spiritual Whole

As the popular saying has it: "You can't read another man's heart". But very often people don't know even their own heart. And quite often they don't know for sure how they are going to behave in a completely strange environment.

Can we in fact rely upon the word of somebody, who claims to be brave and capable of a true feat of valor? Such self-assurance is great! But without testing it it's impossible to state with full confidence that this person is a hero. We're often prone to think that we are brave and fearless, but whenever we're forced to prove it, it often turns out that some of us are as timid as rabbits.

And the one who dreams about the Teacher and looks for him on every road must be aware that he will be subjected to trials at every step, and they will come from every side and every moment, be it in thoughts or in action, in dreams or reality. Moreover, he will be tested discreetly and in circumstances quite various and unexpected!

Why is it so?

That's because through the Teacher his disciple gains access to the treasury of the Innermost Knowledge, which can be used both in the name of good as well as for evil purposes. That's why the disciple must be absolutely unselfish and preserve purity of intentions. That is why his responsibility is extremely great.

But the responsibility of the Teacher, who grants discipleship to the one who is not yet ready to accept it, is ever greater.

And that is because the Teacher of Light and the disciple he accepts become somewhat of a single spiritual entity. That means a lot, and among other things, the Teacher of Light endows the disciple with the right to use the extraordinary mental power of his Teacher when it is necessary. In this case the Teacher will be held responsible for everything his disciple has done with the help of this power.

But the disciple can get into trouble and cause much trouble for others if he happens to be unprepared. That's why he must be tested in every way for such qualities as purity of thought, absolute unselfishness, honesty, generous heart, courage, compassion and many other traits of the character a disciple is required to possess.

Trials always come unexpected, take long and are severe. But they are indispensable.

For if a disciple ever dares to use the mighty mental power of his Teacher to harm people or exalt himself, this would be the Teacher's fault.

Is Monkey Curious or Nosey?

If one feels sure he is ready for discipleship, he'd better remember the test held in the hermit's cabin, which came across as quite easy and harmless.

We mustn't think that the "minor flaws" the guest displayed in the hermit's cabin are really unimportant. Just the opposite! The so-called "twists of behavior" can tell a lot about the person's character.

Teacher Morya, the Head of the White Brotherhood of the Himalayas, says: "People are tested by daily occurrences."

Let us ask ourselves a couple of questions and then think about the answers.

Why did the guest, hardly he had entered the hermit's dwelling, start to act as if he was at home?

Why did he assume that it was all right to touch somebody's things, as if they were his property?

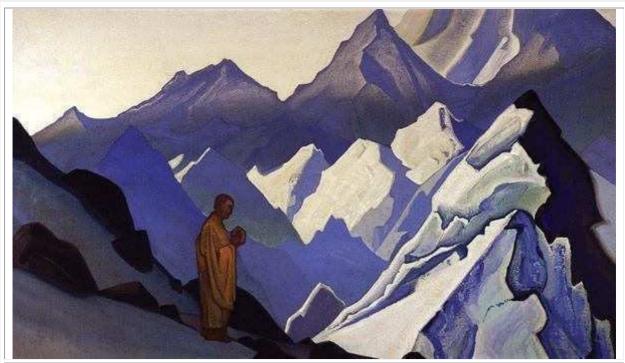
Why was he sure he was free to do with those things whatever he liked?

And the main question: is it appropriate for a person who wants to become a disciple of the Teacher of Light to show idle curiosity that would rather befit a monkey?

Such a comparison is by no means an insult, just let us first clear up what curiosity is and how it differs from inquisitiveness. The manners revealed by the hermit's guest made him look like a nosey person, not just a curious one. And the difference between the two is immense.

Curiosity is a quality that should be encouraged and developed.

But idle curiosity is a quality which is typical more of animals, rather than people. Humankind should have got rid of it long ago, just as of many other animal qualities which can still be found in a human being. Many animals are nosey. So are many people. There are many popular sayings which mock at this quality. It's about those who poke their noses into other people's affairs, just like the hermit's guest, – "Curiosity killed the cat!"

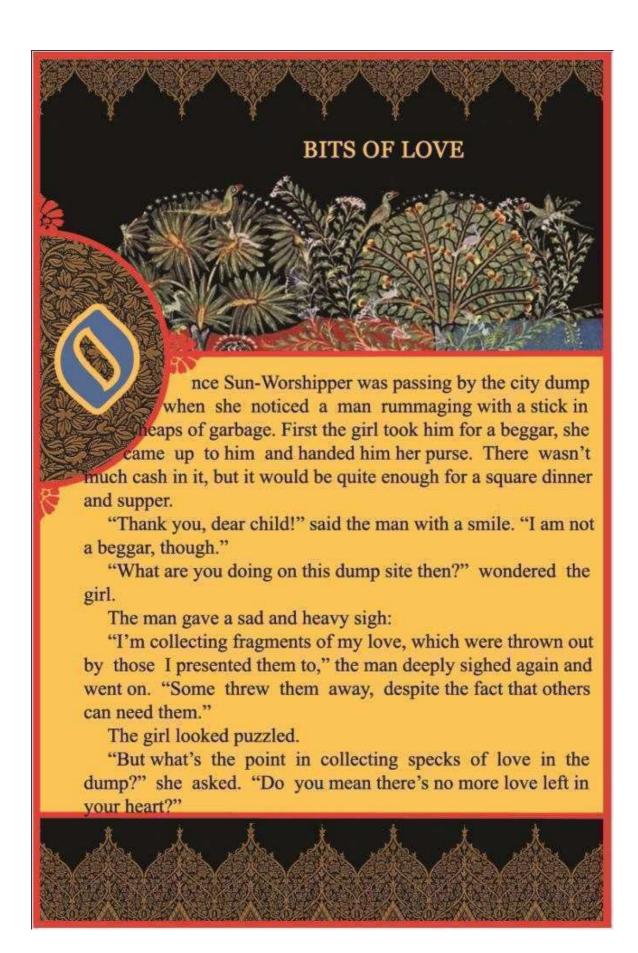


N. K. Roerich. Morning Prayer

So a person who is preparing himself for discipleship is not allowed to have a slightest hint of that quality, whatever the circumstances!

The one who craves to appear before the Teacher's eyes values every moment of his life, and he would never behave like the idle visitor of the hermit.

The one who prepares himself for discipleship has no idea what it is like to feel bored alone. Such a person seeks to use every minute of silence and solitude for his mind's benefit, as well as for the good of other people. Such a person has long ago grown fond of thinking and realized the value of mental work for the world.



"Love can be wasted, just like any other treasure," said the man. "And if you never pick up the scattered specks, this wealth will grow scarce and the treasury of your heart will be empty."

"But what if people brought here that what you are looking for, just because you have been giving them only specks of it?" supposed the girl. "What is a crumb but a tiny bit?"

The man thrust the stick aside, took a seat on a crooked wooden box and looked at the girl with a smile.

"A speck of love is nothing but a crumb," he said, "but sometimes such a speck equals the whole life. Look, you thought that I was hungry, didn't you?"

"Well, I did," agreed the girl.

"And you were ready to give me all the money in you purse," went on the man. "And it would suffice both for a hearty meal and to recover one's strength. Am I right?"

The girl nodded.

"But was it just your money that you were ready to give? Offering me cash, you also offered me, though you don't know me, your heartfelt help, the love of your heart, didn't you?"

"Yes. I wanted to help you with all my heart and soul!" exclaimed the girl sincerely.

"But it wasn't all your love, was it? Wasn't it just a bit of it?"

The girl thought for a moment and blushed.

"Yes, that's right," she confessed. "This certainly wasn't all my love, just a speck of it."

"But if I was really starving, this fragment of your love could save my life," said the man with a warm smile. "So a speck of love is something more than just a tiny bit. But beware, crumbling your love, speck by speck, you can waste it all in vain."

"Please, don't say so!" exclaimed the girl. "The wish of my heart to help you didn't reduce the amount of love in it!"

"Are you sure?" the man's surprise was as great as the girl's confidence.

"Perfectly!" she assured him. "Just the opposite: I was so happy to know I could be of help to somebody in need, that I felt... love filling my heart again!"

"Is it possible?" the man sounded confused. "Whenever you take something, only in this case you'll get more of it. But whenever you give something, you are sure to have less. They teach it even to children in Arithmetic classes."

"But that's the way it is, really!" the girl spoke with passion. "I know that if you cut a slice of bread from a loaf, it will become shorter. And if you subtract ten dollars from a hundred you'll get ninety. But whenever you share the love of your heart, it's quite the opposite!"

As they strolled back to the road, the man confessed to the girl:

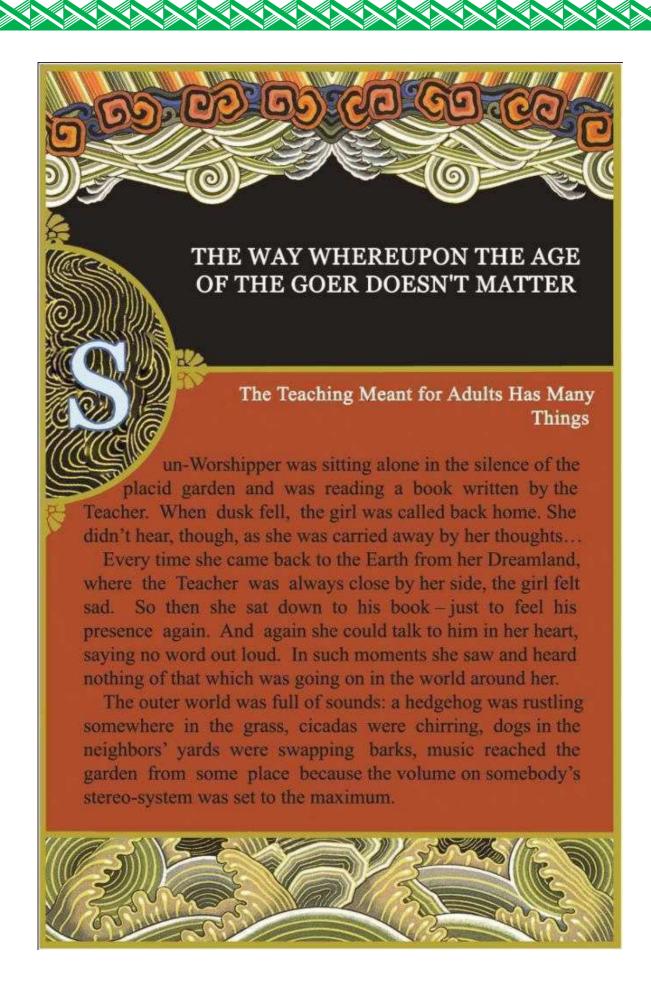
"Our conversation was to our mutual benefit. Now I see what I was doing wrong when I was trying to collect bits of my love thrown away by those who accepted them rather carelessly."

"So wherein was your mistake?" asked the girl.

"No doubt, love is the greatest treasure," said the man, "and I used to think that, just like material riches, love can be wasted if you give it away and then don't pick it up again. Especially, when it is disdained and thrown away."

"Do you think otherwise now?" asked the girl.

"I sure do," admitted the man. "Now I think that love has nothing to do with arithmetic. This is the treasure that never decreases when you give it away. It's always quite the opposite: the more love you give the more of it you have in your heart! How come it never occurred to me before?!"



In any case, when the girl was absorbed in the Teacher's book, she saw and heard nothing.

But in her imagination she saw and heard the Teacher talk to children of her age about things so important that adults from the **old world** would have considered such discussions premature. Many would have said that children were children, and that they were way too young to understand the Sacred Teaching. She often heard grown-ups say: "This Teaching is meant for adults only because it deals with the great mysteries of Cosmos, Earth and mankind."

Children Must Be Taught Only Beauty and Told Only True Facts About Life

But can we find in the Teacher's books information that even small children would understand? The Teacher believed we can. The Teacher was positive that little ones should be taught from early childhood a truthful and scientific picture of life. And without doubt, they must be taught Beauty. He was sure that children, even as young as pre-schoolers, were able to comprehend many complex things and were quite capable of learning to live their life according to the laws of Beauty.

The Teacher held children in more respect than those authors and poets who used to write for them all sorts of nonsense that hadn't a grain of truth in it and by no means encouraged the development of children's mind and heart. For instance, what could a young mind benefit from the popular nursery rhymes for children about "the buzzy-wuzzy busy fly", who ran around, found a pound, went to the bazaar, bought there a samovar and then said: "Come and meet me, bugs and roaches! I invite you all to tea"?

The girl was just a baby when she first heard this poem. And when she was made to learn it by heart, she burst into tears. "Why are you crying, dear?" asked her mother. "But I don't want to meet the fly! And I don't want to drink tea from her samovar! The fly is disgusting! And she sits on different filthy things!"

By the Light of the Heart

...The dusk grew so thick that the figure of the girl seemed to dissolve in it. Her adult friends, in whose house she lodged, had much trouble in finding her. When they finally did, they came up to her and asked in surprise:

"What can you make out in this book?! We barely found you in the dark!"

The girl was no less surprised: how could they say it, when she could see everything as clear as day! And she read aloud several sentences from the book as easily as if it was by day.

"Then you must have cat's eyesight if you can see in the dark," said her bewildered friends.

The girl laughed. She thought it was a joke. Her eyesight was quite ordinary and didn't differ from other people's. She did nothing special, just read by the light of her heart which was turned towards the Teacher.

Assuming people had developed in themselves not only the physical eyesight (which was barely helpful in the darkness), but also the astral vision (which lets one see not only in the darkness, but also through a thick brick wall and even over a sea), they would have noticed that the book in the girl's hands as well as the girl herself were shining. And there was enough light to make out every printed word...

A Goat Doesn't Know It's a Goat, Not a Tiger or a Worm. So How Can It Understand More Complicated Things?

When Sun-Worshipper entered the house, all were discussing her "cat's eyes that can see in the dark". This fact aroused great curiosity and respect in adults.

However, the owner's grandson, who was soon coming of age, supposed that the girl had learnt the page by heart and then cheated on them, in other words, pretended to be reading this part of the text.

"What a doubting Thomas! You are hopeless!" laughed the grandfather of the large family.

He was a sturdy old man with a thick shock of snow-white hair, a beard of the same dazzling white, a bushy moustache and sparkling youthful eyes. The old man said to his grandson:

"There's no way I'll have you insult the girl with your suspicions!"

Then he addressed Sun-Worshipper with sincere interest:

"So what so fascinating does your Teacher tell in his book that has kept you indoors all day long and even made you miss your dinner?"

The girl was happy that the adults took interest in her favorite book.

"I've been reading about thought. I came to know that man is the only living being on the Earth who can think freely. And that's why he is the superior creature on the Earth."

"That's news to us!" laughed the grandson. "I'd say even a goat knows this!" The girl seemed to take no offense. She objected:

"No. A goat wouldn't know this. Though it has a mind, too. But its intellect is that of an animal, not a human being."

"That's clear," said the teenager. "A goat's mind is different from human. But it's quite enough to make a goat identify itself as a goat and be proud that it isn't a blood-thirsty tiger or a faint-hearted rabbit and, certainly, not an earthworm."

But the girl retorted again:

"No way!"

"What do you mean by no way?" asked the guy sarcastically.

"I mean that a goat can't know it's a goat. It can't be proud of the fact that it's neither a tiger, nor a rabbit and, surely, not a worm. It doesn't even suspect that it's a goat and has a mind of its own! The Teacher says that animals **aren't self-conscious** because they have **nothing to gain self-consciousness through**. Among all the creatures living on the Earth only man is able to identify himself as a human being. So says the Teacher."

It appeared to hit the teenager as quite unexpected.

"A goat has nothing that would make it self-conscious? While man does?" he echoed, bewildered.

"That's it, only man does," confirmed the girl.

"So what allows a man to know he's a man and, let's say, not a goat? Isn't it his intellect?"

"The Teacher says: *that* which assists a man to realize he is a man and not an animal is called the human soul."

The teenager digested the words for a while. But then he asked with evident doubt:

"But then there are people without the human soul, aren't there?"

"The Teacher says it's quite possible," answered the girl.

"So what is it like to be a creature without the human soul?" he kept pressing on. "Does he have a pig's snout, or a goatee and horns, or hoofs, or what? Never heard of them, you know!"

The girl looked confused. But the white-haired old man took her side.

"I know there are people who no longer have a soul," he said with a calm and confident air. "Though they don't have pig's snouts or a goatee. They look no more different than ordinary people. But they are devoid of the human heart.

And that's why such creatures are very dangerous. People call those beings that look like humans **monsters**."

When Man Thinks, He Produces Fire

"What else does the Teacher say about mind and thought?" asked the whitehaired old man with vivid interest.

"The Teacher says," answered the girl, "that all people think, but virtually none of them have any idea about the nature of thought and its properties. That's why we all are convinced that we can think whatever we want and however we want. It wouldn't make any difference, they think, as long as our thoughts are invisible. But in reality, it does matter."

"Why?" asked the owner's grandson, not mocking any more.

"The Teacher says that our thoughts are fire, invisible and very powerful," answered the girl.

"Invisible like radiation?" wondered the grandson. "Because radiation is a kind of fire, too, though cold and never seen in sunlight."

"I don't know yet," confessed the girl, "whether the fire of thought is cold or hot. But the Teacher says that one shouldn't play with fire. Even workers at a gunpowder shop must wear shoes with felt soles to prevent fire and explosion. So one must be ever more careful when thinking. The fire of thought is the most powerful fire in the world."

The old man said pensively as if pondering aloud:

"So thought is fire. But fire can bring both great joy and great sorrow to people! So does this mean that when we think we produce fire which can be either well-meant, bright and very useful or, on the contrary, evil, black and dangerous?"

"Yes, the Teacher says just the same!" said the girl. "An evil thought can even kill somebody and attract bad luck."

The old man asked the girl whether she'd let him have a look at the book. He carefully turned over the pages, lingered over some lines and then asked the girl if she could lend him the book for a while. The girl eagerly agreed.

The Teacher Preaches Responsibility for Every Thought

When the family woke up in the morning, they saw that their grandfather hadn't gone to bed at all that night. He was sitting at the table, absorbed in reading the book. They managed to catch his attention only when they called him. He confessed to his wife:

"If only I'd had a chance to learn about the properties of thought in my childhood, would I have made all those mistakes that I've committed during my long life?"

Though the grandfather was indeed quite aged and had spent the whole night reading the Teacher's book, he seemed to be in good, even elated spirits. It looked like it had inspired him with youthful fervor. He put a bookmark in the book, closed it and said:

"The Teacher preaches responsibility for every thought! If only we realized that every bad thought would inevitably turn back on us and make us feel its pain and bitterness, it would change the life on the Earth dramatically!"

"Tell us about some other properties of our thoughts, will you?" asked the grandson. "At least one of them, please!"

"All right!" agreed the old man right away. He thought for a moment and went to the barn.

"Now I'll show you something that you all know quite well, and you'd better take thought then."

Similar Thoughts of Different People Draw Together and Intensify

Soon the sound of a jig saw cutting metal came from the barn. In a couple of minutes the old man reappeared in the room carrying a magnet bar, a sheet of cardboard and metal filings in a small box. He scattered the filings on the cardboard and placed the sheet over the magnet. The filings started moving at once and quickly piled up in one place – right over the magnet.

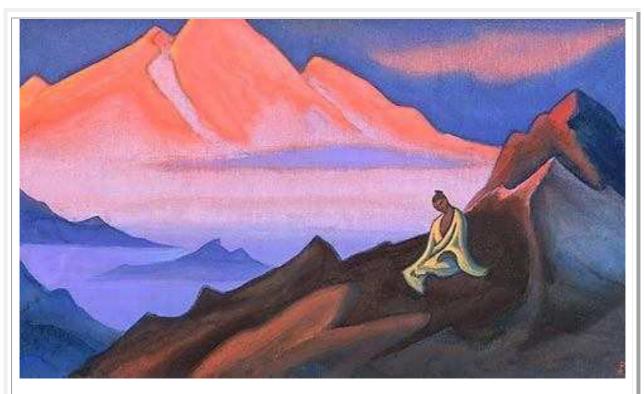
"It is just the same with thoughts of different people, as they draw together and accumulate in one point of space," said the old man. "And as a result, one huge thought is formed. It invisibly hangs over the place where all those people live whose thoughts clumped into this cloud of invisible fire. And people's dwellings and settlements are a true magnet."

"But ordinary clouds produce rains, don't they?" observed the old man's wife. "Does it mean that invisible mental clouds also break out with rains?"

"That's the point!" answered her husband. "Rains fall from clouds of thoughts in the same way as it is with usual clouds. And the Teacher says that very often it not just rains, but it pours. It's very useful for people to have flocks of good mental clouds float over their heads. And it's terrible, when clouds of evil, cruelty, rudeness and greed prevail. The fiery shower from such clouds is a disaster. That's why the Teacher urges us to think in a kind and light manner."

It's Never Late

A day passed. Then another one, and a third, and a fourth followed. Then a week passed, and another one. Once the wife of the old man came up to him to find out what had happened. He had got used to looking for a long time eastwards every morning waiting for sunrise.



N. K. Roerich. The Thought (AUM).

"Are you all right?" she asked anxiously.

The old man clasped his wife's hands and, after a moment's hesitation, gave a deep sigh and answered, looking straight into her eyes:

"My dear wife! You know: I've worked a lot, tried to be honest and never offended people without reason. We gave birth to good children. Every year we planted flowers all along our street, and they were never trampled down or plucked in vain. Our lane is always beautiful and fragrant. But our children have grown up, stand quite firm on their own feet and are fair and square to others. And now, I want to hand everything over to our eldest son. As for me... I made up my mind to leave..."

"To leave where?" the wife was confused because she thought that her husband had sensed the approach of death. "For God's sake – where are you leaving for?"

"I want to find Him, too."

"Who?!" the woman grew still more confused.

"The Teacher."

"The Teacher?!" exclaimed the wife in utmost amazement. "Looking for the Teacher, at your age?! Be sane! Such whims are all right with our guest, she is just a little girl. She is welcome to search for whoever. Some day she will grow up, marry, start a family, and all her fantasies will vanish into thin air. But your hair is white as snow already..."

The old man sighed deeply.

"And still I think it's never late to search for the Teacher," he said.

"But you don't even know where to look for him!" cried out his wife in despair.

He hove another deep sigh.

"That's true," he agreed. "I haven't the slightest idea where I should start from... But I know one thing: there must be a reason why all the doors in the temples all over the world are always turned in one and the same direction."

"Which one?" the woman was on the verge of crying.

"Eastwards," answered her husband. "The doors are always made in all the temples in such a way as to face the rising sun every morning. And I will head towards the sun, too..."

The woman burst into tears because it occurred to her that her beloved husband had gone insane.

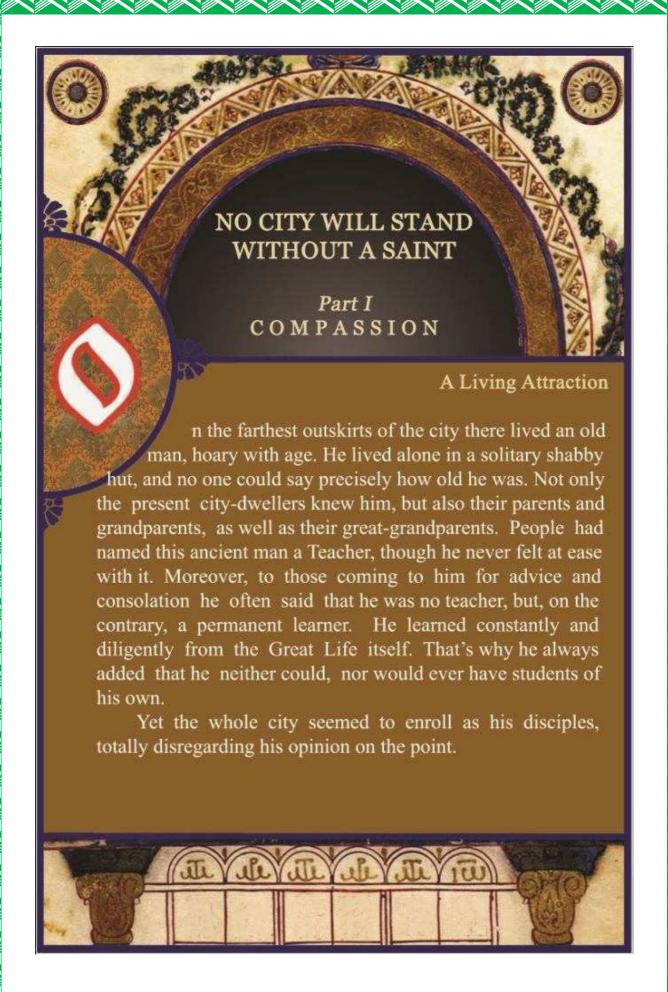
Years passed.

Every day the wife would go out and sit on the bench by the garden gate until dark, peering at the road, just in case she might suddenly see the familiar figure.

All the relatives thought with sadness, what if their dear father and granddad was already dead, after all, all humans are mortal. And they wouldn't even know where he was buried.

Yet from time to time some rumors reached them that here and there people saw an old man on their way who had long snow-white hair, a dazzling white beard and sparkling youthful eyes...

It sounded strange, but all the people who had happened to talk to that man, however different their age and character was, spoke of him with great respect and affection. They said that a conversation with such a person made the world sunnier. As if in agreement, though no agreement was possible among strangers, they even used the same words when they endowed their wonderful friend, the ardent seeker of his Teacher, with a poetical name of Walking-Towards-the-Sun...



And no one could imagine how much suffering this fame caused him, for he knew that it was nothing but sheer display of their own vanity.

The elder knew that he had been long ago put on the list of the city sights, along with the giant trade-centre, a little baby kangaroo born in the city zoo and the fragment of a prehistoric man's skull.

Some of the city-dwellers, who claimed to be the man's disciples and knew he lived in poverty, brought him regular "donations", which further aggravated his suffering, for it pained him to see that his humble life was regarded by others as poverty. It didn't even occur to them that he needed no more than he already had. Only when somebody offered him to repair the roof or the crooked door, he didn't mind, for he was already too frail and weak for such kinds of work.

Hypocrisy

For many years the elder couldn't get rid of one of such volunteering "guardians", who worked as a nurse on the ambulance team. She was a real pain in the neck and every time he tried to decline her "offerings", she broke into tears. Every year she brought him a jar of raspberry jam, which was made from berries that grew in the garden near her summer cottage. Every time that jam turned out to be not fresh-made, actually, it was last year's and hopelessly sugared. However, the woman kept coaxing him in an oily voice, absolutely positive that the old man would notice nothing:

"Here is some jam for you, Teacher. Fresh-made, still warm! I bet you'll remember me every time when you have a cold and fancy a cup of tea."

And every time the elder only sighed heavily. He knew that this woman was insincere, as ever. He also knew that she longed to win the name of a considerate and kind-hearted person. That's why every time she visited him she stopped at every gate on his street to have a chat with his neighbors, who even were somewhat jealous:

"Why would he take your jam," they said, "and not ours? What's your secret?"

"My secret is clear," she used to say with a smile. "This is my well-wishing aura. The Teacher surely sees it. And my jam must be healing, too."

Neither the neighbors, nor the woman knew that the man took that ill-fated jam just to spare himself seeing her crying. The point was that he had excluded sweet things from his diet many years before.

As soon as the elder saw the nurse approaching his hut, just before he heard her sickly-sweet *Here is some fresh-made jam for you, Teacher!*, he always sent her a friendly, but very strong thought about the benefits of sincerity and the hazards of insincerity, dishonesty and hypocrisy, even on such a minor occasion as this.

But the flaming thoughts of the man always darted back unwanted. This caused him more than pain, his sufferings were so great that he fell seriously ill and remained in his old wicker couch, bedridden for a long time. It happened every time he met with hypocrites.

The beautiful thought of the elder about the benefits of sincerity and the great harm of hypocrisy couldn't get through to the heart of the woman, who foisted her jam on him. Let's see why it was so.

There is the law of Consonance, or Analogy, which is valid everywhere, both on the Earth and in Cosmos. And according to this law, a thought can penetrate into the heart on condition that it finds a similar thought there. If it does, they get intensified. If it fails, the outer thought flies away. This works equally true for good and bad thoughts.

This cosmic law of Analogy, discovered in time immemorial by the Teachers of Light, is quite easy to grasp. All who understand why we can't see red apples on a grape vine and why troubles can't make people pleased and happy can be sure that they already know the law of Analogy.

Over and over again throughout his long life the elder repeated in his conversations with people:

"Lies, insincerity and hypocrisy are by no means harmless. They contain a deadly poison that devours the soul. Every bit of lies, even the smallest one, attracts like a magnet the energy of dishonesty and insincerity from other people, and swells up to major lies and hypocrisy. And if a person doesn't fight with it, he will turn ever more dishonest and hypocritical."

The man persisted:

"Everything that is based on lies and hypocrisy will degenerate into ugliness.

And ugliness cannot attract beauty. And if the inner world of people, their thoughts and consciousness are deprived of beauty, their life will be full of depravity and injustice."

Cheap-John Kindness

There was another visitor, whom the elder had once known as a skinny and quiet student boy rather resembling a teenager than a young man. That youth held the senior man in such reverence that even a simple question about his favorite subject at the university would embarrass him into blushing, before he could utter a single word.

That student often visited the old hut on the outskirts together with his friends. And every time saying good-bye to the elder he caught himself at the thought that he would like to kneel down before this man, whose life resembled him life stories of the ancient saints he used to read. And only a fear of appearing too sentimental in the eyes of his friends prevented him from doing it.

But years passed, and he turned into a reputable and influential man who held the post of the chief justice in the city. He was a busy man, but once in a while he dropped in at the old house on the outskirts. However, from year to year his visits grew more infrequent. For instance, he wouldn't show up for three years on end. Moreover, his attitude to the elder also changed with every visit he paid. It was no longer the respect of the modest and maidenly shy young student, who had once been thirsty for every Teacher's word.

The elder didn't care at all about outer manifestations of respect and cordiality coming from all sides. But he keenly felt the changes going on in this man. They troubled him a lot, as he knew that all are in danger whose heartfelt gentleness and sincerity are being gradually diminished to polite and courteous words, as empty and fruitless as the husks of sunflower seeds.

On New Year's Eve the chief justice decided to make the Teacher a present. As he knew that it got chilly in the small neglected hut in winter, he decided to give him one of his fur coats, though it was old, shabby and moth-eaten. And worst of all, it was lady's. It must have been collecting dust for ages in the lumber-room, amongst piles of old and useless junk. The judge's wife dragged it out one day and decided to cut out a good piece of fur to cover the floor of the dog's kennel for winter. But her husband noticed this and said:

"Leave it! I'd better present it to the Teacher."

"Are you kidding?" wondered the wife. "It's rotten junk!"

"In winter it gets even colder in his hut than in our dog's kennel," answered the chief justice. "Just beat the dust out of it!"

But the wife tried to appeal to her husband's consciousness:

"But it's lady's coat!" she reproached him. "Shame on you!"

"No big deal, unless he is going to wear it in Parliament!" parried the chief justice. "And besides, he is too ancient to tell a man's fur coat from a lady's one.

He is pretty weak-sighted."

"Oh well, anyway, it's up to you," agreed the wife.

A couple of days later the chief justice drove to the small house of the old man, whom he called his Teacher. He handed him the bag with the fur coat packed in it and said, smiling playfully:

"Here's a present Santa Claus has sent you! Unpretentious, but right from the heart! A winter coat specially styled for our frosts!"

The guest unwrapped the present and threw the mangy fur coat upon the shoulders of the half-blind man.

"By God, looks terrific!" he exclaimed. "It's a pity, Teacher, your poor eyesight failed you!"

"Thank you, my friend, for your care," said the elder, "but useless things in the house are nothing but a burden to me." He could hardly suppress a heavy sigh, for he knew that his guest was playing a brazen-faced hypocrite. His heart ardently entreated the heart of the chief justice, though he remained silent: "Soul, don't crook, please! Just don't get hopelessly crooked!"

When the high-ranking guest was leaving, the old man sent him from the bottom of his heart such a powerful thought of love that highly sensitive persons also known as extrasensory masters could have perceived it with their own eyes. Since every thought has its own image, it can be seen, but with a special kind of vision. The Teachers maintain that human thought is by no means something shapeless and lifeless. Every thought is a unique creature that consists of different energies, and every thought has its own outward appearance and its own destination.

The thought sent by the elder to the chief justice was of the subtlest pink color, the hue the sky generally turns at dawn. The looks of this radiant mental creature resembled that of an angel's, so splendid it was. This entity, whose aim was to protect, was woven of energies of compassion and smoothly penetrated into the car through its iron case within a blink of an eye. But however hard it tried, it couldn't break through the aura of the chief justice and get to his heart. This heavenly beautiful guardian creature struggled desperately with this impenetrable aura like a bird fluttering against a window-pane. With all its might it was striving to save the man's heart from growing fatally coarse, from sinking into ominous darkness. But all in vain. The law of Consonance, or Analogy, worked without exception: deep will call to deep, that is, only the like would accept the like.

The elder witnessed such scenes daily and suffered immensely from human reluctance to accept his spiritual assistance, which made their lives grow ever more callous. And callosity of life means that with each generation society gradually loses its virtuous, frank and wise representatives, while crime and evil flourish.

Despair

But one day a young sturdy fellow showed up in the company of the elder's guests. The old man always welcomed him with open arms as the sunniest soul and a delightful talker. He always sprang up just in time to offer a helping hand with any odd jobs, as he was a true crackjack and was always eager to help about the house. He was ready to fix a cracked window frame, to nail a new floor board instead of the old rotten one, or to repair a rickety old stool.

The elder adored him. Every time he blessed the young man and prayed lest troubles and people's injustice should ever befall him.

But one day, when they were having tea and the guy was telling some funny stories, the old man noticed out of the tail of his eye that his guest swiftly grabbed from the table the purse with his monthly pension and tucked it into his pocket.

It all came so unexpected that it made the elder first choke over his tea and then have a coughing fit.

The guy rushed to help. He patted the man on his back and uttered words of consolation, knowing perfectly well that tomorrow the poor pensioner wouldn't have a penny to buy a loaf of bread.

And now, for the very first time, the elder decided to use his inner vision to scan the guy's aura. The sight was disgusting: the aura of the young man was typical of any hypocrite, filthy and mottled with black and grey spots. The shock and despair made him cough even harder, and bitter tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks. But it wasn't the coughing that caused them, actually, they came from his sudden awareness of being weak and useless.

"Oh, my Lord! The space is terribly infected!" thought the elder. "With all my best I tried to protect this guy with my love! But alas, all my love has been not enough as it is."

"Forgive me, please!" he said to the guy in a feeble voice, as soon as he handled his coughing fit. "Forgive the old and sickly man. I am sorry! So very sorry!"

"It's ok, Teacher! You've just choked over tea! Could happen to anyone!"

Hypocrisy Was Invented by Enemies of Humanity

Teacher Morya says in his book *Brotherhood* (§ 192):

"The enemies of humanity not only have invented bullets which can pierce everything but they have in store new poisons. It is impossible to stop the flow of an evil will. Only selfless and constant reminders about good can bring the wave of pernicious influence to an end. Do not think that there was formerly less cruelty among people than at present; but nowadays it is justified by the most shameless hypocrisy."

"Lord, Take Me Home!"

When the guy left, the broken-hearted elder addressed the Lord with a prayer to grant him death as liberation, finally.

"My love has lost its power," he said. "I am too old, and feeble, and worthless. If you had had a physical body, you would have known what it means – to scrub the floors when it makes every joint of your body ache. That's why I don't wash them that often any more."

"No, my friend," came God's consolation. "The power of your love hasn't decreased. I know why your soul is weeping. Today the last drop fell into the chalice of your patience, and it overflowed. Today your soul felt that your pet

entertainer in fact is much worse than the double-faced nurse and the hypocritical judge, who palmed off the old stinking fur coat on you!"

"You are perfectly informed..." said the old man in a tired voice.

"Am I God or not?" said God.

"I wouldn't dare object," agreed the elder and added with a sigh. "If you mean that the guy took my money in secret, as a matter of fact, it was actually compensation for all the work he's been doing for me. I should have guessed long ago to offer him some kind of payment. But it completely slipped my mind, you see. So it is entirely my fault."

God hemmed, but didn't give up his position:

"He is worse than just a thief, that pet boy of yours!" he said. "To rob a State Bank would be less of a sin than to steal your meager savings! Come on, I know your pension is peanuts."

"You think your being God gives you a right to accuse the boy? It's a shame to make a fuss over those pennies!" retorted the elder. He sounded insulted. But God wouldn't change his opinion:

"Truth is bitter to man, but sweet to God," he said. "You may close your ears if what I'm saying doesn't appeal to you. But you can't force me to lie! I'm saying what I'm seeing: your pet boy is fair from the outside, but foul within."

"Let's leave him alone," conceded the man, and tired was his voice, "I wonder if anyone has ever out-argued you."

"It's impossible! Am I God or not, after all?!" said God.

"Yes, you're the Omnipotent and Omniscient Lord," agreed the elder, "but let's keep to the point, please. Do you hear what I'm asking for?"

"I'm not deaf," said God.

"Don't you think I deserve liberation, after all?" asked the elder again.

"You've deserved it long ago," admitted God.

"Haven't I lived as you tell us?"

"Yes, you've lived according to the commandments."

"Haven't I loved the world created by you with all my heart?"

"Yes, you loved Beauty with all your heart."

"Haven't I tried to make people better at the best of my heart?"

"Yes, you have served them selflessly."

"Sometimes I failed to make them better, I know," confessed the elder.

"Though I'm your messenger, I'm not Lord Almighty. I am human, and it is human to err. And there are many things I won't manage... But still, often I did cope, didn't I?"

"You did," agreed God, but didn't miss a chance to remind: "But not as often as I'd like it to be."

"The reason is," interrupted the old man with a note of reproach, "you took away all my best people from me and never gave them back. You must have been keeping them for better times."

"Sure, I have. Had to do this," confessed God. "The Dark Age will be over soon. Who will build the Light Age then? Dark souls? This will be the New World, the Epoch of Light. Only light souls can build it."

"I see your point," said the man. "But you must understand me, too. I'm tired! Tired of hypocrisy, dishonesty, cruelty. Have mercy on me! Take me home!"

"All right!" agreed the God. "Have it your way! Anyway, you have outlived all the deadlines already. You're welcome to come up!"

"Thank you!" said the elder and bowed down to the ground to God. "Just a moment, I'll finish up a couple of things."

The man took a sheet of paper and sat down to write his will. He intended to leave his small hut and the garden plot to the young guy who had robbed him. "My small house is a wreck," he reasoned, "unsuitable for modern citizens. And the garden is neglected. But land is expensive nowadays. The boy wouldn't have enough money to buy even a patch of it. But he can pull down this shabby hut and build a new house. Whatever God might say, he has magical hands. No need to deny it!"

God was urging him on, and the elder tried to write quickly. But the hand, which was already chilling and stiffening, hindered him. Finally he finished writing and signed the paper. The next moment his soul left the body.

In a few seconds the soul of the sufferer would cross the fiery border separating the mundane world from the supermundane, and would return to the Lord's abode, to its radiant homeland!

The elder always knew that a **human soul that has worked zealously and honestly for the sake of people** always casts away its heavy earthly body with great elation and relief. For with that physical body not only the old age was thrown aside, but also the reminiscences of all its earthly sufferings and sorrows. Why is it so? The reason is another law of the Universe: nothing must vex human soul in its native world (that is, not in the earthly world, but in the heavenly, spiritual world). This blissful and happy state of soul is also known as paradise.

"Oh, Lord! I've Changed My Mind!"

The soul of the elder was ascending to heaven on the wings of unspeakable bliss.

But he happened to glance down just in time to see a sinister black cloud that stretched literally boundless. He could clearly observe this terrible monster crawling over the city and seeking to cover it up to the skyline.

The old man noticed with horror that the monster's belly was nearly bursting with accumulated human evil and all sorts of vile and filthy things, which had

already turned into streaming blazes of lightning and such an amount of water which would be enough to start the Deluge. What was worse, above the heinous cloud the man saw giant tornadoes forming and approaching the earth. It was a matter of seconds for them to raze the doomed city to the ground.

Intolerable pain and pity flooded the man's heart. And he lamented at the top of his voice. He implored:

"Lord! I've changed my mind! Look at the disaster hanging over the city! What will happen to it if I leave?! They'll perish! All of them! Let me go back! Hurry up! Hurry up!"

"Time after time, one and the same story! Every time!" said God with a heavy sigh. "All right. Let's make it your way, once again!"

But the elder kept crying impatiently:

"Hurry up, please! By God, sometimes you're so sluggish, my God!"

And once again God, like so many times in the past, let go the soul overfilled with compassion for humanity and let it slip into its body, still warm.

At that very moment the sinister cloud, which had already reached the city, suddenly started to dissolve in the air. The spatial monster shriveled and shrank to an ordinary thundercloud.

Then a thunderstorm came down on the city.

The night sky was pierced by flashes of lightning and blazes. Thunder rolled with tremendous power. The heaviest shower poured down. But still, it was a usual spring thunderstorm, which didn't even disturb most of the city dwellers from their sleep.

In the morning the sun rose over the city, as usual. And a splendid shining arch of a rainbow spread in the deep blue sky. It had one end rooted beyond the skyline and the other one coming out of the roof of a small shabby house on the outskirts of the big city.

But no one seemed to pay any attention to it.

The Most Beautiful Flower Growing from the Heart

Teacher Morya points in his book *Brotherhood* (§ 309) to the source of human compassion: "Compassion has its roots in the heart alone."

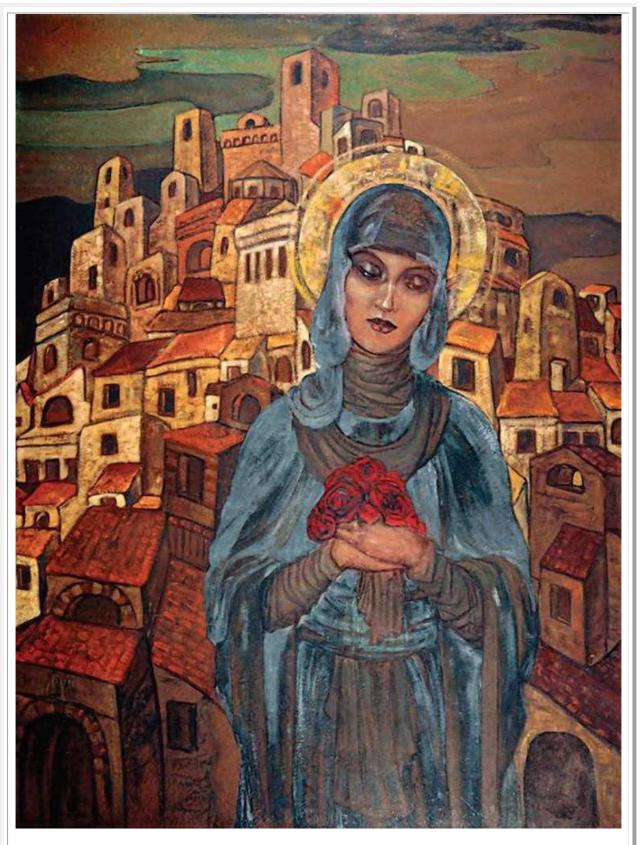
And in the part of the book *Brotherhood*, which the Teacher called *Supermundane* (§ 864), he cited the words of another ancient Teacher: "The Thinker asserted, 'Compassion is the crown of the future.'"

These words can be interpreted in the following way.

The time will come when all life on the Earth and the planet itself will change so drastically that no fancy of a contemporary person can as yet imagine the Beauty of that Future – the beauty of spiritually inspired nature and, most important, the beauty of spiritually oriented people and their exalted relations.

Humanity of the Future will develop in itself such qualities which nowadays are found only in some of its rare representatives. They are people who are typically looked upon as superior, perfect and truly Saint.

Humanity of the Future will develop in itself the same sincerity, purity of thoughts, love and boundless compassion for all the creatures that now are inherent in Saints only. And not only in the earthly world, but in the Cosmos, as well.



C. N. Roerich. Roses of the Heart (Princess Olga)

Part II

IT WAS DAY, IT WAS NIGHT...

Back on the Earth

It was warm and sunny in the city after the previous day's thunderstorm. And the rainbow stayed in the sky longer than usual. And the silence in the air was unusual, too. In a word, it was an unusually wonderful morning.

The old man, who was allowed by God to regain his body, opened his eyes. And the first thing he saw were puddles on the floor of his miserable dwelling. After the thunderstorm that had broken out over the city the roof of his house was leaking again.

The elder made an attempt to rise from his wicker couch to wipe the floor, but found it difficult to move.

"My old bones must have stiffened!" he sighed.

"You'd better have a lie-down!" Lord's voice came from heaven. "After all, it wasn't an idle outing!"

"What's the use?!" grumbled the old man. "How can I idle away, my Lord, when I've got a mess on the floor?! Who has made old bones always groan and moan!"

So he groaned and moaned, but got up and started to mop up the puddles.

On that wonderful morning, the elder didn't have a chance to notice that the atmosphere in the city had changed dramatically within the few minutes of his absence on the Earth. It grew ever more poisonous and sinister. And what concerned the people, they had obviously changed for the worse.

And he didn't have to wait long before he could witness it.

Just a Few Minutes Without Spiritual Defense

Somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the elder.

A young doctor entered, accompanied by the familiar nurse, notorious for her stale raspberry jam, and a junior med-assistant.

"Looking for somebody?" asked the old man.

"Where's the dead body?" said the doc impatiently.

The elder forced himself to straighten his back and asked in amazement:

"What did you say?"

"Are you deaf, old chap?" the doctor got furious and shouted right into the old man's ear, breathing out a reek of booze. "Somebody called the ambulance

last night! He said he had dropped in here to see the owner, but found him spread on the couch. Either unconscious or passed away – he couldn't make it out! So, where's the owner?"

The elder's face expressed suffering, while the booze-reeking doc was bawling into his ear. But, wringing his floor-mop over the pail, he couldn't suppress a sad sigh.

"The call came last night, and you've showed up only in the morning to help an unconscious man..."

The reproach made the doctor turn pale with fury:

"Where's the owner?!" he snapped out sternly as if he was a prison guard, not a medical worker. "Is he dead or alive?"

The elder looked at the nurse, who had been his regular visitor, and smiled. But she rebuffed his smile with a cold glance as if she had never seen him before.

"That's me! I'm alive!" he tried to soothe the doctor and added with a warm smile: "As the saying goes, not everyone's dead who's keeping to bed."

But his innocent joke drove the doc totally mad.

"I think, old chap," he said with outright hostility, "that you're going to pay a fine for a false call! And I promise, I'll do my best to get your name on the blacklist of persistent violators. And mind you, crumbly, next time you're going to wait for your ambulance till the end of your days!"

Freedom of Choice, Just Like Gods Have

The ambulance team left. The doctor slammed the entrance door so fiercely, that a jar with raspberry jam fell down from the shelf and smashed into pieces. As the elder was picking up fragments of glass and cleaning up the jam from the floor, he was grieving and swearing himself mercilessly:

"Serves you right!All your own fault! You know perfectly well what the Dark Age is! Didn't you know that in such periods people are strongly possessed by evil? Didn't you know you shouldn't leave people without supervision in such times? And what did you do?.. You deserted them!"

Then he appealed to God again and complained:

"But Lord! How long was I absent? Five or six minutes, not more! A few minutes only! And how greatly these people changed! Just over the night! What a weird world!" sighed the elder heavily. "And what weird people!"

"Why on Earth is he displeased with my world all of a sudden?" thought the God, confused. "Just an ordinary world, nothing special! And quite ordinary folks! I gave them the power of reason. But not only this. In addition, I gave them absolute freedom of will – just like all Gods have. I did this so that every man could build his own destiny in accord with his own will and vision. He gets back whatever he thinks and whatever he does. I arranged it so that no one could

reproach me and say that I love some people and don't love others, that some get more from me, while others get less, that some are rewarded, while others are repressed, that some are exalted and others are persecuted. Those who choose the path to Light remain humans. But those lured by Darkness have their minds grow dim and dumb and their hearts turn cold and black, like a charred firebrand. And everything human within a man dies and rots in the dark. But it's not my fault! As man sows, so he shall reap."

A Guardian-Angel Wanted!

At that time the city authorities were having a regular morning meeting at the mayor's office. They were discussing the grand festivities planned as part of the celebration program in honor of the 500th anniversary of the city.

But suddenly someone said just for fun:

"To make it 100 per cent perfect our city seems to lack just one thing. I mean we miss our own Saint! The glorious temple we timed to the anniversary looks magnificent! Won't it be nice to lodge some Saint there?!"

"It makes sense, gentlemen," said the mayor. "How come we've failed to get our own Saint in those 500 years? Let's say, the Patron-Saint or the Guardian-Angel of our city?"

"No problem, sir," said the president of all the local TV-channels and radio stations. "Say the word, and my people will make from anyone whoever you wish, a Saint or a Devil, whatever you need."

"I guess we shouldn't look for anybody," said the chief prosecutor. "We've already got a suitable nominee for the role of the Saint!"

"And who's he?" the mayor tried to guess. "Do you mean that ancient man who lives on the outskirts?"

"That's him," nodded the chief prosecutor.

"But there's nothing saint about him," said the puzzled mayor. "I've never heard he actually worked any wonders!"



N. K. Roerich. Fairest City is the Enemies' Vexation.

"You may leave it to us, Mr. Mayor," said the president of all the TV-channels and radio stations, who jumped at the idea of the chief prosecutor, "and tomorrow we'll show you a bunch of witnesses, who'll prove that the old man can produce such miracles that will make your eyes pop out! Top-rate old wives' tales!"

Still, the mayor was in two minds.

"And what if people don't believe it?" he hesitated. "They'll rush to him in crowds, and what are they going to see?.."

And the mayor lifted his hands in a helpless gesture.

"If I may say so, gentlemen, the old man is very weak and frail," said the chief justice, who had kept silent up to that moment. "I visited the crumbly on New Year's Eve, presented him a fur coat, you know. Actually, he appears to have one of his feet in the grave: a nudge would be enough to send him to kingdom come!"

And the chief justice looked round, as he obviously had something on his mind.

However, all seemed to have missed the ominous hint of the chief justice because the mayor said:

"You say he's got one foot in the grave? He's senile, you say? But this crumbly, as you say, has already outlived our fathers! Moreover, he has outlived our grandfathers! Maybe he will outlive us, who knows? And the anniversary is round the corner, if I may say so."

At this moment the chief physician of the city finally got the sinister hint of the judge. Thus he spoke:

"And still, gentlemen, we'll get our Saint right by the holiday, I promise you!"

They eyed him inquiringly, but he stayed calm:

"The ambulance will come. Just one injection. Death in sleep is a blessing, isn't it?"

The intense silence made everyone uneasy. It was clear as day that the chief physician openly called for murder and feared no punishment! Just the day before it would have been a nightmare just to think of it! Just the day before an idea like that would have shocked everybody! And the chief physician would have finished up in a madhouse as a hopelessly insane case.

But within the past night great changes had occurred in the city! And that morning nobody was shocked to hear a call to murder. Not a single indignant remark. Not a trace of embarrassment or confusion was seen on the faces of the city authorities! They were just weighing the offer.

The chief justice was the first to break the silence.

"No doubt, the public will accept the Saint who passed away peacefully in serene sleep. But let's face it, the most honored and popular Saints were those... who encountered a violent death – a death of martyrdom."

The mayor heaved a sigh and agreed:

"Alas! That's true."

And he looked ambiguously at the chief justice of the city. The chief justice returned his look. Saying no word, the mayor shifted his gaze to the chief prosecutor. And the chief prosecutor cast a significant glance at the chief of the city police...

That very night somebody knocked at the elder's door.

"Come in," he said in a tired voice. However exhausted, he wasn't sleeping, though.

"So what are you going to do now?" he heard God's quiet voice.

"I'm thinking," quietly responded the old man, as he stood by the window of the moonlit room.

"What's the use?" sighed God. "There's no time to think! He is already at your door!"

"My heart is crying," said the elder, bitter tears running down his cheeks.

"I was right," said God sympathetically. "That's why your soul wept yesterday: it sensed that your pet entertainer would turn out much worse than your nurse. He is even worse than the hypocritical judge, who had palmed off the old stinky fur coat on you and this morning came up with a heinous idea of killing you to make you the Patron-Saint of the city! It grieves me to see that people forgot one well-known truth: innocent blood may drown as flood." Addressing his messenger, God added:

"Don't cry. You can't help them. This is Karma: as people sow, so they shall reap."

"That's why I'm crying," said the elder, "for I know that even you, God Almighty, cannot avert that terrible counterblow that will befall those blindhearted after they execute their plan."

"How can I call off cosmic laws," confirmed God with a heavy sigh, "being myself the basic Supreme Cosmic Law?! Even you, humans, say: 'Two times remit, the third time hit.' And in their case, it's not the second, but the twenty second time."

"I shudder at the mere thought of what awful destructive forces will emerge from your formidable cosmic spheres, my Lord, if this lad carries out their common foul plan now... Because I am your messenger."

"Yes," said the God, "the earth won't bear such a sin!"

"Oh Lord, poor man! If only he knew what awful forces he is going to trigger off!" grieved the elder.

"He isn't the only one to face them..." added God.

"You're right, all will suffer..." sighed the old man heavily and wept: "The one who first came up with this idea will suffer, as well. And those who supported it will suffer, too. And those who could have prevented it, but had kept aloof. And the one who hired the executor. And those who merely knew, but kept silence. Even those... who knew nothing, but simply lived in one city with the killer... Oh, it makes me shiver to think what horrible misfortunes will overtake the whole family of this poor wretch!"

"Not only his family, I'm afraid," sighed God.

"You're right, not only his family..." repeated the old man and went on. "Dreadful troubles will befall the families of those who invented this plan. And the families of those who approved. And those who could have prevented it, but had stayed aloof. And the families of those who hired the killer... And even the families of those who merely knew, but kept silence. Even of those who knew nothing, but simply lived in the same city with all these people... I mourn for the kin of the killer, as I see the awful misfortunes they are going to face.

"Not only his kin, I'm afraid," sighed God.

"That's the point," said the elder. "Dreadful troubles will befall the kin of the one who devised this plan. And the relatives of those who approved. Who could have averted it, but hadn't. And the kin of those who hired the killer. And even the kin of those who merely knew, but kept silence. Even those who knew nothing, but simply lived in the same city with all these people... For all the people in the city are bound up with each other, in this or that way, one through another. And so they make one endless karmic chain..."

There came another tap at the door. God couldn't hold back a sigh.

The entrance door quietly squeaked. And God asked the old man with compassion:

"Well... Are you ready?.."

"Will you stop patronizing me?" said the old man reproachfully. "You'd better worry about him. Don't you see how desperately I'm looking for words to get through to the heart of this poor man?! You see that knife in his hand? Once he fixed the window frame and repaired the old floor board just with the same blade! And the cracked stool..."

"You know," said God, "sometimes it is easier to turn away an arrow in its flight than to find words, which could stop a man who's ready to kill another man for money..."

But suddenly the elder exclaimed in joy:

"I think I found them, Lord! The words..."

But this very moment a cold sharp blade pierced his skinny back and ran right into his heart.

And the ground quaked.

The Boomerang of Fate, or the Last Angel

The earth quivered. And the Moon escaped from the sky. And the stars disappeared. A black ominous thundercloud suddenly stretched out of nowhere across the sky. It was literally bursting with deafening thunders and blazed with fiery arrows of lightning. And the doomed city, which had just recently been shining with illuminations and holiday lights, suddenly sank into darkness that had been unseen on the earth even in the darkest nights. And all because it had lost its only saint man, who had been actually guarding and keeping it safe.

And then a dazzling giant flash of lightning pierced the eerie darkness and the sky exploded with all its thunders at once. And the heavenly fire poured down on the city like a shower.

A giant fiery-red Angel was flying over the city. And every flap of his wings made the ground heave. Vortices of giant tornadoes sucked in sky-scrappers like match-boxes. The earth surged like a storming sea and cracked in many places because earth is not water. But the Angel couldn't stop flying. He held a sword and a scroll in his hands. And this was the scroll of all the evil deeds and crimes committed by the dwellers of the doomed city, which had lost its only saint.

Bitter tears of sorrow and suffering streamed from the big and seemingly severe eyes of the Angel. He watched every tear fall into cracks on the earth surface and raise from the very depths of the planet pillars of infernal subterranean fire. But he couldn't stop crying, and this made him cry even more bitterly. And the underground fire raged ever fiercer and rose even higher to merge with the Heavenly Fire...

Can a Bird with Lead Wings Fly?

Teacher Morya says in his book *Leaves of Morya's Garden (Illumination)* (p. 3 V:7): "Even dull-witted heads have pondered over the strange fate of many cities."

And in the book *Fiery World* (§ 417), the Teacher says that hard times always ensue on the earth when men start to substitute the notion of **free will** for baneful **permissiveness**.

When people think that everything is permitted, they begin to behave in many ways as if they were insane, as if their minds submerged in gloom and darkness and started their decay. Generally speaking, it is true. Mind and the power of reason are granted to man as an instrument of virtue and creativity, not malice and destruction. Thus the will of every reasonable individual must be turned purely to good and creation.

Ancient prophecies say: "When all becomes darkened, then people fancy that everything is permitted them. Actually darkness makes people insane."

Evil is a very rough and heavy sort of energy. That's why it wouldn't help people raise to the divine Beauty, but would drag them down to the infernal abyss of darkness and decay.

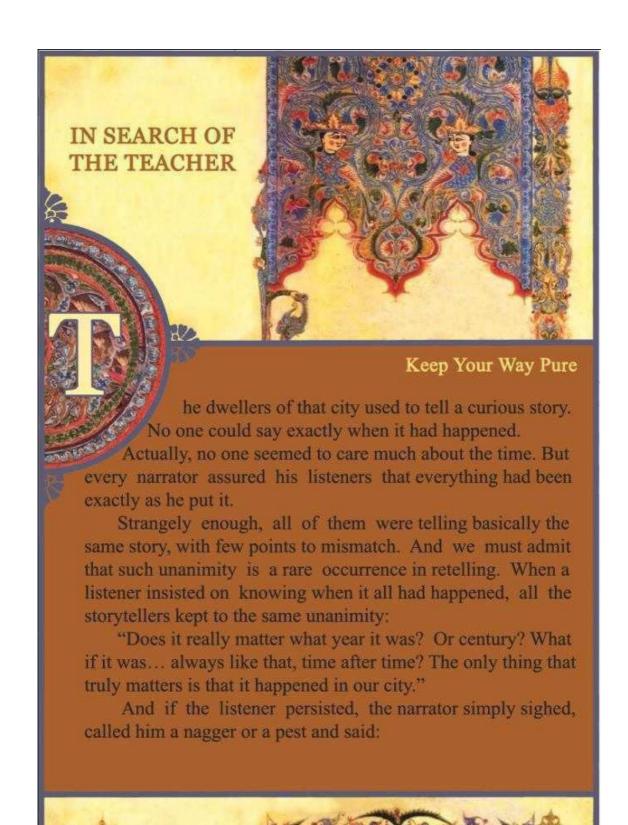
People cannot fly to the beautiful higher worlds on the lead wings of malice and insanity, moreover, they cannot even live a happy life on the Earth.

"Is a deluge possible which can wash away entire regions? Can there be an earthquake which destroys whole countries? Can there be a whirlwind sweeping away cities? Can there be a fall of enormous meteors? All these are possible, and the swing of the pendulum can be increased. Does the quality of human thought have no significance?"

We can read these clearcut words, which Teacher Morya said concerning people's responsibility for their thoughts and actions, in his book *Brotherhood* (§ 250).



N. K. Roerich. The Last Angel.



"You are welcome to listen if you want to. But don't interrupt. Or step aside and let the others listen. Maybe, they'll listen and will avoid in future the sad and irretrievable mistake that had been once committed by the inhabitants of our city."

...One noble and well-educated young man dreamt about the Teacher. And the first person he shared his dream with was his great-grandfather, whom the he loved fondly. His adorable great-grandfather would soon celebrate his centenary. He could barely walk, as his legs were badly stricken with rheumatism. The old man was undemanding and pliant. He hated bothering others with his requests. The only thing he expected from others was not to disturb his solitude whenever he withdrew to his garden. All the kin respected that whim of his.

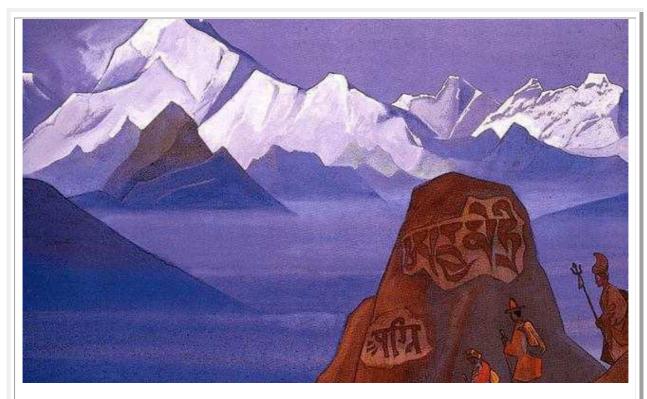
When the great-grandson told his great-granddad about his dream to walk round the world in order to find the Teacher, the old man only said:

"Wherever you should be and whatever you should be up to – keep your way pure. Take only pure ways and you will succeed."

Searching

So the young man set off, keeping in mind the farewell words of his dear wise great-grandfather.

He searched for the Teacher in cities and towns, and everywhere he tried to leave good memories of himself. Whenever anybody, old and young alike, asked him for help, he was always eager to do whatever he could and never demanded a word of gratitude in return. He never offended a child or an elderly person, a woman or a girl. If insulted, he never took offence himself. When he spoke, he was always open and straightforward. He never lied, never envied, kept away from alcohol and would never fancy taking other people's things, even when he hadn't a penny left in his pocket. He was just looking for the Teacher, trying to follow his great-granddad's instruction: always pick such a way as to keep it pure.



N. K. Roerich. The Way to Kaylas.

When the guy came back home quite a matured and sturdy young man, his relatives and friends questioned him:

"So did you manage to find your Teacher?"

"Not yet," he always answered, "but I sure will some day!"

Some time passed and the young man resumed his quest. He looked for the Teacher in villages and small farmsteads, which were lost amidst vast forests. And wherever his feet stepped, his hands were never idle, though he never let them do any harm to either old or young, either a man or a woman, a human or an animal being.

And when he showed up at home, he was asked over and over again:

"Found him?"

"Not this time," he used to answer with a sigh. "But I'll find him!"

The man was looking for the Teacher in mountain caverns and arid deserts. Traveling in the mountains, he was always cautious and paid due respect to their written and unwritten laws. He held in honor their severity and admired their beauty and grandeur. And beasts of prey never attacked him. In deserts, he wept and mourned over their scarcity and desolation. And scorching winds never touched him.

When he returned home again, he was invariably interrogated:

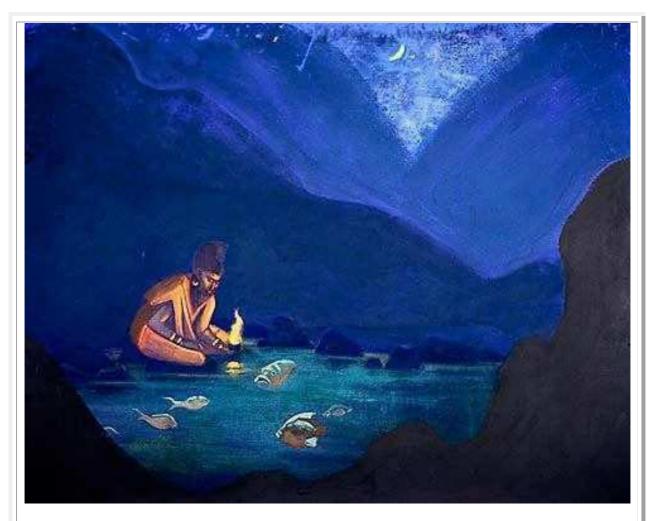
"Have you found the Teacher, finally?"

"Not yet," said the man without a sign of despondency, "but it's made my will and stamina ever stronger. Anyway, I won't give it up."

Following Memory's Tracks

The man was a tireless seeker. In order to save time, he decided to quit his regular visits back home. He realized that time and tide wait for no man, and he was well past his green years. And though he was still a young man in his prime, time was ruthlessly counting years. However, his persistence and craving for the Teacher remained unbending.

He questioned thousands of people. And some seniors, whose memory was still reliable, finally put him on the right trail. They showed him the direction where the Teacher had gone long ago. The seeker picked up the pointed trail at once. He hurried up. But every time he happened to be following the tracks of somebody's memory, for the Teacher hadn't been seen in those places for ages!



N. K. Roerich. Invocation. Teraphim.

So the quest went on for years.

The seeker's hair turned gray, but his wish to find the Teacher whatever it took didn't fade. Quite the opposite: it increased with every year and with every step because he literally followed the Teacher's trail. Sometimes he even felt to be on the point of finding him.

But one day he realized that his search had led him back to his native city. He felt agitated and confused.

"Am I really so tired that my feet managed to have taken me home, while I was quite unconscious of it?" he thought.

He sighed and tried to search his own heart.

"Though I'm not young," he honestly admitted, "my feet are not that tired of walking. And my hands are not really tired of all the jobs I've been doing. And my heart is not depressed with failures I had to face during the long and yet unfinished quest. So what's wrong with me?"

And his feet indeed were leading him right to the city were he had been born. "Could it really be fatigue?" he thought, quite alarmed. "Is it really my homesickness that's been keeping me so restless?"

But conversations with people he met inspired him with hope.

"No, it's not fatigue," he assured himself. "Don't people point the right direction, after all?"

And the nearer he came to the place where he had been born and where he had spent his childhood and adolescence, the oftener he encountered people who associated the Teacher's trail with his home city.

A Prophet Wins No Worship in His Home Country

So once a man, who dwelt in a lonely house at the curb of the road, pointed directly at his native city.

"Actually," he said to the traveler, "it's just a couple of days' walk from here."

"Aren't you by any chance mistaken, my friend?" asked again the seeker, who was quite excited. "Are you sure that the Teacher took that way when he was old and feeling weak?!"

"I'm sure of it," said the man. "And though it happened a long time ago, when I was a kid, I'll remember that day forever. That day my father and I walked on this road side by side with the Teacher."

The traveler covered the rest of the way to his home city very quickly, for it was a lucky day for hitchhiking.

But the very first answers of the citizens, ever fussy and preoccupied with their own affairs, disappointed him. No passers-by he questioned in the street appeared to know about the Teacher's stay in their city or, at least, his visits to the city.

Out of desperation, he shared his disappointment with a young girl, who suddenly addressed him with a sad smile:

"You must know for sure the famous quotation when Jesus Christ said that a prophet wins no worship in his own country. That's just the case."

And then she added:

"I could take you to the Teacher if you wish."

The girl noticed that her words had caused the gray-haired man to weep, and within a moment he seemed to go dumb. He hastily nodded. Deeply moved, the seeker thought to himself: "Could such joy be true, or am I dreaming?"

They walked through the whole city in silence. But when they took the road to the cemetery, the traveler understood everything. His heart sank and almost

stopped beating. He peered into the girl's eyes, inquiring, and she nodded, saying no word, confirming his worst expectations.

Obviously, the path to the Teacher's grave was familiar to the girl, as she was making her way among the graves quite confidently. The girl didn't hurry as she walked along the well-known path. Finally she stopped at a small knoll crested with a crude wooden crossand covered with dazzling blue forget-me-nots.

"It's here," she said quietly.

The seeker kneeled before the knoll and bowed low his gray-haired head: "Now I've found you, Teacher..."

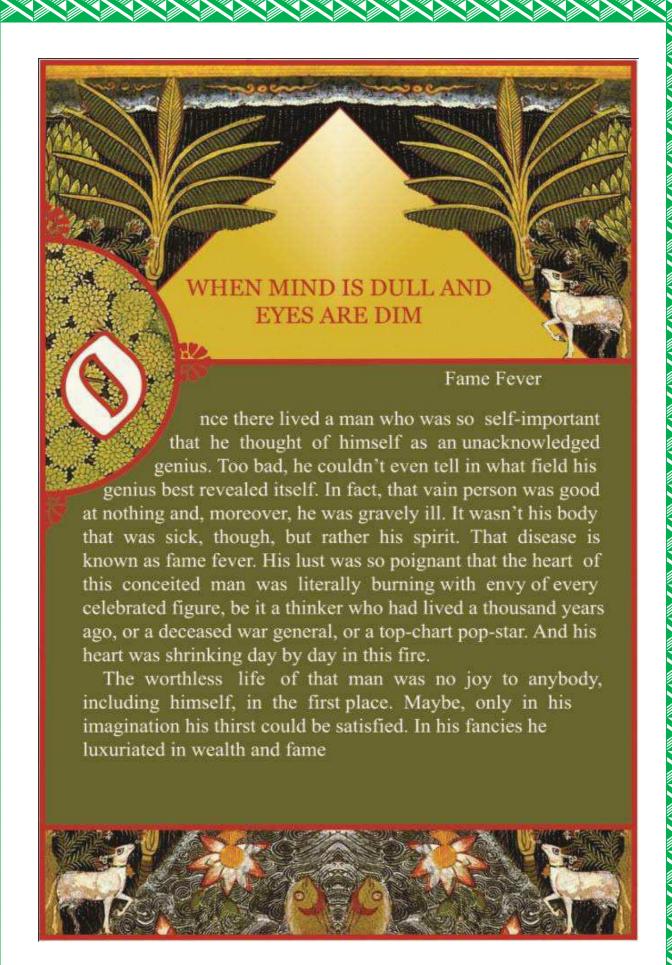
Nobody would say for sure how many hours he spent knelt at the grave. He lost track of the time, and it neither rushed nor dragged for him. He also seemed to lose the sense of self-perception as if he was out of his own body all that time. On the other hand, he wouldn't be able to say precisely where his thoughts had taken him.

When he regained his sense of self-belonging at last, he saw that the girl was still there. She stood silently, and didn't disturb nor hasten him. She was just waiting for her new friend to recover from his shock.

But when he rose to his feet, he had to face the real shock, an ever greater one. He happened to cast a look at the small metal plate nailed to the middle of the wooden cross and read the words engraved on it: *Keep your way pure*.

And engraved below, there was the name of the one who rested there covered with the cloud of blue forget-me-nots.

It was his fondly loved great-grandfather.



Pulling at his straggly goatee, he pictured in his dreams crowds of people worshipping him as their idol, his admirers carpeting the roads he trod with flowers.

And once that man took it into his head to become... a Teacher! He bought the Teacher's book and attempted to read it. But very soon he got bored, for it wasn't just his heart that was shrinking, but his mind as well. He simply didn't understand what he was reading about. But he was absolutely positive that the thoughts which sometimes came to his mind were by no means less great and meaningful. And so he decided to share his "wisdom" with other people, though this "wisdom" was nothing but a dump of stupidity and monstrous self-conceit.

A Fool in White Rags

So a day came when a weird weak-looking man with a sparse tousled goatee marched out into the central city-square. He was dressed in white pants and a ridiculous white overall. He was also wearing a small white beret to cover his bold head.

The only reason why he was wearing the white garments was that he had come across the idiom *white vestures* in the sacred book once and assumed that was the way a real Saint should look like. And no doubt, that was just the thing he would die for, that is, make people believe he was a Saint.

However, if he wasn't that stupid, he would have realized that the *white vestures* mentioned in the sacred book didn't mean white rags used to cover one's body. The ancient expression *white vestures* implies a person who has completely extinguished all the negative qualities in his character. A person, whose soul had filled with love to every living creature and had become so pure and light that no one would find in it a single unworthy thought or the smallest trace of vanity or self-interest. In other words, the soul of such a perfect and truly saint person would not have a single black spot on it, to put it in a figurative way, and in fact should look like wrapped in white vestures sparkling with purity.

But the stupid would never understand the wise.

"Clown! A clown in the city!" shouted the children, joyfully hopping around the man in the white robe.

The passers-by stopped to have a closer look at the funny figure.

"Are you indeed a circus performer? Are you a mime-actor?" they asked with interest.

But the man in the white overall froze in a domineering posture and looked down on those asking with an air of disdain. Such questions sounded like a great insult to him. So he wasn't going to answer them.

The crowd of curious idlers swelled, and they kept interrogating him:

"If you are not a clown, what are you then?"

"In the first place," spoke out the goatee-man arrogantly, "I'll tell you who you are! You are ignoramuses!"

"So you must be the only *gnoramus* here?!" mocked an old lady with greenglass spectacles. She'd been walking past the square and stopped to have a look at the bizarre person in the ridiculous white robe.

"I am the Initiate!" answered the man scornfully. "And mind you, the high one!"

The elderly lady eyed derisively the majestic stature of the mummer and said quietly, but audibly:

"Penny wise and pound foolish."

The crowd in the square was growing rapidly because the rumor had already spread that the man in the weird white costume was a real Initiate. As people swiftly passed the news on, they supplied it with made-up details.

"He must have descended from the Sacred Heights," some suggested.

"Check him out!" somebody added. "Do you see... he's shining all over?"

Others listened to such talks and stared at the man wrapped in his white robe with increasing interest. While nobody could see any radiance emanating from him, some individuals – claiming to possess the extrasensory vision – sought to make others believe they could see the invisible. So they burst into exclamations:

"Oh, yeah! He's got a beautiful aura! He's radiant!"

Ignorance of the Crowd

"So are you the real Initiate?" demanded the agitated newcomers, who were streaming into the crowd.

"Should I repeat it again?" answered the pseudo-initiate evasively.

"Did you come down from the Sacred Heights?"

"Where else could I hail from?"

The people in the crowd discussed the rumor in a loud whisper:

"We've got our own Initiate, finally! And a high one!"

"You... Do you by any chance recruit disciples, Teacher?" asked with a faint hope a young woman, who had hardly made her way to the white-robed man through the crowd. "Would you accept me, please?.."

"Sure I will!" said the man in white. "All are welcome!"

The young woman hunted out from the folds of the white overall the man's hand and kissed it as a token of her veneration:

"Oh, Teacher?!"

This added to the curiosity of the crowd, as it hissed with agitated whispers:

"Did you hear it?.. This woman called him *Teacher*... Here's the Teacher himself, in our city!"

And another woman reached for the hand of the man in the white robe, trying to kiss it.

The man in white literally sensed scores of eyes gazing at him with admiration. He perked up his ears listening to the hushed voices reaching him from all sides:

"There must be a reason why the Teacher is wearing white pants!"

"There must be a reason, too, why he's wearing a snow-white overall!"

"Those are the legendary white vestures!"

Those words of delight made the vanity of the white-robed man swell beyond measure. He even lifted up his hands in a solemn gesture as if trying to detach himself from the expanding crowd. He was sure that his thin snow-white gown flapping in the wind would now make him look special. And it was the right hit. People in the crowd already accepted him as a saint.

He felt that some people were even trying to touch his robe. He saw more people flowing into the crowd. He was happy because he finally saw the secret dream of his whole life come true. He was a just step away from fame.

"They felt..." the thought revolved in his overheated brain. "They felt I'm special and all by themselves! They accepted me as their Teacher!"

No Real Initiate Will Ever Confess It to the Crowd

Only the elderly lady with the green-glass spectacles seated on her nose didn't share the enthusiasm of the crowd and tried to bring her credulous fellow-citizens back to reason.

"It's ridiculous that an Initiate would report his appearance in public, standing in the middle of the city market!" she said.

"It's not a market!" retorted the rooky adherents of the pseudo-Teacher. "That's our central square!"

"In our city, it doesn't make much difference actually," the woman wouldn't quiet down. "It's unbelievable that the real Initiate would accept any stranger as his disciple! And I see, you've already made the list of volunteers. Folks, are you crazy?! Two Sundays would rather come together before this old impudent mummer could utter a single word of wisdom!"

The shrewd comments of the elderly lady were right away suppressed by a choir of abusive yells. So she gave it up and trotted away.

The Wreath on the Fools' Grave

The goatee-man in the white robe was literally exploding with pride, as he watched his adherents stand up for him and turn on the insolent old woman. He led the crowd to the nearest park to find a cozy place for his first sermon.

He solemnly marched in front of the crowd, but suddenly... disappeared!.. He simply vanished into thin air, though the eyes of the people had been all the time fixed on the back of his head topped with a small beret.

His heart-stricken adherents all turned up their heads in an attempt to find their ascended saint wonder-worker floating in the blue skies. And as they kept pushing forward, they started ... disappearing, one by one...

...A plumber who had forgotten earlier that day to lock up the hatch cover of the sewage well got a severe reprimand notice from his chief. And the chief of his chief ordered that the whole brigade wouldn't get the bonus payment that month.

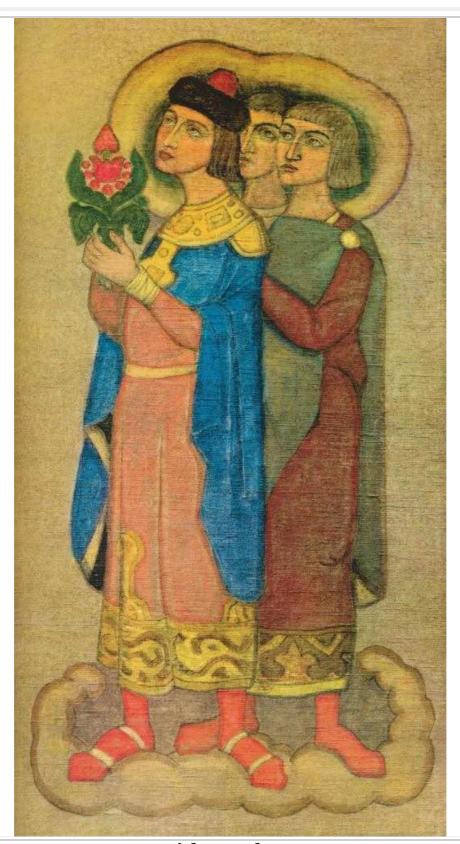
The mayor of the city did his best to fulfill his civil duty. On behalf of the city council he ordered and sent a big wreath to the common grave of several dozens of the dwellers who by some strange coincidence had happened to be so reckless and unwary as to fall down into the unlocked street sewage well and drowned there.

The Way of Initiates Is That of Selfless Devotion

In her book *Voice of the Silence* Helena Petrovna Blavatsky cites the lines from the sacred Ancient Indian manuscripts that reproduce the Golden Precepts inscribed on the walls of the Temple of Knowledge. All candidates seeking initiation into the Sacred Knowledge have to keep strictly to these Precepts. For every disciple of the Teacher of Light each phrase from the Precepts is as inseparable from his life as breathing is from his body.

Search for the Paths. But, O Disciple, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey. Before thou takest thy first step learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting.

Just like every disciple of the Teachers of Light, Helena Petrovna learned everything which is invariably required of aspirants for Initiation.



N. K. Roerich. Youths. successors

The path passed by the Teacher hand in hand along with his disciple is otherwise called the Feat of Selfless Devotion. The heart of a person treading this path is free from vanity, thirst for fame and power, stupidity and other things like those. The heart of such a devotee is filled with wisdom and compassion and it serves people selflessly. And until a person's had his heart as described, he could by no means become a Teacher's disciple and, consequently, an Initiate.

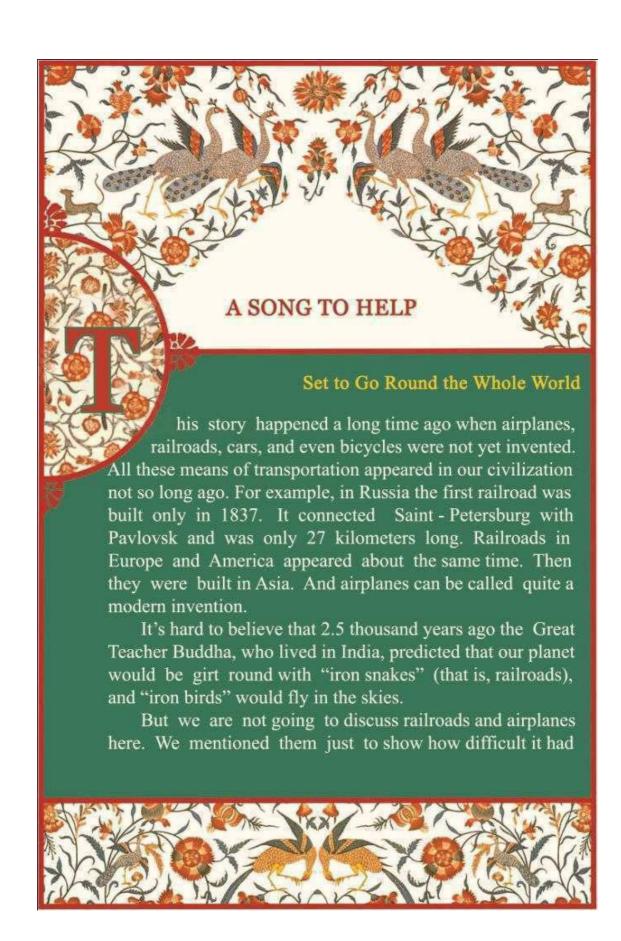
Here are some more lines from the Golden Precepts.

Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain...

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

But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, not ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed.

The one who wants to live for himself only; the one who seeks other things and preaches other concepts than those mentioned above can never be an Initiate! And people mustn't be credulous.



been for people to travel to different parts of the planet without these means of transportation, nothing to say about a round-the-world journey.

And still there was a man in those old times who was eager to travel round the world.

Determined

That man was still very young, healthy, cheerful, and his heart was free and pure. His heart was free in the sense that he hadn't any obligations to the parents, or to the wife or children. His parents had died when he'd been a boy, and he hadn't started a family; he hadn't even found a fiancée yet.

This young man had a dream to find the Teacher, though everyone warned him:

"It must be too far away."

He just laughed in answer:

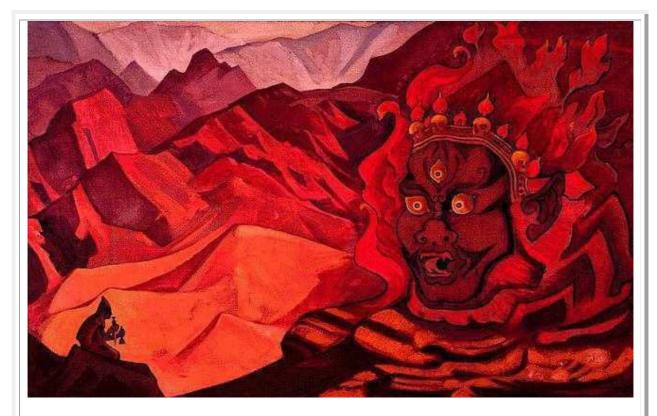
"I have all my life ahead of me! Isn't it enough?"

"You'll have to pass deserts and wild forests. You'll have to climb the mountains and swim across the seas. You'll meet all kinds of people, not just kind-hearted, but wicked as well, even robbers. You can be captured as a prisoner or even as a slave. You can even die."

He wouldn't deny it, but replied:

"When you repair the roof of your own house or clean it up from snow, you can also fall down and break your bones if you are not cautious."

"You'll have to move through darkness and across glaciers in the mountains," they warned him. "The spirits of the mountains are hostile to intruders."



N. K. Roerich. Dorjee the Brave.

"I'm not afraid of spirits," he used to answer calmly, "as I am not bearing ill will to them. I'll be a quiet guest on their territory. As for cold and darkness, I'm sure all obstacles and hardships are actually useful. They test and train our spiritual stamina. Besides, cold and frost help to lock all bad habits, as they lock with ice ponds and rivers. Once I've locked them, I'll throw them away into the dark. Once and forever."

"You look incapable of an evil action," they remarked. "You're not mean and your heart is pure."

"That's true," he said, "I try to hurt no one. But I'm not a Saint!"

Why Do You Search for the Teacher if You Want Nothing from Him?

One day, when the young man was getting ready to set off, people asked him: "What do you want from the Teacher when you find him?"

"Nothing," confessed the young man.

All were so surprised that they first took it for a joke. They asked him again to make sure, but got the same clear answer. Evidently at a loss, they tried to persuade him:

"Why do you need the Teacher then? Why do you seek for the Teacher if you want nothing from him? What's the point then in such a long, hard and dangerous journey? Is it worth the risks if you expect nothing from the one you're ready to meet at the other end of the world?"

The young man answered:

"Give me a break! You've been literally bombarding me with all your whys! I just want to present my song to the Teacher."

All the talkers hushed on hearing these words. Nobody expected anything like that. That's why they just stared at the young guy, ever more surprised. And now, he appeared ever more weird to them.

"Gimme! Gimme!" But Is It Fair Only to Take Giving Nothing in Return?

After quite a long silence, the people started exchanging glances as if asking each other: "Is the guy all right, eh? Planning to make such a long and dangerous journey to the end of the world, and what for?.. Just to sing a song?!

He seems somewhat mentally disturbed."

The young man looked cheerfully at his puzzled neighbors, pretty puzzled himself: "Are they all right, eh? They look so confused..."

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked. "Have I said something wrong? It's all clear as day!.. If someone in the village wants to build a new house, all the villagers help him, don't they?"

"They do," they said. "It's impossible for a person to do hard work all by himself. Working alone, it would take one years to finish that house. But if everybody gives a hand with this and that, he could be up to a house-warming party in a week! Well... But what does it have to do with your song?"

"However strong the Teacher could be, his power is not boundless, either," said the youth.

"So what are you driving at?" the neighbors seemed to miss the point.

"He gets tired at times, just like all people," said the guy. "And his work is quite different from ours. He is working from dawn till dusk."

"That seems to make sense. No wonder his work is exhausting!" agreed the neighbors, while they still missed the main point.

"And we add to his exhaustion," went on the guy, "by demanding all sorts of things from God and the Teacher. We are like: *Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!* But is it fair just to take and give nothing in return?"

The people didn't seem to get it and kept wondering:

"Do you think that when you sing your song to the Teacher, it will make him feel better?"

"I don't know whether it is going to help or not," confessed the young man. "I would do anything he would ask for. But he never asks for anything, that's

the problem. So how can I help him in his work? What else can I give him but a song?"

The people reflected on it for a while and thought: "It makes sense! Why not?! A fine song makes our rest more pleasant and our work more efficient."

"Godspeed to you then!" said the people amiably. "So what song did you prepare for the Teacher?"

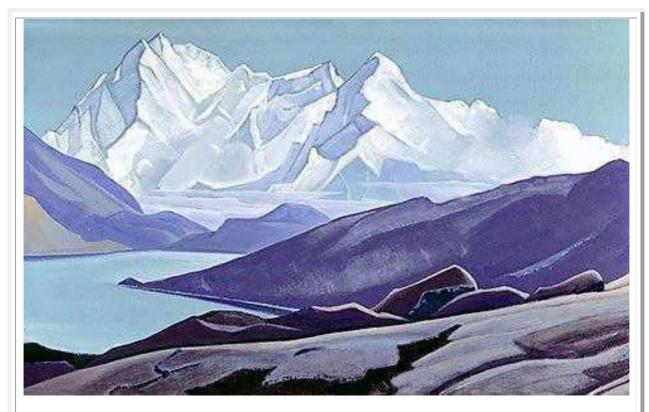
And the young man started singing.

Song of the Heart

The young man had a pleasant voice, though it wasn't strong. Such a voice would never shake the walls, and its vibrations wouldn't make crystal goblets crack. It would immediately drown in the busy fuss of the city. In the countryside, the sound of a small-sized waterfall could easily flood it. Even the birds' chirp in a small grove would be more audible. And such a voice would be inevitably destroyed in the many-voiced noise of the marketplace.

But when the young man started singing, the city noises hushed down. The customers in the marketplace stopped bawling, squalling, quarrelling, gossiping and haggling. And the birds' chirping in the grove lulled at once.

...Far off in the Sacred Mountains, the Teacher listened to the sounds in the space. And from the opposite end of the world, it delivered to him the sounds of an unknown song that came from the very bottom of an unknown human heart.

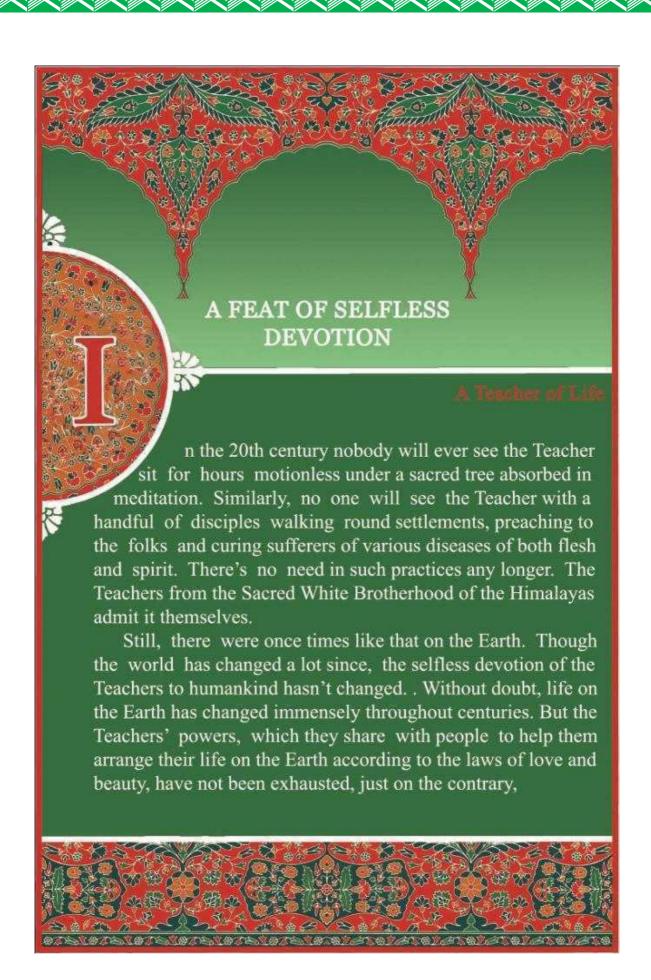


N. K. Roerich. The Sacred Himalayas.

The Teacher shut his eyes for a moment. That moment he saw with his spiritual eyes the fiery force of someone's pure and devoted heart pulsating in the surrounding space and resonating with his own heartbeat. This pure fiery force enveloped him from top to toe. It entered his heart, outworn with constant stress, and the burden of troubles gave way to soaring joy and repose. It penetrated into every pore of his tired body, restored the energy of every muscle.

The Teacher thought hard, but couldn't recall the last time he had actually experienced such care expressed by a human soul...

And when the last sounds of the song died away, he thought with gratitude: "Who knows, maybe this unknown distant friend will sing for me once again some day... I'd be so grateful to him!"



they increased.

But we're going to tell you about the past times when the Teacher and his faithful disciple wandered from village to village, from town to town till they had gone through half of the world.

And at any place, the Teacher passed on the knowledge that all people need in their everyday life. He clarified the roots of human sufferings and taught people to abstain not only from cruel, foul and unfair actions, but also from malicious and cunning thoughts. His faithful disciple was also ready to answer different questions people could have.

The Teacher treated people by manual therapy and taught them to discern healing herbs. His disciple always helped him a lot. The Teacher taught people to preserve foodstuffs in the right way to prevent them from spoiling. He taught them different handicrafts, and to the most gifted and sensitive of beauty he gave lessons in drawing, music and singing. And his disciple, who had gained a perfect command of numerous arts and trades himself, always helped his Teacher, often working as his apprentice, sometimes to the point of complete exhaustion.

In fact, the Teacher of Light became the real Teacher of Life for a great number of people. But they never heard him say of himself: "I am your Teacher, and you all are my disciples." People themselves were eager to show their respect and invented the address: "Our Teacher"!

The Teacher's Emanations

The Teacher attracted people like a spring of life-giving water. And not only because they sought to learn something new about the laws of nature or needed a wise piece of advice or a word of consolation in sorrow. They would hardly explain their wish to see the Teacher, to touch him or merely sit nearby, even when they had nothing to ask about.

A deep mystery was hidden in the Teacher's power of attraction. It was a mystery of his invisible emanations.

If the spiritual vision of contemporary men was as active as the physical one, they'd be able to see those emanations, or the Teacher's aura. The aura is the term used by the Ancient Indians to denote all kinds of physically invisible emanations of people, animals, plants and other objects.

If only people could see the invisible, the Teacher's real appearance would greatly impress them with its fabulous beauty.

The Teacher's figure was enveloped in light and dark blue radiance, which formed a very big ellipse. This ellipse was surrounded by the subtlest veil woven from golden and purple sparks. The Teacher's head was crowned with a golden halo, as dazzling as the sun. And finally, three powerful golden rays radiated

from the top of his head and both shoulders, pierced his aura and stretched into the space in the shape of widening cones.

The touch of the Teacher's aura always meant acute pain for hypocrites and all kinds of mean, malicious and filthy-minded people. For all bits of evil accumulated in them started exploding like tiny volcanoes. Such a painful shock to the body made hypocrites, villains and servants of the dark forces howl. They couldn't bear the Teacher's presence.

But for all other people the Teacher's presence was as welcome and pleasant as the refreshing air after a thunderstorm.

People were prone to think that even a print of the Teacher's foot on the ground could make it more fertile and joyful. Fairly enough, this assumption wasn't groundless.

And the thing they were absolutely sure about, as they knew it from their own experience, was that every Teacher's visit made their houses brighter and happier, and blessed with peace and harmony! Those who were quarreling, stopped fighting eagerly, apologized for all the insults made and found it more pleasant to do a favor for somebody and to help each other in everything. Neighbors who were notorious for their wicked tongues dropped all idle talk and gossips. And those who had been using swear-words blushed with shame, and many of them dropped this bad habit forever. Even rats escaped from the barns, when the Teacher entered the house.

When common people approached the Teacher and fell into the sphere of his aura's powerful influence, they always sensed a fresh surge of energy and positive influence on their health, spirits and thoughts.

Things and Money Are Not the Only Objects to Get Stolen

Some people used to come to the Teacher's simple house to have a look at him even when he was... asleep!

They didn't enter the room. The more so, his faithful disciple and true assistant in all his undertakings certainly would never have allowed them to disturb the Teacher's sleep. In fact, the visitors didn't insist. They simply got settled in the yard and sat there, silent and quiet. Yet, they settled down in such a way as to see the Teacher sleeping on his couch, even out of the tail of the eye. The climate in that country was rather hot, so people generally left the doors of their houses open, and embrasures in the walls usually served as windows.

So the Teacher was always surrounded by people – night and day.

As soon as the disciple noticed that the Teacher found it rather hard to rise up from his couch in the morning, he understood everything and decided to put his foot down.

"Teacher," he said, "we must leave for the Mountains right now. You are dissipating your energy beyond any reasonable measure. Should I remind you what it can lead to?!"

"Well, I guess you're right," answered the Teacher. "My energy is almost exhausted. It's high time to restore it. But I am the only doctor here. And I promised to visit a seriously ill patient tomorrow. I'll see him, and then we'll go to the Mountains."

And he lay down on his wicker couch without even having his dinner. Almost sleeping, he heard his disciple trying to turn out the night visitors, who had already gathered and were talking quietly in the yard.

"Why don't you let the Teacher take a short rest?" he reproached the visitors, whispering. "Did it ever occur to you that the Teacher's power is not boundless?"

"But what's wrong about it?" they wondered in hushed voices. "We don't disturb the Teacher with talks. We just sit here quietly, that's it."

"Doesn't he spend with you all his day, from morning till night?! You must have your eyes sore from looking at him!" the disciple's voice sounded sterner. "Isn't the daytime enough for you? I guess it isn't! You want to suck out his energy even when he's asleep! You are insatiable!"

"We are not sucking out anything!" objected the guests, obviously offended. "Energy is not blood, after all!"

But the disciple stood his ground:

"I told you a thousand times that people can steal not only things. Not only money. Not just his time!"

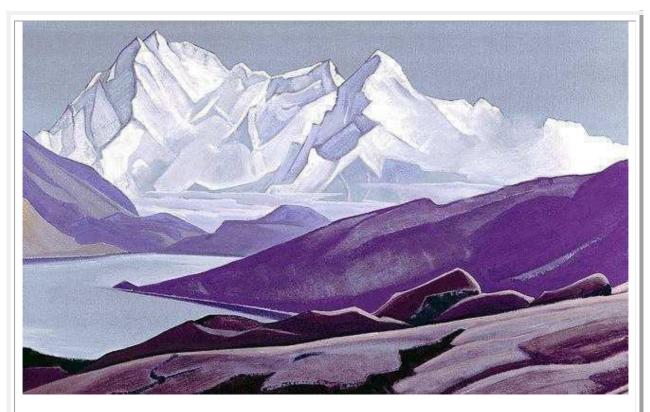
"Why do you keep attacking and insulting us?" said the offended people. "We've never been involved in theft, none of us! We've been working all day long and had no time to talk to the Teacher. Why can't we come by night, and sit for a while by his house, and watch him from a distance?!"

They Knew No Measure

But the disciple was far from apologizing. He didn't give up and tried to appeal to the visitors' consciousness.

"Haven't I told you about people who can steal from others not just things and money? They **steal the vital energy, the vital power!** Moreover, some people are well **aware** of the fact and know quite well that they mustn't do **this**. But they keep on devouring it, for they are absolutely sure that they won't be caught in the act. Indeed, no court would ever be able to accuse anyone of

stealing one's life energy. But others, like you, do steal it. Though only a few know they are doing **this**."



N. K. Roerich. The Sacred Himalayas.

The visitors listened to him, deeply insulted. However, they had no inclination to go away.

"I told you a thousand times," went on the disciple, "that to steal somebody's vital energy you needn't even talk to him, didn't I?!"

"Probably, you did," agreed the unwanted night guests, "but we forgot. Say it again."

"Some people," said the disciple, "can just look at a person and then feel a surge of strength and new vitality. While the man they looked at suddenly feels exhausted and lifeless."

"Why is it so?" they asked.

The disciple sighed. Not long ago, he had already given them the answer to this question. But for some reason, the folks had forgotten the explanation. So he patiently recurred to it again:

"One leaves fresh and cheerful. The other suddenly feels completely exhausted. All because the first one has devoured the vital force of the other in

secret. Let's say, like a gnat or a leech that feed on somebody's blood. But a man is neither a small leech, nor a tiny blood-sucking gnat."

The visitors exchanged puzzled glances. They could swear that they'd never heard it before. And the insulting and spooky comparison with leeches and gnats made them truly indignant.

"It's true," they had to admit, "that we really leave this place feeling inspired and refreshed. But how can you call us blood-suckers?"

The disciple sighed deeply. One and the same story, time after time, when he had given them an example with a gnat and a leech. He repeated the whole thing once again.

"Of course, you are not blood-suckers. Please, don't be mad at me for my comparison with the gnat and the leech. I've cited it just as an example. You all know that when a person loses his blood, he loses with it his vital forces."

The people sat absorbed in thoughts, but obviously had no intention to go away.

They kept on staring at the sleeping Teacher. They realized that now they knew that what they were doing was sheer theft. But after all, it wasn't their case!

"Get up and go back home!" said the disciple wearily to the unbidden guests, who failed to see their fault. "The Teacher is unbelievably generous! Even in his sleep, he doesn't protect himself from your lust for his life-giving energy! Shame on you! He's not God, he's a man! And he is mortal, just like you! Give him a break, let him sleep at least!"

Out of Energy, But...

In the morning the disciple noticed that the Teacher got up from his couch with much difficulty. And following his figure with his eyes, he saw that the Teacher's back – ever straight as an arrow – was hunched up, and his pace – always light, broad and speedy – was heavy and slow.

But people paid no attention to the Teacher's health. They joyfully rushed to him, ready to say or to ask something, or merely catch his glance, or touch his hand or, at least, his robes.

"There you go!" thought the disciple bitterly and hove a heavy sigh. "The Teacher gives himself out to folks as lavishly as always, beyond any measure! And people accept his energy as eagerly as ever, beyond any measure. Figuratively speaking, the world devours every Teacher of Light in the end. How come people are so selfish?!"

When the Teacher came back home in the evening, he could barely drag his feet. He didn't look himself, to put it mildly.

And the disciple decided to put his foot down.

"Teacher," he said, "you're almost out of energy. We are leaving for the Mountains right now! I've got everything ready for the journey."

"All right," agreed the Teacher, his voice barely audible. "We'll leave tomorrow. But now, we'll head for neighboring village that's on our way. I came to know that a young woman is dying there. Who knows, maybe I can help her."

They were walking along the bank of a shallow brook. Suddenly the Teacher stumbled and fell.

"Oh, must be a stone," he said, struggling to get back to his feet.

"No, Teacher," sighed the disciple, helping him to rise, "there are no stones here, just sand. The remnants of your energy are leaving you. We must take a turn off the road to the Mountains right now. There you will restore your vital energy, as you've done before. And then you'll be able to get back to people, healthy and sound."

"You're right," said the Teacher. "So shall we do... But first, let's see if we can save the poor woman... We almost reached her village."

Take My Life and Live!

Supported by his disciple, the Teacher hardly dragged his feet forward. He was breathing heavily, and he had to stop quite often to give his weakening heart some rest.

They walked so slowly that they reached the village only by midnight. And though the Teacher was almost out of breath, he was still sure that he could save the woman.

As they entered the house pointed to them by the neighbors, the Teacher managed to collect the scarce strength still left in him, and his step looked quite resolute.

A mere look into the eyes of the sick woman was enough for him to realize that she was indeed on the verge of death. But when he came closer, he felt that it was in his power to bring her back to life.

"You will live!" said the Teacher with confidence. He sent a life-giving ray to the dying woman, which he endowed with what was left of his energy.

But when the Teacher put his hand on the woman's chest, right on place where her heart was beating, he felt that her heart wouldn't accept his energy.

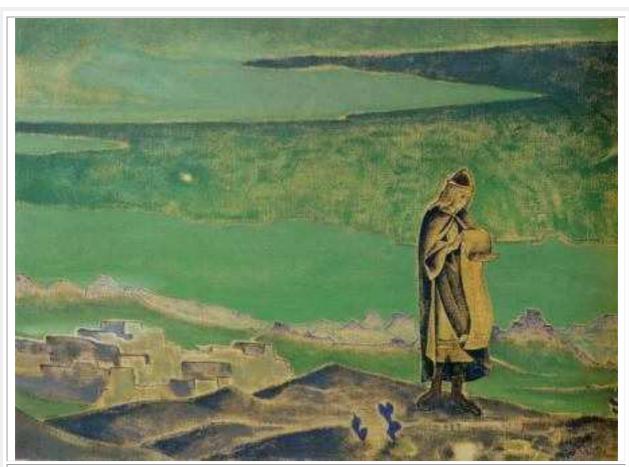
"You're still very young," he said to her gently. "You have a whole life ahead of you. And it will be wonderful, trust me: just as beautiful as you are. You mustn't reject my energy. I can renew it freely. Take it! Do it now!"

The woman's smile was bright and sweet. She took the Teacher's hand into hers and said, obviously with much difficulty:

"No, Teacher... I won't take it!.. Now, I am right between the two worlds... That's why I see clearly that this time you won't be able to fill up your vital force. You won't manage it... if you are as unreasonably generous as you usually are. And I'm no exception here, just as selfish as the majority of people."

The woman pressed the Teacher's hand tightly to her chest.

"This time, Teacher," she said, "you won't have enough strength to get to the Mountains. So let me pass my strength to you. All that has remained..."



N. K. Roerich. The Legend

The Teacher had hardly attempted to object when the woman's heart ceased beating. Her hands were still warm and wouldn't let go of his. And he could feel her joy pass on to him, the joy of the life-for-life exchange. The Teacher was

ready to sacrifice his life. But the woman had deemed it more appropriate to pass her life to the Teacher.

Who Taught Men to Be Brave?

Long sat the Teacher in solemn silence.

And meanwhile the space around was filling with the subtlest, most delicate heavenly scents.

It was unusually quiet in the room. One won't find such tranquility anywhere on the Earth. That was the magnificent boundless void of the cosmos – no top, no bottom.

But this void was by no means empty. It was the breathing of the higher world, inaudible to ordinary people. It was the breathing which brought heavenly silence and supermundane fragrances to the small room on the Earth. Finally, the Teacher stood up, bowed down to the deceased woman and went out. His faithful disciple followed him. The solemn silence enveloped them and muffled the sound of their steps. So it looked like the Teacher and his disciple were treading the air...

So in silence they walked till sunrise.

As soon as they left the village, the disciple noticed that the Teacher could walk without his assistance. As the vital energy transmitted to him by the young woman gradually merged with his force, his pace grew more and more confident, and he had to make fewer stops to catch his breath.

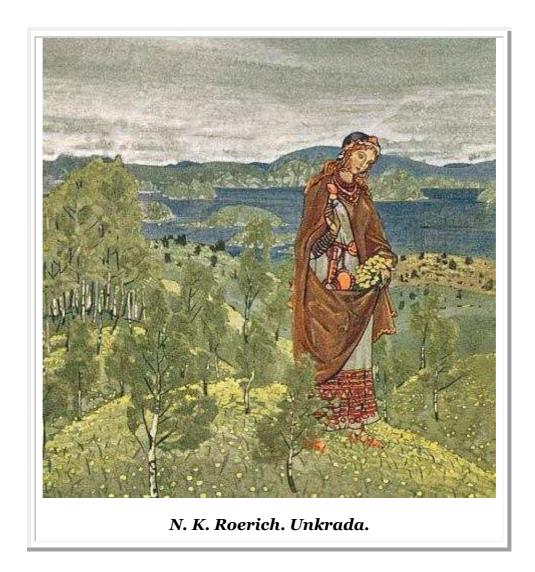
Only when the Mountains appeared in the distance, the disciple dared to break the silence.

"Teacher," he said, "since we left the village, I've been thinking. Why hasn't there been a single woman among the Teachers who delivered spiritual Teachings to mankind? Haven't there been women deserving to become the Teachers of humanity?

"None of the Teachers of Light would ever say No, there haven't been any," answered the Teacher.

"Then why all the Teachers of humanity are male?" wondered the disciple. "Some of their disciples are female, I know it for sure."

"The reason is that the Woman is not just a source of life. Due to her spiritual nature, the Woman is ready for self-sacrifice more often than Man. That's why she chose the path of Sacrificial Service as the way of her spiritual development, not the path of the Teacher. It was the Woman who taught Man to perform noble deeds. She inspired him with courage for heroic deeds. She was also the one to bless him. And today, we both have witnessed how quietly, imperceptibly and selflessly the Woman carries out her great everyday Self-Sacrificial Service."



Nobody Is Born a Hero.

Heroes Test Themselves Without Pity Throughout Many Lives, as It Takes a While to Prepare Oneself for a Feat

Teacher Morya, the Head of the Great White Brotherhood of the Himalayas, the Master of Shambala, says in his books *Supermundane* (§ 64, 98 and 18) and *Brotherhood* (§ 18):

"When it is learned that someone has reached Our Abode because of just one service rendered to a Brother, many will think that they are also ready to render a similar service. But they forget that service was simply the last pearl in a whole necklace of self-sacrificing action."

"People suppose that heroic deeds are performed spontaneously, without preparation, but in reality many thoughts must take form before a firm decision to carry out a selfless act can be made."

"On the paths to Brotherhood self-renunciation also will be needed. It is most likely that many will find such a condition difficult to fulfill. They do not realize how often people manifest this quality even in everyday life."

"We watch diligently to discover where the ray of self-sacrificing achievement will flash."

The second book Stars of Joy is forthcoming.

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From the Publishers

Dear Young Friend!

You're holding in your hands a truly wonderful book. While you were reading it, no doubt your imagination carried you away to the remotest snow-white peaks of the Himalayas, where the Abode of mysterious Sages is located, and to the vast expanses of the Universe, which can be actually reached by our fancy only. You came to know a number of the great mysteries of Cosmos and witnessed different events that took place on the Earth. And apart from this, our *Thinkthing* helped you to find the Way to the Teacher.

Dear Friend, you are welcome to co-author in the design of this wonderful book. You must have noticed that some of its pages are left free of print. They are left blank for you to fill them with your drawings. You can draw upon them, with colored pencils or markers, whatever you felt while you were reading this book. This will give you a chance to look at them when you grow up, and to recall all the wise and useful things your *Dumalka* has taught you.

If you wish, you can also send the copies of your drawings to our Publishing House. All of us, especially Larisa Petrovna Dmitrieva, the author of this book, will be very curious to have a look, even a brief one, into your imagination.

Here is our address: To Ksenia Eugenyevna Brodatskaya (for Larisa Petrovna Dmitrieva): P.O.B. 68, Saint-Petersburg, 195221.

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DUMALKA

Messengers of Light

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