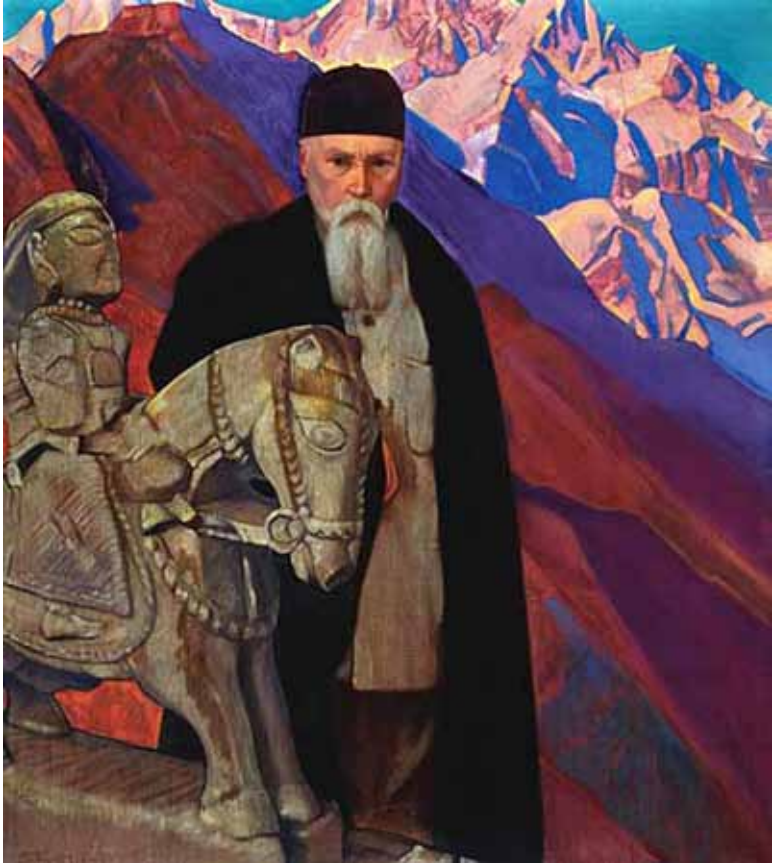


# REALM



OF  
**LIGHT**  
NICHOLAS ROERICH

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“ANGEL—THE BLESSED SILENCE!” Who has not been exalted by this flaming mystery in the image of a fiery Angel? Who has not been imbued by the all-penetrating message of this ever-awaited, yet never-expected guest? His is the silence of the heart which has attained. He is the keeper of the eternal beauty of spirit. The beauty of the eternally silent and merciful spirit. He guards and blesses.

The old Christian book, “Mirror” says: “The Angel is the impalpable, the fiery and the flame-bearing” . . . “That which is not in need of word for his expression, nor ear for his hearing. Without word, or hearing, the Angels communicate to one another their wise understanding” . . . “In a dream-like body the Angel clothes Itself for manifestation to the people.”

In silence that vision was manifested: Translucent became all objects. And the Image of the Great Guest appeared effulgent. And his lips remained silent and he crossed his hands, and from each hair streamed light. And unfathomably, piercingly, glowed his eyes.

Zealously the Flaming One brought the message of the renewed and blessed world. Mysteriously he ordained the sign of Bliss. Daringly he recalled the Never-expressible. Untiringly in the hours of day and night he awakens the heart of humanity. He ordains the victory of spirit. And all will cognize and accept it with the language of their hearts.

Who then embodied the Image of the Angel—the Blessed Silence? This Image came from the Northern Sea. But this mystery is known not only in the

midnight sea. In it is evident the veiled image of the Messenger of the East. Within it is also the mystery of the Cross. The very Hand and Thought which created the Image of Sophia, the Almighty's Wisdom, made manifest the Angel of Silence. Flaming are the wings of the ever-striving Sophia—the Wisdom; of the same flame are the wings of the Angel, the Blessed Silence. Fiery are the steeds of the chariot of Elias. So is the fiery baptism preordained by the Apostles. In all is the very same fire; Agni Omniscient and all-ascending, all-penetrating, and before which human word is superfluous.

Sparks of the dynamo imbue space. In tension they flower into spirals of ascension and glow like a tree with its branches and fiery leaves. The Logos of thought intensifies the prana and man stands humble, trembling before the radiance of the command of lightning. The fire of Kundalini kindles. The wheels of Ezekiel revolve. The Chakras of India rotate. Austere is the eye of Kapila. The Egyptian High Priest proclaimed "Sekhem Ur am Sekhemmu." Where is the limit of Radiance? Where is the measure of Might? Light itself reaches the invisible and sound immerses...

No glimmer stirs; not even the fragrance of prana. This is the highest tension. Inaccessible to the eye, and inaudible to the ear. Only the heart knows that silence is calling and that the Chalice is brimming. First lightning and thunder and whirlwind and tremor; and only afterward, in silence, the Voice ineffable. Agni Yoga says: "The first call is as thunder, but the last is accomplished in silence." At first, a flaming Messenger; and after, the purest Sophia, the Wisdom. . . . It is said: "Bliss is a timid bird"; impetuous are the wings of Sophia. Woe to him who did not perceive; woe to him who did not comprehend; woe to him who rejected. Why shall the flaming wing, which became manifest through Bliss, appear again to the timid or cruel eye?

But how many fires are already apparent even to the inexperienced eye? Humanity dreams about the Abodes of Light. It dreams in silence. In the darkness, it daringly confesses to itself. Even by night humanity believes; but by day it does not profess. Although it is aware of the law: "I have faith and profess." Oh, they themselves know that faith without deeds is but a phantom. Only abstraction! But bliss is attraction and affirmation. Otherwise for what are all misty sighs? Otherwise for what is Science itself, if the spirit does not dare its application? Nicodemus in the night is but the symbol of faith without deeds; a spark without flame or warmth.

Ghastly is decay. Unbearable is the frigidity of ignorance. It is inadmissible because of its harm, its contagion of accumulations, its destruction of the very foundation. Many a time the frightened Bird of Bliss fluttered with its white

wings against closed windows. But we fear everything that assaults our ignorance and we depend upon door-bolts. Even when the eye perceives, we call it an "accident." Even when the ear hears, we say "coincidence." For us even the X-ray and the qualities of radium are ordinary, and electricity is only a lantern for our comfort. If one is told that thought alters the weight of a body, even this does not amaze the mechanistic ones of civilization. Irregularity of the blood circulation and harmful blood pressure are increasing amazingly. The latest form of influenza burns the lungs like a plague. The throat seems aflame. Asthma ravages. Meningitis is on the increase and incomprehensible heart symptoms are multiplying. But to us these signs are only fashionable diseases, not deserving of any special attention. We already hear of the hyper-saturation of Space by radio waves; of poisoning through gasoline; of signs of over-electrification ... it is discomfoting to think of the future. Hence the fate of a golf ball is regarded as equal in importance with the destiny of that small ball—our planet. Unlike the wise Queen Hatshepsut, we fear to address those "Who will live in the years to come, who will develop their hearts and will look into the future"—even if the terrifying concept "the future" is pronounced through ideas so fossilized that the way to it is at once transformed into a subterranean dungeon.

However, the first condition for the attainment of knowledge is freedom from methods of study. One should not insist upon standardized methods. The true knowledge is attained by inner accumulations, by daring; for the approaches to the One Knowledge are manifold. The description of such calls and milestones of life would make a most needed and uplifting book. One must not insist, not deprive, not subdue by conventionalities, but should constantly recall the light, the fires of space, the high energies, the predestined victories. All facts not within the elementary school books should be collected. Such facts should be threaded with full honesty, without conceit and disdain, or hypocrisy, behind which lurks fear—truly speaking, ignorance. One may never know whence the useful seed will come: the physicist, bio-chemist, botanist, physician, priest or historian or philosopher or a Tibetan lama, or Brahmin-pandit, or Rabbi-cabbalist, or Confucian or an old medicine woman, or, finally, the fellow traveler whose name we failed to ask without reason— who will make the most important contribution? In each life there is so much that is remarkably inspiring, unusual. Only to remember it! In these reminders sparkle so many of the best stars only temporarily obscured. Thus, once more without renouncing our daily labor, we approach not the things forbidden but the possibilities which illumine life. Only it is not our task to insist, lest we

coerce. For nothing is achieved by forcing. But, I repeat, it is necessary to recall the possible joys. The names of these spiritual joys are inexpressible in the language of the material world.

Saint Isaak Siryn ordains: "The hope of ease, in all times, forced the people to forget the higher." He also says: "Who is unaware that even birds approach traps in the hope of rest?" Happy are those who, realizing Infinity, love daily labor. After the Holy Scriptures let us also remember the last book of Prof. A. S. Eddington, "Stars and Atoms." Speaking of the condition of other constellations beyond earthly conditions, the Professor points out that it would be more accurate to say, the reason of a given manifestation lies in that it is earthly, and does not pertain to the stars. Even recently, people tried to ascribe earthly conditions to all far-off worlds. Freedom from prejudice is needed. The creative flame is needed. The bonfire summons the travelers in the desert. Likewise, the reminding call resounds and, through all encasements, reaches the heart which is ready. The milestones are manifold. The calls are unexpected. Untiring vigilance and thoughtful attention are the keys to the sealed gates. Where universality and sincerity of study, and veneration of the blessed Hierarchy are ordained there is no place for negation.

Nonetheless into the life of science must enter the unprejudiced. With difficulties, under scorn, in various countries, those fearless souls already strive to the predestined synthesis. Soon perhaps congresses of these creative workers will be possible. Already centers are being erected where without fear of the condemnation of ignorance or jealousy, one may interchange these viewpoints in full confidence. Let us then gather with all care these multicolored flowers of the great garden of culture, remembering that "I shall not reveal the mystery to the enemies, nor shall I give the kiss of Judas." Without the coldness of condemnation, without repelling ignorance, shall we welcome each seed of Truth.

We interpret the flaming ecstasy of lofty spirits as "Hysteria Magna with high temperature." Vishudha, the center of the throat, is for many only "a hysterical globe." The fires of Saint Teresa, Clara, Radegunda; the ardent warmth of the Fathers of merciful love; of Tummo of the high Tibetan lamas; or the custom existing even to-day in India of walking upon fire (the Agni-Diku—the throne of fire was likewise in India, where rise the thousand summits of Maha-Meru). For many these all mean either an abnormal rise of temperature or the loss of sensitiveness. Even the difference in weight of a potato before its dissolution and the loss in weight at the summarizing of its particles does not impel us to ponder upon certain energies which have been overlooked. However, each sincere chemist will admit that at each reaction some unaccountable

condition is present—perhaps the peculiar qualities of the experimenter himself. For instance the presence of a certain personality in the laboratory of Sir Jagadis Bose prevented the death of plants. As Sir Jagadis is a great scholar, he at once noted this fact. But few are those who pay attention to the influence of human nature upon plants. Few are far enough advanced to accept a fact as it stands, unprompted by prejudice, superstition, selfishness and self-conceit. Verily, rare are such great self-sacrificing scientists as Millikan, Michelson, Einstein, Raman, Marconi, who untiringly carry the torch of enlightenment and betterment of life.

The light-bearing quality (*Tejas*) of the *manas* is as real as the radiant emanation created by the tension of a thought of high quality. The masters of Christian iconography, as well as the Buddhist artists, expressed these radiant emanations with great skill. Studying these images you will find an evident exposition of the crystallization of light. It is time to study and apply this reality of the value of thought—the value of light. It is time to realize that when we pronounce the great conception of Bliss, we are not falling into abstraction, but affirming a high reality. The time has come for the establishment of the evaluation of the rays and energies now being discovered. Ahead of us, for decades, lie carefully-planned experiments into the influences and consequences of radium, X-rays, and all that power which invisibly permeates and magnifies the atmosphere of the planet. Without question, one must found laboratories for untiring, decade-long experiments. There psychic energy will also be studied as will physiology of the spirit and thought, and the quality of light-bearing agents, life-givers and life-preservers. It is a vast creative field, and during these researches, fearlessness before Infinity will be manifested.

Fire and Light. The entire progress of humanity is concentrated upon this all-penetrating and omnipresent element. If properly evoked it will be realized and lawfully applied; otherwise it will burn the consequences of ignorance. In this search for the synthesis of knowledge once more the excrescences of the East and West, North and South will be erased. Everywhere we shall find the very same “subtle pain of the cognizing heart,” “the very same attainment by the innermost heart exertion,” the “same exaltation of spirit.” And together with the Apostle we shall say, “it is better to say five words from the depths of the heart, than a torrent of words with the tongue.” Let us not leave the real values in abstraction, but let us unhesitatingly apply them without prejudice. The transferring of reality into abstraction is one of the most deplorable crimes against culture. There are many who still do not distinguish between civilization and culture, and thus they are committing the values of culture into misty

un-attainability. How much of that which is predestined has already been rejected by fear and hypocrisy? But sooner or later one must be cured of fear; it is necessary to liberate the enormous amount of energy usually dissipated in fear, irritation, lying and treason. Let us hasten to affix our radiant emanations on a film—thus we shall obtain the true passport of spirit. Agni Yoga says: “The darkness shrieks, deafening in its regularity. Darkness cannot withstand the daring of light.”

Saint Teresa, Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Jean de la Croix, were levitated in ecstasy to the ceiling of their cells. Some may say that this is absolutely impossible. And suppose even to-day there should be witnesses of levitation and changing of weight? The Flaming One took part in the Service with Saint Sergius, according to tradition. From the flaming Chalice, Saint Sergius took his Communion. In the great Fire, he realized the invisible Truth: The uplifted consciousness was illumined by tongues of flame. During the prayers of Saint Francis of Assisi the monastery was so aglow that the travelers rose, thinking: “Is it not the dawn?” The radiance glowed above the monastery when Saint Clara prayed. Once the light became MO luminous that the peasants came running, thinking: “Is there not a fire?”

Many traditions exist. But here is a simple story told about the Pecherski Monastery in Pskov:

“Our monastery is an unusual one. Walking out from the monastery, and regarding it from a distance, impenetrable darkness surrounds one. But above the monastery light gloweth. Many a time I myself have seen it.

“Some one inquires, ‘Perhaps this is from the monastery fire?’

“So also do others who do not know:

“ ‘What fires are in the monastery?’

“ ‘Two kerosene lanterns and two oil lamps burn before the icons. This is all the lighting.’

“ ‘In our city, electricity is used, but nevertheless in the darkness, one cannot discern on which side it lies.’

“ ‘No, this is a special light above the monastery.’ “

Likewise, in the Himalayas, the people came running to what they believed to be a fire, and in the same way, instead of destructive flames they found the radiance of the spirit. Likewise the mountain stood crowned by the blue petals of the fiery Lotus. Thus in the Bible the un-consuming fire was kindled. Many fiery signs have appeared, such as the special manifestations of electricity. And what is electricity? This also has not been explained.

During the last earthquake in Italy many people saw the entire sky ablaze in

tongues of flame. Over England a fiery cross was seen. Was it superstition? Or did somebody see that which in other cases passed unnoticed?

Try to test the attentiveness of people and you will be shocked at the rarity of those who know how to apply their vigilance and power of movement. Even the power of thought, the mighty magnet, is shamefully neglected. Smile, smile, but just the same you do not try to think precisely.

Boxing, golf, cricket and baseball truly do not require the power of thought. Racing also is not precisely thinking. One may invent still other occupations which will justify the neglect of thought, but yet one will sometimes have to turn back to the creativeness of thought. Therefore even small experiments in attentiveness are not useless. Verily, in schools one ought to establish special courses for developing concentration and thought. Rare is the person who is able to dictate two letters at once, or write with both hands, or to master two conversations simultaneously. Often a clear image of an object cannot be retained and even a simple interior cannot be described. For some people even all foreigners look alike. But even a slight attentiveness could be of great assistance in life. In the study of the hygiene of thought we notice some things which are called phenomena by the average person, whereas, they are simple manifestations of the law. Thus honest study will once more replace the despair of unbelief by a glorious possibility.

In any case we cannot avoid the era of Fire. Hence it is better to value and to master this treasure. It is advisable to question any statement when it assaults our reason, but doubt springing from ignorance will be destructive. However, the entire world is now strikingly divided into builders and destroyers. With whom shall we side? We have heard repeatedly of many luminous radiations; nevertheless we deride anything concerning human and animal auras. Even if a photographic film catches them we prefer to hint about a defect in the film, rather than to admit the well-known ancient law.

When remembering the strange experiments of Keely, we rather prefer to class him as a charlatan, than to consider the specific quality of his nature. The apparatus invented by him worked in his presence but refused to act in the hands of others. Why then does a machine become more "fatigued" in some hands than in others? Every experienced engineer notices this. Why does the fatigue of a horse depend upon the rider? Why does the quality of a hand shorten the life of flowers? We talk about psychic energy. We are aware that, as the ancient Militia Crucifera Evangelica gathered about the symbol of the Cross, we must gather around the sacred conception of Culture.

Complicated but beautiful is our Era when, in new combinations, shine new

multi-colored stars. The experienced Fathers advise us of “the wondrous exertion in the innermost heart.” “We have ceaselessly to revolve the name of the Lord in our hearts, as lightning whirls in space before rain. This is well known to him who is experienced in spiritual fights. This inner battle has to be carried out like actual war.”

“But when by the Sun of Truth, sensual desires will be dispersed, then usually are born in the heart luminous and celestial aspirations.”

In another part of the ancient Teachings, it is said: “The pure heart of him who has affirmed himself in full consciousness, is transformed into a mental sky with its own sun, moon and stars. Such a pure heart becomes a receptacle of the inconceivable God through the mysterious vision and exaltation of mind.”

Further the Fathers of Mercy teach: “Be seated or, better still, stand in a half-lighted corner in silence, in a prayerful posture. Do not relax, transfer the mind into the heart. Guard thy attention and do not permit either good or bad thought into thy mind; keep calm patience. Keep reasonable moderation.” ...

“In order to assist in this task, the Holy Fathers pointed out certain means qualifying them as practitioners of art and even the art of the arts. This natural art, that of entering into the heart by means of breathing helps greatly the exaltation of thoughts.” Continuing the advice for this special pranayama, the Holy Father counsels: “Breathing through the lungs conducts the air to the heart. Thus, be seated and, concentrating the mind, lead it in this direction; force it by breathing inward, to penetrate into the very heart together with the air inhaled: and keep it there, not permitting it to leave, much as it would want to. Keeping it there, do not leave it idle, but give it sacred words. Try to become accustomed to this inner concentration and watch lest thy mind leave there too soon, for at first it will be under depression, then it will be joyous and happy to dwell there and it will itself want to remain there. Shalt thou succeed in penetrating into the heart by the means I have pointed out to thee, abide by this exertion forever. It shall teach thee that which thou never hast conceived.”

“Thus it is necessary to find an experienced preceptor (Guru). Saint Gregory Sinaite says: ‘An active and heartily intelligent prayer is achieved thus: Be seated on a low chair, half a foot high; transfer the mind from the head to the heart and keep it there and from there invoke with hearty intelligence: Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy!’ “Know that all such special postures of the body are prescribed and are needed until pure and concentrated prayer is enrooted in the heart. And when, through the Bliss of the Lord thou shalt attain this, then, laying aside much special exertion, thou wilt be united without words with the Lord, in pure and concentrated heart-felt prayer, no longer necessitating spe-

cial preparations. Besides, do not forget that when at times thou art inspired for a pure voluntary prayer, do not by any means destroy it by the usual prayer precepts. Cast aside these precepts and as far as thy inner forces reach, try to adhere to the Lord and He will enlighten thy heart in the spiritual attainment.

“Even in deep sleep the fragrance of prayer will ascend from the heart without effort. Though the inner voice be silent during sleep, yet within, the sacred service shall ceaselessly act. For only this sacred dagger ceaselessly rotated in the heart, liberated from any other image, can force the enemies to retreat and destroy them and consume them as does fire applied to straw.”

One may quote endlessly from the Holy Fathers of the Church and the rules of the covenants of the hermits; and one feels that these rules are created for life and applied in reality. Again speaks an experienced voice: “When the spiritual gifts are realized, then, under a constant bliss, one becomes radiant and becomes unwavering in the contemplation of the spiritual treasures. Such an one is freed from all earthly things and forever is liberated from death into the eternal life. Inexpressible in words is the radiance of the Divine Beauty. Neither can word express it, nor ear contain it. Even if thou shalt compare it with the glory of dawn, the luminosity of the moon, the light of the sun—all these do not equal its divine glory. Poor are all these before the true Light, deepest night or densest darkness before the purest light.”

Thus can he alone speak who has experienced what is the “spiritual man of the heart”—“a light which even in the darkness shineth and is inextinguishable by darkness.”

When Makary, the Egyptian, wrote the following, he depicted, not abstract symbols, but vital realization: “Those who are the sons of Light and the sons of Service in the Holy Spirit, they shall learn nothing from men for they are inspired by Divine Wisdom. For Bliss itself inscribes in their hearts the laws of spirit. They need not be induced by writings inscribed with ink; but upon the tablets of

the heart the divine Bliss inscribes the laws of spirit and the heavenly mysteries. It is the heart that rules all the organs of the body. And if Bliss reached the valleys of the heart, then it rules all the organs of the body and dominates all thoughts.”

An ancient Egyptian papyrus says: “The beginning of the physician’s wisdom is the knowledge of the heart’s action.”

He who knows the spiritual heart, knows also “the subtle pain of the physical heart,” about which the Holy Fathers speak so inspiringly. He who knows this “subtle pain” has cognized also the fire of love—not the love of sighs but the

real love of action and attainment. That love which, since antiquity has been called the Love of God-man, which purifies and uplifts the human sensations. Agni Yoga says: "What sage of knowledge would not be a Lord of Love?"

"The subtle pain," the heat of the flame of the heart, is known to the experienced one in the highest tests of life. It is known to those to whom enlightened labor has become the daily prayer; and prayer transformed into the ceaseless rhythm of heart, into the rhythm of light. Some will ask what is rhythm and why is its realization so important? It means that he who inquires does not know what is the "subtle pain" of the heart and is unaware of the music of the spheres, and has not hearkened to the hymn of nature. Without his own striving, he shall not cognize the sparks of attainment, which will bring his heart closer to the Cosmos and Love. The center of spirit is linked with the center of the organism. ... "This unity, known for ages, is not deciphered scientifically, nor philosophically, but is nonetheless quite evident."

The Chalice of experience! In this way we again approach the creation by thought—the mysterious but immutable, "the Word become matter." This way the Logos is embodied into the physical. This mystery is manifested in each man, in each incarnated spirit. "God breathed eternity into the heart of each man"—the Realm of Light is immortal, eternal through all incarnations. And it shall cognize the Light; for it is the very source of Light itself. The "subtle pain" is the manifestation of subtle energy and the luminosity is one of the prime qualities of the action of such energies. When this light is intensified, it becomes visible even to our eye. This moment remains forever the long awaited and unexpected. It is ordained to keep the torches aflame, but the moment of the great Messenger is inexpressible. Likewise inexpressible is the "subtle pain" of the heart and the covenant that "Joy is a special Wisdom." Alongside with this one can remember the covenants of the Bhagavad Gita, and Agni Yoga and the Kabbala and the prophecies of the Bible and the Fire of Zoroaster.

The "Sun-likeness" of Plato belongs to the same untold but luminous conceptions. When the experienced ones meet, they are not in need of a vocabulary, for, even in silence, they will understand the language of the heart.

Hence, gain experience and proclaim it—because you are not aware of your best hour, nor do you know when the flame will flash over the Chalice of accumulations. Only the high quality of thought will guide you and insatiable impetuosity will be the wings of Light of Sophia —Wisdom. It is ordained to radiate, but not to be consumed.

The resounding of the Center of the heart, heard by Socrates, harmonizes with the rhythm of Good. The high matter of Spinoza is ozonized by the same

waves of light. The luminous center of the heart can radiate with the all-illuminating flame—the fabulous stone of the legends of the Grail.

Agni Yoga says: “At the basis of the Universe, search for the heart.” ... “The creativeness of heart is strained by the Chakra of the Chalice.” ... “The greatest Might is in the Magnet of the Heart.” ... “The word not containing the affirmation of the heart is empty.” ... “The pearl of the heart is the subtle tensity.” “An Arhat as a flame carries in his heart all fires of life.”

Origen affirms: “With the eyes of the heart we can see Be-ness.”

“All is pure to the pure,” fearlessly ordains the Apostle Paul. He knew the purity and activity of the heart, when it knows only the good and as a magnet attracts around itself only the good. The similarity between heart and magnet is often mentioned, although scientifically it is not yet acknowledged. However “the treasures of Wisdom and knowledge” are attained only by the wisdom of the heart, by the chalice of love and self-sacrificing action. “There, where is your treasure, there is your heart,” says the Apostle. The luminosity of the heart is similar to fluorescence of the sea, which in motion produces numberless visible luminous formations. Likewise the action of creative love kindles the flames of heart. “There shall be Light,” says the Thought of the Great.

The “inner man” wishes only good and at the moment of hearty radiation he knows without doubt where is the good. And from the hearty radiation springs forth only good. And this emanating light smites all excrescences of ignorance; because sin and ignorance are the brothers of darkness. To live in spirit means to radiate, to do good and ceaselessly to attain. To live only in the body means to obscure, to condemn, to be ignorant and to prolong one’s path. But it must not be overlooked that in retarding our own progress we obstruct the progress of those nearest us—hence every display of egotism, selfishness, self-pity, false pride, ignorance—is the stronghold of darkness. In the name of those near us, we must not disturb the rhythm of the waves of Light and Good.

Useful are observations upon flowers. The garden of light is likewise in need of constant care. The streams of pure thoughts are its best nurture. The more intense is light, the weaker the darkness. Even the radiant heart of the Angel could choose the freedom of gloom instead of the freedom of service and glory. Therefore without delay is needed the nurture of the garden of Light, otherwise the spotted tongues of tiger-lilies will devour the Lilies of Annunciation and the treacherous Belladonna will overpower the Fresias of the shiny summits. One must radiate. One must generate and strengthen the light of the heart. One must remember that co-radiance and co-resounding of light are mutually strengthened. Immeasurable is the might of the thoughts united

by Benevolence. For every one, is the Light prepared, but we may extinguish it with an empty vessel. It is said, "At the fall of a rose petal, the far-off worlds tremble" and "the feather from the wing of a bird creates thunder upon the far-off worlds." What a vast, beautiful responsibility! Let us not turn the thunder born through light-mindedness towards the Earth.

From this inspiring responsibility issues a radiant attempt honestly to study without any disillusionment all which surrounds us. Even an accomplished virtuoso is in need of daily exercises. It is repeated: "If thou art tired, begin again. If thou art exhausted, begin again and again." And like a Shield invoke Love.

"The warmth of Love" is as real as the "subtle pain" of the heart. The radiance of the thought is not only tangible to the eye, but is even accessible to the film. It is necessary to study at once, without superstition, fearlessly and altruistically. Evidence relates to the physical body, but not to the spirit. Truth is in the very reality, but not in the pathology of evidence.

The heart, this great transmuter of energies, knows where is the convulsion of horror and the tremor of ecstasy. The spirit distinguishes the spots of terror and the radiation of exaltation. Wherefore to be scorched and carbonized if it is preordained to radiate immortally? "God is the fire which warms the hearts," says Saint Seraphim.

"He knows the depths of the heart," chants the Psalmist King. When we speak about the Beautiful, about the depths of the heart, then first of all we have in mind the beautiful creative thoughts. As the most delicate flowers they must be cultivated. They must be unceasingly watered by the joyful streams of Bliss. One must learn daily how to think clearly and benevolently. One must nurture the aspirations—these loftiest seedlings of thought. Let us dare. Let us not be afraid to aspire upon heights. From the summits we can see afar. From the summits come the Tables of Commandments, From the summits come the heroes and achievement. Radiant is aspiration. The flaming aspiration is the threshold of Bliss.

Agni and Thought.

Fiery are the wings of "Sophia—the Almighty's Wisdom."

Himalayas, 1930.