

I WILL TURN MY FACE TO THE EAST

"The soft bells of a long row of camels,  
These are the true ships of the desert."

"*Altair Hindaye*" Nicholas Roerich

I will turn my face to the East,  
Where is brooding the ageless, divine, immemorial Mother.  
Thither her sons turn homeward,  
Thither her daughters aspire.  
I will climb the folds of her azure mountains and traverse her  
desert wastes.

I will ungirdle the homesick, unslaked spirit within-  
Will ease the old burning nostalgia of days-  
No longer delayed, she shall come home to the fount of her heritage,  
Home to the girth of a full love-wisdom and knowledge,  
Home to the divine, immemorial birthright of ages.  
She shall come at last to the brooding heart of the Mother,  
She shall come bearing within her the long, long hunger of  
remembered worlds

And of those that are yet to be.  
She shall find in her a rest and a slaking,  
A divine, unworded fulfillment.  
She shall come in the bursting flood-tides of her yearning  
And unburden herself to the waiting heart of the Mother  
In a golden silence where winged words sleep  
Like birds dream-held in the fostering nests of the silence.

And there will be rest and forgetting, forgetting and rest;  
Sleep and the soft veils of silence. .the soft veils of silence  
and sleep.

And peace will fall misting like dew on the forehead.  
She shall drink of the purple and amethyst airs of the mountain  
And look on the face of her aridness in the white bleaching bones  
of the desert.

She shall gaze on the long, humped file of the camels  
With the soft tinkling bells;  
On these the true ships of the desert she too shall be borne,  
She shall keep her pact with Light and the summoning heard Voice  
of the ages-

Shall ride with <sup>the</sup> ease of the cloud where the ancient cargoes wait-  
Home to the assuaging breast of the Mother-  
Home, home at last to the Mother! . . . .

Mary Sapiot



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"I wish to give a house to those who dwell with us--  
It is not bad to possess an entire dwelling.

Glorious is it to admire the sunrise from the terraced garden.--"

I have come home to my garden--  
My gift-garden given by the Master.  
I am gathered in to the greenness--  
My brothers the trees are about me out-stretching their strong,  
shielding branches  
Like arms of protection and healing.

Through the rifts of the leaves ride the cloud-ships--  
Ride through illimitless spaces of sky,  
Blue with the blue of the spirit,  
Doming the earth with its beauty,  
Beguiling, alluring for all who have wings to ascend!

And here in the heart of my garden  
Brooded by peace and the noiseless feet of those passing under  
the Lych-gate,  
Sunshine and shadow making a pattern on the copper roof of her  
shrine,

Waits the lovely Quan-yen,  
Graciously smiling with closed eyes,  
Blessing the paths and the feet that tread them,  
Sniffing the delicate fragrance  
Of a clump of phlox, rosy-pink.

Ah, little Goddess of Wisdom,  
Teach me thy ageless patience,  
Tell me the song of thy silence, immovable, marble-still;  
Only thy smiling lips attest the bliss of thy spirit,  
Inhabiting realms and worlds we only dimly surmise.  
Stretch forth thy hand and touch me,  
Thy left hand bearing the lily,  
The bud of the lotus, thy symbol--  
That I too may know thy Samadhi,  
Enter in to the depths of thy silence.

Then send me forth from thy garden,  
On a mission of love to thy people,  
To love them with deep understanding,  
To call them to Beauty and Truth.  
To burn as a light for their darkness,  
To show them the Way of the Masters.  
To guide them on to the peaks!

Lych-gate.  
September 2 - 1928



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MESSENGER.

O spiritual pilgrim of the Self,  
awake  
And faster, farther press! . . .  
It is the time when One was born.  
Among us still are moving the Mes-  
sengers,  
The Presences with the unimagi-  
nable choirs,  
And all the air is wings,  
Now even as then, two thousand  
years ago!  
Can you not hear the sound of  
many bells,  
The heavenly trumpets on the night  
ring out,  
The flutes and harps, sounding the  
fateful rhythms of fire?  
And on the air the sound of ad-  
vancing hosts  
As the sound of many waters,  
The whirring of many wings?  
Can you not see white candles and  
torches burn,  
See lifted the invisible curtains  
And the depthless depths of the  
heavens unfurled,  
And out of these, wave after wave,  
The great star-flower bloom for  
His coming? . . .  
Awake and float on the tides of the  
cosmos  
Or be drowned in their mighty  
waves! . . .  
Lo, a Mighty One comes, announc-  
ing His coming—  
The Archangel, clothed in the rain-  
bow of fire,  
Pillars of fire, His feet,  
And hardly the eyes may look for  
the brightness,  
The glory transcendent of flame! . . .  
Each drowsy son of the earth he  
calls  
To shake off sleep and lift the in-  
verted torch.  
One comes, One undelaying,  
Before whom the hierarchies of  
Heaven bend.  
One comes in unutterable majesty;  
Across the pitiful borders of our  
night One rides,  
One who keeps the divine appoint-  
ment with the ages,  
One undelaying, swiftly, swiftly! . . .  
See how the lamps of the East burn  
bright,  
Mark how the night is aflame with  
His footsteps,  
How the whole earth is full of His  
coming! . . .

MARY SIEGRIST.

W. F. Tinsley

Dec. 25  
28



THE SOUL OF SWANS.

And I looked long and I could not  
descrie

The lotus-white swans, nor even the  
leader of swans,

For the fog that oceaned the dis-  
tance.

And of every traveler my spirit  
asked:

"Have you seen the swans from the  
yonder worlds?"

But not one made answer—

The blind could not see and the  
sightful were dumb—

And I said: Though lame, I myself  
will journey far

And come at last to the place of  
swans.

With unwinged feet I hastened forth,  
And at night when had fallen the  
darkness I heard

The sound of the swans, thrilling the  
night-watch.

And a certain Glory fell. . . .

And I knew that the Soul of the  
Swans had come and had spoken.

And on me, too, fell the bands of  
the silence.

Only I cried: Let me affirm now  
only the word

Of the glory of search:

There is a pilgrimage;

There is a quest.

And each lame one who searches  
shall find his wings.

And though he find not yet the swans  
But journey ever alone,

To him shall come the Soul of the  
Swans!

MARY SIEGRIST.

H. Y. Willis

1/18/29-



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THIS THING.

This thing I ask:  
That I may go in a widening path  
Of conscious knowingness;  
That it be given me of life  
Still deeper to understand;  
That to this end I may know  
What men misname defeat  
And its contumely;  
But that my proud imperial banners  
shall press on  
Into the sunrising  
Of worlds within.

This thing I ask:  
That I may look upon a twisted tree  
And see the javelins of the storm  
That thrust upon its nakedness;  
That I may look upon the narrow  
house  
Of one intolerant and understand  
The reason of that prisonedness.

This thing I ask:  
That I may ride from change to  
ampler change  
Softly and silently as the wind when  
it moves  
To some large cosmic end;  
That there may be no haltingness,  
No sullen pale defeat,  
But that in the dark hour  
When never candle holds  
I still may hear the deeper trumpets  
sound  
And go face forward into life.

This thing I ask:  
That at the last  
I may come one with the initiate  
Of wind and tide;  
One with the eager service of the  
flame;  
One with all swift bright things that  
move across the worlds;  
One with all shriven things that go  
Softly, where vastness is  
And never a littleness.

MARY SIEGRIST.

H. Y. Tins - '31/29



BANNER OF PEACE

THIS BANNER WROUGHT THE MASTER

This Banner wrought the Master. By this Sign  
Great Peace shall orb. A Banner with three spheres  
Of crimson--heart's own blood - a trinity  
Mightier than smiting swords of all the world,  
Within a circle of purest white aflame,  
Shall lift from every tower of the soul  
Of man. That which his spirit loved and wrought  
In rhythm of word, of form and color, sound  
And movement--all of the soul's creations - these  
Inviolable shall have their home in time  
As in eternity. What man has wrought  
Of love and Beauty--all his spirit traced  
In ecstasy of light--all this shall be  
Forever sacred. As men inbrothered are  
By their own spirits' striving, there shall be  
One day a race divine. Not easily then  
Shall the enemy plot war. Not easily  
Shall he sow seeds of darkness. Henceforth art  
Shall be the fount of all humanity.  
All shrines shall sacred be; all flowers of art  
The spirit's home. Thus Beauty shall resound  
Within all hearts, a wordless symphony.

This Banner wrought the Master. This Sacred Sign  
Shall enkindle a world! Peace deeper than the sea  
Shall one day cover all. The flaming heart  
Shall create a peace and fashion with a song.  
This bannerwrought the Master...By this Sign  
Shall rise the fiery dome of brotherhood--  
The destined temple of the (wing of fire  
(fire of dream.

Mary Siegrist.

Should we print this in the  
Bulletin?



## THE GREAT MOTHER OF PEACE

BY MARY BISHOP

THE GREAT MOTHER OF PEACE is a woman of the United States of America, who has lived in the New York State and the English Channel. She is a woman of the United States of America, who has lived in the New York State and the English Channel. She is a woman of the United States of America, who has lived in the New York State and the English Channel.

She stands in the midst of the world, with her arms outstretched, and her eyes fixed on the future. She is the mother of peace, and she is the mother of the world. She is the mother of the world, and she is the mother of peace.

On the shore of the world, she stands, with her arms outstretched, and her eyes fixed on the future. She is the mother of peace, and she is the mother of the world. She is the mother of the world, and she is the mother of peace. She is the mother of the world, and she is the mother of peace. She is the mother of the world, and she is the mother of peace.

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## THE GREAT MOTHER OF PEACE

—From a painting by Nicholas Roerich—

BY MARY SIEGRIST.

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[Miss Mary Siegrist is a well-known poetess of the United States of America, collaborator of the New-York Times and Vice-President of the Roerich Society New-York. The Banner of Peace of the Roerich Peace Pact for preservation of artistic and scientific treasures attracts at present world-wide attention and two World Conferences in Belgium were dedicated to its adoption.]

She stands in blessing ! Within her upraised arms  
The conquering Banner of Peace : Three mystic spheres  
Of crimson on a sphere of white ; this sphere  
Against another—red. These wrought upon  
A base of white, even as the altar-cloth.

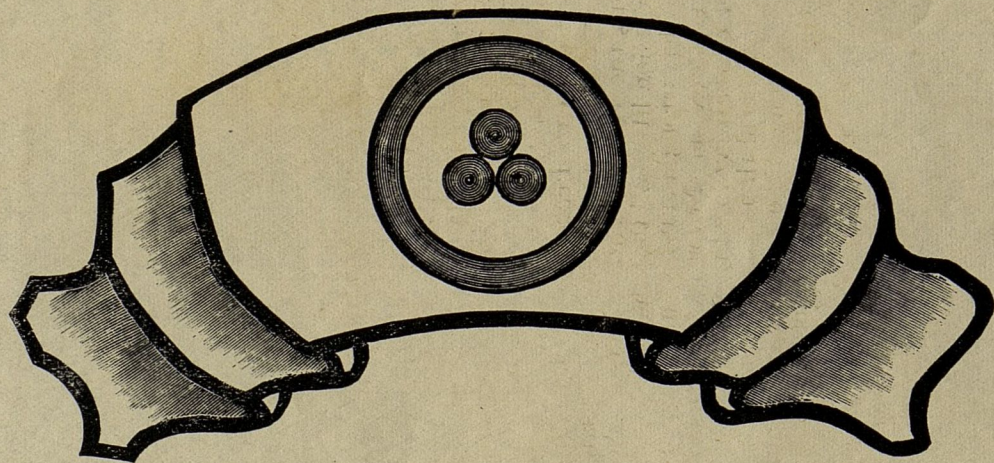
“ On all the altars of the world 1st this,  
My sacred Symbol, be ! Whenever men  
Have raised to Brahm-lamp of the Spirit's flame  
In word or song, in painting or carved stone,  
There let this Sign o'ermantle. Peace—peace—  
Upon a world at strife. ‘ Peace on the land ;  
Peace on the sea ! ’ Peace on all temples where  
Mind's fire has burned its way into the skies,  
Shouting the song of flight. Wherever the lamp  
Of aspiration lifts—all that the soul  
Of man has wrought since primal dawn : Let this  
For ever sacred be. Never again the hand  
Of Moloch shall lay low thy citadels.  
White minirets shall beacon to all men  
Forever, singing to the Infinite their hymn  
Of quest and adoration. So mote it be ! ”

Thus spake the Mighty Mother. Thus she stands,  
Laying her sacred mantle on all shrines  
Of holy fire. “ Peace ! Evermore peace !  
Let the creative flames leap forth and build  
New towers of light in a New World of light.”

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THE ROERICH BANNER OF PEACE.