

And is patient in adversity, in hardship and in times of trial
 And bestows his wealth, for God's sake, upon kindered and orphans
 and the poor and the homeless
 and all those that are in need."

Buddhism in Greece

Did Pythagoras, the Greek sage come in contact with the Buddhist Sangha? There is a tradition that he came to India: he is referred to as *Yavanacharya*, the "Great Teacher": he could not have

met Buddha: the Master had departed, having attained to Parinirvana long before the Greek Teacher could come to India. But the Master's teaching was still a living influence in India: the Buddhist Sangha had its centres of culture and *sadhana* in many parts: and Pythagoras, I believe, came in contact with the Buddhist Brotherhood and learnt of it much. The Pythagorean Brotherhood he founded owed not a little to the teaching and inspiration of the Buddhist Sangha.

THE TREE AND ITS LEAVES*

Solemn the tree addressed its leaves: summer is gone.
 In autumn, sun's scarce, thou canst absorb not enough light,
 So drop earthward down. Think not it's death for thee;
 Death existeth not, it's but a twilight betwixt day and night.
 Mingling with earth, thou shalt come back into my roots,
 Through them entering my sap, bloom into fresher shoots.
 Thus wilt thou catch again, sun's rays for thy function—
 And so fulfil thy cyclic law, nature's act of "unction"!

The Lord addressed His children: ye leave for a far-off world,
 Governed by the great cyclic law, birth and re-birth.
 That world doth need souls that would gladly "sacrifice",—
 Who'd wisely lose the "shadows" to "regain" "realities".
 Who understands this law doth not to death surrender,
 For death is naught, 'tis to be transformed, dry leaves to tender!

—U. B. Vaswani

* Translated from works of Rishi Dayaram Gidumal, a mystic poet of Sind, (India).

WELCOME TO YOUNGEST FRIENDS!

(Diary Leaves)

By Nicholas Roerich

"How do you do, Dr. Lukins: You do not know me, but I know you, although I have not seen you. Auntie told me that you are President of the Latvian Roerich Society. I too am his friend; he did not see me either. I am Serge Vitol and I am seven and a half years old. And I wish you should make a society for children only not to babble, but to learn how to live better and to be good. I wanted to come to you but I cannot, because I am going to Lithuania. I live there. I will come back in March and shall come to see you and then I shall communicate to you a great secret. Yours respectfully, Serge Vitol."

Thus writes our young friend Serge Vitol to the President of our Latvian Society, Dr. Lukins. And Dr. Lukins, with his usual all-embracingness and goodness remarks that we must also be prepared for such requirements. When I recollect the multitude of statements of similar nature from known and unknown friends, then verily, we must without delay

fulfill this noble desire of the young seekers for the betterment of life. Let us then pay firm attention to the words pronounced by Serge Vitol "not to babble but to live better". This is the same vital formula of which we adults always dream and which again and again is dissolved in aimless and sterile babbling, prattle and gossip. How wonderful it will be if our young friends manifest firm striving in quest of "how to live better". Notice our friend does not speak of entertainment, of having a good time, but he speaks of the betterment of life. He comes thus simply to the question of the necessity for betterment of life. And this simplicity is permeated with the vitality which can revivify any arid desert. Although I do not know personally this young friend, I feel that he will not be satisfied with games nor with our vulgar conception of a Kindergarten, where, instead of a positive prognosis, the germs of prejudice are so often being enrooted. Our friend and all other young friends whom we know,

aspire to have a real Society for the betterment of life. He wishes to have serious work, for as I have already mentioned before, the young ones try to execute with especial care, the work entrusted to them by the elder. Even in the household, the young ones participate deeply and seriously in the commissions given to them. We remember with what unusual care five-year old Olaf set the table, even getting up on a chair in order from above to see better whether everything was in its place. And what zeal seven-year-old Vladimir manifested in cleaning a rifle, because he was entrusted not with a toy gun, but with a real gun. And how Allen loved the paintings and had long conversations with them about matters most serious. And how little Jerome tried to introduce in his preparatory class the principle of lawful statesmanship. An endless number of examples can be quoted showing true and thoughtful co-operation of young friends. I do not forget that my painting for the Kansas City Museum was acquired through a subscription of school-children, and that the painting itself was chosen by their vote. And the painting selected was "The Lord"—the expectation of the arrival of the Supreme Lord.

Does this not reflect the inner realization of Hierarchy within our young friends? This most precious conception of creativeness, which later on so often soils and evaporates.

In one assembly of young friends the project for a city of the Future was discussed. One of the participants of the assembly stated that his city would have no prisons; another said that his city would begin with the erection of a hospital; the third aspired to have a Temple in the centre of his city; a fourth had roof-gardens in mind; another made a project of special roofs for the landing of aeroplanes. None of those present at this assembly thought of vaudevilles and vulgar entertainments, so dear to the hearts of adults. Have in mind, however, that these participants were not at all anaemic pessimists but were strong, happy and joyous. But neither golf, nor fistic smashing of jaws, nor vulgar beaches were included in the dreams of the young.

I have seen innumerable children's designs. Except a few, which were obviously the results of the influences of family surroundings, I never saw one malicious caricature or one mean subject. I recollect how little

Stefani depicted the story of Joan of Arc; I recollect fantastic cities, flowers, and animals. I remember various collections, I recollect essays of five and six year old children about expeditions and their observations in the Field of Natural History; about the discovery of new lands, stars and a new sun. I recollect whole books which were written during the first school years, on ornithology, dendrology, and mineralogy. I remember very artistic and instructive postcard collections, which in contrast to those of adults, did not include any vulgar subjects, which often are published in such profusion as though at the demand of the masses. Let us remember the theatres arranged by young friends with all adoptions, in order that they should be like a real theatre. I remember how once a young friend, having invited his playmates to visit him, distributed among them his toy soldiers, but set himself down with a book to read. In answer, to every one's astonishment, he said: "Let them be busy if they are interested and I will read in the meanwhile." During the construction of a model fleet, the ships with their many sails, are not always directed to war, but on the contrary they carry important news, discover new lands, transport

new machinery or defend their own shores.

Penetrating into the self-development of consciousness of our young friends, we find an endless multitude of facts and comparisons which give deep joy. If the distorted conceptions of life would not obscure the development of these consciousnesses, how many true possibilities of progress would be created and how much of the vulgar and mean would disappear from life.

Many a time an adult through a light-minded and foolish attitude toward the foundations of life and religion, diverts forever the worthy striving instinct of the younger generation. Some times, in an unjust accusation, a child's mother makes pretence of consulting God, and Oh horror! this God gives an unjust verdict, and, under the eyes of the young ones, the church is transformed into a club. As though it would pass unnoticed by the young eyes! But vigilant are the eyes of the young and they notice much which later on perhaps might slip attention. The absorption of the first years is more intense than that of the following years.

Dear Serge, you have a kind Aunt who gave you the

address of Dr. Lukins. Dear Serge—and you all—you have variously manifested your hearty and serious intentions! We shall in every way encourage your Societies with the aim of “how to live better.” We shall consider it our joy when our friends learn to open the glorious Gates. We shall rejoice with you if you find the joy of creative labour and if you realize the power of thought.

You speak about your secrets but the secret of your heart is not destructive. It is constructive and benevolent. You desire to know of the

good and you intend to go towards it by the shortest and straightest way. This good will be vouchsafed to you, if you will reach it in full and radiant faith, this immutable knowledge will lead you to the Good, to the Beautiful, which is crowned by the one, all-conquering Light! It shall be a day of joy to receive news from your Societies that strive to the Good! Thus shall we enrich the store of our joys. Let us affirm ourselves in the joy of creative labour, in the joy of co-operatinn, in the joy of cognizance and in all joys, which will lead us to the great realization of Culture.

TRUE DEMOCRACY

In every religion, in every age, in East and West have the Rishis appeared,—the true ‘super-men’ of history,—men who have realized the harmony of culture and religion. In the Rishis may be found the real key to history. And in a new, vital, creative co-operation with the wisdom of the Rishis is the hope of India,—ancient and gifted but today alas! a bewildered, broken nation.

Something better, broader, nobler, richer, something more true to the spirit of Indian history and genius of Indian life, something much bigger and more vital than Karl Marx’s socialism, is India’s need. Marx and Lenin were great, but greater were the Rishis. They who saw the One Self in all! Their message is what young men need to make a new India. For the Rishis realized that true freedom is fellowship with humanity, and that true democracy is built not in blood and bomb but in the law of brotherhood and love.

—T. L. Vaswani

SHABRI'S CALL

*Softly all slumbered 'neath the canopy of stars
And sunk in sleep were fragrance-filled flowers
The mountain-tops in silence slept
But Shabri awake in silence wept.*

*"When will He come, the Beautiful One?
When will my Radiant Ram return?
With hunger-filled heart I call Him yet
With love-lit eyes, I watch and wait.*

*"Come Thou o Ram, my anguish ease
Return o Ram, my appetite appease
My heart's heavy with grief suppressed
Mine eyes still ache with tears unshed.*

*"Come thou, dispel the dark that in me dwells
O Break the Bark and ring Thy Mercy-Bells
In this lone hut, O come here and reside,
Shut are the doors, O ope them wide!"*

*The Festival of Lights once more returns
And in my heart a deep desire burns,
When will Thou greet my cell so lone
And like Shabri bless this heart-forlorn.*

—H. P. Vaswani