

Theosophical College, 1
Madanapalle
S. India

In the name of Shambala
And for the manifestation
of the Mother of the Universe
through the Lord Maitreya,
the fiery cross of love,
Nov. 3. 1943

My dear Sister

May I kneel at your shrine
and ask for the companionship of your spirit
and the gift of your Embodiment of the Flame
as reflected in your soul. Last August
I had the joy of my soul in hurriedly
reading some pages of your wonderful
"Hierarchy" from Dr. Cousins. Somehow it
was given to me to write to you only after
such a long time though the desire has
been with me ever since I saw your book.
I have standing herewith a few fallen
fruits from my Tree of Shambala which
is still shrouded in cold darkness, kindly
awaiting the advent of the Day Spring from
on high, the glorious Sun of Shambala which
the eye can never behold. I pray for the
spiritual radiance of the Himalayas, from the
fount of Naggar and wait for the blessing
of ~~your~~^{an} authentic touch or signal from you.

Yours in the Mother's Service
& expectant of the Cosmic Festival,
K. S. H.

P.S. May I have some intimations
of the Maitreya Sangha! Please be to do so
Maitreya! W.S.

"Murali" (3) - strangely enough, not yet
published. W.S.

Let me pass on a fine thought from Tagore
with whom also I have an occult link.

"This I know in my mind anew,
Wherever I find my friend there I am born -
Life's wonder he brings. unknown,

In the foreign fields blossom flowers,
Foreign is their name, a foreign soil
is their motherland

Yet in Soul's joyful realm their kinship
finds unbarred welcome."

Tagore. Birthday. Feb. 21. 1941

X bennet link. On Aug. 7. 1941, the day
& hour of his passing at Valentia, I was
whispered by the Spirit - "Springer!" - It
should be a great ancient occult
centre associated with Sankara - a
place of which I knew little. Off I
went in obedience at $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's notice
and reached after 24 hrs. of bus &
railway journeys. How could I know
of Tagore's passing away at the very
hour & moment & as the bus was
running I wrote, what I could not

have thought with the mind -
O Great Son of India
If thou art to pass now
Through the portals of death
Into other realms of light
Hand the torch to me
That I may light
Still more lamps
For the Mother of the Universe
In India & the world.

In fear & trembling I pass these
lines to you, who know the flame
of the heart. I came to know your
death of Tagore after 3 days of
writing & the other is for people
like you & I am willing to
serve as the holder of the torch
for no price or hire.
Goodbye.

L. S. K.

Sunday. 28. 11. 1943. 10.30 a.m.

To The Himalayas

3

O Himavans!

The mighty father of ~~the~~ our land,
The goal of every pilgrim road,
The Refuge of all world-renouncers,
And the Idol of the poets' dream!

Thou throbdest in our hearts
And brooddest in our spirit,
Thou art the strength of our strength
And the peace of our peace.

As the ocean calls the stream
And eternal silence, time and sound,
As death the many forms of life,
And light all shades of darkness,
Thou callest the struggling soul
To the bliss of thy tranquil heart,
The Kailas of transcendental thought.

L.S.K.

East + West

The west is missing ~~the~~
The Temple of light
Through its multitudinous present
Of new-found rajasic power
Of ceaseless strife and search
And faces a still-born future.

The East is straying
From the Temple of life
Through its impoverished present
Of tamasic backsliding
Into the morass of frustrated
And turns to an unavailing ^{desire} ~~heart~~

The west has well nigh
Lost the light within
In the mirage of its many pursuits
The east has well nigh
Lost the will to live
In the maze of its blind wanderings
And when each meets the other
In the Temple of Love
The wheels of life will roll once more
To a new light and rhythm
That will make our ~~present~~ world
The heaven of by it ought to be.

W.S.K.

Where there is Truth
That is my mind
Where there is Love
That is my heart
Where there is Joy
That is my soul.
Where there is Peace & Unity
That is my Being.

July 8, 1941. Āshāda Purnima Day.

W.S.K.

(1) The Soul's Eurydice.

4

Go for a greater
Than the Gophean lyre
That would more than melt
The soul of Pluto
And release from the realm of darkness
Eurydice,

The Soul's Beloved
And let her walk in glory
In the land of mortal light
Amidst those who live and toil
That Beauty, Grace and Joy
Might come and chase
From a darkened world

All the fear and pain
Of bondage
Behind the triple bars
Of Time!

(2)

Pearl-Diving

Some there are
Who can descend
At night
Into the quiet waters
Of dream-laden sleep
To dive for pearls,
And gather, maybe,
A plenteous store.

But when by daylight
They look at the heaps

Dear My-other-self !

During the past few months, in my round of visits over some of the important centres in the south, I have met you and many others in a manner, I should say, significant for us all. May our meeting be as full of inspiration and blessing to you as it has been to me, if not also, in some measure, for the use and benefit of the outside world. I would, and pray for, your help in thought, word and deed ; and would like to be in closest touch with you and the others even through the physical means of correspondence, possibly in the form of a joint circular letter from time to time as the need and prompting come to you as well as to me. This would of course involve some expense in addition to work of a special kind. May I request you to enable me to serve through you as wide a circle as possible at this critical but vital moment in our sorrow-stricken world to which Help is hastening from the Invisible Realms. Even in the midst of the present wars and woes there arises a still small Voice which made itself heard in the world, times without number, in every race and country, and in diverse tongues whenever darkness prevailed over light and might over right. The same Voice rings far beyond the battle-fields of to-day saying,

“Behold! I come, and come, quickly”. Though the Gods and godlike men, Scriptures and Revelations and the whole hierarchy of spirits and forces *seem* to be on trial, truly it is they who have once more put Humanity on trial. This is the Day of Divine Churning—another turning-point in the evolution of the universe; and the time is drawing nigh towards that Event for which the world has long been in needless travail. The Dawn of a New Age is on your threshold with the welcoming call, “Awake arise! Be a lion among men. Perform the task of this New Day. That is your Divine Life”. What this *new* task is will be revealed to us as we keep ourselves in readiness in the light of the Witness of the Spirit which broods over the universe, to the spirit within us. The world will come into the aura of the Full Moon to-day (Ashadha Purnima) at 6.51 p. m., anniversary of the Buddha’s first preaching of the Gospel of Release when, in a unique way this time, there will descend into the world the Benediction of all the Messiahs, Prophets and Teachers who have brought Life, Light and Love into more worlds than ours. Praise, honour and glory to Them! Amen.

Theosophical College }
 Madanapalle. }
 July 17, 1943.

K. T. Krishnaswami
 (Professor in English)

P. S. Responses and communications may be sent to me.

That came in sleep

Alas!

What precious little

Greet their eager eyes

With perhaps nothing

Of pearl or the like

But only a palmful

Of such as shells and sea-horses

As if for little children.

Ah! what of the rarer night

When the waters are stilled

By the magic spell

Of golden dreams

From an unknown pearl, lit sky,

And the quiet ear receive

An Open Sesame

For the closed lips awake

~~Awake~~

A sleeping Beauty

Who parts

The golden gates

Of love!

(3)

Where there is Truth

That is my mind.

Where there is love

That is my heart.

Where there is joy

That is my spirit.

Where there is Peace & unity

That is my being.

July 8, 1941 - Ashada Purnima

Day.

Heard and written words are sweet

But those unheard are sweeter still.

Please tell me something about मैत्रेय संघ I am in the Theosophical School of the Theos. Society

6

P.S. I am very proud to be addressed by you as "sister" though in this incarnation I am in the form of a 'brother'. I shall not mind your continuing to call me "sister." You are like a brother to me - 30th is my birthday + I shall greet you from here.

Theosophical College,
Madhavapalle, S. India

Nov. 27, 1943

Dear Sister of the Heart,

How can I thank you for the 3 precious gifts of yours - the gold, frankincense and myrrh from the offerings of the Flame Altar of your heart? The parcel was like a cabinet beautifully covered and tied up with the 3 precious gems so finely set in a soft setting of paper and pad - the whole a picture of the cosmos.

But one thing in the midst of that great joy arose like a dark cloud in the sun-lit sky of my mind - the absence of the living signature of your name spelling out in letters the magic of that indescribable thing - ^{personality} the golden chalice into which goes all that wondrous inheritance of ^{Scandinavian} race, nationality and spirit; for is it not a person's name like a switch which opens out to him who can operate that switch, magic words and dimes across aeons of time?

Just a few days ago, I was under the influence of Prajna Paramita, the Mother of immeasurable Wisdom who little while before was above my bed but after an attack of influenza and because of the chill weather I have moved into my room with some pictures of significance - the Mother Angel, Siva in Tapas, Bhrama, Buddha + a calendar picture with a rider on a horse and 5 armed attendants walking on the ground - always reminding me of the Prince of Shambhala riding forth into a new world.

For the last 4 or 5 years I have been very mysteriously and occultly guided and I am in a sense alone though dimly in the company, as yet only, of felt Invisible Presences and in the faint hearing of Inaudible Voices. It has been given to me thus only to grope towards the Path of Initiation through the gracious help of some persons from time to time who seemed to be channels of the Great Influence. There are strange visitations at night and I put down on paper what I am able to bring to my memory but alas! how much is lost! (See my 1st poem.)

Just a few months ago in a temple in the South, I met a Sadhu who asked me of 'getting the instrument', seeing 'experimentally' and 'commencing' with persons, distance & time annihilated. I am very thankful to him for that assurance & blessing, as I am now on a different line and I wonder whether our coming into contact is not one of the fruits and signs. For every day to me is a fresh wonder of delight and joy. We are also approaching that wonderful season when we are reminded of the Birth of the Christ - an event of Cosmic Significance. I am very happy to have been for 12 years under the direct influence of that spirit as a baptized Christian, though born in an orthodox Brahmin family of the highest type. After 12 yrs. of Christian life + experience, I was led back into the Brahmin fold and when I look back upon my life, I feel the mystery of God's manifestation. My life itself has been a proof of the mystery. So to-day I am all things to all things. I am a citizen of the universe; and in view of what God has been and done to me, I am called to a great work in the world, the magnitude of which staggers and baffles me. I am waiting for the Baptism of fire, like one of the 5 Virgins awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom at his threshold. I am very thankful to the Rishis & Guardians

of the universe who have linked me now with you. In our kind are mystical
linked more than two great civilisations & cultures. There is a very glorious
future awaiting mankind for which there are now all the travails & woes in
the world. The gods will certainly help this ^{human} civilisation to flower into
midst of beauty before another race should emerge and carry on the
great life wave towards its culmination through glory upon glory. In this
flourishing Russia also has a big part to play and on behalf of India
I am profoundly thankful to that great Russian lady known as H. P. B.
and I am sure you are doing also a noble work. It was my privilege
some months ago to read the records of teachings and revelations given to a
certain gentleman day after day for 12 years by no less august persons
than Agastya, Markandeya, Asvathama and countless others on all
subjects under heaven and there is a treasure to be unearthed - a spiritual
Kimberley to be worked. There came to him a Rishi, by name, Vairbhanga
from Central Asia, a very great astrologer & gave him some astological
hints & blessed him. One saying of a Rishi comes to my mind now, "The
Himalayas should be put into a vessel and the seas must be poured
into it and a decoction made for curing the ills of the world." Very fine
& delightful! I have all kind of good dreams, by the inspiration of the
great Spirits of Love & Service who are now abroad in the world and we
are living in wonderful times with the most marvellous things waiting
to come. May I crave for your sympathy and cooperation towards the
realisation of the Will of the Rishis who after 5000 years of self-imposed
retirement are emerging. There are such lots to write but I am sorry I have
not the time to tell them all to you. I was delighted with your, "Shall be glad
to meet for some day". I wonder when, how soon! - according to the will
of the Rishis. Now I am not at all physically fit for a long journey, my
body is not able to stand the strain of my Spirit and I would beg you
to pray for me & send your Himalaya healing touch through "serial
transmission". Often I am led by the Spirit to turn to the Bible and
oh! I wish ^{some} people at least would gain the prophetic power and be
living witnesses to the Cosmic Fire & Light looked up within the human
frame. I was writing my daily intimations & thoughts till Nov. 12. in a
notebook with a black Card-board cover and from the 12th I was switched
on to another line and I am using a white notebook with and the two
questions I was given that nothing are on the 1st page. (1) "Write the
vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it"
(Malakki 2:2) and (2) "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?
Then said I, Here am I; send me." (Isaiah 6:8.) I have unceasingly
poured my heart. There is a lot that is unworthy of the great Ones into
whose Presence I am not at all fit to enter but I am second to none in
the world in zeal for saving them and longing for the coming of the
Reign of the White Brotherhood. Silver and gold have I none, but of the
abundance of my love for the lowly ^{and} ^{out-}cast ^{of} the
hearted brothers in the ^{of} ^{the} ^{out-}cast. I offer my love & devotion to you
In the Lord's Service

An Rishi.

K. T. Krishnaswami.

My dear Sister - Flame of the Heart,
I write this letter in obedience to an inner
direction this morning, after a long and
painful suspense. I hope I have not done
anything emotionally & mentally even
to stay your heart in responding to me
on the bare, level plains. But I am now
obeying an impulse of the heart which
is, as you say, an organ of higher action
and offering. "If only it could be manifested
in each case where the throats of the heart
are precious." (p. 231) 386)

Though I did not write to you for
Christmas and the new year in spirit I
greeted you. The message I was going to
send you in the form of a poem is

Garlands many there are
Of rare and diverse flowers;
But the garlands
That hold't most dear
Are the verse-wreaths
Of choice and holy words

Sprung out of the mouths
Of thine wise and holy ones.
And I too most miserable and sinful
Have with love-tears
Wreathed Thy feet.
O Lord, clothed in grace and beauty,
Wilt Thou not draw near
And open Thy lips
And say, Come,
Come to me?

(Translation from a Tamil Saint's poet)

During the Christmas Season I was
in Madras and at the Theosophical
International Convention. People everywhere
are as seeing as yet, only as in a glass
dimly. The Dawn has not yet broken
and there are Watchers here and there.
I met one or two good people who may
form precious links in a fine chain
of Service. I am happy and proud
that Madanapalle is linked with

the Himalayas in more ways than ⁸ one.
So many things crowd into my heart
and fill it with joy and peace, ~~too~~
impossible to put into words.

I feel like one thing with regard to your
books. I wish they could ^{also} be compressed
into 12 beautiful precious stones making
a wonderful necklace for the Mother-
Life of the Universe.

I do not know what to say + my mind
moves not, so that I begin to pause
and doubt whether I should have
written this or not. → P.I.O.

with heartiest good wishes +

Sincere regards,

Theosophical College
Madanapalle
S. India
23.1.44.

Yours very sincerely,
K. S. Krishnaswami

K. S. K.

where may they be,
The sacred signs?
To-day we shall, perhaps,
No longer find them.
But to-morrow will be light.
I know, we shall perceive them.

I am sure you recognise what words
they are. My eyes just now fell
upon, "The guards at the gates." Both
these poems convey ^{my heart} now far more
than words.

H.S. A.

Dear Fellow-Spirit!

9

Your letter, was like the cloud which the servant of Elijah saw rising 'out of the sea, as small as a man's hand.' Strangely I was led to look up this morning I Kings 18: 2. "And Elijah went to shew himself unto Ahab. And the famine was sore in Samaria." It is the chapter about the test of the prophets of Baal and the triumph of the prophet of Jehovah. These times also are similar to those and how I wish that the fire of the Lord would fall. -- and that people would fall on their faces and say, "The Lord, he is God. The Lord, he is God. Like Simon I am eagerly waiting for the manifestation of the Lord & like the Virgins for the coming of the Bridegroom. Sometimes I feel like Mary and the Magnificat rises from the depths of my soul. The world is ripe for the harvest and the tares are being gathered up and burnt, when shall all the nations come up to the Temple of the Lord and when shall Hallelujah arise? My heart is athirst -- This morning in the wake of the guidance & direction I spent two hours in writing to a rich young man, rolling in wealth but afflicted with leprosy, very bad type. I am like our mad -- There are days of 'fyoti' - Light, in remembrance of one, who disappeared in body, promising that he would return after his ministry in other lands & also



POST CARD

ADDRESS ONLY

Mrs. Helena Roepck

x: Urusvati

Haggar, Kulu Valley

Punjab.

promised the coming of H.P.B. + H.S.O. + the
J.S. + spoke of the reality of the Masters. Last
year at about this time I had a strange
occult + psychic experience + expected the
advent. This year also the same hope -- Year
before last, about this time a certain mystical
person came to me + was accompanying me
for about 2 months. We travelled, as it were
on a mission, + in quest of the Masters she
at one place said "I am known as the
Kashmiri Brahmin" (Master K.H.) I could
not stand the strain + the remuneration +
on a way to the Master at the hilgrims (?)
as I was made to understand - I broke away
from him, as also I had duties at College.
Thanks for all your words + good lights + wishes.
Like Thomas I desire to touch + verify the
Masters. It is time they come. Yours in the bond,
10/2/44 Madanapalle.

G. G. Krishnamachari

10

Dt: Inspector of L. J. Accounts

Tirupati, S. India 24th/₄₄

Dear Roved Fellow-Spirit,

Only yesterday I was thinking of you and this morning your beautiful parcel with its precious jewel greets my heart. I now feel that words & physical communication are far too inadequate and wasteful and we should hasten to develop the power of spirit-
vis and communication. I have recently come into vital touch with the Bahai movement and it appeals to me tremendously. Kabil's narrative entitled, "Dawns Breakers" is most thrilling with its glowing account of the heroic sacrifices and martyrdoms of the followers of the Bab and Baha-u-llah. The Theosophical movement in comparison seems too facile, easy-going and respectable to be a potent solvent of the world's ills. There is not even the martyrdom of rank and self-respect or of money in the U.S. now. The time is fast approaching for a great Manifestation which will unite the East and the West into a warm embrace of loving fellowship and mutual service which should make the hideous death of war impossible because blasphemous. I open your book and my eyes fall upon just the things I have in mind. § 553 (p. 306) "Throughout the entire world rises the sound of wailing... The convulsions of the planet become more frequent. One should remember that these times are marked in all Teachings. (literally & fully true) He who says that heroes are not needed expects himself from

evolution. -- Fire can be held back only up to a certain point. Inevitably it will break through all manifested obstructions. 3555. One should not presume that the present time is an ordinary one. It is unprecedented, and can inaugurate a new Era. But create heroes - thus it is ordained. -- It must be remembered that Great Service brings one closest to the cognition of the Great Goal.

I am, in a special way from the beginning of this month "like those who await the great Advent - to hearken to the Steps and to know that our hearts are proffered in help to the World." Let me echo your exhortation: "From the Covenants of the past let us transport ourselves into the future attainment." Hence "the responsibility of the kindled heart is great." And "only under the Flaming Dome are all equal."

I am daily awaiting the call of the Beloved and I know it is coming. Let me quote some beautiful words of Persian & Arabic tradition.

O Son of Being! Thy heart is my home; sanctify it for my descent; Thy spirit is my place of revelation; cleanse it for my manifestation.

O Son of Earth! Wouldst thou have me, seek none other than me; and wouldst thou gaze upon my beauty, close thine eyes to the world and all that ~~is~~ is therein; for my will and the will of another than I, even as fire and water, cannot dwell together in one heart."

Exactly 100 years ago was raised a voice which said, "Awake, for lo! The morning light has broken. Arise for this cause is made manifest. The portal of His grace is open wide; enter therein, O peoples of the world! For He who is your promised One is come!"

Exactly a hundred years ago the great one, called the Babe, exhorted his followers whom he called, "letters of the living" and said, "O my beloved friends! You are the bearers of the name of God in this Day. . . . You are the witnesses of the Dawn of the promised Day of God. You are the partakers of the mystic chalice of His Revelation. Pick up the loins of endeavour, and be mindful of the words of God as revealed in His Book. . . . The time is come when naught but the purest motive, supported by seeds of stainless purity, can ascend to the throne of the Most High and be acceptable unto Him. . . . You are the first-letters that have been generated from the Primal Point. . . . The secret of the Day that is to come is now concealed. . . . The newly born babe of that Day excels the wisest and most venerable man of this time, & the lowliest & most unlearned of that period shall surpass in understanding the most erudite & accomplished divines of this age. . . . Shed not your weaknesses and frailty; fix your gaze upon the invincible power of the Lord, your God, the Almighty."

I had a certain professional work which every year, for three years more, would have brought \$2,000/- but I gave it away in Expectation and am tasting the sweets (personal, from within) and the bitter (from without, my wife & relations) of it. You say "He is the root of the Light of the tree": I am

I reminded of the 'ter of the Chaldees' & Abraham.
I may also have to leave Mr. Please bear me
up into the fiery waves of the feet magnets of
the Universal Mother-Heart. I do not know
where and when your message of the heart in
a letter will reach me. Let me thank the
God Mother ^{in the} ~~before~~ great Throne guarded by
nine lions, in the Home of her hundred
thousand islands of whom I had an indubitable
vision only last night, for the goodwill &
love of friends like you. "Our Father which
art in Heaven! Hallowed be Thy Name! Thy
Kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as
it is in Heaven. . . . For Thine is the Kingdom,
the power & the glory for ever & ever. Amen.

With greetings of the Dawn of a New Day,

Yours as ever in the Service of the great
One.

K. S. Krishnaswami.



THE THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE
MADANAPALLE

My Very Dear Sister!

Let me thank you, and Mr. Roerich, after such an unconsciously long time, for the blessings and gifts of your books and pictures and greetings. I am sure you received my greetings "Kalagiza - Come to Shambhala", ~~from~~ Mysore where I spent my Christmas Holidays in a Shambhala-mad way. Strangely enough some time ago one, Dr. Shri Rao, wrote in a very familiar way, from Jammu, even inviting me there for summer. It was a very happy and mysterious surprise for me as I do not know the gentleman at all. Jammu has many sacred & holy associations for me, but as only to-day I have made a full surrender to the God within me, through the divinely inspired words of a book which has come to be the most priceless treasure for me. It was commended to me by a very striking individual two years ago; and only this morning I have had the Baptism of Understanding. I finished it as the clock was striking 10 (A.M.) Let me quote a few sentences from the book, I dare say, very familiar to you, "The Impersonal Life". (Sun Publishing Co.)

Barberton, Ohio).

"And this book and its message will be to you hereafter merely a fount of inspiration, or a door thru which you will be enabled to enter into the Impersonal estate and to hold Sweet communion with Me, Your Father in Heaven, whom I will teach you all things you desire to know."

"AWAKE! Rise up and assert your Sovereignty! KNOW Your SELF and your POWERS! KNOW that all I have yours, that My omnipotent LIFE is flowing thru you, that you can take of IT and build with IT what you WILL, that IT will manifest for you as HEALTH, POWER, PROSPERITY, UNION, HAPPINESS, PEACE, - any thing you Command!"

Let me say, "It is finished. Thou hast preserved the good wine till now. Let not this cup pass from me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt, O my Beloved and my Lord! Hallelujah! Amen." Well, my beloved sister. You are blessed to continually breathe the Himalayan air and live in that great Home of Peace and Strength. Bless me for the Lord's work. (The clock strikes 12). May your Himalayan wishes and benediction keep me secure in the new-found joy and peace of this morning.



THE THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE
MADANAPALLE

13

By the way, have you heard or read any account of a Tamil Saint by name Ramalinga, who vanished from sight in the year 1874. The most striking thing about him is that he started a movement very much like the Theosophical movement and preached what may be called, Pure Theosophy when he found his teachings too pure and uncompromising for the people of his time he vanished saying that he would work in the meanwhile in foreign parts, while people from Russia + America would come to teach a recalcitrant people and that he himself would return after a time. This is a letter from his chief disciple, who was a Tamil pundit of the Madras Presidency College, giving a gist of his life, teachings and prophecy concerning the advent of Theosophy and it was published in "The Theosophist" in July 1882. The words of the saint according to the account of the disciple, ^(his followers) were "You are not fit to become members of this Society of Universal Brotherhood (not the T. S. but his own order) The real members of that Brotherhood are living far away, towards the North of India. You do not listen to me. You do not follow the principles of my teachings. You seem to be determined not to be convinced by me. Yet the time is not far off when persons from Russia, America (these two countries were always named), and other foreign lands will come to India and preach to you this same doctrine of universal

Brotherhood... You will soon find that the Brothers who live in the far north will work a great many wonders in India, and thus confer incalculable benefits upon this our country." The disciple says, "The prophecy has, in my opinion, just been literally fulfilled.... the strange fact that the advent of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Gleadon from Russia to America was foretold several years before they came to India, is an incontrovertible proof that my Guru was in communication with those Mahatmas under whose direction the Theosophical Society was subsequently founded."

Also there are two other works by the writer of "The Impersonal Life" I referred to in the beginning of my letter. They are, "Wealth" and "The Teacher". They should also be equally good. They are not available here and I wrote to the Theosophical Society Book Shop at Benares and they did not have them. I wonder whether you could get them for me, if unavailable in India, from America. Last month I came across a curious book of ~~poets~~ peculiar and striking interest, "Government" by J. F. Rutherford, Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, Brooklyn, N. York. Other books by him are Creation, Reconciliation, Deliverance. I have written such a lot and hope you will kindly excuse me. Let me once more thank you & Mr. Rowich for your greetings & for the very valuable pictures though they are mysterious to me.

Namaste!

Yours as ever,

Feb. 17. 1945.

K. S. Krishnaswami



THE THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE
MADANAPALLE

Dec. 17. 1946

Revered Madame!

Long has been our silence on the outer plane, yet, to quote your "Ani Yoga," Tell to your listener, that one may only prepare the small Amrita of spiritual perfection through experience. Could one who conducts a momentous experiment fall asleep? So also we, alert in consciousness, shall unite lives into an unbreakable necklace." (p.67) It has all been the play of Hamlet with me for some time and for diversion recently I have been studying + meditating on Electricity, Alchemy, the Elements, the Atomic research. I am fascinated by the day-dreaming on 'the Periodic Law' + the prophetic insight of your great countryman Mendeleeff, and the work of Crookes. (To-day Dec. 18 - I see on the last page of your High World - "Meanwhile collect the new findings which science is opening, and observe..."

I do not know exactly what to write except the fact that I should write to you and look up to the mountains - the Himalayas for inspiration and courage. So send me the Himalayas and the Healing Balm for the fighter fallen on the plains far below, or the waking potion for the own heavy sleeper on the shores of the delta of the Ganges. I think I told you, - no I did not - of two swords, one of gold + the other of silver, which were in the hands of two personal embodiments of Shakti, 'Mamatashi' and 'Kamakshi' (identified with 2 great occult centres in S. India, Madurai + Kanchi or Conjeevaram, two ancient places, 2 palimpsests of cults + cultures), all during the recent World War no. II which continues in the guise of peace. A certain family in Madras devoted to Devi a few months before the war broke out was told to get a sword ready and according to dream - intimations, the two swords went into the hands of the two deities. She was broke

out and the swords did their work. Again a few weeks before the war closed the Devi told them to remove the swords. The significance of the swords also was pointed out to them. The Devi also told them that she would therefore work as dakshini to bring plenty of prosperity on earth. Somehow I was mysteriously linked with that family and according to direction the swords, very small ones about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, came into my hands. But strangely enough I lost the silver sword on the third day of my receipt. There is a mysterious significance in it. Some months ago, in a dream I was shown a railway station - a small junction and a voice said, "^{Sholapur!} Very near here there is an important shrine and you should go there." I wrote up and nobody in Madanapalle could tell me of it. In Tirupati, a famous shrine-centre, 100 miles from here, I consulted a Yogi of 103 years now, a Maharashtra Brahmin Sannyasi, and he knew the place well as he had gone there. He said it is the place of Sri Bhavani, another Shakti centre, where Sivaji, the King, received his sword from that goddess. I am telling you as to one who is intimately linked with me in the Service of the Masters. I am looking forward to the sojourn in this place of one very much like me, though at present he is in an English body. He always brings the Master's touch - the Second Ray touch as you always give me, according to him, the First Ray touch. I am longing for the Himalayas, not so much to be lost in them but 'to powder the Himalayas and dissolve it in the seas of the world in give as medicine to a decaying + dying world.' I am translating the direction given to one occult school as the object of the new Revelation. I am talking like Nathaniel of the N.T. story - is it? - "in whom there was no guile." (I am sorry to have written my letter

THE THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE
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so shabbily for I have no good pen and cannot manage to buy one now. So it is the best in the circumstances.)

I wonder what Anurita you have been gathering in the meanwhile. I did not get into touch with Miss Dick and am completely in the dark as to your latest laurels. I do not know when my dreams will be translated into action and who is going to play the role of the doctor's midwife for me. I am in travail, but I know that impatience is betrayal. Excelsior!

May I pass on to you one of my recent poems! This is the flower of my little garden of the mind; I wish it would bloom like a rose-plant of your lovely Himalayan Garden.

The Ball.

Mathinks I see the Teachers of the World
Round the missal of God's - All-Holy-Writ
Full-robed in mantles of visionary fires -
Saviours of more than their own native chimes
From East & West, and utmost North and South;
And a thousand Voices blend in my heart
- Dear old companions of the Pilgrim Path.
I hear their Doves of Peace flutter in air
Over the earth, blood-red with flames of hate,
Showering Love-showers from their pregnant heads
To quench all the atomic hells in man.
Awake, ye children of the Immortal Spirit!

In the names of all the gods the world holds dear
 And of all the Masters people worship,
 * Murali calls the human race to woo
 No more the Demogorgon of Atom-brood,
 But make her also build a heaven on earth
 And fulfil the hope of all the ages past
 Along with the forces of unseen good.
 (July 1946) * Murali = The Flute of Krishna.

Though this letter is addressed to you, it is also through
 you addressed to Mons. N. Roerich, as I do not know
 him well enough. This is no mystery to either of you. So
 let me close here

Namaste! (to both of you)


Best Wishes

"Towards Shambhalla" - Kalagiza!

An Revoir!!

K. T. Krishnaswami.

P.S. I wanted to send you a picture of
 "Murali Manchar" - Krishna playing
 on the flute (Murali) on a moonlight
 night, but I sent it to Putkmini
 Devi yesterday instead.

Have you any small picture of "M." if
 not a book on Him? - Your book
 'Brotherhood' has been knocked away
 I think, by a Black Brother. 

There should be a centre
 + nucleus of occult
 research and exchange
 between to other in the
 Harvest Wind in the
 thraline.
 I am willing to do all I can
 for Shambhalla if I find
 favour in their sight.

Prof. K. T. K. ... M.A. }
 Hisopinal Cnpe }
 Madanapalle }
 S. India.

I have with me your Agni Yoga,
 Hierarchy, Fiery World.



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P.S. Dec. 18.

I had a very delightful dream experience in the early hours of this morning and before writing that, let me tell you of what I fair copied in my diary under Sunday 15. All about Master M. - music, rocking in a fine swing - going out on horse, getting down - Talk - He held up a blue paper as though for me... "I want to be going." - we walked up - my brother (now passed to the other side) also coming behind. we were greeted, went in - what quiet, serenity and reverence everywhere! "May I come?" I said. He just assented with a twinkle like the opening of a bud + a nod... Bedside - As I went near he said, open your eyes' and put some drops saying; that is considered - ? Amrita! In Tamil, "He will come by the New Moon day - K.H." - A.B.'s room at boyar M.'s picture. - I should ~~not~~ ask whether it was all my fancy."

I feel glad this morning that I recovered these jottings I had made in the dark some days ago. The picture has faded out of my memory and I cannot fill in gaps or read in between the lines. I am also happy to have found that paper to-day after writing the letter for you yesterday evening. Yesterday I had written to Rukmini Devi - a queer letter + I hope she will understand it. If not it is the work for her! How let me say something about the dream I had this morning. - a place like boyar-abig convention. like occasion + lots of people had come. I want to see A.B., I want to catch

her eye as she would come out at 8.30 a.m. - I see her go into her room + sit. She has a writing pad and talks to me ^{as if} explaining and illustrating on paper. After some time she finishes talk by saying, "now, I have done all the talking. You help me." It came with such grace and tenderness and beauty. She was now standing up close to her ~~feet~~ ^{bedside chair} and looked as though she would soon away. "Will you belt (? or unbelt) me?" I put my arms round her to hold her up, felt for the belt, she also helping me, + I did the belt on her waist. She was wearing an overcoat-like gown. Her ^{body} was limp like cloth. Now I lifted her on my hands gently and I could not put her down comfortably without changing the direction of her head. She felt uneasy over the change but acquiesced as it could not be helped. She felt like apologising for all the trouble + for all her immodesty. I immediately said, "who can have this pleasure and pride and privilege?" She became very attentive as though catching some divine intimation + said, "what calm, divine calm! You can feel the touch of God." I said, "Vibrant!" + repeated slowly her words of prayer, "Hidden life vibrant in every atom! Hidden light shining in every creature! Hidden love embracing all in oneness." --- It was a blessed experience.

My Dear Lady of the Mountains! Blessed art thou among women! Please, may I be with you in spirit! I also yearn to be a Master's child + servant. I long for an Authentic Word or Touch or Glance from the Himalayas!
Thine in this Service. K. S. K. 

A. B.

Hail !, Annie Besant,
 Daughter of the nobler England
 Of the realm of the Spirit
 Whose comeliness eye can never see.
 Like the Ruth of old
 Thou didst seek thy soul's bliss
 Of a race, alien-- so called,
 To thy race and creed;
 But in that rarer quest
 Thou didst more than find
 The reward of thy great faith
 Which brought thee
 Into the household of her
 Who has become the mother of all
 That seek the riches of Immortal Life,
 Wherein native or alien, there is none,
 Nor even man nor woman.

In the land of thy soul's choice
 Thou didst find Mitreyi
 The first of that wondrous race
 Among whom the Christ-spirit finds
 Those like Mary who chose " the better part"
 And also that other Mary
 Who gave her all to find the All.

Hail, thou mother of a newer race!
 In thee more than thy land has been blest.
 For greater service there is none
 Than that man or woman
 Renounce not only country, colour or caste
 But even the gods of the hearth
 For the sake of that Unseen God
 Who lives in Truth, Beauty and Power
 As manifest chiefly in the human life divine.
 And in the name of the Mother of the Universe
 And for all her children in the world

Whom thou hast served
 -- And still dost serve--
 Through deeds that speak
 In the more authentic tones of the Spirit
 India offers her greetings to thee
 In her more excellent way
 Of baptising thee in the Ganga of Love
 And calling thee by a new name--the sweetest
 name on earth,

MOTHER!

K.T. Krishnaswami.

Theosophical College,
Madanapalle.

A.B. was a faithful servant and courageous
 messenger of the Masters, receiving his torch
 from Master M. whose picture was always
 before his eyes. I had a unique experience
 on Oct. 1 and but for the Master's Call, I
 would have missed it. I did not understand
 it then. But to-day I see the Master's
 hand. I was called to stay at a
 Sojourn in a village about 20 miles
 away from Adyar + with the intention of
 going further away to Bangalore.

18/11/46.

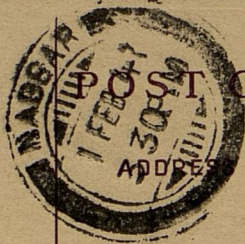
18 Theosophical College,
Madanapalle
S. India 20.1.47

Dear Madame,

Before Christmas I
addressed an AIR MAIL letter to
you and wonder whether it reached
you at all. I shall be very
happy to be strengthened in the
link already formed between me,
Madanapalle and you and the
Himalayas. I recently drank one
me at the clear, mountain spring
of your Hierarchy and felt renewed.
A vital touch once more will put
fresh life and a living remembrance.
My best wishes for the Blessings for
on high on you and all yours!

Yours as ever,

Prof. K. T. Krishnaswami
M.A. K. T. Krishna Rao



POST CARD

ADDRESS ONLY



Madame H. Roerich

NAGGAR

Kulu Valley

ix. Punjab

India