

NICHOLAS ROERICH  
Honorary President  
LOUIS L. HORCH  
President  
MAURICE LICHTMANN  
First Vice-President  
FRANCES R. GRANT  
Second Vice-President



**MASTER INSTITUTE**  
**OF UNITED ARTS**

TEMPORARY ADDRESS  
SEASON 1928-1929  
313 WEST 105TH STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
CABLE ADDRESS "UNITAR"  
TELEPHONE ACADEMY } 3860  
                                  } 3861

August 23, 1928.

Beloved Madame Roerich!

Mr. Lichtmann has been asking me for days whether or not I have written to you, and always I say, "Not yet." My Boy Knight went off to you bearing a cargo which you may discover if you look!

... Knight, just as I was leaving,  
Mr. Lichtmann was translating your letter from the Russian, and held it against my forehead that its beauty and power might touch me. Then when we looked at the page, a phrase in English leaped out: "Our blessings we give you"-  
"There-" he demanded, "did not I tell you so?"

Then I went straight away to a very dear friend in the Hospital who has been ill for many months. I told her about you and carried to her your blessing. Her name is Elise Powlison, and she is lovely within and without. I told her of your sufferings and your radiance, and so for that little time you were one with her, and I left your blessing with her.

Such blessed Presences dwell here in this house. I know you send them, just as we send to you waves of strength and love. In a fraction of time they reach you and minister.



This morning I found this leaves of Morya's Garden  
"Keep watch upon the school and strive to conceive the  
Eternal Structure."

So we do. Mr. Horch gives with the school ever in his  
thought and on his heart. The thousand details no longer  
bother me, because the structure beneath is shining and  
fair. I love being here and am happy all the day long.

Now I must work- please take our love and healing and  
gratitude for all the love and thoughts poured out to us.  
We do receive them and are deeply grateful.

Our love to Professor Riech  
and Mrs. Lichtman  
and this year  
and all who want it!

Elaine Lomberg.

I talked with my Heaven-Mother  
last night - such great things  
must be accomplished for the world!  
In Her name I link and work + in  
Her name I bless you - since we  
are all me.



2

"Lych-Gate,"  
Hillsdale Manor

ELOISE LOWNSBERY  
125 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK CITY

New Jersey.

September 2nd, 1928

My Beloved Madame Roerich:

This is a Heaven-gift house and garden which comes to me each year. I am all alone now and ensconced before a glowing log fire, all rose and gold and violet. For seven houses today this has been a veritable Dream-House, for I borrowed three children. They were entranced when I read them about the children in the third plane, and kept <sup>e</sup>scrwing <sub>^</sub> up their eyes in a comical fashion to try to see pictures. It is very difficult for our Western children to sit still.

My real Dream-House is to be for older ones too- for those old in battling to come and find themselves through Art. For more and more am I coming to see that Beauty, Truth and Goodness are the only three Bridges to the New Way, and that only as souls are released to find the hidden love and beauty within will

*May*

express the Ray of the Masters and so find happiness.

One of those I would shelter is Mary Siegrist. It is because of her that I write you today. I promised to send you this one of her poems from her new book, just about to go to press. She has become so imbued with Professor Roerich's thought and phrases that you will discover him all through her book when it comes to you.

She is at once a glorious and a tragic being. She needs you terribly and has such a passionate longing for India that I am sure she must go very often. I feel she will go actually far sooner than I. She looks like a Fra Angelico angel in spite of the hideous suffering of the last twenty years. In many ways she is scarcely of this earth at all, and yet curiously, terribly so in others. I am certain that you have already helped her, though she is not conscious of it with her outer soul.

Two days ago we came together like molten



ELOISE LOWNSBERY  
125 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK CITY

stars, with the sparks coming over the earth  
for very joy.

You and Professor Roerich can help her  
as no one else. She belongs to you, is one of  
you. Fold her in for peace and for utter re-  
lease. She is nearly Free.

It comes to me just now that by merely  
being ears to hear her heart's woe may have been  
the final touch necessary.

Do you know the story of the Afflicted  
Poet?-- from the Persian of Jami.

"A poet had paid a visit to a doctor, saying:  
'Something has become knotted in my heart which  
makes me uncomfortable; it makes also my limbs  
wither, and causes the hairs on my body to stand  
on end.' The physician, who was a shrewd man,  
asked: 'Very likely thou hast not yet recited to  
anyone thy latest verses?' The poet replied: 'Just  
so.' The doctor continued: 'Then recite them.' He  
complied, was requested to repeat them, and again  
to rehearse them for a third time.

"After he had done so, the doctor said: 'Now arise, for thou art saved. This poetry had become knotted in thy heart, and the dryness of it took effect upon the outside: but as thou hast relieved thy heart, thou art cured.'"

So, I trust, will Mary Siegrist be utterly cured one day very soon. To her it is not so much that you both painted the Himalyas as that you are the Himalyas, you are the living canvasses of the Masters.

She wants one day to make a book of the paintings and her verses, side by side. Can you see and hear how lovely it will be?

This bit I send about my garden here, does make no pretense to be anything but just a bit of the beauty of the garden reaching across the world to you. I only came tonight to bring you this lovely and suffering soul of Mary Siegrist. Bless you for opening wide your hearts to take her in!

In deep love and  
remembrance,

Elaine Louisa Kelly.



4

ELOISE LOWNSBERY  
307 WEST 107TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

317 Riverside Dr.

January 11, 1930

Beloved Madame Roerich:

It is blessed to be able to touch you like this, through the hands of dear Mrs. Horch, for I have been longing to tell you how I love and appreciate Agni Yoga. So much of it is meant for my Dream-House, that I am making a little book of excerpts which will become the torch of the house—a corner-stone of a children's temple, which is yet not builded, except on the spiritual planes and in my own consciousness.

Yet it is increasingly real to me, and the deep certainty that it is my mission for the Masters grows daily. So it is fitting that your blessed Agni Yoga should have come to me to be builded into my own life and then later into the very fabric of the Dream-House.

HPB tells me that the children who will be sent to it will be orphaned children, each of whom must be given a new name and awakened to new consciousness. My dream is that each, even as a child, may become a Yogi, learning to express the joy of the Masters, learning to create beauty, learning to dare and to battle for Them.

I do pray that something of the radiance of your inner spirit may enter too into the book I am writing now— that children fifty years from now may catch your light and carry the torch!

With my deep gratitude to you, not only from myself, but for all who find in Agni Yoga an answer to a cry of their souls for more light, and in the name of the Blessed Ones and in Their love,

*Eloise Lowmsbery.*

ST. PAUL, MINN. 55101  
ST. PAUL, MINN. 55101  
ST. PAUL, MINN. 55101





5

ELOISE LOWNSBERRY  
310 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK

November 29, 1930.

Blessed ~~M~~me. Roerich:

You were beautiful indeed to send me the sweet and loving message when Mrs. Horch came home to us. I was deeply grateful for it and also for the string of clear Carnelian beads which she said came from you. And though I knew of course that you perhaps knew nothing of it, yet I loved her thought, and treasure them as the string of beads a friend once saw you place about my neck.

Such waves of love go out to you. Surely you must know and let it heal, both heart and body and loving spirit.

The children in the Saturday morning group are so precious. Today, each one brought a Thanksgiving Psalm. David's was a song of a thankful heart because he had two eyes to see the beautiful in Roerich Museum. Mrs. Lichtmann said she would send it to you. He is a



rarely sweet little soul. Last week we acted out the story of Jeanne d'Arc and David was the King. Today we had Moses, and went down into the Museum to study him in the cleft of the rocks, with the glory of the Lord about his head. Then we sent blessed arrows all about the world in his name and set our wills to obedience. Little Jean Kraus, whom Miss Lichtmann will remember, is an exquisite child. One day I must send to you her drawing of Lord Buddha turning the fish to gold.

Many children come to the Museum begging to be taken about, and Mr. Lichtmann usually calls me. This morning they were High School boys. Tomorrow a group of girls comes. The bit I am enclosing is from little Nancy. You can imagine how I love to tell them the stories of Lord Buddha and Milarepa and Tsong-kha-pa and The White Burkhan!

And every week-end I write down the stories so that some day the grown-up children will have them too. For only knowledge of all religions can make us realize their oneness.

How strange that I should be here in this tiny new Museum up on the twenty-third



6

ELOISE LOWNSBERRY  
310 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK

floor, delving into occultism, working on symbolism, blessing the whole world. Because a bit of writing came to me months and months ago, telling me of a connection with your son in the tower of the Museum, and an occult library connected with it I hadn't the faintest idea of how it was coming to pass, then, but the blessed Shining Ones work miracles, or so they seem to us, who are so far away from the glowing peaks. To you who dwell among Them, to you who are so close to Them, nothing of course is a miracle.

Mrs. Horch is reading to us on Sunday mornings the blessed New Era. And Shri Keskar begs us to meditate long upon the solidarity and unity of the whole world in preparation for the important year to come, the most important, he says, for many centuries. Certainly, the children must be prepared, and more and more is this mission borne in upon me, that they must be allowed to grow in grace and in the blessed light of Truth.

I thought of you many many times during



the writing of the book to follow The Boy Knight.  
For it is the story of a boy and his Master. It  
will be out a year from this Christmas. One  
learns to be patient, and to hold a thing quietly  
in the Light, and wait.

And now all blessing to you. May you  
soon be reunited with your own beloved ones. May  
the healing love of multitudes enfold you with  
peace and with strength. May this love unite with  
the love of the Shining Ones to lift you beyond all  
pain or suffering.

With my heart's love and gratitude,

Eloise Honnigbery

My love and greetings to  
Miss Hochstetler -



This should have accompanied the letters written by the children.

ELOISE LOWNSBERRY  
310 RIVERSIDE DRIVE  
NEW YORK

June, 1931.

Dear Madame and Professor Roerich :

These letters from the Saturday's Children, are quite their own, except for an occasional question about spelling.

It is interesting to see what ideas have assumed greatest importance to them. The reason that fairies have made such an impression on Jean is that she had been taught that there were none- at least that they were not real. So that is why I brought the photographs of real fairies taken by the children in England. The sketch of them she made in ten minutes or so, while I was reading to them, what the children saw, and of how the band of fairies threw a lovely light over the grass making it grow. Since then, her own grandfather has been telling her stories of how, when he was a boy, a goatherd in Germany, he himself used to see fairies and elves. She is a most sensitive and exquisite soul. She says she will be coming to the Museum and to the School until "I am an old old woman."

Little Richard, Miss Grant's nephew, who is five was telling me of all that he could see in "He Who Remembers", when David suddenly discovered "some Egyptian writing on the stone wall" which proved to be Prof. Roerich's signiture. They were all delighted at this great discovery and put the precious symbol in their books. Perhaps one day in Rome they may come across its meaning and remember.

It is through this heavenly telling of groups of people about the legends



became  
clear

and myths of Asia- of the cycles and of the Messengers, of Shambhala and of the Great Mother that the meaning of a phrase my own Heaven-Gurus have so often repeated: "I rest and my works do follow me." For it will take aeons of time for all the seeds planted by the paintings in the Museum to follow Prof. Roerich. It has made me realize why the bliss of Devachan is so endless, measured by our idea of time.

And one by one the paintings "come alive" for me. "Higher Than the Mountains" - is the liberation of the soul, united with the Divine Ego, soaring above Fear and Lack and Limitation and Personality and Separateness, on and on toward the Sun. "She Who Leads" has become Atma-Budhi-Manas, and as I look, the three merge into the One. And daily I go to the Mother of the World, and formless and nameless become one of those in her hand raised in blessing. I think She is composed of all those who love Humanity. And then even her form and shape dissolve into the limitless Absolute of the Ineffable.

These inner meanings I do not give to people in so many words, but I hint at them, and sometimes the faces look as if a light had been lighted. And sometimes there are quick tears and I know they are being healed.

Doing the Master's work, I have discovered, is only the first small step. For once it is out of our hands, Master Himself picks it up and carries on with it. No wonder it belongs to Eternity!

So whatever these precious Lambs have caught will bear fruit in years to come. And with so many Blessed Arrows winging to you, you must indeed be better!

and with deep  
gratitude to  
you both

Lovingly yours,

Eloise Lowmeyer.