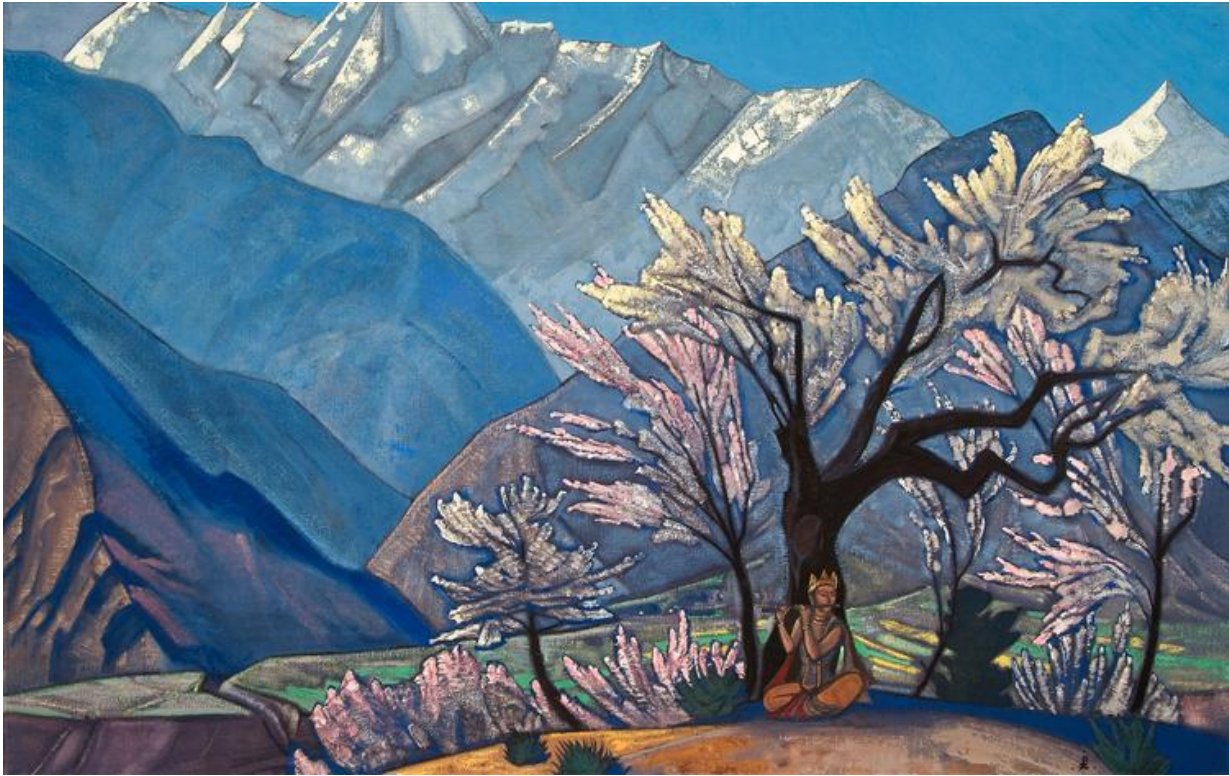


PATH OF BLESSING  
BY  
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Like bees we gather knowledge. And we pack our load into odd honeycombs. At the expiration of the year we examine our “treasures.” But who has managed to slip in so much that is unnecessary? How have we managed to impede our path so much?

Heavy are the things of yesterday! But from the midst of that which is accidental and subject to destruction, like the ashes of last night’s fire, there loom always the landmarks of that which is precious to our Spirit. And the Spirit knows them. It is they that lead mankind through all races, through all the circles of achievement. Steps to the temple!

The Lord Christ pointed out the beauty of flowers.

“Verily, verily, Beauty is Brahman. Art is Brahman.

Science is Brahman. Every Glory, every Magnificence, every Greatness, is Brahman.”

Thus exclaimed the Hindu saint coming back from the greatest samadhi. A new path of beauty and wisdom shall come.

The best hearts know already: Beauty and Wisdom are not a luxury, not a privilege, but a joy destined for the whole world, at all grades of achievement. The best men already understand that they must not only talk continually about the paths of beauty and wisdom, but they must actively instill them into their own and into the social daily life,

all difficulties notwithstanding. They know that an Occidental garment is not yet the sign of a cultured person. They know that in our days—days of deathly conflict between mechanical civilisation and the coming culture of the Spirit—are particularly difficult the paths of beauty and knowledge, are particularly oppressive the onslaughts of black vulgarity. They do not deny the difficulty of the struggle, but beyond it already grow the wings of the liberated Spirit.

You know Nature's best beauties have been created in places where shocks and quakes have occurred. You know the ecstasy when facing rocks, abysses, the picturesque roads of the old lava. You are amazed at the crystals of struggle and at the wrinkles of thought displayed by the coloured strata of the rocks. The convulsions of Cosmos yield an infinite beauty.

Think, how many signs have been manifested. The War has inundated the world with blood. Droughts, floods have disturbed human welfare. Lakes have dried up. The peak of Mont Blanc has crumbled, Famine has revealed its face. How many conventions of a senile race have already been disrupted?

Amidst the ruins of human conventions already arises a new life. Even the most stupid begin to recognise that a good deal of that which is now visible to them is not accidental. A new world is coming—coming before astonished and utterly surprised eyes.

In the new world, in its new temples, a new life will be established, in which art and knowledge will support the throne of Divine Love. The Blessed Ones lead us along these paths. Amidst the monstrous mental accumulations of obsolete frippery, signs of a synthesis, and of the harmony of perfection, are becoming visible.

Learning the future significance of beauty and wisdom, men will understand also the paths of their creation. At present one must think about art in its all-embracing significance. One must sense, and confirm, the highest conductor of the Spirit, the Consoler and Creator.

What immense masses have been erected through brotherly efforts. Every effort toward beauty and wisdom is made lighter by the very fact that it passes through the bed of the single source of light—of that light before which the spirit rises in ecstasy while the physical being trembles.

Do not break, do not beat so, poor heart! Once again, after a long interval, wilt thou learn the power to receive and to hold the might which is near.

The baptismal font of art!

Great is the significance of Beauty for the life of the future. The new world is coming.

“Put aside all prejudices—think freely,” thus said the Blessed One.

