

# WHITE LOTUS DAY

A COMMEMORATION AND CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE AND WORK  
OF HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, FOUNDER OF THE MODERN THEOSOPHICAL  
MOVEMENT, WHO WAS BORN 12th AUGUST 1831 AND PASSED AWAY ON 8th MAY 1891



## H.P. Blavatsky's Approach to Science and Psychology

*125th Anniversary Meeting at the  
United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2 3AH*

*Sunday 8th May 2016 at 7pm*

***With three readings and two talks:***

*HPB: Sister of Humanity and Messenger of the Ageless Wisdom  
HPB's Approach to Science and Psychology*

# FIRST READING

*From "The Light of Asia" (p. 214-217)  
a poetic rendition of the life and teachings of the Buddha by Sir Edwin Arnold*

OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words  
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought  
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,  
And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night:  
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!  
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,  
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;  
Veil after veil will lift - but there must be  
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough  
That life and death and joy and woe abide;  
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,  
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever changing, runs, linked like a river  
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow -  
The same yet not the same - from far-off fountain  
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,  
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece  
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;  
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are;  
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes  
changing them,  
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress  
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask  
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!  
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!  
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,  
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruits and  
cakes;  
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;  
Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the  
loftiest ones;  
Nay, for with Powers above, around,  
below,  
As with all flesh and whatsoever  
lives,  
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall  
be, and is,  
Worse - better - last for first and first  
for last:  
The Angels in the Heavens of  
Gladness reap  
Fruits of a holy past:

The devils in the underworlds wear  
out  
Deeds that were wicked in an age  
gone by:  
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste  
with time,  
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a  
Prince  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a King may wander earth  
in rags  
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your  
lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or  
gnat;  
The end of many myriad lives is this,  
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel  
invisible,  
No pause, no peace, no staying-place  
can be;  
Who mounts may fall, who falls will  
mount; the spokes  
Go round unceasingly!

## SECOND READING

*From the Bhagavad Gita (p. 30-33) William Q. Judge rendition*

KRISHNA: "This exhaustless doctrine of Yoga I formerly taught unto Vivaswat; Vivaswat communicated it to Manu and Manu made it known unto Ikshwaku; and being thus transmitted from one unto another it was studied by the Rajarshees, until at length in the course of time the mighty art was lost, O harasser of thy foes! It is even the same exhaustless, secret, eternal doctrine I have this day communicated unto thee because thou art my devotee and my friend."

ARJUNA: "Seeing that thy birth is posterior to the life of Ikshwaku, how am I to understand that thou wert in the beginning the teacher of this doctrine?"

KRISHNA: "Both I and thou have passed through many births, O harasser of thy foes! Mine are known unto me, but thou knowest not of thine.

"Even though myself unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all existence, yet in presiding over nature - which is mine - I am born but through my own *maya*, the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind. I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness. Whoever, O Arjuna, knoweth my divine birth and actions to be even so doth not upon quitting his mortal frame enter into another, for he entereth into me. Many who were free from craving, fear, and anger, filled with my spirit, and who depended upon me, having been purified by the ascetic fire of knowledge, have entered into my being. . . .

"Mankind was created by me of four castes distinct in their principles and in their duties according to the natural distribution of the actions and qualities. Know me, then, although changeless and not acting, to be the author of this. Actions affect me not, nor have I any expectations from the fruits of actions. He who comprehendeth me to be thus is not held by the bonds of action in rebirth. The ancients who longed for eternal salvation, having discovered this, still performed works. Wherefore perform thou works even as they were performed by the ancients in former times."

## THIRD READING

*From "The Voice of the Silence" (p. 49-53)  
translated by H.P. Blavatsky from the Book of the Golden Precepts*

"UPADHYAYA, the choice is made, I thirst for Wisdom. Now hast thou rent the veil before the secret Path and taught the greater Yana. Thy servant here is ready for thy guidance".

'Tis well, Shravaka. Prepare thyself, for thou wilt have to travel on alone. The Teacher can but point the way. The Path is one for all, the means to reach the goal must vary with the Pilgrims.

Which wilt thou choose, O thou of dauntless heart? The Samtan of "Eye Doctrine", fourfold Dhyana, or thread thy way through Paramitas, six in number, noble gates of virtue leading to Bodhi and to Prajna, seventh step of Wisdom?

The rugged Path of fourfold Dhyana winds on uphill. Thrice great is he who climbs the lofty top.

The Paramita heights are crossed by a still steeper path. Thou hast to fight thy way through portals seven, seven strongholds held by cruel crafty Powers - passions incarnate.

Be of good cheer, Disciple; bear in mind the golden rule. Once thou hast passed the gate Srotapatti, "he who the stream hath entered"; once thy foot hath pressed the bed of the Nirvanic stream in this or any future life; thou hast but seven other births before thee, O thou of adamant Will.

Look on. What seest thou before thine eye, O aspirant to God-like Wisdom?

"The cloak of darkness is upon the deep of matter; within its folds I struggle. Beneath my gaze it deepens, Lord; it is dispelled beneath the waving of thy hand. A shadow moveth, creeping like the stretching serpent coils. . . . It grows, swells out, and disappears in darkness".

It is the shadow of thyself outside the PATH, cast on the darkness of thy sins.

"Yea, Lord; I see the PATH; its foot in mire, its summit lost in glorious light Nirvanic. And now I see the ever narrowing Portals on the hard and thorny way to Jnana".

Thou seest well, Lanoo. These portals lead the aspirant across the waters on "to the other shore". Each Portal hath a golden key that openeth its gate; and these keys are:

1. DANA, the key of charity and love immortal.
2. SHILA, the key of Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for Karmic action.
3. KSHANTI, patience sweet, that nought can ruffle.
4. VIRAGA, indifference to pleasure and to pain, illusion conquered, truth alone perceived.
5. VIRYA, the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal TRUTH, out of the mire of lies terrestrial.
6. DHYANA, whose golden gate once opened leads the Narjol toward the realm of Sat eternal and its ceaseless contemplation.
7. PRAJNA, the key to which makes of a man a God, creating him a Bodhisattva, son of the Dhyanis.

Such to the Portals are the golden keys.

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